VOL. IX.

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL

DRAWING ROOM COMPANION

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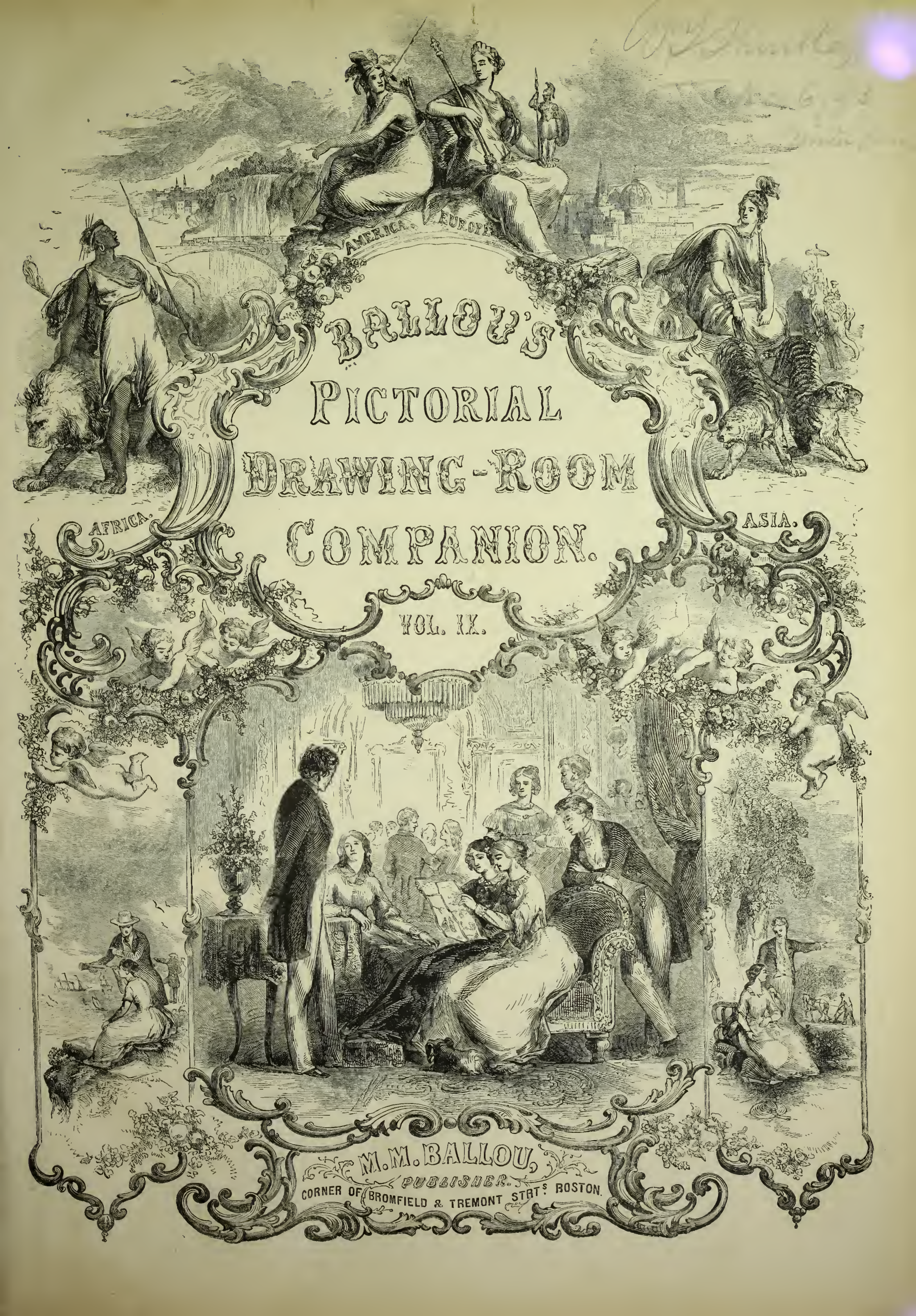
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VOL. IX.
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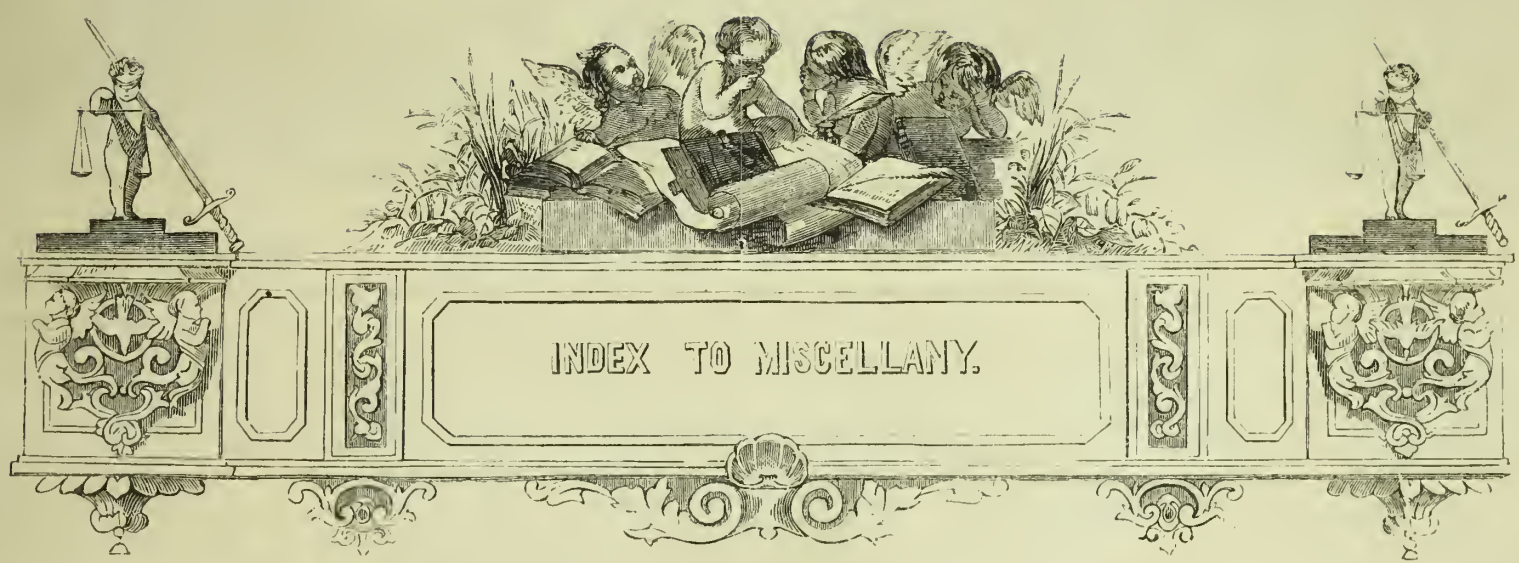

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M. M. BALLOU {CORNER OF TREMONT AND BROMFIELD STS.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, JULY 7, 1855.

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WASHINGTON TAKING COMMAND AT CAMBRIDGE.

The second of July, 1775, was a day of the deepest import to our country. On that day, George Washington, entrusted by the Continental Congress with the chief command of the American army, and thus made the foremost man of the Revolution, entered upon the active duties of his office, and was received with enthusiasm by the little band of heroes assembled at Cambridge. Mr. Warren, the artist, has caught the spirit of the scene which Irving has thus described in a few graphic lines. "As he entered the confines of the camp, the shouts of the multitude and the thundering of artillery gave note to the enemy beleaguered in Boston, of his arrival. His military reputation had preceded him and excited great expectations. They were not disappointed. His personal appearance, notwithstanding the dust of travel, was calculated to captivate the public eye; as he rode through the camp amidst a throng of officers, he was the admiration of the soldiery and of a curious throng collected from the surrounding country. Happy was the countryman who could get a full view of him to carry home an account of it to his neighbors. 'I have been much gratified this day, with a view of General Washington,' writes a contemporary chronicler. 'His excellency was on horseback, accompanied by several military gentlemen. It was not difficult to distinguish him from all others. He is tall and well proportioned, and his personal appearance truly noble and majestic.'" The fair sex were still more enthusiastic in their admiration, it we may judge from the following passage of a letter written by the accomplished wife of John Adams, to her husband. "Dignity, ease and complacency, the gentleman and the soldier, look agreeably blended in him. Modesty marks every line and feature of his face. Those lines of Dryden instantly occurred to me:

> 'Mark his majestic fabric! He's a temple
> Sacred by birth, and built by hands divine;
> His soul's the deity that lodges there;
> Nor is the pile unworthy of the god!'"

The incident we have illustrated marks the commencement of Washington's career in the service of his country. How gloriously was the promise given by his bearing redeemed!

WASHINGTON TAKING COMMAND OF THE ARMY AT CAMBRIDGE.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE DUCAL CORONET:

—OR,—

THE HEIR AND THE USURPER.

A ROMANCE OF ITALY IN THE 16TH CENTURY.

BY ARTHUR MORTON, A. M.

CHAPTER I.

THE VILLA AND ITS INMATES.

"DEAR brother, do leave your pencils and your palette, and come forth upon the terrace with me and see the glorious sunset."

These words were addressed by a beautiful girl to a person, who, though still young, was many years her elder, and who, clad in a dark velvet tunic and wearing a cap of the same material, sat before an easel in a darkened apartment, busily engaged in the completion of a female head of exquisite loveliness. The earnest speaker, though a daughter of Italy, had not the dark eyes and hair and the deep complexion that usually characterize her countrywomen. On the contrary, her skin was white and transparent as the marble of Carrara, her eyes light blue, and her hair flowing in waves of gold over her shoulders. It was the Saxon type of beauty. Still her figure, though she could scarcely have seen eighteen summers, had that full and early development which only belongs to the daughters of the south. Her brother, though resembling her somewhat, had the true national stamp in the manly beauty of his face. His hair was black as a midnight wave and escaped from his cap in broad statuesque curls; his eyes were dark and lustrous, his complexion very dark, and his features pure in outline, though bold and striking. His figure, as he rose to his feet, and laid aside the implements of his calling or amusement, appeared tall and well moulded, and there was something almost regal in the grace of his attitude and movement.

"You are ever my dear, judicious monitress," he replied, with a smile. "It is getting too dark to paint, and I am afraid my last touches have rather injured my performance. What say you, Estella?"

"You never do anything amiss, Giulio," answered the fond girl, "and I see nothing but perfection in that lovely face. But you have never told me the subject. Is it a Madonna? The meek expression—the soft, pitying purity of those eyes—would make me think so, and yet the dress is almost of our times."

"It is not a Madonna," replied Giulio, with a half sigh.

"Who is it then? There is a strange fascination in the face. Is it a dream or a memory?"

"It is painted from recollection."

"Then, brother, sometime you shall show me the original."

"You will never see her on earth, Estella," said the painter, sadly, as he drew a curtain before his picture, after a last, lingering gaze at his handiwork. "But come—or we shall lose the golden glory of the sunset."

The brother and sister left the apartment, descended a stairway, and stood upon the highest terrace of the villa of Monte Rosa. It was an old edifice with two square towers built of stone, and perched upon a little plateau, near the summit of a considerable elevation of land, and facing the south. Behind it rose a dark forest that crowned the mountain. Before it, terrace on terrace, planted with fruit trees, with vines and flowering shrubs, with here and there a white vase gleaming among the shrubbery, the territory descended, till the garden merged in a wide tract devoted to agriculture, and far down in the valley was seen a cluster of peasants' cottages, reflected in the river that flowed through it, while the land again rose abruptly and wooded on the other side of the valley, nearly to the height of Monte Rosa. From the latter, a brawling torrent, affluent in numerous springs, descended to meet the river in many a turbulent cascade, crossed here and there by rustic bridges, built rather for ornament than use, for the stream was but a single pace in breadth. The whole scene was suffused now in the matchless glow of an Italian sunset, which burned in the west in cloudless glory, bronzed the heavy woods and feathery shrubs, and made the mountain torrent and the river in the valley glow like streams of molten gold.

"Estella," said the young man, after they had both gazed for some moments in silent admiration on the scene, "how poorly does a scene like this make us think of art! How impossible it is for the pencil and the colors to counterfeit glories like those before us! The world is enraptured at the master's landscape—but he himself feels how far short he falls of the original, and blushes at the praises of his skill."

"And yet you devote many hours to your art, brother."

"Yes—I require variety of occupation. I cannot always be in the fields, superintending my laborers, nor in the forest hunting the boar, nor in the plain flying my hawk. I should find time hang heavy at those seasons when the weather confines me within doors, were it not for some such pursuit."

"Yes—you would soon tire of my poor company," said the girl, reproachfully.

"Never, dearest Estella," replied the young man, "never, unless I were weary of myself—and Heaven knows that happens frequently enough."

"Then you must have some secret grief, Giulio, that you have never imparted to me. I confide all my thoughts to you—but you—you are moody and abstracted oftentimes. Surely you are not poor?"

"Poverty is one of the lighter ills we have to contend with. No, Estella, I—rather we—have broad and productive lands, that my skill has increased tenfold in value since I came into possession of them; my peasants are industrious, contented, and love me; there is a bit of forest, where, on my own soil, I can hunt the wild boar, and none to forbid the ringing of my bugle and the footfall of my steed."

"Why, we are rich, brother!"

"Wealth is comparative, Estella. If I look below me, I am rich indeed; if above me, I am poor."

"Then why not look below?" asked Estella.

"Because I come of a race trained like the eagles, to look upward—not to the lowly valley with its miserable peasants' huts—but to the mountain height crowned with feudal battlements, over which the silken banner blazoned with arms in gold embroidery, flaps defiance at the foe."

"I, too, have been taught to look upward," said Estella, meekly; "but I look beyond the battlement and banner, and see only the serene smile of heaven itself."

At that instant the sound of a convent bell from the valley far below them, stole upward like a prayer. Both of the listeners bowed to its influence, and side by side they kneeled and prayed. When their devotions were ended, Giulio led his sister to a seat, and then said:

"You questioned me just now about yon picture—Estella, it is the image of your mother. Who scarcely saw you, sister," continued the young man, with emotion. "The date of your birth was that of her death. She but pressed her wan lips to yours, gave you to our father's arms and died."

"And our father?"

"He followed our sainted mother to the grave in a few weeks, broken-hearted. His last request was that you might be educated in the convent of Our Lady of Mercy. At the age of sixteen you were to decide whether you would come out into a world so full of trouble, or pass the remainder of your life with the peaceful sisters. I need not say with what joy I learned that you wished to abandon your life of seclusion, and with what delight I welcomed to the walls of Monte Rosa, as its mistress, so charming a companion."

"And it may please you to know that your little sister is perfectly happy here, Giulio."

"Perfectly?"

"Except when I see a shadow on your brow, brother. But you have only told me half your tale. Your skill has produced on canvass an image of our mother—so that I already know her features by heart—you must paint our father one day, but in the meanwhile, tell me what manner of man he was."

"He was taller than I am, Estella, and erect as a standard staff. As I remember him, his close cut curls were black with threads of silver. Splendor of attire well became the elegance of his person—but to my eyes he never looked so glorious as when he was sheathed in steel from head to foot, and reined with a light hand the barbed steed that curvetted beneath his weight."

"Then he was a soldier?"

"Ay—Estella, and a leader of soldiers—while I—I only command a few peaceful peasants, and perform no higher achievement than couching my spear against the spring of a wild boar."

"Is war the only pursuit worthy of man's attention, brother?" asked Estella, reproachfully.

"No, dearest, there are other spheres worthy of ambition. There is the council chamber. Is it not something to manage the affairs of a wide territory—to develop the resources of numerous subjects—to foil the cunning of neighboring potentates—to make wise laws, and, what is more, to enforce them? I administer a little estate—my father ruled over a wide domain: I am lord of Monte Rosa—my father was duke of Parma."

"Our father is dead—why are not you duke of Parma?"

"Because a villain has stolen my right, Estella; because the Parmese ducal coronet rests on the brows of an usurper."

"And that usurper?"

"Francisco Veroni—our father's brother, our uncle, a man that our poor father loaded with favors, with whom he shared his heart and purse, his table and his palace. It were long to tell you, Estella, how, even during the life of our father, that bold, bad man tampered with the people and the troops—how the odium of every severe measure was made to rest upon our father's shoulders, the merit of every favor claimed by this man. You cannot yet understand the wiles and machinations and treacheries of bad men. Here it is needless that you should do so—did we enjoy our rights it would become you to study them."

"Then I thank Heaven I am not princess of Parma," said Estella, fervently.

"Hush! hush! Estella. Do not tell me that now I have given you a glimpse at the glories from which we have fallen, you are content to lead this ignoble life here."

"I have known no other. Let me enjoy it. And now that I have the secret of your unrest, dear brother, let me conjure you to lay aside all thoughts of your wrongs and the evil deeds of others, and adapt yourself to your present condition."

"I have essayed to do so," replied Giulio. "And since you came hither, I thought I had succeeded, and that Giulio Brigaldi—for my ancestral name, even, was denied me—the painter, farmer, vine-dresser, hunter and student, might be quite as happy a man as the wearer of the ducal coronet of Parma. But I am afraid I have deceived myself—a single spark suffices to kindle the pride of birth and fire of ambition. I am ready to gnaw my heart out like a prisoned wolf—and you know I *am* a prisoner, Estella."

"How so, dear brother?"

"The usurper assigned me this domain, banishing me from his court, and forbidding me to enter a foreign service. Hence the glorious career of arms and the equally glorious career of diplomacy are closed against me. I must vegetate here, within a brief ride of his capital, so that if I show the slightest symptom of rebellion, his bravoes can surround me and make me prisoner. Malediction! what a defence I could make here, if my peasants had not hearts of hares. I could easily turn the parapet of the villa into battlements and plant them with culverins, loophole the walls for musketry, have a store of rocks to roll down on the invaders, and then, if it came to the worst, and they overcame my defences, it would be but a match to the magazine, and good-by to Monte Rosa."

"O, pray, brother!" said Estella, "do not abandon yourself to these wild fancies. Do not try to fancy you are unhappy here—and if you dwell on the usurpation, remember that in its own good time Heaven punishes the wicked and rewards the good. We have many blessings, if we do not have power—let us enjoy them."

"You are right, dear sister," said Giulio, "and I stand rebuked. My wild fit has passed, and my ordinary philosophical mood returned. I was ungrateful—I am no longer so. But the mists are rising from the valley, and there is a chill in the air. Go in. Blame me not if my bugle breaks your slumbers at an early hour to-morrow. I am bound for the chase."

CHAPTER II.

BEHIND THE CURTAIN.—THE DUKE AND THE EQUERRY.

FROM country to city, from the villa to the palace—let us hasten on the swift wings of fancy. At sunset we stood upon the slope of Monte Rosa: the night has passed—morning, bright, dewy and effulgent, has dawned upon the earth, and we have now passed the threshold of the most closely-guarded apartment of all Parma—the cabinet of its duke. In the hall without, halberdiers are pacing to and fro: night and day they keep watch and ward over the repose of their sovereign lord. In that hall, from nightfall to day-dawn torches blaze in their sockets, throwing their ruddy glare upon steel corslets and gleaming pikes. When the prince goes forth, it is between walls of steel—troops line the streets when he rides abroad. And when he goes to church, clad in the silken and velvet robes of his rank, and wearing, to the popular eye, a serene and smiling aspect, next to his heart he wears a coat of Milan steel, curiously fashioned by a cunning artificer, and so finely wrought and tempered as to turn the point of an assassin's dagger, should any impious hand be raised against the life of the Lord's anointed. And Francisco Veroni, duke of Parma, sees that hand raised at every moment of his life—for the imagination of an unjust man is ever haunted by spectres. Guilt is constantly conjuring up the phantom of retribution. Sumptuous is the fare beneath the weight of which his table groans; yet fears he that death lurks in the tempting viands spread before him; so that of no dish dares he partake until his chamberlain has first eaten of its contents. Yet he has for some years enjoyed his usurped authority unchallenged. No attempt upon his life has yet been made. His brother's son lives in exile, and no powerful friends have raised their voices in his behalf. Why then, should not Duke Francisco eat, drink and be merry? Because for the criminal there is no real enjoyment, because the worm that never dies cannot be quieted by music, by feasting, by wine, by pomp or luxury.

But let us pass the threshold of his cabinet. It is sumptuously furnished: hangings of crimson velvet with gold bullion fringes swing from the gilded cornice to the floor, curiously wrought in mosaic of many colored and perfumed woods. Against this dark background stand, on richly carved pedestals, beautiful statues of snowy marble, some the handiwork of modern artists, others the work of those immortal Greek sculptors whose skill has never yet been equalled. The daylight streams in many colors through a high window of stained glass; the furniture is richly carved and gilded; every article is costly and tasteful.

In a richly carved chair, beneath a splendid canopy, sat a man past the middle age, attired in a robe of purple velvet richly embroidered with gold, one hand resting on the arm of his chair, the other playing with the chased hilt of a dagger. The long locks that escaped from his velvet cap were thickly threaded with gray, yet there was nothing venerable in his aspect. He was approaching the confines of age, without deriving from years that dignity which commands reverential homage. His features were regular and even noble, yet there was a sinister expression in the mouth and eye, a mingled sensuality and cruelty which chilled and repelled the observer without awing him. His dark eyes rolled restlessly in their orbits, and there was an habitual contraction of the brows which indicated physical or mental pain.

The Duke of Parma was not alone. Standing before him in an attitude of respectful deference, was a young man of fine figure and handsome countenance, with bright hazel eyes, rich brown curly hair and mustache, and a glow of health in his cheeks which contrasted strongly with the sallow and livid hue of the duke. The young man held a plumed hat in his left hand, and wore a pair of golden spurs upon his heels, for he was the duke's equerry or master of the horse, as well as a relative. He bore the name of Ferrado Montaldo.

"How slept your grace last night?" inquired the master of horse.

"As usual, kinsman," replied the duke, who generally adopted a familiar tone in his private conversations with this young man. "Sleep and I are becoming strangers. Or if sleep, coaxed by the wine cup, does visit my eyelids, it comes attended by such a troop of dreams, that, faith! I prefer a wakeful night."

"Your grace must be unwell."

"My physicians tell me otherwise. They say I have no bodily ailment. Yet they tell me I must take [illegible] the weather to-day? Does it pron[illegible]

"A glorious morning, my lord. There's not a cloud in the sky. You will trace the falcon in his flight far up in the stainless blue, and lose not a motion of his wing as he sweeps upon his prey."

"And you bade the huntsmen be in readiness?"

"The whole train has been ordered, my lord. Your attendants are already in the saddle. The beaters are ready for their work. The falconers sit with the hooded hawks upon their wrists, and black Astolfo is stamping with impatience in the court-yard."

"And our daughter, the Princess Margarita?" asked the duke.

"She hath signified her intention of riding forth with us," replied the equerry, "and her horse is saddled beside yours. We shall have glorious sport, my lord. In what direction will you be pleased to ride?"

"Towards Monte Rosa."

"The villa of Giulio Veroni!"

"That name!" cried the duke, a dark frown, like a cloud, passing over his sinister countenance. "No one now bears the name of Veroni but myself. But you mean," he added, with an attempt at a smile, "Brigaldi—the untitled tiller of the soil, the amateur dauber, the exile, my hopeful nephew. To think his doting father once dreamed of bestowing the coronet of Parma on *his* brows!"

Ferrado looked down and was silent.

"Why are you so mute, man? stricken dumb in a moment!" pursued the duke. "Are you thinking that this boy ought to have filled the throne we occupy?"

"Nay, my lord, I was thinking only of the ordering of the hunt to-day."

"I believe on my honor your soul is utterly engrossed with your employment. It is well. I would have such men about me," said the duke. "Yet you must help me in my need in other ways than seeing that I am well mounted. Know, then, Ferrado, that something more than chasing the heron and hunting the wild boar enters into my plans to-day."

"Indeed, my lord!"

"Yes—and it is fitting that I give you some inkling of the part that you are to play."

"Your grace may always command my poor services."

"Of course, my good kinsman—for have I not made you all that you are? I found you a poor relative; I have given you rank, occupation and emolument. You are not overtaxed. Your purse is ever full, you wear fine apparel, you ride forth as well mounted and appointed as myself. There is no limit to the fortune of a man on whom the sunshine of a prince's favor falls. When he inclines to wed, he may raise his eyes to any height. Ay, my good Ferrado, even should he covet the hand of a princess." The duke watched his equerry narrowly as he uttered the last words with marked emphasis, and smiled slightly as he noted the color mounting in the young man's cheek, and animation sparkling in his eyes. "Tell me," he continued, "could you have hoped for any such fortune, had yonder exile ruled over Parma instead of myself?"

"Your grace has been my benefactor—my best friend—I owe you all!" replied the equerry. "Only tell me in what way I can serve you. My head, my heart and my hand—every faculty of my being—are yours."

"I trust you—I trust you entirely," said the duke. "You shall see that I place implicit confidence in you. Come nearer, Ferrado. Think you my throne is firmly established?"

"It is impregnable," answered the equerry.

"And yet the rightful heir lives!" said the duke.

"Your authority is acknowledged without a murmur. Your brother's hold upon the people was weakened before he died. The nobles, the masses, acquiesced in the bold step by which you grasped the reins of power and gave them a firm government. Even the duke of Milan did not protest against it. Surely, after so long an undisturbed enjoyment of your authority, you cannot now doubt its stability!"

"My brother's son yet lives."

"He lives in exile," replied the equerry, "in contented exile, so says the popular rumor. He divides his time between the culture of the lands your grace's bounty bestowed on him, the sports of the chase, and the pursuits of an artist. His vineyards are flourishing, his rooms are crowded with pictures by his own hand—would this be the case if he were a discontented, ambitious aspirant?"

"You reason well, Ferrado," said the duke.

"And again—must he not feel that he owes his liberty and life to your grace's favor?"

"You remind me," said the duke, gloomily, "that I might have held him in a dungeon, or given his head to the block."

"Pardon me, your grace, but extreme measures like those, would not, in my opinion, have been politic, granting that self-preservation authorized your adopting them. Instead of martyrdom, you gave him exile—instead of a dungeon, an estate. It was the wisest plan—it disarmed his friends."

"They are only quiet, Ferrado, so long as he is contented."

"And he is so, my lord. Report speaks him quiet and happy."

"We must not trust to hearsay," said the duke. "And this brings me to my project. We shall hunt to-day in the direction of Monte Rosa."

"We shall find the game abundant, my liege."

"No matter for the game—that is merely a secondary object. You must contrive to separate yourself from us and to penetrate the enchanted abode of the exile."

"That is not difficult, my lord. It is protected by neither walls nor gates."

"You must contrive to see this Giulio—and that by chance. Let it not appear to be a premeditated interview. You have strayed from your companions, you will say, you are thirsty and crave a cup of wine; frame any plausible tale that may occur to you as an apology. Speak to him; win his confidence, as you know how to win it—and learn his feelings, his views and his intentions."

"My life upon it, my lord, that you will find him contented with his lot."

"Pray Heaven, it be so; for his sake as well as mine," said the duke. "If it be otherwise, I will find a way to crush this young eaglet. I have tasted the sweets of power, and will not abandon them except with life. Ferrado, I have not forgotten the old life I led as a dependent on the bounty of my brother. Think you I could bear to resign this state, the environment of guards, the salutations of the people, the wealth of the treasure-house, and all that wealth procures me? No—though there be dreams that haunt my slumbers—though there be phantom shapes that stand and mock me in the shadows of the hangings when night comes down upon the palace—though I see the shadow of the assassin falling across my path."

"These are but evil dreams, my lord."

"They are! they are!" cried the duke. "They vanish in broad daylight, do they not? Wine has the power to dispel them, has it not?"

With these words the duke raised a golden goblet, brimming with wine, from the table, and carried it to his lips. But as he was about to drink, he shuddered and turned deadly pale.

"Ferrado," he said, almost imploringly, and extending the goblet to him, "will you be my taster?"

"Willingly, my lord," replied the young man, and bowing low, he received the goblet from the hands of the sovereign, and quaffed a draught from it before returning it.

"Behold one of the conditions of high estate," said the duke, with a bitter smile. "The peasant churl drinks without a fear of the juice of his vine—but the crowned monarch must timorously sip the leavings of a subject's cup. Envy me, Ferrado. To your health."

The duke drank off the wine and set down the empty goblet on the table.

"There is fire in that Xeres," said he. "It warms my blood. And now to horse. I will drive these shadows from my brain."

Escorted by his equerry, and joined by his nobles in the antechamber, the duke of Parma descended through glittering files of halberdiers to the court-yard, which presented an animated scene—horses pawing with impatience, dogs yelling in their leashes, plumes waving, spurs jingling, and hawk-bells tinkling on the trained falcons. Radiant in beauty and brilliant in attire, Margarita, the duke's daughter, sat upon her snow white palfrey, which she reined with consummate grace. The duke saluted her kindly as he vaulted into his saddle. The bugles rang out a merry blast, the great gates of the court-yard were thrown wide open, and forth rode the trampling cavalcade amidst the vivas of the populace of Parma. Ah, how few of the envious crowd that gazed upon that goodly company were aware that beneath those smooth brows and smiling lips lurked agony and care? The countenance of the duke himself was particularly radiant, and he lavished his sunniest smiles upon his loyal subjects.

CHAPTER III.

THE FAIRIES' GLEN.

On one of the sides of Monte Rosa was a glen, a deep furrow ploughed by the hand of nature, and extending far down the mountain side. It was a singularly romantic place. The luxuriant soil that covered its sides had given birth to a multitude of trees, embracing every variety peculiar to the latitude. They clustered on the ridges of the ravine, and stealing down into its depths, plunged their strong roots into its dark, stony heart, so that even at noonday, there were points in the glen where the green arch overhead was so dense as to be almost impervious to sunlight and to make a midnight in the lonely dell. But it could never be said to be gloomy. From early dawn the birds were singing in the leaves, and after sunset the plaintive nightingale took up the thread of melody, and continued it till morning. Nor was this the only music of this enchanted spot. From the head of the glen poured down a little mountain streamlet, now springing like a chamois from rock to rock, now gliding swiftly and noiselessly along like a bright serpent, now scattering into a hundred threads, and now united in a broad circling pool. The pool was often black as night with tree shadows, but sometimes a gleam of sunshine penetrating the interstices of the foliage, would dart into the sullen water, revealing its very depths, just as a sudden glimpse of fortune in the life of a lonely man brings forth qualities, the existence of which you never suspected. It would have been a weird place at midnight but for the smiles of the moon, whose light trembled in patches on the surface like glimmering silver fish. But the loneliness of the fairies' glen, for so it was called, was not unfrequently invaded. In the pool the heron came to drink, but scared by a sudden noise would expand his wings and glide away, his long legs trailing behind him, for a bridle road wound through the whole extent of the glen, which it entered by the summit, and following the course of the stream in a zigzag direction, crossed a rustic bridge that had been thrown over the torrent and then came down the other side of the water. Unlike the passage of Avernus, the ascent of this road was safe and easy, the descent precipitous and even dangerous.

The reader will now suppose himself transported into the heart of this lovely and romantic glen on the very morning ushered in by the last chapter. The place was as solitary as if the foot of man had never intruded there, and indeed, the evidences of his handiwork in the bridge across the stream and in the road were so slight that you might imagine that both had been produced by the unaided will of nature. The rustic bridge might have been a clump of trees casually thrown across the water by a tempest; the road might have been the dry furrow tracing the path of some former torrent. The small birds twittered among the dewy branches, the fishes leaped in the pool, breaking the dark steel mirror into silvery flashes, and overhead, seen through the opening of the trees formed by the little lake, the sky was serene and cloudless. It looked an unwritten page of Arcadia. The hush was that sort of summer stillness which is not absolute silence—for as gentle airs stirred now and then, the leaves whispered to each other, and myriads of insect wings made their small music heard. The throbbing of the great heart of nature is always audible, except in those lonely deserts or those Siberian wastes where she appears at times to be parched or frozen to death. Still, if not perfectly silent, the murmur of the stream was slumberous and quiet. A deer might have drank fearlessly of the water without once pausing to listen if danger were at hand.

Suddenly there swept across the pool the shadow of wings. A large bird darted over it, and instantly glided off over the upper part of the glen. Swift as an arrow from a bow followed a second bird in pursuit—a small, fierce creature of the hawk species—and almost simultaneously a horse crashed through the branches at full gallop. The rider was a bold one who forced him across the stream and up the rocky bank, but that rider was a woman. With her long hair floating on the breeze created by the rapidity of her motion, her eyes flashing like diamonds with excitement, her rosy lips parted, the Princess Margarita followed the course of the heron and the falcon up the glen. Without a moment's hesitation she dashed over the bridge that a man would have crossed warily on foot, and disappeared through the trees.

"Heavens! she will be lost, if she rides at that rate," cried a man, emerging from the bushes. He was dressed in a hunting-suit of green velvet, with a silver bugle hanging at his side, a white plume in his hat and a light spear in his hand. It was no other than Giulio Brigaldi.

"I should have warned her," he added, addressing a companion who now made his appearance.

The second comer was fantastically attired in a parti-colored dress of red and yellow. On his head he wore a cap of the same colors, decked with silver bells, the token of his calling, for this queer personage was no other than a fool, or jester, in those days an indispensable attendant of a man of rank.

"I should have warned her, should I not, Tonio?" he repeated.

"To what purpose, master of mine?" replied Tonio. "They say a wilful man must have his own way, and I am sure on't, a wilful woman must. You can as soon stop a runaway horse with a bit of straw and a rein of packthread, as hinder a woman from following her whimsies."

"You malign them, knave. You are always speaking ill of women."

"It is but returning the compliment, then," said the jester.

"Go up the glen, sirrah," said Giulio, "and post yourself in the pathway at the stone cross, and warn the lady or any other rider, not to return by this road. It were perilous."

"To think of *my* running after a woman to hinder her breaking her neck!" said Tonio to himself, as he scrambled up the rocky pathway and disappeared in the distance to execute his master's mandate.

Giulio leaned upon his spear musingly.

"What a vision of beauty!" thought he. "Who would have dreamed of these solitudes being blessed with such a dazzling image? Who could she be? she was splendidly attired, and in her cap she wore gems worth a duke's ransom. Yet they were dim in the brightness of her eyes."

As he gazed mechanically in the direction which the lady had taken, the sky was suddenly darkened. Down swept the heron with the falcon above him in full pursuit.

"Bravely flown, my gallant hawk!" cried Giulio, the ardor of the sportsman banishing every other emotion for the moment.

But the current of his thought was speedily changed by the reappearance of the princess. She came down the dangerous path at full speed, with a careless rein, her eyes raised to view the progress of the chase. Giulio dared not shout a warning, for fear of startling her horse. He could but wait the result of her rashness in breathless agony. The horse passed the bridge safely, but at the sudden turn of the rocky path, he missed his footing, fell, and as he rolled over, the fair rider was thrown into the torrent, and instantly swept like a floating feather to the pool. The whole scene occupied scarcely a minute, and almost before that period had elapsed, Giulio had plunged into the lake and seizing the precious waif had borne her in safety to the bank. How he hung over her lovely face, watching her return to consciousness! It was not long before she opened her eyes, and perceiving a stranger bending over, the color mounted to her late pallid cheeks.

"Where am I?" she asked, gazing around her.

"Safe, lady," answered Giulio. "But I fear the consequences of this plunge in the cold stream."

"Nay—it was but an unasked-for bath. Nature is bountiful to me," said the princess, with a slight smile.

"But your garments are dripping," answered Giulio.

"The sun will dry them," replied the lady.

"Nay, lady. If you will permit me to offer you the poor shelter of my house, your wants shall be cared for."

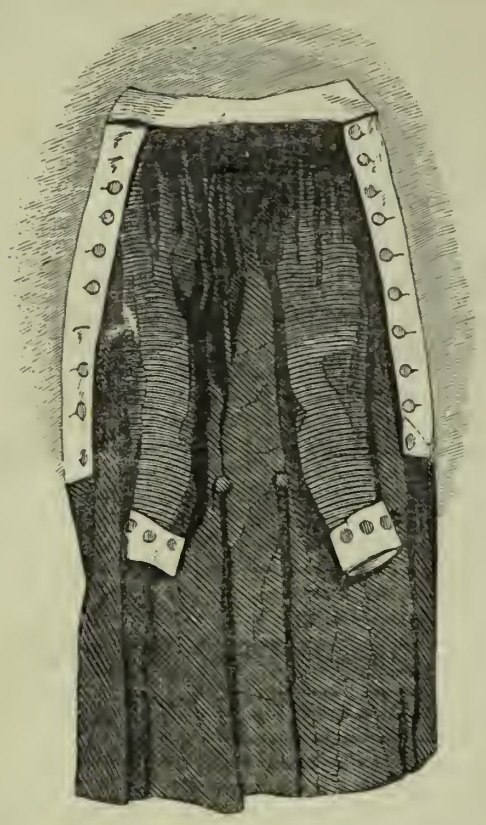
"It matters not, signor. I must rejoin my friends," said the lady. "Where is Orlando?"

The question annoyed Giulio. Was he already in love? Did his heart beat at the mention of a supposed rival?

"Orlando?" he repeated.

"Ay, signor—my horse."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



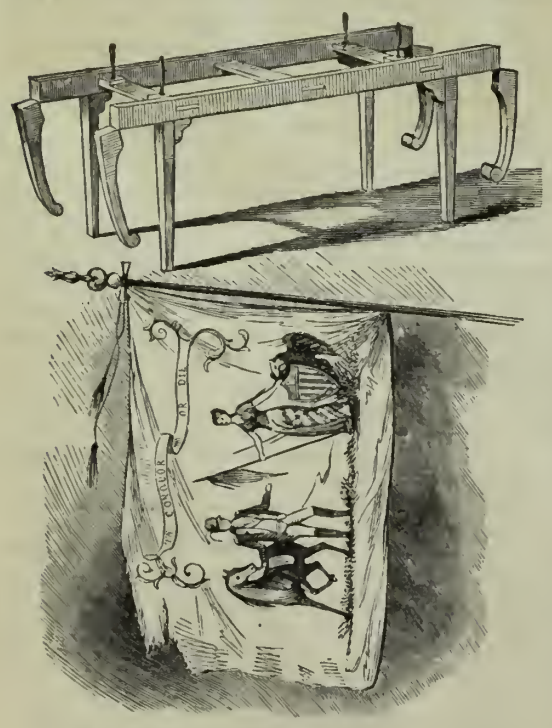
COAT OF WASHINGTON.

REVOLUTIONARY RELICS.

We present our readers, on this page, with accurate drawings of some of the relics of the revolution—homely objects in themselves, but deeply interesting, nay sacred, from association. We all know how closely identified the garment becomes with the wearer.

RELICS OF WASHINGTON.

The mantle of the dead Cæsar exhibited by Mark Antony moved his countrymen to "mutiny and rage." The gray surtout and cocked hat of Napoleon were enough of themselves to set all Paris in a ferment; the cap of Gessler was made to represent

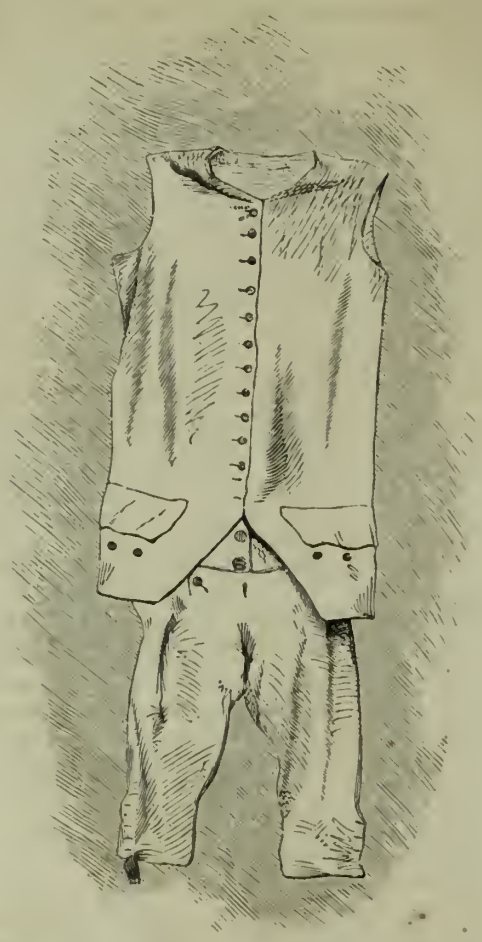


WASHINGTON'S BIER—BODY GUARD FLAG.

himself in the presence of the Swiss. Those artists have succeeded best and shown the most intimate knowledge of human nature, who have represented the Father of his Country "in his habit as he lived," not as a Roman consul or a Greek archon. The dress which a man has worn acquires something of his personality. Thus we recognize a friend at a distance by the air of his garments long before we can distinguish his features. The garb of a hero becomes a part of history, and as we gaze upon the articles he has worn, when happily they have been preserved from the ravages of time, we seem to acquire a more perfect conception of the man; imagination and memory supplying a distinct image of the form on which they have rested. Hence it is no idle or unworthy curiosity which impels us to study and to prize these relics of the past. Of the relics of Washington, depicted on this page, some are preserved in the Patent Office at Washington, and others belong to the corporation of Alexandria, Virginia, and are deposited in a room over the market house of that city. We have first the coat of Washington. It is of the old revolutionary cut, and made of blue cloth, with collars, cuffs and facings of buff, and gilt buttons. The vest and small-clothes are represented in another engraving. Below the coat are seen a chair, staff, small sword and belt which belonged to Washington. Lower down are sketches of the bier upon which his honored remains were taken to the tomb at Mount Vernon, and the flag of his Life-guard. On the other side of the page are his masonic chair, regalia and emblems. All these objects, originally of small intrinsic value, are now priceless. They are gazed upon yearly by thousands of our countrymen, and by strangers from abroad, for the fame and the love of Washington belongs to the whole world. In him and through him, all humanity was dignified, and the memory of the "first in war, first in peace, first in the hearts of his countrymen," is cherished by the friends of freedom in the old world almost as reverentially as by the freemen of the new. If virtue be regarded as an indispensable element of greatness, as it undoubtedly should be, then our Washington stands on record as the greatest man that ever lived. Cromwell was great—Napoleon was great—in intellect unapproachable, but there are dark spots on the lustre of their reputation. Personal ambition sullied the character of these wonderful men, and darkened the close of their career. But Washington

FLAG OF MORGAN'S REGIMENT—RICHMOND RIFLE RANGERS' FLAG—CAMP CHEST—PACK SADDLE.

was from first to last free from the slightest taint of selfishness. Moreover, his "modesty was equal to his merit." From his lips never fell a syllable about his "mission." He never claimed to be a "man of destiny," not even when he had emerged unscathed from the rifle balls of Braddock's defeat. Love of country was his ruling passion, steadfastness of purpose the secret of his success. The victor of the enemies of his country, he was master of himself. Undazzled by the tempting offers of friend and foe, he accepted at the hands of his grateful countrymen only their authority to serve them, and he resigned that authority into the hands of his countrymen, when his term of service had expired, without a regret. History has no other record of self-denial like this. In the centre of this page are sketches of the flag of General Morgan's regiment, the Richmond Rifle Rangers' flag, carried at the siege of Yorktown, a leathern camp chest and a pack-saddle. Daniel Morgan, whose flag we have here displayed, was one of the bravest soldiers of the revolution. He was born in New Jersey in 1738. At the age of seventeen, he accompanied Braddock as a teamster in his fatal campaign against the French and Indians. For an alleged insult to a British officer, he received five hundred lashes without flinching, and an apology for the wrong done him with equal indifference. He afterwards received a commission in the provincial army, made the acquaintance of Washington, and distinguished himself by his bravery and adroitness in fighting the Indians. In 1775 he received a captaincy from Congress, and with ninety-six rifles, the germ of his famous rifle regiment, marched to Boston. He was in the van of Arnold's perilous and trying expedition to Canada in the autumn of 1775, and at the siege of Quebec, took command when the leader was wounded. Though he fought desperately, he was made prisoner, and such was the enemy's respect for his courage, that he was offered a colonelcy in the British army, which he indignantly refused. Arnold, the American leader in that expedition, was afterwards made a brigadier general by King George, subsequently to his treason at West Point. When restored by exchange to the American lines, Morgan was made a colonel, and did good service with his regiment of riflemen. He was next promoted to a brigadier generalship and marched to the South. Here he performed his most brilliant exploit, the defeat of the British under Tarleton at the Cowpens, January 17, 1781. For that service he received the thanks of the nation by a vote of Congress, and a gold medal. He died full of years and honors, July 6, 1800. The last engraving on this page represents two glorious trophies—the upper one a flag taken at Yorktown, at the surrender of Cornwallis, and a camp chest and flag captured from the Hessians at Trenton.



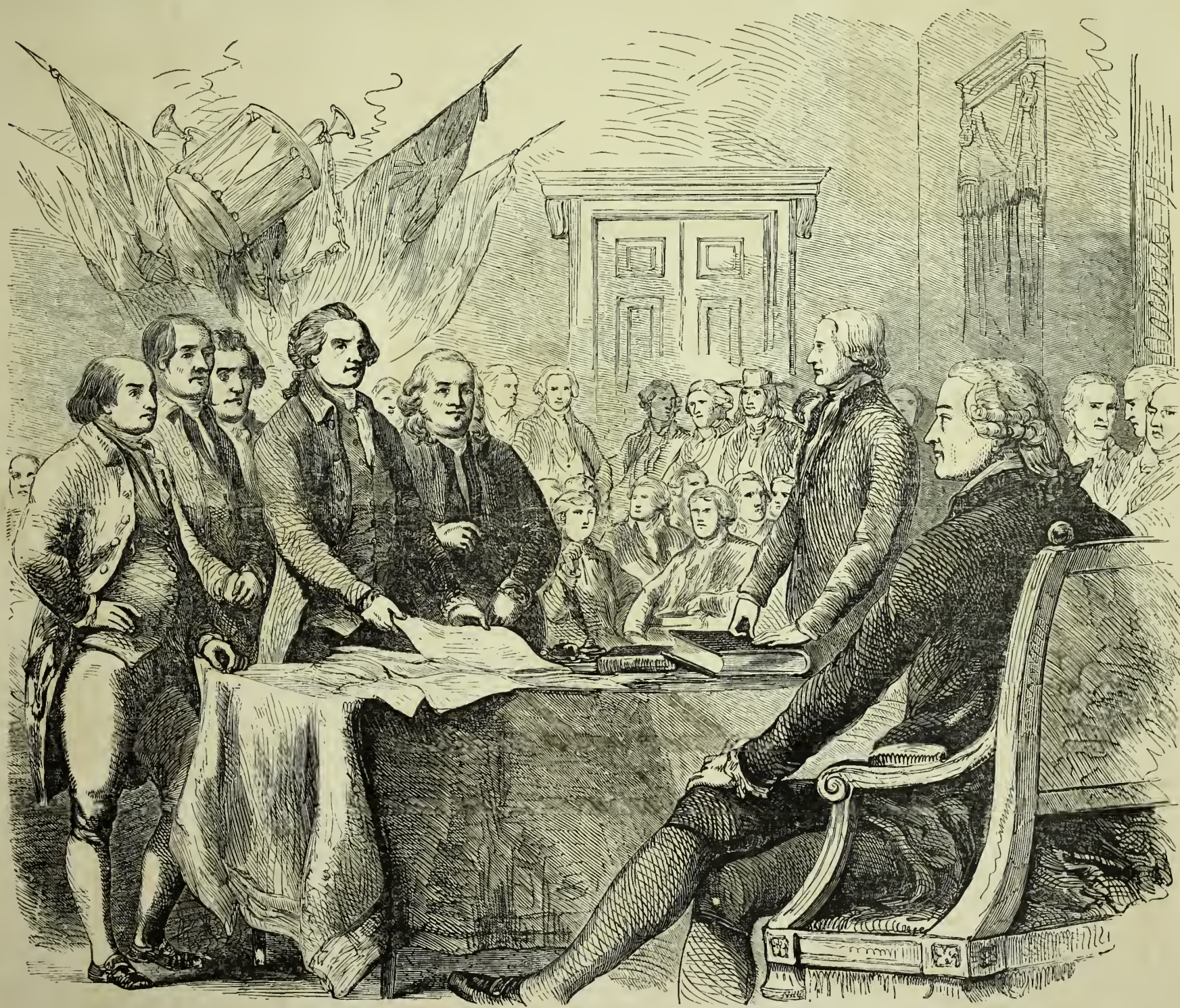
DRESS OF WASHINGTON.

WASHINGTON'S MASONIC CHAIR—INSIGNIA OF OFFICE.

FLAG TAKEN AT YORKTOWN—FLAG TAKEN FROM THE HESSIANS—CAMP CHEST.

THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE.

Our artist has presented us with a spirited sketch of an event which, at this period of universal national rejoicing, is uppermost in the popular mind, an event which "opened a new page in the history of the world." The prominent actors in this thrilling scene of a great historical drama can be no more forgotten than the deed itself, which pledged their lives, fortunes and honor in their country's service. Hancock, Jefferson, Adams, and their noble compeers, are figures which the pencil of the artist will never tire of repeating. "It was the wish of Mr. Adams," says Edward Everett (Eulogy on Adams and Jefferson), "and probably of Mr. Jefferson, that independence should be declared in the fall of 1775, but the country seemed not then ripe for the measure. At length the accepted time arrived. In May, 1776, the colonies, on the proposition of Mr. Adams, were invited by the General Congress to establish their several State governments. On the seventh of June, the resolution of independence was moved by Richard Henry Lee. On the eleventh, a committee of five was chosen to announce this resolution to the world, and Thomas Jefferson and John Adams stood at the head of this committee. From their designation by ballot to this most honorable duty, their prominent standing in the Congress might alone be inferred. In their amicable deference each to the other, respecting the great trust of composing the all-important document, we witness their patriotic disinterestedness and their mutual respect. This trust devolved on Jefferson, and with it rests on him the imperishable renown of having penned the Declaration of Independence. To have been the instrument of expressing, in one brief, decisive act, the concentrated will and resolution of a whole family of States; of unfolding, in one all-important manifesto, the causes, the motives and the justification of this great movement in human affairs; to have been permitted to give the impress and peculiarity of his own mind to a charter of human right, destined, or, rather, let me say, already elevated to an importance, in the estimation of men, equal to anything human ever borne on parchment, or expressed in the visible signs of thought,—this is the glory of Thomas Jefferson. To have been among the first of those who foresaw and broke the way for this great consummation; to have been the mover of numerous decisive acts, its undoubted precursors; to have been among many able and generous spirits, united in this perilous adventure, by acknowledgment unsurpassed in zeal, and unequalled in ability; to have been exclusively associated with the author of the Declaration; and then, with a fervid and overwhelming eloquence, to have taken the lead in inspiring the Congress to adopt and proclaim it,—this is the glory of John Adams." The idea of a separation from the mother country, though unquestionably latent, for a long time previous, in the minds of the leading spirits of the times, was not publicly and generally entertained until a few months before the adoption of the Declaration. Patrick Henry espoused the idea, and enthusiastically predicted its adoption in 1773; but in the Congress of 1774, no such extreme measure was broached. Loyalty and the hope of reconciliation were still adhered to. But the events of 1775 produced a change in the popular mind. The occupation of Boston by armed hirelings, the events of April 19 and June 17 rapidly ripened public sentiment to a consummation that became inevitable. In his pamphlet, entitled "Common Sense," published early in 1776, scattered broadcast through the country, read by the troops at their bivouacs, by the yeomen at their firesides, and commented on by speakers at town meetings, Thomas Paine employed language that admitted of no misconstruction. He declared himself emphatically in favor of independence, and he justified his conclusion by impregnable logic and undeniable facts. "It matters very little now," he says, in his bold, direct manner, "what the king of England either says or does, he hath wickedly broken through every moral and human obligation, trampled nature and conscience beneath his feet, and by a steady and constitutional spirit of insolence and cruelty, procured for himself a universal hatred. It is now for the interest of America to provide for herself. She hath already a large and young family, whom it is more her duty to take care of, than to be granting away her property to support a power which has become a reproach to men and Christians." The note of defiance was sounded, the colonies were not backward in repeating the challenge. North Carolina authorized her congressional delegation to concur in the Declaration of Independence; Massachusetts spoke in the same strain; Virginia directed her delegates to propose the measure; Rhode Island, Connecticut, New Hampshire were for the measure; the people of Pennsylvania sanctioned it; the Maryland convention forbade their delegates to vote for independence, but rescinded the prohibition at the instance of Charles Carroll and other patriots. The delegates in Congress from ten of the thirteen colonies were specially authorized to support the measure, which, when adopted, was universally ratified. On the 10th of May, 1776, the Congress "Resolved,—that it be recommended to the several assemblies and conventions of the united colonies, where no government sufficient to the exigencies of their affairs hath hitherto been established, to adopt such a government as shall, in the opinions of the representatives of the people, best conduce to the happiness and safety of their constituents in particular and Americans in general." A preamble to this resolution declared that it was "irreconcilable to reason and a good conscience for the colonists to take the oaths required for the support of the government under the crown of Great Britain." This was the initiative step, but it was reserved for Richard Henry Lee to cast the die by proposing the following resolution: "That these United Colonies are, and of right ought to be, free and independent States; and that all political connection between us and the state of Great Britain is, and ought to be, totally dissolved." John Adams immediately seconded the resolution, and thus Massachusetts and Virginia stood shoulder to shoulder in the momentous crisis. The resolution was taken up three days afterwards, and then postponed till the first of July, a committee being appointed to draft a declaration in the interval. That committee consisted of Thomas Jefferson of Virginia, John Adams of Massachusetts, Benjamin Franklin of Pennsylvania, Roger Sherman of Connecticut, and Robert R. Livingston of New York. Jefferson was the youngest member of the committee. To him was delegated the task of writing the Declaration, which by Mr. Lee's resolution was taken up in committee of the whole on the first of July, the chair being filled by Benjamin Harrison, father of William Henry Harrison, President of the United States in 1840. Jefferson's draft of the Declaration was debated, slightly modified and agreed to in the course of a three days' session. No record of that thrilling debate has come down, only some fragmentary reminiscences of the participants of the drama. The genius of Webster broke that silence by an imaginary eloquence, and his sentence, "Sink or swim, live or die, survive or perish, I am for the Declaration! Living, it is my living sentiment, and, by the blessing of God, it shall be my dying sentiment—independence now and independence forever!" rings like the actual utterance of the patriotic lips to which he attributed the words. Edward Rutledge, of South Carolina, is said to have exclaimed: "I should advise persisting in our struggle for liberty and independence, though it were revealed from Heaven that nine hundred and ninety-nine were to perish, and only one of a thousand were to survive and retain his liberty." When John Dickenson, who thought the Declaration premature, was urging delay, declaring that the people were not ripe for the measure, the Rev. Dr. Witherspoon replied: "Not ripe, sir! In my judgment, we are not only ripe but rotting! Almost every colony has dropped from its parent stem, and your own province, sir, needs no more sunshine to mature it." The Declaration was adopted, by a unanimous vote, a little past noon on the 4th of July. "Now, gentlemen," said the witty Dr. Franklin, to his colleagues, "we must all hang together, or we shall surely hang separately." The old bell, yet extant, and hanging in the cupola of the State House, at Philadelphia, pealed out the glad tidings to the gathered multitudes in the streets. There were no telegraphs in those days, but the news spread like wildfire. Fast as man could ride, the intelligence spread north, south, east and west, till the thirteen colonies were apprized that their representatives had been true to their trust, and a new empire was born into the world.



THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE REPORTED TO CONGRESS.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

LITTLE TEACHERS.

BY H. D. L. WEBSTER.

Little things do teach us, often,
More than greater objects do:
Nestling low, in obscure places,
Lifting up their speaking faces—
Giving lessons ever new.

Yester morn, down in the meadow,
And while yet the grass was wet,
Blooming midst the scented clover,
Peeping up from its green cover,
Was a blue-eyed violet.

Dallying with a crystal dew-drop
It had caught when night was on,
Smiled this unambitious flower,
Teaching with unconscious power,
Unsupported and alone.

Little words are oft suggestive
More than learned essays are:
Oft convey correcter meaning
Than our speeches, which go gleaning
In the mystic past afar.

Little children, that go laughing
Through the years of childhood sweet,
Serve us up ideas truer,
Questions, answers, fresher, newer,
Than from sages oft we get.

That "a little child should lead us—"
Does it strike us with surprise?
That a knowledge past our guessing,
Rich with prophecy and blessing,
Should gleam forth from those bright eyes?

Little things do teach us, often,
More than greater objects do:
Nestling low, in obscure places,
Speaking from their upturned faces
Lessons ever fresh and new.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE RIVAL MAIDENS.

A STORY OF THE FIFTEENTH CENTURY.

BY GIDDINGS H. BALLOU.

CHAPTER I.

"Belle rose porporine,
Che tra spine
Sull' aurora non aprite."

THUS sang Niccolo Caneta, the goldsmith of Strada Colonna, as, bending over his work, he ever and anon threw a glance toward a back window of his shop. Through this window, albeit somewhat dimmed with dust, he could easily reconnoitre a little group whose pantomime possessed him, for the time being, with scarce less interest than did the fashioning of the jewel work before him. Now humming, stealthily, a line of song, now peering, with sharp eye, at the action of file and burnisher, and anon, with a lurking smile at the corner of his mouth, taking fresh note of the party out of door, the worthy smith made himself as busy as a bee.

"I' faith," he said, as, at last, a shadow of impatience crossed his brow; "this 'prentice of mine finds more attractive stuff in yon damsel than he meets with in the shop. I think it well for my affairs that Messer Antonio and his daughter sojourn some few leagues from our city of Bologna. And yet I cannot blame the lad; for the girl is as fair to see as my best opal, and *that* is a gem which the noblest prince of all Italy might be proud to wear."

The ear of Messer Antonio was drawn up at the back entrance of the shop, as if it had been placed there by its owner, to escape comparison with the pretentious equipages which the wants of luxury so often brought to the front door of the skilful jeweller. Yet Antonio was, after his fashion, a man of substance, and, as such, by no means wanting in proper estimation of self. He was a prosperous wool-grower of Spoleto, and had come to Bologna, with his wife and two daughters, to see the town and pick up a few such fashions as might befit their purse and station. His especial errand at the jeweller's was to see his nephew Giulio, who, from a child, had dwelt in his own family until the commencement of the youth's apprenticeship to master Niccolo. Giulio had thriven well, both in workmanly skill and in personal appearance; and though the shrewd wool-grower looked with more satisfaction to the former acquirement, it might be suspected that the eyes of his fair daughter, Francesca, were more attracted by the latter particular. At all events, her countenance acknowledged the attentions of Giulio, who, while answering his uncle's questions, contrived to hold a little aside converse with Francesca, in which, if words of mouth were scanty, smiles and glances were sufficient for every necessary purpose. The youngest sister, a bright-eyed girl of some six or seven years, was busily engaged in observing the various wonders which attracted her view in the appearance of the city, which she now saw for the first time. Her exclamations indicated the emotion which she felt on beholding these unaccustomed scenes.

"Francesca! sister Francesca!" she petulantly exclaimed, as she perceived the disregard paid to her queries and interjections. "Why cannot you tell me a little about all these things? There you sit, looking, you and Giulio, as though you did not meet at least every three weeks. One would think that neither of you had eyes for anything else in the whole world."

This interruption effectually diverted the attention of Francesca, who, blushing with shame, rebuked Rosa. The latter pointed a silent rejoinder; but the jolly wool-grower burst into a loud laugh.

"Ho, ho! Sits the wind so?" he said. "You should have a care, little one, how you carelessly fling your words about. They may hit harder than you wot of. But prithee, dame, we keep master Giulio idle, beside neglecting our own work. So let us be jogging. *Addio*, Giulio! We shall expect to see you at the usual season. Flip, Jacquetto."

At this signal, Antonio's mule started nimbly off, and presently Giulio, drawing a long breath, re-entered the shop. As he came in, Niccolo looked up with a sly twinkle of the eye.

"So the uncle and the pretty ones are gone. But, now that I think of it, how comes on that piece ordered by the Signora Margarita? You know that it is not yet done, and that it is near the time when it should be called for."

"Pardon me, master," replied the apprentice; "it has not advanced much this last half hour, it is true, but I will endeavor to make up for lost time."

"O it does not matter much," replied the smith, bending over his lathe and speaking by snatches. "'Belle rose porporine'—that is to say, I was once young myself. 'Che tra spine'—and we must expect a little light-headedness at that season of life."

No comment being made on this morsel of philosophy, the two labored for some time in silence, till the attention of Giulio was at length irresistibly engaged by a cause which presently communicated itself to the ears of his master, who turned to the front window.

"Ha!" he said; "as I live, those roysterers across the street are going to set us all by the ears. As for myself, I am a man of peace, and will have nothing to do with these broils. Come, then, Giulio, up with these shutters, else some of the rogues will presently be helping themselves to our wares amidst the confusion."

But the youth seemed wholly heedless of his master's command.

"Ten upon two!" he exclaimed, flushed with indignation; and, seizing a sword which lay near, he rushed out of the shop. Niccolo, for a moment, remained motionless with amazement.

"The evil one hath possessed the lad!" he said. "Cannot he suffer these men to brain each other, but he must have a finger in the matter? However," he added, with another glance through the window, "it behooves me to look after the lad; for am I not, for the time being, his lawful guardian? I wish he had not such a waspish spirit."

So saying, he quickly secured the inner fastenings of the shop, and, snatching a good Milan blade (for the worthy smith, like others of his trade, dealt a little in fine cutlery), sallied forth to the fray, in which he presently manifested more heat of temper than his pacific words had promised. His own indignation became hardly less vivid than that of Giulio on perceiving a dignified-looking person defending himself singly against a crowd of assailants, having been, at the first onset, forsaken by his servant. Heartily as the assistance of Giulio and his master was rendered, it, nevertheless, came too late; for they had only time to exchange a few thrusts, when their companion fell to the ground, mortally wounded. The brunt of assault was now turned on the two craftsmen, when the leader of the bravoes cried out with a peremptory voice:

"Hold there! We have done our work, and that shall be sufficient. Let them go their way. We meddle not with them, if they choose not to with us."

So saying, he forthwith drew off his followers, a course partly dictated by motives of prudence, now that numbers of the citizens were hastening to the scene of blood. Niccolo and Giulio were soon surrounded by a crowd of eager questioners.

"How happens this?" was the inquiry. "Here lies Signor Annibale slain, and who is it that hath done the deed?"

"It is a foul act and a cowardly," said another, "but one well worthy the name of Canneschi. It was Battista Canneschi, the Bentivoglio's own marriage relative, who did the treachery."

"I have lost my best customer," said Niccolo, as he brushed the moisture from his eyes. "Always for the very best, and never bated me a *paolo* in the price. I shall never see his like again."

While each gave utterance to his grief after his own fashion, Giulio supported the head of the dying man, and carried to his lips a cup of water which some one hastily brought in answer to the 'prentice's demand. The Bentivoglio, opening his eyes, turned them on the youth.

"A priest," he said, in a faint whisper. "Nay—too late. Raise thy sword hilt, friend."

Giulio raised the sword, which, with its handle bearing the rude similitude of a cross, oft served, in that period, both as cause and consoler of closing life. The wounded man clasped his hands, his lips moved for an instant, and then Annibale Bentivoglio was numbered with the dead. A shutter from Niccolo's shop, and the pikes which two citizens had borne, formed the bier on which the body was conveyed to the family mansion. By the time they had reached the gateway of the court, the crowd had increased to near two hundred in number. The bearers of the corpse, with a few others, passed through the court into an inner room, when they lay down their burden. As they thus deposited the body, the daughter of Bentivoglio, hastily entering, knelt by the lifeless form, and threw her arms about its neck. After a brief and passionate embrace, she arose, and throwing back her jetty and dishevelled tresses:

"Who of ye," she exclaimed, with eyes flashing through the tears which dimmed them, "who of ye stood by him at the last moment? Did he die alone, without a single arm raised in his defence? Where are those who placed their good swords between him and his murderers?"

"Signora," replied one of the citizens, "the onset was so sudden and unexpected that there was scarce chance for help. But that brave youth yonder (pointing to Giulio) is, as you may perceive, wounded in his behalf, and Messer Niccolo was but a moment behind him. Others of us hastened at the alarm, but it was then too late. Your noble father had fallen. It now only remains for those who loved him to avenge him."

Margarita came forward a step or two, and extending her hands towards Giulio, whose arm was bound with a bloody kerchief, she said:

"The thanks of the orphaned are yours, fair sir. Most freely would I have given my own life, instead of that which we have lost; and what can I say to him who offered himself in my place?"

Giulio bowed low.

"I have but attempted my duty, fair lady, as others also have vainly done. Would that we could have been in better season."

"Ay; but we can *revenge* him!" said a deep voice from the crowd, who were gathering round.

The form of Margarita dilated as she cast a glance around the apartment.

"Fellow-citizens, my father was yours also. He was the friend of all that was good and brave. He was the protector of the poor, the guardian of the widow and the fatherless. There he lies, basely murdered. Shall he die unavenged?"

Her beautiful features, lit with orbs as dark as night, and flashing with Pythonic fire, sent an electric thrill through every bosom.

"No!" was the answering cry. "We *will* avenge him!"

"And *you?*" she continued, turning her glowing glance full upon Giulio. "You, who saw him fall,—who felt the blow which struck him down?"

"Lady," answered the youth, with a quivering lip, "blood I can willingly shed in defence, but—"

"Citizens," interrupted a voice from the crowd, "know ye that Battista Canneschi hath done this foul deed, purposing to deliver up the city to the Duke of Milan? Know ye also that the duke is already marching hither? To arms, all those who would not lose their freedom!"

"Then heart and hand I freely join!" exclaimed Giulio.

A stern exultation lighted up the face of Margarita. A hoarse murmur, thrilling through the assembly, deepened in the cry:

"To the Palazzo Canneschi! The Palazzo Canneschi!"

CHAPTER II.

At the first sight they have changed eyes.—*Tempest.*

"A BLOODY deed, and one most honorably requited."

"The punishment followed quick upon it," said Count Poppi. "It appears that Battista was deceived with regard to the near approach of the duke, to whom, as you well know, he purposed to deliver the city. Neither had he counted on the spirit of the people, who were so inflamed by the vile assassination that they almost immediately combined to attack him. He retired to the neighborhood of his palace, where his retainers and partizans were assembled, and whither he was quickly pursued. The Canneschi could not withstand the ardor of the citizens who assailed them, but were cut down or dispersed. Battista himself, having hidden in a cellar, was presently discovered, dragged forth to the scene of his crime, and then ignominiously dispatched."

"What purpose you concerning this youth—Giulio Cascere, as he is termed?" said a third speaker, a man of spare frame, whose thin and sallow features expressed firmness and deliberate thought. It was Neri Capponi, co-adjutor of Cosmo de Medici, to whom the question was addressed. These two, accompanied by Count Poppi, were standing at the upper end of a large hall in the Palazzo Bentivoglio. At the opposite extremity of the hall, at a window overlooking the garden, sat Margarita Bentivoglio; at her side a boy of some six years, her only brother. Thither the eagle glance of Cosmo was for an instant thrown, and as instantly withdrawn.

"My own opinion," he replied, "is not fully formed. We should see what metal this stripling is of. Will he prove answerable to our purpose, or otherwise? My good count, can you assure me that there is no error in this singular story which you have related concerning the youth?"

"It is not possible," replied Count Poppi. "Let me recount to you the particulars, and you will judge if I can be mistaken, unless *wilfully*. Many years since, when I was still young, and while my father was yet living, Ercole, the cousin of Annibale Bentivoglio, visited our castle. In the neighborhood he became acquainted with a village girl by the name of Verna. She was beautiful, virtuous and of a sprightly disposition, and inspired Ercole with so great a passion that, perceiving he could obtain her on no other terms, he married her. Mark the result. In a few months' time he became weary of his acquisition. His pride, also, revolted at the thought of her inferior birth, and incited him to sunder the tie which he had so unhappily formed. He forsook her. His cruel conduct entirely alienated her affection; and the boy to whom she soon gave birth never bore his father's name. Some time afterward, a young man, Andrea Cascere by name, knowing her story, sought and obtained her in marriage. The pair removed a few miles from their former habitation, and, on their death, the child of Ercole, passing as Giulio Cascere, was taken into the family of Antonio, the brother of Andrea. The youth has always been known as the nephew of Antonio, the wool-grower. The original fact was mostly forgotten even in the vicinity of the castle; for it had been fully known to but few, and Ercole procured the silence of those who were likely to let loose the tongue. Nevertheless, the means of proof are at hand. Such, my lord, are the facts of the case. It remains for you to use them as you will."

"A romantic story, in good sooth," replied Cosmo, musingly. "But I do not doubt it now. Your own assurance is all that is necessary to my belief. But nothing of this has, as yet, been told in Bologna?"

The countenance of Poppi discovered some confusion.

"My lord," he said, "I may have been somewhat imprudent. I cannot deny but that some rumor of this has gone abroad in the city. Nevertheless, it is *only* a rumor. I have said nothing distinctly. The story can easily be made to destroy itself, if such a course be deemed necessary. But I trust that it will not be so. The people are bent on having a Bentivoglio to govern them. Since the only known male representative is a mere infant, what other than the youth Giulio can we find adapted to our purpose?"

"You say well," rejoined Cosmo. "But consider how great are the interests which lie at stake. Imagine this youth become the ruler of Bologna. Let him prove unwisely ambitious, weak, or vicious. How fatal might be the chance for all Italy. The duke lying ready, like a wild beast about to spring from ambush on its prey. One unguarded moment, and all is lost! Bologna is no longer free. The scale is turned. The cause of freedom fails, and the most deadly danger threatens our own dear Florence, Venice, and every other bulwark of liberty. But enough. I mean only that we ought to proceed with prudence. I have summoned this youth to meet us here on some indifferent pretext. Let me question him, I pray you. By his bearing let us judge whether he be the true steel of which we may form a chain to bind the common cause. And, look you, here he arrives at the instant."

A servant opened a side door, and Giulio, entering, paused near the threshold. Cosmo turned upon him a quick and penetrating regard.

"As I suspected," he said, to Neri. "The eaglet hath already learned its parentage. And, in truth, the face does not belie it."

Advancing a step or two, he motioned Giulio to approach. The youth did so.

"Know you aught," inquired Cosmo, "of a certain report which nearly concerns your family story? Yes, I perceive that you do. And I would have you attend my words closely, as it is in reference to this that I have sent for you. The recent sad events have brought notice upon you, which may open the way to some small measure of fortune and authority. You will understand me, doubtless, when I say that though your birthright may not, to speak plainly, be strictly legitimate, yet it may stand in the place of one legally recognized."

The speech was interpreted as its author had partly intended. A hot flush rose to the cheek of Giulio as he answered:

"Sir, if you be indeed the noble Medici of whom I hear men speak, you must surely think my nature very different from your own, when you suppose that I can pride myself on a family stain, or that I am willing to rise to fortune by its means."

"Hold, my dear youth," replied Cosmo. "Have a little patience, and I think you will find reason to judge me less harshly. Let us, then, suppose placed within your grasp the means of power, the opportunity to wield the fortunes of a state. Is there no ambitious throb in your bosom at the thought?"

"Sire," answered Giulio, slowly and sadly, "the prospect which you have displayed is a bright one. But the other matter lies nearer to my heart. Wealth and power are well. But I do not worship them. If some unhappy fortune has stained my name, I will not blazon its disgrace to the world, nor will I make that shame a stepping-stone to my rise."

The brow of Cosmo became clouded and stern.

"You have your choice," he said. "On the one hand, as the son of Andrea Cascere, inherit a life of toil and drudgery—ignoble lot! On the other,—but let me try you with one more question. Let us suppose that your claim to a Bentivoglio's right is indisputable, that no stain rests upon your name. What then the path you would pursue?"

"Can you ask me?" said Giulio, fixing his flashing eyes on the countenance of the Medici. "A Bentivoglio, I would act as a Bentivoglio should. Need I say more?"

"Enough!" exclaimed Cosmo, turning quickly to his companions, while his hand fell heavily on Giulio's shoulder. "Here stands the man!" And once more addressing Giulio, he continued: "A Bentivoglio you are, in very truth and honor, without a shadow on your fair name. See that you uphold it worthily. The fortunes of Bologna now rest on you. With your life answer for her safety, and for that of Annibale's children, whose rightful guardian you are."

Taking Giulio by the hand, and, beckoning to Neri and Poppi, he proceeded toward the window where sat Margarita, who rose as they approached.

"Fair lady," said Cosmo, "I present to you the new found son of Ercole Bentivoglio. On him now rests the government of Bologna. May he prove as worthy of the honor as I now believe him. And, pardon me, I am an old man, and albeit sometimes abrupt of speech, said to be one not devoid of judgment. My age gives me liberty to speak when younger tongues should be silent. I would that a nearer tie, even than that which now exists, might bind this youth to the interests which Annibale Bentivoglio so long and so worthily sustained. Giulio, Margarita, I have more power than most to read countenances and to interpret their fates aright. If I mistake not much, your future fortunes will flow not far apart. I have said sufficient to display my meaning. Neri, Poppi, the hour passes, and we must bid adieu to these fair youths."

The three elders, leaving the mansion, turned toward the market-place.

"Beshrew me, my good lord," said Poppi, to Cosmo. "You are disposed to hasten the fortunes of this stripling in more ways than one."

"The opportunity is ripe," replied the other. "Remember you not a story of the erudite Boccacio, wherein the wit is that the heiress is in love with her guardian? Now, if there be any truth in the signs which I learned me in my boyish days, then this pair, whom we have just left, are ready to re-enact the play. And I am well content that it should be so. Such a marriage would bar the youth from future dangerous connection, and bind his heart close to the support of the policy of the Bentivoglios, and to the support of our Florentine league."

"Well said, my lord," exclaimed Neri. "You are, in mental faculty, as the elephant is in bodily apprehension. You can, with equal ease, marshal the onset of an army, or bend yourself to knit a wedding match."

CHAPTER III.

O, how this spring of love resembleth
The uncertain glory of an April day!
Two Gentlemen of Verona.

MARGARITA was in her twentieth year. Her form possessed that full Venetian development which Titian loved so well to portray. A close fitting velvet disclosed the perfect outline of her shape. Her features were finely chiselled, and somewhat haughty in expression. Her complexion, glowing with southern warmth, yet richly transparent, was well set off by the deep black of her attire. A short, looped-up sleeve revealed an arm more lustrous than Parian marble; how poor a comparison, when we consider that the marble can never give the warmth and life of motion! She was a glorious creature. Nor was she ignorant of this, standing now, in motionless regard, before her chamber mirror. Yet the image, which now reflected herself, possessed unwonted paleness. The lurid eyes, the contracted brow, echoed the agitation which ruled the bosom of Margarita. Clasping her hands with a gesture of pain, she turned from the glass.

"Am *I*, then," she said, "to be the subject of his caprice? *I*, never tamed till now, to bend submissively at his feet, content to share his uncertain fancy with the baby face of an untutored rustic? No,—it shall never be; and this youth shall rue the day wherein he sought to trifle with Margarita. But let me not give way to this troubled mood. I will try the power of verse to calm its agitation."

Striking a silver bell which lay on the toilet, her maid appeared.

"Giovanna, bring to me the book of Petrarch, which you will find upon the marble stand in the library. You will know it by the purple and curiously-wrought binding. Why delay you?"

"Signora," said the maid, "a lady waits below, who would speak with you. She is veiled, and a stranger, if I judge rightly."

Her mistress changed color.

"Surely," she murmured, "some strange presentiment has seized me. Giovanna, I will receive her in the ante-chamber."

So saying, she clasped a bracelet about her waist, and passed into an adjoining apartment. Soon after, Giovanna ushered in her visitor. As the maid withdrew, the stranger cast back the veil from her face, and fell at the feet of the Bentivoglio.

"Lady," she said, "I entreat you to forgive this unwonted intrusion. I would behold that beauty which is the source of my wretchedness, even though it add a double pang to my regrets. I have looked on you, and having so done, I blame not the fickleness of him whom fortune has elevated to be your equal."

Margarita had already withdrawn a slight distance from the kneeling Francesca.

"My presentiment was correct," said the Bentivoglio. "But know you not the tale which other tongues have bruited? That she, whose praises you pretend to echo, has been but the passing caprice of this gallant cavalier? that she doth receive only such courtesy of affection as may readily be spared by a low-born girl, his more befitting mate? Rise!" she added, in a voice of unnatural hoarseness. "Let *me* behold more narrowly her who thus dares to mock my discomfiture!"

Francesca rose, and, casting off her veil, stood before the Bentivoglio. Her brown hair clustered in ringlets round an oval face of purest sweetness. The long eyelashes rendered more softly deep the gentle eyes which lay beneath. The mouth was delicately carved, expressing natural dignity amid the mildness which dwelt in its gently undulating lines.

"Lady," she said, "your words are harsh and unjust, but my intrusion has, perhaps, deserved them. I came hither impelled by an impulse which I was not able to resist. I had thought that the homage which I honestly paid might excuse my error. I find myself mistaken; yet I bid you farewell, knowing that you yourself will presently regret the cruelty which you have shown."

"And so I do already," exclaimed Margarita, springing quickly forward and clasping her arms about the maiden's neck. I *have* been harsh and cruel, but am so no longer. Look, dearest, and behold how quickly you have tamed my proud, rebellious heart. I resign to you the lover. It is *I* whom he has forsaken,—*I* whose pride he has humiliated. But, for your sake, he shall be forgiven. True, his heart, for a space, forgot its former mistress; but I know full well that it has returned to its old allegiance. Say, fair Francesca, what punishment shall we bestow on this recreant, when he doth present himself? I have it. Myself will accuse him of his ill-doing, and you shall afterwards enact the judge and pronounce the words of doom. Nay, weep not. Dry your eyes, pretty one, and go you into my bower, while I here await the coming of the criminal. What vengeance shall flash upon him from mine eyes! How will he tremble at the terror of my look! How will he shrink from the fearful sentence which your justice shall inflict upon him!"

Thus saying, she printed a sisterly salutation on the lips of her companion, and drew her into the inner chamber, whence she herself returned to the outer apartment; for here she soon expected to meet Giulio, who had appointed to wait upon her at this hour. But a few moments passed, when his step was heard on the stairway, and, as she caught sight of him slowly advancing toward the door of her apartment, she moved quickly forward with a smiling countenance, and extended her hand in greeting. Giulio, bowed his head, touched it slightly with his lips. But his face was overcast with gloom, as, raising it, he said, without returning the friendly regard of his hostess:

"Signora, I am not worthy to take, or even to touch, that fair hand. How shall I undertake to confess the unworthiness which I must not conceal?"

"What mean you?" exclaimed Margarita, in a tone of much surprise.

Giulio folded his arms on his breast, and looked in her face with a steady though sorrowful gaze.

"Signora," he said, "when first the wealth of your charms cast its lustre on me, what wonder is it that all my senses were enchained? It was then that I forgot all former love,—all former obligations. Ay, I do merit all the scorn which you can shower upon me. But hear me through, even were it to add to the measure of my condemnation. I abjured, with scarce a thought of self-reproach, a maid, who, though of humble rank, might even equal yourself in her peculiar grace. The fairest, gentlest of her sex. Signora, I have said enough. To-day I resign that promotion which can but serve to disgrace me the more in your eyes, and in those of her to whom, if she deign to accept it, I now return my allegiance. Signora, what more can I say? O how freely would I make whatever expiation my folly deserves!"

While he spoke, Margarita enacted well the part of an injured indignant. But, as he paused, the mighty emotions which agitated her countenance were tempered with generous clemency. Her eyes kindled with mischievous light, as she replied:

"And think you, sir, that fair lady will part with her knight so easily? Not so, by my faith. Or, if it must be, then the slight shall indeed be requited as it deserves. Good cousin, come forth and avenge me on this false recreant!"

She vanished, but quickly re-appeared, leading Francesca, who, blushing deeply, averted her face from the astonished Giulio.

"See," cried Margarita, "in those features your doom most clearly spoken. Kneel, fickle knight, and receive it with all the obedience which is her due!"

The sequel of our story remains to be told. Giulio's meditated penance was overruled by the united authority of Margarita and her adopted sister. Another penance, however, was afterward substituted in its place, to the effect that Giulio's marriage should be deferred till that of Margarita should also take place. The latter had, at length, relented toward a certain Count Sevola, who had long annoyed her with his admiration. The fair Bentivoglio declared, however, that she did so only that she might afford some countenance to the inconstancy of Giulio.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE STARS.

BY GEORGE W. BUNGAY.

How radiant the evening skies,
Broad wing of blue in heaven unfurled,—
God watching with a thousand eyes,
The welfare of a sleeping world.

He lights the wild flower in the wood,
And rocks the sparrow in her nest;
He guides the angels on their road,
That come to guard us while we rest.

When the bee blows his tiny horn,
To wake the sisterhood of flowers,
And God shall kindle up the morn,
Praise shall expand these hearts of ours.

THE SPIRIT OF LOVE.

Beyond all question, it is the unalterable constitution of nature that there is efficacy, divine, unspeakable efficacy, in love. The exhibition of kindness has the power to bring even the irrational animal into subjection. Show kindness to a dog, and he will remember it; he will be grateful; he will infallibly return love for love. Show kindness to a lion, and you can lead him by the mane; you can thrust your head into his mouth; you can melt the untamed ferocity of his heart into an affection stronger than death. In all of God's vast unbounded creation, there is not a living and sentient being, from the least to the largest, not one, not even the outcast and degraded serpent, that is insensible to acts of kindness. If love, such as our blessed Saviour manifested, could be introduced into the world, and exert its appropriate dominion, it would restore a state of things far brighter than the fabulous age of gold; it would annihilate every sting; it would pluck every poisonous tooth; it would hush every discordant voice. Even the inanimate creation is not insensible to this divine influence. The bud, and flower, and fruit put forth most abundantly and beautifully, where the hand of kindness is extended for their culture. And if this blessed influence should extend itself over the earth, a moral garden of Eden would exist in every land; instead of the thorn and brier, would spring up the fir-tree and the myrtle; the desert would blossom, and the solitary place be made glad.—*Bishop Upham.*

THE SOURCE OF FRENCH BRAVERY.

A young Zouave, who had entered the army as a volunteer, excited the greatest astonishment and admiration amongst the English and French officers by his gymnastic powers. He attempted the most extraordinary feats, and always succeeded. An English captain asked him, one day, why, gifted as he was with such marvellous agility, he had entered the army voluntarily, when, in a circus, he could earn ten—nay, twenty times as much as in the army. The Zouave colored to the very temples, and, in a tone of wounded pride, replied: "Because I hope to die a French general, and not a riding-master. The French soldier looks to something besides money." Then, plunging his hands into his side-pockets, he turned round and took his departure; but from that day nothing in the world would tempt him to give any specimen of his wonderful powers before an English officer.—*French paper.*

Some men, like pictures, are fitter for a corner than a full light. —*Seneca.*

CIVIC HEROES OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION.

[For description, see page 13.]

MILITARY HEROES OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION.

[For description, see page 13.]

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE CAPTIVE'S RELEASE.

BY MRS. SARAH E. DAWES.

Does the Pale Lily pine for her far distant home?
For the dark city walls and the stately dome?
Our forests are nobler, our prairies more fair,
Our skies are far brighter, and sweeter our air.

Does the voice of her kindred come soft on the breeze,
Like whispers sweet through the murmuring trees?
She hears not the music of nature's wild hymn,
As it echoes along through the woodland so dim.

Why droops the Pale Lily? her form is more frail,
She bows her young head like the flowers of the vale;
She mourns for her brave, she dreams of her love,
She would leave the wild-wood, and homeward would rove.

No more shall her sigh on the breezes be borne,
Her heart shalt no more with wild sorrow be torn;
For Red Bird will brave her father's dark frown,
And rescue Pale Lily ere the moon shall go down.

She hath taught her dark sister the faith of her land,
And pointed to heaven with her tiny white hand,
And Red Bird will meet the Pale Lily there,
And roam with her ever those regions so fair.

Ere long thou wilt reach thy white father's home,
While back to her tribe poor Red Bird will roam;
Thou canst not be happy in the forest to dwell,
Then go thy kindred—Pale Lily, farewell!

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE KNIGHT'S DOG.

AN ANCIENT CHRONICLE.

BY A. J. H. DUGANNE.

SIR LEONHART ZOLLIKOFER was a notable gentleman of the brave old Swiss cantons. He devoutly reverenced his Maker, loved his dear wife Benigna, and held open hand to friends and dependents, high and low. But not alone did the lady Benigna enjoy his affection, or claim his undivided solicitude; it must be told that the good knight preserved in his heart a warm corner for another—and that was his—dog.

Curl not thy lip, sweet ladies, at this canine favoritism of Sir Leonhart's. And ye malicious bachelors, who would gladly find cause for mirth in the singular division of regard manifested by our Swiss gentleman, I pray ye *husband* your jokes; for it shall presently be made known what good reasons were at the bottom of the noble Zollikofer's partiality.

It was in the year 1582 (if ancient chroniclers do tell us rightly), that the assembled councils of the cantons held grave debate at St. Gale, and chose divers worthy and honorable Swiss gentlemen to form the deputation which was to proceed to Paris, for the purpose of ratifying a new treaty of alliance concluded between the French king and the Swiss magnates. Sir Leonhart Zollikofer was one of these noble deputies.

Now, although the knight was both willing and proud to assist in the important embassy to which he had been called, nevertheless the thought of that long journey which he must take, gave him no small uneasiness; not indeed that our good Switzer dreaded either hardship or danger to himself, but that he reflected upon the disquiet which a protracted absence on his part might occasion to his beloved dog Fidelis. Full of anxiety upon this subject, as he made ready to depart, Sir Leonhart tenderly addressed his lady-wife: "Watch my Fidelis well," said he; "let him not want for anything."

The knight was buckling on his sword, as he spoke these words to his wife, and the lady Benigna made no reply; but as her lord bent to tighten his spurs, she placed her lips close to his, as if to remind him, by a kiss, that he was about to part from *her*, as well as from his dog Fidelis.

Sir Leonhart, however, did not appear inclined to repress his anxiety concerning the favorite, though, indeed, as a courteous husband, he acknowledged the lady Benigna's salute by a corresponding pressure of his bearded lip. Continuing, therefore, his exhortation, he resumed:

"Watch Fidelis well, and be sure that he wants for nothing during my sojourn abroad. Gladly would I permit the good fellow to accompany me, but the road is long and difficult of travel; moreover, I am not quite sure that it would be according to etiquette for him to present himself at court. So, I pray thee, dear wife, let him be chained in the yard during a fortnight at least, and be kind to the poor animal, if thou lovest me."

When Sir Leonhart had expressed himself thus far concerning the dog, his lady began to think it time that a word should be spoken regarding herself; so looking up to her grave lord's face with a smile, she said:

"It would almost seem, my dear lord, that Fidelis were nearer to your heart than your true wife! Who, I pray thee, will shorten and enliven *my* hours during your long absence? And if (which may God graciously forbid!) there should any mischance befall my husband, who will comfort *me*, and where shall I find help and counsel in time of need?"

Sir Leonhart Zollikofer stroked his beard, and replied in a jocose way:

"Good lady mine, I have never interfered when you permitted more liberties to your worthy cats Tabitha and Grimalkin than I ever allowed to my Fidelis; nor indeed did I blame you (knowing very well how apt we are to be more foolish than others can understand). Let me, then, continue to manage Fidelis, and I will find no fault with your pets. Besides, dear Benigna," pursued the good knight, kindly pressing the lady's hand—"thou wilt not be altogether lonely, since our sister, Count Lorenzo's wife, Dorothea Von Griefenstein, will come hither during the absence of her husband, who is chosen a delegate like myself."

As Sir Leonhart said this, he drew himself up with a stately motion, and looked down upon his gentle spouse with the dignity befitting one who was shortly to represent his canton at the court of a king. Then, perceiving that a tear was upon the lady Benigna's cheek, he said, more tenderly: "Rest thee, sweet-heart! Dorothea will console and sustain thee. She will likewise assist thee to take good care of Fidelis."

To these words of her lord, the dutiful Benigna responded with another kiss, assuring him at the same time that she was well convinced he had not forgotten her. Thereupon, Sir Leonhart, having accoutred himself completely, called up the dog Fidelis, and with his own hands confined him in a corner of the stone courtyard. Then, imprinting a parting salute upon his lady's forehead, he mounted his horse, and rode forth with his attendants, to join the deputation, then on its road to France.

Now it may seem strange or trivial to such persons as have not the fortune to possess a good dog—or, having one, care not to appreciate his qualities—that the noble knight Zollikofer should bestow so much consideration upon a four-footed animal; but it must be related that Sir Leonhart had not been blessed with children, and that, consequently, more than is common, he attached himself to the dumb creatures about him, one of which was the oft-mentioned Fidelis—a white pointer dog, with brown spots.

In acknowledgment, doubtless, of his master's regard, Fidelis was particularly devoted to Sir Leonhart, and as often as the knight rode out to the hunt, or visited the neighboring castles, so often was he his well-pleased companion. On the other hand, when the Zollikofer remained at home, there also might be found Fidelis, reposing upon a rug near his master's chair, or with great gravity sitting opposite to him at meals. Only when the knight attended the Sessions, or other civic meetings, did the dog linger behind, and at such times no caress nor dainty offered by the household, could either satisfy or quiet him. He roved restlessly about, until he perceived the approach of his noble friend, and then his delight appeared to be beyond control.

Well, Sir Leonhart Zollikofer went on his travels to France, in company with his distinguished friends, the members of our Helvetic embassy, to ratify the treaty of peace with King Henry III.; and the good lady Benigna, as in duty bound, did her best to obey his commands concerning Fidelis, even neglecting at seasons the claims of her own favorite cats, because of solicitude concerning her husband's dog. But, alas! no sooner had the animal become aware of the absence of his master, than he obstinately refused both to eat and drink, would answer no one's call, and scarcely crept out from the shadow of the wall where he was chained.

All the servants of the castle thought him mad, and the lady Benigna wished fervently that a fortnight might pass, when the disconsolate animal could be released. But old Jost, the steward, shook his head, saying:

"Much I fear, if he be unchained, he will set out to seek Sir Leonhart the next moment."

"Dost thou really think thus, Jost?" asked the lady Benigna.

"In truth do I," answered the honest steward. "He will most surely run to St. Gale, and not finding my master there, without doubt he will set off for Paris. Ah, no!" continued Jost; "I do not like to prophesy evil, but our Fidelis has never been to France, and how can he inquire the way, seeing that he is but a dumb animal, after all?" So Jost shook his head again.

But on the ninth day, after a family council had been held between the lady Benigna, her sister-in-law Dorothea, and old Jost himself, it was decided to let the dog go free; so, with a shrug of his shoulders, the good steward unfastened the chain that secured him. New life seemed at once to be imparted to Fidelis. Every corner of the house was speedily visited, and as promptly left. At last he was no longer seen.

His disappearance did not please the lady Benigna, who recalled the hints of Jost, and began to grow alarmed.

"Ah, dear Dorothea!" said she, to her sister-in-law, "do you think Fidelis would indeed venture to follow his master? Once, indeed, I remember he did seek Sir Leonhart full half the way to Constanz, whence my lord was returning."

"Ay, indeed! Constanz!" returned Dorothea. "But Paris is not Constanz. What trace, think you, my brother could leave that would serve to guide the dog through all the great towns which he must pass through to reach Paris? O, no indeed, dear Benigna! Fidelis will never venture on such a wild goose chase."

But when, after vespers, the dog was searched for, high and low, and the tidings came that no one had seen him, both ladies began to take the matter heavily to heart.

"Alas! how my good lord will be afflicted!" murmured Benigna. And Dorothea ceased to jest about Fidelis, but endeavored to console her friend.

The next morning, at daybreak, runners were despatched in every direction—to Constanz, Bishoffzell, Wyl, Sonnenburg, and to the Count Lorenzo's castle of Griefenstein. Even old Jost wandered down to a neighboring country seat of his master.

"I know very well," said he, shaking his head, "that it will be a useless journey; but I would not be the last to stir myself to please our good lord Sir Leonhart."

Several days passed before the messengers returned, and then they came straggling, one after another, bringing nothing but tired feet and the complaint that they were everywhere laughed at for their pains in running after a vagrant dog.

We may fancy how the good Lady Zollikofer worried herself. She declared to all her friends that she would give her best jewel, could she once more get possession of the dog. Indeed, there was no end to her lamentations.

Only Jost, at last, retained any hope, though he continued to shake his head.

"The messenger to Wyl and Sonnenburg is not yet back, and till he returns I don't give up. I wager," said he, one morning, when his mistress and Dorothea conversed with him about the matter, "I wager that our runner hath traced him, and, perhaps, followed him to Paris. Yes—I wager this, as sure as my name is Jost."

The runner did *not* come back, Lady Zollikofer, fearing some ill had befallen him, sent another messenger, who soon returned with the news that her first runner had been encountered, here and there, hunting after a dog, but what course he had at last taken was not known.

But, one evening, when there was company in the house of Sir Leonhart, and the conversation as usual, turned on the missing messenger and dog, a boy entered, inquiring for the Lady Zollikofer. The mistress called him to her and questioned him, when the lad, pulling a paper from his vest, said:

"A grand gentleman in Basel sent me here. He said you knew him well, and the letter will tell you the rest."

The lady Benigna forthwith opened the letter, and immediately a glow of satisfaction overspread her countenance. It was from M. Felix Burkhardt, Van Basel, a friend of the family, who wrote that Sir Leonhart's dog had visited his house, just sixteen days after he had received a call from his friend Zollikofer, then on his road to Paris. Van Basel wrote likewise that the messenger had also sought the dog at his house, and he had furnished him with money to pursue his search to Mulhousen, on the direct route to France.

Joy became general among all the company. The lad was seized immediately, his pockets filled with dainties, and a bright new piece of silver put into his hand. Then questioning him closely they learned that the dog Fidelis had entered all the hostelries on the road, at which the deputation had put up, or even stopped.

Now, indeed, all would have been happiness in Zollikofer's mansion, had not one present unluckily mentioned how large was Paris, how many and extensive its streets, and how numerous its palaces and houses.

"Ah, then," said old Jost, to himself, "Fidelis may, after all, be stolen or perish in that fearful Paris."

But while all this was happening, and the story of it spread through St. Gale and the country round, Fidelis actually arrived in Paris, and, by a concurrence of circumstances, at the same hour in which the Helvetic deputies were admitted to an audience with the king of France. The faithful dog was no respecter of persons, and in the midst of the ceremonies at court, whilst everybody was standing silently before the monarch, in burst Fidelis to the saloon, and, with a loud bark, sprang to his master, overwhelming him with the wildest tokens of joy.

The king, much surprised, demanded an explanation, which the knight immediately gave, so far as was in his power.

"I left strict orders to have him kept at home," said Sir Leonhart. "Your majesty can judge how much the animal is attached to me, to find me thus, after more than twenty days, and so far away from home."

On hearing this, King Henry spoke, astonished and graciously.

"If the dogs of Switzerland prove so trusty, what faith may we not expect from you, beloved allies!"

Thus said the monarch; and very soon, not only at the tables of the palace, but in all the assemblies of the royal city, Fidelis became the topic of conversation and interest. All who had eyes desired to behold the Swiss noble and his wonderful dog, and everybody was delighted to find a brute possessed of qualities so rare in reasonable beings. So Sir Leonhart and Fidelis became the lions of the court.

OLD AGE.

Some one asked the philosopher Fontenelle, when *ninety-five* years of age, which twenty years of his life he regretted the most. "I regret little," he replied, "and yet the *happiest* years of my life were those *between the fifty-fifth and seventy-fifth*. At fifty-five years a man's fortune is established, his reputation made, consideration is obtained, the state of life fixed, pretensions given up or satisfied, projects overthrown or established, the passions for the most part calmed or cooled, the career nearly completed, as regards the labors which every man owes to society; there are fewer enemies, or, rather, fewer envious persons who are capable of injuring us, because the counterpoise of merit is acknowledged by the public voice."

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[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

MY LOVE IS ON THE SEA.

BY ELLEN ALICE MORIARTY.

My love is on the sea to-night, my love is on the sea,
O, when will come the blessed day that brings him back to me?
My peace has flown away, and time goes by so drearily,
For ah! my gentle sailor lad is out upon the sea.

Whene'er I hear the rising wind, my soul is filled with fears,
I watch the foaming, swelling waves with bitter, blinding tears;
Each billow seems a winding-sheet, that shrouds my love from me—
The gasping wind his drowning cry, for he is out at sea.

Yet e'en when stilled to rest the blast and billows peaceful are,
My fancy hears the stormy rush of wind and waves afar—
Alas! that anxious care should come, where'er true love may be,
Its shadow chills my heart to-night, for he is out at sea.

My love is on the sea to-night, my love is on the sea,
And O, I weary for the day that brings him back to me;
For grief's wan blight is over all where joy's sweet bloom would be,
If he was at my side to-night, and not upon the sea.

A SKETCH FROM LIFE.

BY FRANCIS A. DURIVAGE.

At five o'clock on Thanksgiving morning, Deacon Wilson arose as was his wont. No holiday made any change in his hours. Yet now he no longer sprang from his bed with the alacrity which changed duty into pleasure; he rose because imperious necessity commanded it. There were the cattle to be fed and watered, and the poultry to receive the same attention, and there was, moreover, a fire to be made in the huge old kitchen fire-place; for the deacon had now no servant or helper, and in the gray winter of his life, the whole burthen of managing his place had fallen on his shoulders. Fortunately they were broad and strong—fortunately his constitution was good, his spirits elastic and his piety sincere, for his burthens and trials were indeed weighty. He had been comparatively rich—he was now in embarrassed circumstances. He had looked forward to the time when a son should relieve him of the most laborious of his toils, while a daughter performed the same kind office for his wife. Both had been disappointed—and now the old couple were the solitary tenants of that lone New England farm-house.

The deacon went mechanically about his morning labors; he drove the cattle to the water tank; he supplied them with fresh fodder, and after seeing that they were comfortable, returned to the old kitchen. By this time the good wife had prepared a breakfast, and a genial fire of walnut was diffusing its heat through the apartment.

The old couple sat down to breakfast, after a blessing by the farmer, but the meal passed in silence. It was followed by fervent prayer and the reading of a portion of the Scripture. After this, they adjourned to the sitting room, where a good fire was burning, and where the old dame assumed her knitting, one of those incomprehensible pieces of female industry which seem to have neither beginning nor end.

"Well," said she, with a sigh, "this is Thanksgiving day. It doesn't seem like old times at all. We used to have a house full of company, frolicksome young folks, and cheerful old people; and now we are alone, alone."

"Last Thanksgiving," said the old man, "there was one with us, who seemed, to my old eyes, like an angel of light, with her fairy golden hair floating like a glory on her shoulders, and her little foot making music as she moved about the old house. But even then there was a hectic flush upon her cheek, like the red upon the maple leaf in autumn. When the January snows lay deep on the hills and in the hollows, we carried her to her last home—but God's will be done."

"You forget we have another child alive."

"No, I do not forget it," said the old man, bitterly. "There is one living somewhere, who has brought disgrace upon our name, who has forgotten his parents and his God; who has drunk deep of the cup of iniquity, and who has brought ruin and woe upon his name and family."

"Do not speak so harshly of poor William," pleaded the mother.

"Why should I not? Was he not insensible to kindness—steeled against affection? Did he not scatter my hard earnings to the wind? Is it not to him that I owe the prospect of beggary and destitution? Remember the first of February. That is the last day of grace. If the money comes not then, and God knows whence it is to come, we are driven from beneath this roof-tree—a pair of houseless beggars. Who will care for us then?"

"God will care for us," said the aged woman, raising her eyes reverently to heaven.

The old man made no reply, for his utterance was choked. At that moment the old clock that stood ticking in the corner, struck the hour of nine. The deacon rose.

"It is time to harness up old Dobbin," said he, "for we have a long way to ride to meeting, and the roads are in bad condition."

Their preparations were soon made, and the old couple, poorly, but decently attired, sallied forth to their public devotions. The services ended, the deacon and his wife, as they issued from the porch, were kindly greeted by many old friends and neighbors, more than one of whom pressed them to come and partake of their Thanksgiving cheer. But the deacon shook his head.

"Many thanks, my friends," he said, "but ever since I have been a householder, I have kept my Thanksgiving at home, and I shall continue to do so, as long as I have a house remaining over my head."

So they rode home together. While the deacon drove up to the barn to put up his horse, the old lady opened the back door, which was always on the latch, and entered the kitchen. As she did so, she started back. A stranger was seated by the kitchen fire, who rose on her entrance. He was a tall, stalwart man, dressed in a rough suit, with a broad-leafed hat, his countenance embrowned by exposure to the sun and wind, and his upper lip almost concealed by a heavy and luxuriant black mustache.

"Good morning, ma'am," he said, with some embarrassment. "Finding no one answered my knocks, I took the liberty of walking in. I believe I owe you no apology, for I have officiated as turnspit, and saved your Thanksgiving turkey from burning."

"I am very much obliged to you, I'm sure," answered the old lady, pulling off her mittens. "But did you want to see me or the deacon?"

"Both of you," answered the stranger. "You have a son, I believe?"

"Yes," replied Mrs. Wilson, with hesitation, and casting down her eyes.

"I have seen him lately."

"Where?" inquired the mother, with increasing agitation.

"In California."

"Was he doing well?"

"Admirably. Mother! mother!" he added, impetuously throwing back his hat, "don't you know me—don't you know your William?"

He rushed into his mother's arms, and was clasped to her beating heart, while the tears streamed freely from the eyes of both. After the first passionate greeting was over, the young man asked:

"Where is sister Emmy?"

"Gone!" answered the mother, as her tears flowed forth anew.

William sank into a seat, and hiding his face in his hands, wept bitterly. The mother did not attempt to check him. She knew those tears were precious.

"And my father?" asked the young man, when he regained his composure.

"He is well. But you had better retire for a while. Go to your old room, my son, it is just as you left it, and wait until I summon you."

It was with a fluttering heart that the overjoyed mother went about the preparations for dinner, and when the table was neatly set, every dish in its place, and the turkey, smoking hot, waiting to be carved, she summoned the old man. He made his appearance at once, and took his seat. Glancing round the table, he said:

"What is this, wife? you have set plates for three."

"I thought perhaps somebody might drop in unexpectedly."

"There is little danger—hope, I mean of that," answered the deacon, sadly.

At this juncture, Mrs. Wilson, with a mysterious expression, rang the little hand-bell, with which, in happier days, she was wont to summon her tardy children to their meals.

It was answered by the appearance of the long-lost William.

The deacon, who recognized him after a moment, gazed upon him with a stern eye, but with a quivering lip that betrayed the force of his ill-suppressed emotions.

"So you have come back at last?" he said.

"Yes, father, but not as I left you. Father—last Thanksgiving day I went into my lonely room, and there, kneeling down, addressed myself to Heaven, and solemnly abjured the fatal cup which had brought ruin upon me, and woe upon this once happy family. From that day to this I have not touched a drop. Is my probation enough? Can you now welcome back your son, and bless him?"

"Bless him? Yes! yes! bless you, my dear, dear boy!" said the old deacon, placing his trembling hand on the dark locks of the pleader. "You are welcome, William, though you come only to witness the downfall of our house."

"Not so, father," answered the young man, joyously. "I have come back to save you—to atone for my prodigality, for all my errors. It was this hope that sustained me in the lone heart of the Sierra Nevada, when I was panting with thirst and dying of hunger. Thoughts of home, of you and mother, and of her who is now one of God's angels, enabled me to conquer fortune. I have come back with store of gold—you shall not be a beggar in your old age: father, we shall keep the farm."

After this, it is unnecessary to add, that joy entered that old New England homestead. It was a chastened joy, for the shadows of the past yet mingled with the sunshine of the present, but the felicity which attended the prodigal's return was enough to compensate for many sorrows.

BEAUTY.

Beauty in itself and of itself, has, I believe, less power in determining matrimonial choice than at first sight it might seem natural that it should have. The charm of mere physical and corporeal beauty is, perhaps, too open and immediate to involve consequences; its first effect is too strong in proportion to its farther effects; for the imagination of man wishes to feel that it has something to come to; and there is a charm more insidiously winning in that which turns to beauty as you advance, than in that which declares itself as beauty from the first. * * * There may be much beauty, eminent in its way, which is but "the perfume and suppliance of a minute;" but there exists also a species and quality of beauty, the effect whereof (as I conceive) it would not be possible for daily familiarity to deaden, and the power whereof may be expected to last as long as the beauty itself lasts, and perhaps much longer.—*Henry Taylor.*

You may depend upon it that he is a good man whose intimate friends are all good.—*Lavater.*

AUSTRIANS, TURKS AND RUSSIANS.

Upon the military capacity of Austrians, Turks and Russians, we cite this important testimony from a Pole, who has been thirty years a soldier, and served with Austrians, Russians and Turks—General Chrzanowski.

"What is your estimate," I inquired of him, "of the Austrian army?"

"The officers," he answered, "are excellent—perhaps the best in Europe! They have the spirit and the influence which belongs to gentlemen, and they know their duties—which is not the case always with yours. The men are strong and well trained, but they hate the service. They are not volunteers, like yours, or conscripts, like the French. Each commune has to furnish a certain number of men. The government officers select them arbitrarily. Those who are chosen feel oppressed, and never have the good-will of a volunteer, who has taken to the army as a profession, or a conscript, who is paying his debt to his country. The generals are good. Hesse is fit to command 200,000 men, and I know of no one else in Europe who is so!"

"Have the Russians any good generals?" I said.

"None," he answered, "on a great scale. Luders is the best. I would trust him with 30,000 or 40,000 men, but not with more. Their regimental officers are ignorant and bad. The men are good—the best, perhaps, in the world, after the French, the English and the Turks."

"Do you put the Turks so high?" I asked.

"I put them," he answered, "at the very top. Not the officers, still less the generals—but the privates have every soldierly quality. The Turk is strong, he is docile, he is sober, he is intelligent, he has a contempt for life which is both fatalist and fanatic, and can live on nothing. When their military organization was at its best, two centuries ago, no European armies could stand against them. But their officers are detestible, ignorant, conceited, idle and corrupt. The very best people that I know are the Turks of the lower orders. The very worst people that I know are the Turks in office. Power is gained and preserved there by bribery, treachery and extortion. Every man in authority is a rogue. If you ally yourself to Turkey against Russia, and place any reliance on a Turkish *corps d'armée* with Turkish officers and a Turkish commander, you will be disappointed. Train and officer them as you did the Portuguese, and you will make them the best troops in Europe: as good as your own—perhaps better. But I never should feel comfortable in action, if I knew that any important part of my line was held by a purely Turkish force. I should be constantly expecting to see the officers running and the men following them. But to Turks as privates and Englishmen as officers, I would entrust the key of my position.—*North British Review.*

Woman's Nature.—I should not say, from my experience of my own sex, that a woman's nature is flexible and impressible, though her feelings are. I know very few instances of a very inferior man ruling the mind of a superior woman, whereas I know twenty—fifty—of a very inferior woman ruling a superior man. If he love her, the chances are that she will in the end weaken and demoralize him. If a superior woman marry a vulgar or inferior man, he makes her miserable, but he seldom governs her mind, or vulgarizes her nature, and if there be love on his side, the chances are that in the end she will elevate and refine him.—*Mrs. Jameson.*

NOTICES OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

A Commonplace Book of Thoughts, Memories and Fancies. By Mrs. Jameson. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1855. 12mo. pp. 329.

"A little of everything, and nothing at all—in the French style," is the literal translation of the sentence from Montaigne, which the authoress has placed upon her title page, and which gives the reader a slight inkling of the miscellaneous banquet to which he is invited. Mrs. Jameson is one of the most accomplished, talented, and elegant of living female writers. The present work is a most acceptable gift. We have many bright, brief and sparkling original essays, which, with her quotations, make a most brilliant Mosaic work. She touches on a variety of topics connected with morals, literature and art, with exquisite felicity. Her book reminds us of that delightful melange, "Guesses at Truth," but it is far more readable. For sale by Redding & Co.

Blanche Dearwood. A Tale of Modern Life. New York: Bunce & Brother. 1855. 12mo. pp. 407.

Another American novel. We can no longer complain of the unproductiveness of our authors, or their want of nationality. Here is a book depicting society as it exists with us, American characters, incidents and scenery. The author has proved that he need not go abroad for romantic material, or manners suited to artistic purposes. The story is highly interesting, and we predict popularity for the book, and fame for the author. For sale by Phillips, Sampson & Co., Boston.

The Missing Bride: or, *Miriam the Avenger* By Mrs. Emma D. E. N. Southworth. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson 12mo. pp 635.

Mrs. Southworth is a very prolific writer, but notwithstanding her industry, each new production of her pen gives proof of increased vigor and fire She is not without ability as a delineator of character, but she is most successful in the narration of stirring incident and action. As we are hurried through the pages of the "Missing Bride," we do not stop to question the probability of many of the incidents, and we close the volume with regret that it is ended. For sale by Redding & Co.

New Music.—Oliver Ditson & Co., 115 Washington St., has published and for sale, the "Thibodeaux Waltz." "Our Own," a Polka Mazurka, by Joseph Jimenes; "La Californienne," a polka by Herz; "Home, where there's one to love me," a duett for two voices; "Masaniello Quadrille," by Thos. Baker; Prayer from the opera of Othello, by Strakosch; "The Happiest Time when we were Young," by T. P. J. Magoun, and "Vive la Bagatelle," by W. J. Hammersley, music by Barnett.

Star Papers: or, *Experiences of Art and Nature.* By Henry Ward Beecher. New York: J. C. Derby. Boston: Phillips, Sampson & Co. 1855. 12mo. pp. 359.

This is one of the most readable books that has issued from the press for a long time. It is written in the frank, candid style that characterizes its author, and sparkles with brilliant and original ideas The first part embraces some very pleasant letters from Europe; the second part consists of essays on a variety of themes, such as "Flowers," "Trees," "Inland vs. Seashore," "Trouting," the "Mountain Ride," "Dream Culture." The various themes are treated with great felicity. The book is both a summer and a winter book—it may be read under the shadow of umbrageous trees, or by the cosy fireside. There are no controversial articles in this volume, though we are promised them in another, which is soon to be given to the public. Though the papers before us have all made their appearance in the "New York Independent," there are thousands of book readers to whom they will be fresh.

Le Cure Manque (The Unfinished Clergyman). By Eugene de Courcillon. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1855. 12mo. pp. 255

This work undertakes to delineate, in a narrative form, the social and religious customs of France—the hero of the tale, commencing his career as a student for the priesthood, which he enters, and taking leave of his readers as a private in the 9th hussars. Of course he is not inclined to speak very favorably of the profession he abandoned; and there are slashing cuts as well as sly digs at the French priesthood throughout the work. It must be conceded that the book is written with great vivacity. For sale by Burnham Brothers and Redding & Co.

Leaves from a Family Journal By Emile Souvestre. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1855. 12mo. pp. 277

To those who labor under the mistaken impression that the French people are incapable of deep feeling, and that domestic ties are universally lax in France, we commend the perusal of this charming book by an author too early lost to literature. There is a freshness, purity and earnestness about it which reminds us of the "Vicar of Wakefield." Its moral tone is equally unexceptionable. The simple story is made interesting by the manner in which it is told; and it contains many passages which, once read, can never be forgotten. The translation is admirably executed. For sale by Redding & Co.

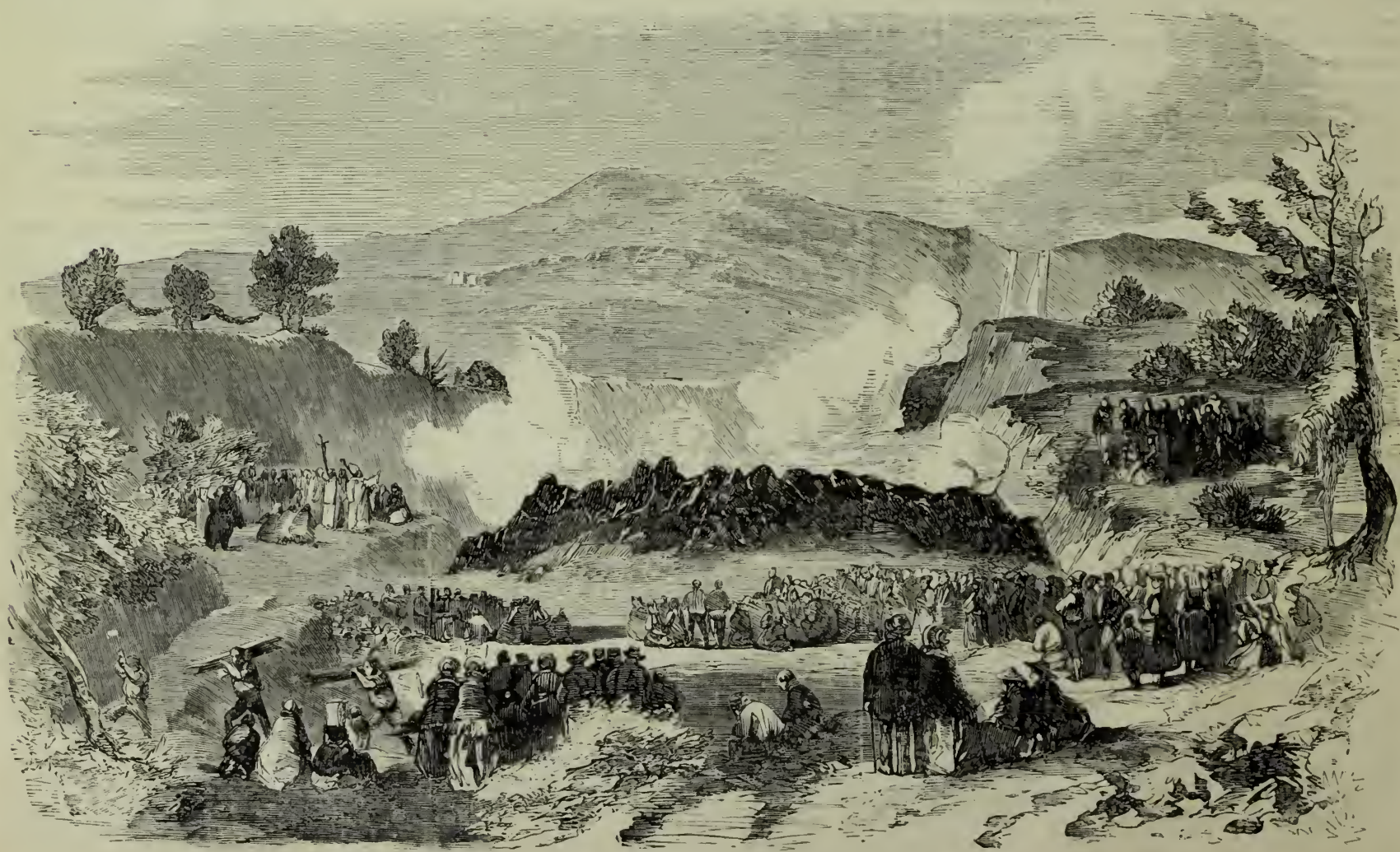
GEORGE P. MORRIS, THE SONG-WRITER.

The name of George P. Morris, whose likeness, drawn for us by Mr. Barry, we here present, has long been familiar in literary and musical circles. He first won distinction as a journalist; and the old weekly New York Mirror bears evidence to the taste, ability and enterprise which he transferred into periodical literature at an early day. He is still at the head of a weekly newspaper, which exercises as wide an influence upon the literary mind of the country, as any that can be named. We allude, of course, to the Home Journal, to which he and his *confrere*, Willis, continue to give their best efforts, and which are successful in securing hosts of readers and subscribers. It is as a song-writer, however, rather than a journalist, that General Morris (for he has had military honors also) will be known to the grand-children of our great-grand-children. He has been more successful than any other American poet in making the vibrations of his lyre accord with those of the popular heart. Very simple and easy, many of his most popular pieces may seem; but their high finish and art—the very "heart of their mystery"—will be found to lie in that apparent simplicity and ease, which may tempt the unpractised reader to say: "There is nothing here that I could not have said myself." The gifted Horace Binney Wallace, whose early death has blighted so many hopes, in an article on song-writing, a few years since, remarked of Morris: "There is no professed writer of songs, in this day, who has conceived the true character of this delicate, or peculiar creation of art, with greater precision and justness than Gen. Morris, or been more felicitous than he in dealing with the subtle and multiform difficulties that beset its execution. An eminent English authoress, well-known on both sides of the Atlantic, says: "There is one quality in his songs to which we cannot but direct attention—and this is their almost feminine purity. The propensities have had their laureates; and genius, alas! has often defiled its angel wings by contact with the sensual and the impure; but Morris has never attempted to robe vice in beauty; and his lays can bring to the cheek of purity no blush save that of pleasure." "He is, indeed, the poet of home joys. None have described more eloquently the beauty and dignity of true affection—of passion based upon esteem; and his fame is certain to endure while the Anglo-Saxon woman has a hearth-stone over which to repeat her most cherished household words." O. the wide-spread popularity of many of Morris's songs, and of their earnest appreciation, not only by lovers of literature, but by the popular mind, we need not speak. His "Woodman, spare that tree," and "On the lake," etc., have probably been translated into all the languages of Europe; and we have a dim recollection of seeing the "Woodman" in a Latin version, for which its classic simplicity is well suited. This song was recited, on one occasion, in the British House of Commons, and the speaker seemed to take it for granted that every one of his hearers was acquainted with it. "Mr. Cagley, a member from Yorkshire," says the Lond n Times, "concluded a long speech in favor of protection, by quoting the ballad of 'Woodman, spare that tree,' (which was received with the applause of the whole house), the *tree*, accord ng to Mr. Cagley, being the Constitution, and Sir Robert Peel the *woodman*, about to cut it down." Morris became editor of the New York Mirror in 1822, he being then in his twentieth year. Before that, however, he had written and published a good deal. In 1825, he wrote the drama of Brier Cliff, a play, in five acts, founded on events in the American Revolution. He received for it the liberal sum of $3500, and its great success warranted the price. In 1842, he wrote the libretto of an opera, the "Maid of Saxony," for Charles E. Horn, which was produced at the Park Theatre with success. In 1840, the Appletons published an edition of his poems, beautifully illustrated by Weir and Chapman, and in 1842 an edition of his songs and ballads was published. In 1854, a beautifully illustrated edition of all his poetical works appeared from the press of Charles Scribner. A collection of Morris's humorous prose-writings was published, a few years since, in Philadelphia. He has edited a number of works, which speak well for the literary industry and tact which he has brought to the task. The Home Journal, under the efficient management of Morris & Willis, has reached a very profitable circulation of twenty thousand. General Morris is still, to all external appearance, in the prime and vigor of life. He is what a French friend would call *bien conservé*. His residence is principally at Undercliff, a beautiful place on the Hudson, near Cold Spring. No man is more genial in his sympathies, or more truly friendly in his activities. His cordiality is not merely of the lip, but of the heart and hand. He is the author of many poems in action (in the way of kindness), which have all the charm and aroma of his best songs. The fountain of both is, we believe, far from being dry. It seems to run more copiously and clearly with time. May it flow, and continue to flow.

GEN. GEORGE P. MORRIS.

ERUPTION OF MOUNT VESUVIUS.

This old Titan, after remaining quiet for some time, has, within a few weeks, been again vomiting forth flames and lava, and making himself the terror of the neighborhood. The accompanying design was drawn on the spot by a careful artist, and shows the lower part of that river of fire which, having its source in the crater, opened in the cone of Vesuvius, flowed through the valley of Somma, fell in a vast sheet one thousand feet in depth, and ran more than ten miles, laying waste many vineyards and destroying many houses. The cone is hidden from view by the great height of the lower part of the mountain. On the left, is the villa of the Marquis of San Angelo. The sketch was made at the time when the Cardinal Nuncio Sforza visited the spot to supplicate to Heaven to stay a calamity which Almighty Power alone can avert. The priest is seen on the left, with his mitre and crozier, surrounded by his clergy, while throngs of the poor contadini are kneeling round him. The picture affords as good an idea of the sublime and terrific spectacle as pencil and graver can convey. A tremendous explosion, following premonitory symptoms, well understood by the natives in the neighborhood, took place on the 30th of April. On the 1st of May, at 7 o'clock in the morning, another crater opened, and at half-past nine o'clock a third. The inhabitants of the towns of Portici, Herculaneum and Resina were terror-stricken, and watched with fright the direction of the lava, prepared to take to flight, carrying off their most valuable effects. Many hours were thus passed in indescribable anguish; it was feared that Portici, and, particularly Resina, which is situated at the foot of Vesuvius, on the road from Naples to Salerno, would be overwhelmed. At Oltejano, the inhabitants, who suffered so severely from the eruption of 1850, were very much alarmed. Fortunately, the lava took the direction of that of 1830, and slowly descended into the Vitralla, a vast valley situated at the foot of Vesuvius on the opposite side to Naples. After sunset the scene of the eruption was grand. A dark night added to the majesty of the sinister fires which lighted up the wide expanse of the Bay of Naples, and gave it the appearance of a furnace five leagues in diameter. The road to Portici and Resina, where the ascent of Vesuvius commences, was crowded with strangers, the English being particularly remarked for their coolness. Many of them brought tents with them, which they pitched at the commencement of the eruption, encamping comfortably, so that they might have a good view of this tremendous convulsion of nature. They brought mattresses and provisions, and regularly took up their residence at the foot of the mountain. The Prince d'Aquila, the king's brother, was on the mountain, close to the crater, soon after the eruption began, and might be seen riding on horseback in every direction. Many strangers followed the example of the prince, among them the Countess de Banneville, the wife of the first secretary of the French embassy. The ladies indeed emulated the audacity of the guides, and approached so near the crater that it was frequently necessary to restrain their ardor. At one time it was reported that a clerk, in the employ of the Rothschilds, and an English lady had been killed by fragments of lava launched from the crater, but fortunately this story proved unfounded, and no loss of life, we believe, actually took place. One would think that the peasantry in the neighborhood of Vesuvius would lead an unhappy life. Such, however, is not the case. An eruption is soon forgotten, and each new catastrophe takes them by surprise.



ERUPTION OF MOUNT VESUVIUS—BED OF LAVA IN THE VALLEY OF SOMMA.

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL.
LATE GLEASON'S PICTORIAL.

MATURIN M. BALLOU, Editor and Proprietor.
FRANCIS A. DURIVAGE, Assistant Editor.

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Beauty.—No two nations agree exactly with each other in what constitutes perfect female beauty. The Moors estimate women by their weight, and probably by them at so much a hundred. The favorites of the Chinese have deformed feet, black teeth and long nails—too long, luckily, to be dangerous. A girl painted sky-blue, with a two pound ring through her nose, would be the idol of a Tonga island; and the Venetians admire red hair. Who shall decide?

Submarine Railroad.—They talk of a submarine railroad from Dover to Calais. It will cost only about forty millions of dollars. It is a curious idea. Hitherto *throwing cold water* on an enterprise was sure to kill it; but this one will derive its value from being under water. We suppose the company will have a large sinking fund to enable them to keep their heads above water.

Anachronisms of Old Painters.—The famous old masters, so much talked about, painted a great number of anachronisms. One of the most glaring was that of a Dutch artist, who painted the "Sacrifice of Abraham." Abraham was represented as taking aim at his son with a musket, while an angel interposed and wet the priming.

Our Dollar Monthly.—At the present rate of increase we shall in a few weeks print *one hundred thousand copies* of our Dollar Monthly Magazine. The cheapest magazine ever printed, in the new or the old world!

Fire-Works.—We shall next week present our readers with views of three of the principal pieces at the exhibition of Fire-Works on Boston Common, this year.

SPLINTERS.

.... Captain Pratt, the diver, with divers men, is going to fish up the treasure of the Hussar at Hurlgate. Huzza!

.... It is said that ex-Governor Boutwell, of this State, is going to relinquish his business and study law.

.... Pork was so high lately at Cincinnati, that the people had to eat strawberries at eight cents a quart.

.... The farmers hope to have full crops everywhere—and the turkeys and chickabiddies ditto. Christmas is coming.

.... Cotton has been coming down at the South—coming down the rivers we mean—plenty of water now.

.... The English photographers have taken Sebastopol on paper—the cheapest and easiest way to take it, we suspect.

.... François Ravel was lately the defendant in an action of damages in this city, and gained his cause.

.... The canker worms seem to be working their way from the seaboard to the interior. Look out for them next year.

.... Alderman Clark urged on the city government the establishment of a rural cemetery in the vicinity of Boston.

.... A lunatic at Utica proposes to put elastic springs under Niagara to ease the water when it jumps.

.... Another unfortunate is engaged in the construction of a six-bladed horse and a leather frying-pan.

.... The parquette of the Boston Theatre is to be remodelled during the summer recess, and the seats raised.

.... Ball Hughes, the talented sculptor, has modelled a small figure illustrative of Miss Cummings's "Lamplighter."

.... It is a singular fact that there is no express law against duelling in this State. Murder is provided for, however.

.... The Hadley Manufacturing Company have succeeded in making paper from broom corn stalks.

.... The Great Republic and Queen of the Clippers, built here by McKay, have been carrying guns for the French to the east.

.... A Missouri hurricane strips the feathers off poultry, so that they are all ready for the spit or gridiron.

CIVIC AND MILITARY HEROES OF THE REVOLUTION.

We have selected the present number of the Pictorial, as appropriate in date, for the presentation of the portraits, drawn expressly for us from authentic original pictures, of some of the principal actors, civil and military, in the great drama of the American Revolution. We cannot too often refer to that period and to those men. If ever the fire of patriotism burns low in the heart of an American citizen, it is kindled to a flame, whenever turning back the pages of history, he reads the story of the struggles, sacrifices and heroism of the statesmen who first declared the rights of the country, and the soldiers who did battle in defence of those just rights against the hirelings of tyranny. As peaceful remonstrances, petitions and arguments preceded the stern appeal to arms, let us glance first at the civic heroes of 1776. Here we behold Thomas Jefferson, the author of the Declaration of Independence, one of the brightest names on the roll of Virginia's great men. Beside him is the honest and intelligent countenance of Robert Morris, an Englishman by birth, an American by heart, a member of the Continental Congress—a man who, in 1776, when the American army was suffering for food and raiment, loaned the government ten thousand dollars on his own responsibility. "I want money," said he, to a Quaker friend, "for the use of the army." "What security canst thou give?" asked the lender. "My note and my honor," replied Morris. "Robert, thou shalt have it," was the prompt reply. Then there is Richard Henry Lee, of Virginia, of cavalier descent, who was the first man to propose independence in the Congress, and the first U. S. Senator chosen from the gallant "Old Dominion." There is John Jay, of New York, the author of the address of Congress to the people of Great Britain, and first chief justice of the United States. There is Henry, of Virginia, the Demosthenes of the Revolution. There is John Rutledge, of Charleston, who represented the soul of the patriotism of South Carolina during the darkest period of the Revolution—a statesman, a soldier, and a chief justice of the United States. There is Samuel Adams, of the old Puritan stock of Boston, whose eulogy was unwittingly pronounced by the royal governor of Massachusetts (Hutchinson), when he said, "Such is the obstinacy and inflexible disposition of the man that he can never be conciliated by any office or gift whatever." There is John Hancock, of Boston, President of the Continental Congress of 1776, who, when he affixed his bold and handsome signature to the Declaration, remarked: "The British ministry can read that name without spectacles; let them double their reward." There is James Otis, of Barnstable, Massachusetts, a "flame of fire," an ardent patriot, whose reason was destroyed by a blow from the bludgeon of an enemy of the country in 1769. There is John Adams, of Massachusetts, one of the most active members of the Congress of 1776, second chief magistrate of the Union, who died July 4, 1826, on the same day with Jefferson, with the words "Independence forever!" on his lips. Benjamin Franklin, the printer, statesman, philosopher, poet, he who "plucked the lightning from the clouds and the sceptre from tyrants," closes the page of our revolutionary statesmen.

What thrilling memories crowd upon the mind as we contemplate the page of military heroes. We behold there Benjamin Lincoln, of Hingham, Massachusetts, who went, like Cincinnatus, from the plough to the field of honor, first secretary of the war department, an honest, fearless and intelligent man; Israel Putnam, of Connecticut, the hero of Horseneck, the "bravest of the brave;" Daniel Morgan, whose rifles were the terror of the foe; William Moultrie, of South Carolina, whose defence of Charleston gained him imperishable renown; Thomas Sumter, the South Carolina "game-cock," the hero of Hanging Rock, and the victor of Tarleton; Thaddeus Kosciusczko, the Polish hero, who fought for liberty here and in his own country; General John Stark, of New Hampshire, the hero of the battle of Bennington; Joseph Warren, of Massachusetts, who sealed with his life-blood his devotion to his country on the battle height of Bunker's Hill; Gen. Nathaniel Greene, of Rhode Island, whose campaign in the South won him the admiration of the country, and the especial gratitude of the South; Francis Marion of South Carolina, the most brilliant partizan leader of the revolutionary struggle, and Henry Knox, of Boston, the founder and chief of the artillery service of the Continental army, the successor of General Lincoln as Secretary of War, and the founder of the celebrated Society of the Cincinnati. We have but glanced at these great men, whose achievements fill volumes, and whose names will never be forgotten so long as a free heart beats on this shore of the Atlantic.

The Present Number.—We present the number of the Pictorial, now in the reader's hands, with feelings of pride, as it regards its typographical and artistic appearance. It is literally *new* in every respect, every type, head-line and rule. The font of type upon which it is printed was manufactured expressly for us by Messrs. Phelps & Dalton, and is one of exceeding beauty and excellence of finish. The Pictorial shall continue to deserve the extraordinary popularity it enjoys.

As it should be.—Some of the New York hotels lately raised the charge to travellers from $2 50 to $3 per day for board. One or two better class houses refused to make this exorbitant advance, and took the trade entirely away from the rest, compelling the parties who had made the charge to return to old prices, which are high enough in all reason.

The War.—Under the energetic lead of Gen. Pelissier, the allies, within a few weeks, seem to have accomplished wonders in the Crimea, though victory has been obtained by an enormous loss of life.

BRADDOCK'S DEFEAT.

On our last page Mr. Billings, the designer, has given us a spirited artistic conception of the tragic episode of the campaign of 1755, in which the British General Braddock was defeated by the French and Indians, receiving a mortal wound in the affair. We behold the fierce savages, unrivalled in their mode of warfare, dealing death from their fatal weapons, decimating the English and colonial troops by the accuracy of their fire. The mingled horror and romance of this wildwood combat rise up vividly before us as we gaze upon the sketch. Braddock's fight was an event of two-fold importance; in the first place it destroyed that belief in the superiority and invincibility of British arms, which the colonists had previously entertained; in the second place it brought forward conspicuously the gallantry and military talent of our beloved Washington—and both these facts sinking into the public mind, bore precious fruit when the colonies, a few years subsequently, were arrayed against the mother country. "This whole transaction," observes Franklin, "gave us the first suspicion that our exalted ideas of the prowess of British regular troops had not been well founded." Washington, writing to his mother just after the battle, says: "The Virginia troops showed a good deal of bravery, and were nearly all killed." Of the regulars he says: "They ran like sheep pursued by dogs, and it was impossible to rally them." The disaster might have been avoided had Washington, then a Virginia colonel, and a volunteer aid to General Braddock, been listened to. The entire body of regulars and provincials formed a column of nearly two thousand men. Their destination was Du Quesne, a French fortress which stands on the spot where Pittsburg is now built. When within a few miles of this place, Colonel Washington advised Braddock to march cautiously, and to send out scouting and flanking parties. Tradition says that Braddock answered him, with an oath: "High times! high times! when a young buckskin can teach a British general how to fight." In consequence of his obstinacy, Braddock's column was surprised, decimated and routed by a vastly inferior force, while he himself fell, mortally wounded, and expired four days afterwards. The "young buckskin," who lived to defeat in after years the finest armies that Great Britain could send to the continent, covered the retreat of the expedition, and prevented the defeat from becoming a massacre. A noted Indian warrior, who fought against the English on the day, was often heard to declare, that Washington was not born to be killed by a bullet. "For," said he, "I had seventeen fair shots at him with my rifle, and after all could not bring him to the ground." In a letter to his brother, John Augustine, dated at Fort Cumberland, Washington writes: "As I have heard, since my arrival at this place, a circumstantial account of my death and dying speech, I take this early opportunity of contradicting the first, and of assuring you that I have not composed the latter. But, by the all-powerful dispensations of Providence, I have been protected beyond all human probability or expectation; for I had four bullets through my coat, and two horses shot under me, yet escaped unhurt, though death was levelling my companions on every side of me!"

MARRIAGES.

In this city, by Rev. Mr. Cook, Mr. J. M. W. Williams to Miss Mary L. Whitney; by Rev. Dr. Blagden, Mr. George O. Wilson to Mrs. Ruth Vinal; by Rev. Mr. Edmunds, Mr. Arnold B. Hagget to Miss Sarah W. Clifford, of Edgecomb, Me.; by Rev. Dr. Stow, Mr. Albert Bissell to Miss Cornelia A. Thompson, both of Avon, Conn.; by Rev. Dr. Vinton, Mr. T. B. Wallis to Miss Mary A. Riganose of Toronto, C. W.; by Rev. Mr Skinner, Mr. Silas A. Atwood to Miss Hannah K. Atwood.—At Roxbury, by Rev. Dr. Putnam, Rev. J. T. Sargent to Miss Mary E. Fiske.—At Cambridge, by Rev. Dr. Neale, Mr. Benj. F. Rogers to Miss Blanche V. D'Eon.—At Charlestown, by Rev. Mr. Lambert, U. S. N., Mr. Joseph W. Rogers to Miss Mary Hoar.—At Somerville, by Rev. Mr. Emerson, Mr. T. C. Gilmer, of Boston, to Miss Harriet Robinson.—At Stoneham, by Rev. Mr. Whitcomb, Mr. Charles P. Patten to Miss Laura Ann Tyler.—At Salem, by Rev. Mr. Ellis, Mr. Jackson Kennedy to Miss Mary E. Goodwin, of South Danvers.—At Ashland, by Rev. Mr. Thayer, Mr. George F. Seaver to Miss Emily M. L., daughter of James H. Jones, Esq.—At Philadelphia, by Rev. Mr. Wilmer, Dr. David Burpee, of Sheffield, New Brunswick, to Miss Kate A., daughter of Washington L. Atlee, M. D.—At Bridgeport, Conn., by Rev. Mr. Towne, Mr. James E. Root, of Boston, to Miss Adelaide Wire.—At Jacksonville, Ill., Mr. Lyman F. Joy to Miss Angeline Hazeltine.

DEATHS.

In this city, Mr. Lewis W. Homer, 21; Mrs. Adelaide Maria Prescott, 21; Mrs. Sarah B., widow of the late Mr. Aaron Sargent, of Newburyport; Mrs. Elizabeth Hunnewell, 86; John R. Bradlee, Esq., 41; Miss Anna Clarke, 72.—At Charlestown, Mrs. Elizabeth Ann Lynn, 52; Mrs. Elizabeth A. Hutchinson, 40; Mrs. Julia Schluter, 17.—At Cambridge, Miss Harriet Carver Capen.—At North Chelsea, Capt. John Slade, 75.—At Jamaica Plain, Mr. Leonard Hyde, 67.—At Cambridgeport, Mrs. Anna Knights, formerly of Exeter, N. H., 67.—At Melrose, Mr. James G. Ayers, 20.—At Abington, Dea. Nathan Stoddard, 83.—At Lynn, Mrs. Ruth P. Appleton, 18; Mrs. Mary Ann Pecker, 44; Mr. James McCaffrey, 19.—At Salem, Mrs. Ellen Allard, 42; Miss Sarah Bateman, 63.—Mrs. Mary Frances Fowler, 22.—At South Danvers, Miss Eliza Adeline Flint, 27; Mr. George F. Leonard, 20.—At Greenfield, Rev. Titus Strong, D. D., for more than 40 years rector of St. James's Church in that town.—At Great Barrington, Mr. Isaac Whitehead, a soldier of the Revolution, 97.—At Lisbon, N. H., Col. Moses Young, 86.—At Sebec, Me., Mr. Ezra Gould, 90.—At West Meriden, Conn., Mr. Eben Lee, 94.—At New York, Rev. Jacob Brodhead, D. D., 74.—At Holland Patent, Oneida Co., N. Y., Mr. Samuel Rockwell, 104.—At New Orleans, Rev. Alexander Campbell, D D., 63.

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EDITORIAL MELANGE.

There are 196 churches in New York city, of the Baptist, Congregational, Dutch Reformed, Lutheran, Methodist Episcopal, Presbyterian, and Episcopal denominations. The number of communicants belonging to these is 47,906. The Baptists have 1 communicant to every 77 of the population of the city; the Congregationalists, 1 to 619; the Dutch Reformed, 1 to 133; the Lutherans, 1 to 213; the Methodists, 1 to 76; the Presbyterians, 1 to 46; the Episcopalians, 1 to 79. —— The Philadelphia Times remarks that the anagram of the word *editors* is, *so tired*. Very appropriate; for editors are the hardest working people in the community. —— Morganza is the name of a new city projected by a Mr. Morgan, at the mouth of the Big Sandy River, in Western Virginia. Three railroads, it is said, will centre at this point. The location is said to be healthy, and the site well adapted for building purposes. Morganza is 150 miles from Cincinnati, and 220 from Wheeling. —— Grave-stones are now prepared with daguerreotypes of the deceased, set in the marble. The idea is a pretty one. —— Ten fine Durham cattle, belonging to Col. Morris, of Morrisania, N. Y., were abstracted from his premises and driven away. Some clue was obtained, which led to the discovery of the carcases of the cattle, dressed and exposed for sale in one of the New York markets. The hides were found in Newark, N. J., whither the rogues had taken the precaution to send them. —— A new hospital, recently erected by the Jews of New York, to be devoted exclusively to the reception of the unfortunate of their own people, was consecrated a few weeks since. —— Four men were poisoned at a hall in Juneau, Wisconsin, by drinking bed-bug poison, which they supposed was champagne. They had taken a basket of wine with them, into which somebody had put a bottle of bed-bug poison, for safe keeping, while house cleaning. Two of them were getting along very well, but the other two are in a dangerous condition. —— The total number of persons received into the various churches of the Choctaw mission, last year, was 1336. —— The Fire Insurance Companies of New York city have resolved that, on and after the first day of July, 1855, the rate of insurance on buildings having iron shutters in front, and on goods therein, shall be increased five cents per $100, unless one shutter on each story above the first shall be fastened so as to be opened from the outside. —— The Philadelphia Agricultural Society intend to give their next annual exhibition on the grounds of Powelton, formerly occupied by the State Fair. —— Col. Jefferson Davis, our Secretary of War, came near being arrested as a pickpocket, at Atlanta, Ga., on account of the suspicions of a man who came to the city in the same train of cars. The honorable secretary was saved by the interposition of the mayor, who made known his identity. —— It has been estimated that there is, at this time, in the United States, in silver and gold coin, $240,000,000; and the amount in that form, and in a manufactured shape, is somewhere about $400,000,000. —— Recently, in the commune of Sain Hilaire de la Noalle, in France, a marriage was celebrated between a man 107 years of age, named Jean Lapierre, and a woman, aged 86 years, named Petron Neuville, the contract between the parties having been made more than sixty years ago. —— There is an oak tree near Raleigh, N. C., which, at the sun's meridian, covers with shade a space of 9000 square feet. —— Miss Mary Marble, eldest daughter of the late Dan Marble, the eccentric comedian, was married at Chicago, lately, to a young actor named Myers. The marriage was a runaway affair, Mrs. Marble having declined giving her assent to the match until her daughter should be of age, which will be in the autumn. —— The Hon. Rufus Choate has given an opinion that the act of the last Legislature, establishing a municipal court for the city of Lowell, is unconstitutional. —— A Frenchman, at Louisville, being attacked by one McFarland, stabbed him ten times, and then discharged forty pistol shots into him. Of course, this ended Mr. McFarland, and has established a grand reputation for the Gaul. —— Mr. Youatt, of England, in cases of persons bitten by dogs, has healed more than four hundred cases with muriate of silver, and not one had any symptoms of hydrophobia. —— The Washington correspondent of the New York Express states that the Secretary of War has decided that General Scott is not entitled to any additional pay as lieutenant general, either for arrears or for the future, and he has not received a single mill in consequence of his additional rank!

EFFECTS OF TOBACCO.—In the United States, physicans have estimated that 20,000 persons die every year from the use of tobacco. In Germany, the physicians have calculated that, of all the deaths which occur between the ages of 18 and 26, one-half originate in the waste of constitution by smoking. They say that the article exhausts and deranges the nervous powers, and produces a long train of nervous diseases, to which the stomach is liable, and especially those forms that go under the name of dyspepsia. It also exerts a disastrous influence on the mind.

BEARDS VERSUS RAZORS.—The pleasant author of "Habits and Men," says that to shave a Moslem's head was once a penalty as terrible as to a Chinese the cutting off of his extended tail; and Christian princes have so esteemed the appendage that they have pawned the beard, or a portion of it, for money lent, and redeemed the sacred pledge punctually at the promised hour.

NEW THEATRE.—The New Bedfordites are building a handsome theatre, at a cost of $40,000, upon the site of the old Liberty Hall, lately destroyed by fire. It will prove an additional attraction to that thriving and wealthy place.

OPIUM EATING.—New York papers state that the use of opium is increasing rapidly in that city, and suggest that as its effects are not less deleterious than those resulting from the sale of ardent spirits, its sale ought to be repressed by law.

Wayside Gatherings.

A charter has been obtained for a new military company in Hingham; steps will be immediately taken for its organization.

It is not safe to keep birds in painted wire cages, especially in warm weather. The paint softens in the heat, the birds are apt to nibble it, and to get poisoned.

A system of phonetics has been introduced among the Mormons. It is called the Deseret alphabet, and each character has a uniform and distinct sound.

Edmund Freeman, nephew of Marshal Freeman, has been appointed 2d lieutenant, in the 5th infantry of the United States army, with orders to repair to Texas.

Mr. Hiram Harmon mounted his horse to hunt up his cattle at Erie, Iowa, and was the next morning found wandering about insane, his horse having been killed by a stroke of lightning.

The Rutland (Vt.) Herald says there are seven hundred men constantly employed in quarrying marble in Rutland county, Vt., and that over one million feet of marble will be raised this year.

Mons. Jullien will return to this country about the first of August, bringing with him an unrivalled band of solo performers, for the purpose of giving another series of his splendid concerts during the fall season.

The new homestead law of this State exempts a man's implements or tools from the law's clutch. This is supposed to cover the libraries of lawyers and scholars as well as the adzes and squares and planes of carpenters.

Mr. Eckstein, in Cincinnati, pays $20 fine every Monday morning for selling soda water on Sunday. His receipts on that day are over $80, on which there is a profit of $60, which, after paying the fine, leaves a clear gain of $40.

The Home Journal says that the *mistletoe* is becoming the rage as a fashionable bonnet ornament. The ill-natured father of a family of six grown up daughters, says that he wishes that bonnets, milliners and all would *mizzle too*.

Forty million feet of lumber have been surveyed at Bangor the present season, against ten million for the corresponding time last year. Orders for it realize the anticipations of dealers, but the ruling prices are somewhat lower than last year.

The New Orleans Delta states that an extended system of fraud and forgery has been successfully carried out in Texas and Louisiana, in the fabrication of fictitious Texan land-warrants, and that a large number of these warrants are in circulation.

The last New York duel was merely a sham affair, in which a southerner and northerner figured. The parties went to Bloomingdale in four carriages, their pistols were fired off, and they all returned safely to the Astor House. Expense about $100.

There was a prize fight in the 11th ward, New York, on a Sunday. A crowd of three hundred men and boys surrounded the ring. A solitary policeman arrested one of the fighters, but he was rescued; the officer was driven off, and the fight was concluded at leisure.

A letter writer says that the treasury is now burthened with the custody of over five millions of dollars in small silver change, from half dollars to three cent pieces. Two or three years ago there was a universal complaint of the scarcity of small coins, either American or foreign.

In Levant, Me., recently, Mr. and Mrs. Twombly went out into a field and took with them their child, in a willow cradle. They built a fire near the cradle to drive away the insects, and during their temporary absence, the fire spread to the cradle, ignited it, and the child was burned to death.

The school fund of the State of Connecticut, on the first day of April last, amounted to $2,049,953; and the income therefrom during the past year was $156,248. This sum was divided among 100,000 children. Independent of this school fund, the State owns $400,000 of bank stock, and is free from debt.

A letter writer at Great Salt Lake City gives an account of a wanton assault by a Mormon mob upon a party of army officers and some ladies. If the story is true, the time is fast approaching when either the Mormons or the outside barbarians must evacuate Utah, or decide their supremacy by a resort to battle.

A new fillibustering party has been secretly organized at the South, destined for Matamoras, to aid the band of 1500 men who recently invaded Northern Mexico, under Caravajal. Three hundred men have been enlisted at Louisville, of whom sixty have been shipped off, and the rest are to go as soon as possible.

The Pinery, printed at Stevens Point, on the Wisconsin River, says: "The best part of Wisconsin remains unsettled. The timbered regions contain the best land, are best watered, and are the most healthy. They will settle now very soon, and in ten years will outstrip the prairies and openings in wealth and population."

Two gentlemen, residing in Cork, on terms of great intimacy, were recently set at loggerheads by a mischievous acquaintance, and a duel was decided upon. The parties met, both fired their pistols in the air, and had an amicable conversation, the result of which was that they both set to and drubbed the man who had meddled.

Some villains, recently, being unsuccessful in discovering money in the house of Mr. Philip Knaip, near New Philadelphia, in Ohio, placed his son, a boy of eleven years old, over a large log fire, and threw a pound flask of gunpowder into the flames. The poor boy was very badly, but not fatally, burned, and the ruffians escaped.

The Cincinnati Gazette says that on the morning of the 31st of May, there was quite a heavy shower near the Middletown station, at which place the cars stopped for several minutes. The ground was completely covered with little frogs or toads about one inch long, which had evidently been rained upon the earth, and strange to say, they appeared to be all alive and kicking.

The stone cotton factory in Webster, belonging to Conerlius G. Fenner, with two dwelling houses, was burnt lately. The factory ran about one hundred looms. The heat was so intense that it warped the rails of the railroad track, which passed within about two rods of the building, so that they had to be taken up and straightened.

The celestials have a queer way of disposing of the persons of their prisoners taken in battle. At the recent recapture of Shanghai, by the imperialists, several of the rebels were caught, taken into the camp, decapitated, disemboweled, their livers sold for a dollar a piece, and the heads sent down to the city, where they were suspended by the hair from a bamboo stick, and served to decorate the walls.

The Roman Catholic church in this country, at the commencement of 1855, is stated to embrace 7 archbishops, 33 bishops, 1704 priests, 1824 churches, 21 incorporated and 5 unincorporated colleges, having 2662 students; 31 theological seminaries, with 500 students; and 117 female academies. The entire nominal Papal population of the country is estimated at upwards of three millions.

Foreign Items.

A Carlist conspiracy on a small scale has been discovered at Saragossa, Spain; an officer and sixty men had deserted.

The sudden death of M. Pleyel, the celebrated manufacturer of pianos, and himself a distinguished musician, has excited sincere regret in the musical world of Paris.

Out of thirty-two foreign nations, there are only two—Sweden and Ecuador—in which no material internal postal improvement has been made since the introduction into Great Britain of the penny postage.

Abd-el-Kader, shaken out of house and home by the destructive earthquakes at Broussa, has asked for permission from the emperor to visit the World's Fair. Rossini is also positively on his way to visit Paris.

The Emperor Alexander has just sent to Baron de Jomini, the well known writer on military tactics, a very flattering letter, and a valuable gold snuff box, having his majesty's portrait on the lid, and enriched with diamonds.

Lord Lyndhurst, ex-chancellor of England, said, in a recent speech, that when he entered public life, the majority of the members of the House of Commons had received a university education. Now, not more than one-fifth have been so educated.

At a very crowded theatrical exhibition in Paris, lately, a velvet curtain of the dress circle took fire, when a lady occupying that box, instantly tore down the curtain, and rolling it up tightly, extinguished the fire, amidst the applause of the lately terrified audience.

A scheme is now in progress for the formation of a road through London, eight miles long, roofed in with glass, with houses and shops on each side, and beyond these, also on each side, two lines one above the other, the lower for trains stopping at every mile, the upper for expresses.

Sands of Gold.

.... Best men oft are moulded out of faults.—*Shakspeare.*

.... Actions, looks, words, steps, form the alphabet by which you may spell character.—*Lavater.*

.... There can be no kernel in this light nut; the soul of this man is his clothes.—*Shakspeare.*

.... It is seldom that God sends such calamities upon man as men bring upon themselves and suffer willingly.—*Bishop Taylor.*

.... There are peculiar ways in men, which discover what they are through the most subtle feints and closest disguises.—*Bruyere.*

.... As what we call genius arises out of the disproportionate power and size of a certain faculty, so the great difficulty lies in harmonizing with it the rest of the character.—*Mrs. Jameson.*

.... Characters formed in the routine of a court, like pebbles in a brook, are rounded into a smooth uniformity, in which the points and angles of virtuous singularity are lost.—*Foster.*

.... I don't mean to say that principle is not a finer thing than passion; but passions existed before principles; they came into the world with us; principles are superinduced.—*Mrs. Jameson.*

.... The best rules to form a young man are, to talk little, to hear much, to reflect alone upon what has passed in company, to distrust one's own opinions, and value others that deserve it.—*Sir William Temple.*

.... Allow no man to be so free with you as to praise you to your face. Your vanity by this means will want its food. At the same time your passion for esteem will be more fully gratified; men will praise you in their actions; where you now receive one compliment, you will then receive twenty civilities.—*Steele.*

Joker's Budget.

Every woman is in the wrong until she cries—and then she is in the right instantly.

The man who lends an umbrella is a real philanthropist—sacrificing himself for the benefit of his species.

Love, the toothache, smoke, a cough, and a tight boot, are things which cannot possibly be kept secret very long.

The Albany Knickerbocker says that there is a man in Greenbush who believes in rotation of crops. One year he raises nothing, the next year weeds.

One day, at a farmhouse, a wag saw an old gobbler trying to eat the strings of some night-caps that lay on the grass to bleach. "That," said he, "is what I call introducing cotton into Turkey."

Meeting a friend in the street the other day with a broad grin on his phiz, we asked him the cause. He pointed to a sirloin steak he was carrying, and said, that as he was hurrying home, a gentleman offered him twenty-five cents *for the privilege of walking a short distance beside that steak!*

A shad fisherman sends a line to the Philadelphia Inquirer complaining that "the stembotes that traffick in the delawur spile the shaddin hisnes, with there splashin and runin in shoar." Our piscatory friend remonstrates against this and takes the indisputable position that "shaddin were invented afore stemebotes."

A friend of ours was taken ill with some cutaneous eruption, which was at first thought to be small pox, but afterward decided to be varioloid. Whereupon he remarked: "If that was the *very*-alloyed, he should prefer the *un*-alloyed." He recovered from his sickness in three days, and from the joke in six months—a striking instance of the tenacity of life.

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OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

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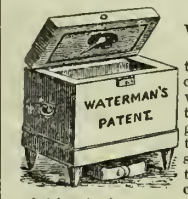
Just what the public has long desired, and recommends itself to every individual of taste and refinement.—*Journal and Courier.* 2t june 30



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In this article all real objections to the old ones have been overcome, so far as they can be without violating the laws of nature, appertaining to the refrigerator and the gases, generated by the decomposition of animal and vegetable substances, the only laws concerning the refrigerator, except the law of cleanliness. For sale (at retail only) by the inventor, at his Kitchen Furnishing Rooms, 83 and 85 Cornhill.
july 7 NATH. WATERMAN.

SWEDISH HAIR CREATOR actually restores or creates the hair where baldness has been of years standing. In cases of loss of hair by fevers or sickness, it has never been known to fail. Testimonials from physicians, and ladies and gentlemen of the highest respectability, can be seen at the depot, where the preparations are applied, and no money received unless the hair is entirely restored. Sent to any part of the United States, upon the receipt of $1. Address your orders to "*Proprietors of Swedish Hair Creator*, 380 Broadway, New York."
july 7 tf

THE BOSTON ATHENÆUM EXHIBITION IN BEACON STREET, now contains, besides the beautiful PAINTINGS and STATUARY with which it opened, a special collection of PICTURES by American artists, with Crawford's classical group of "HEBE AND GANYMEDE," and Story's "STATUE OF JUDGE STORY," both just arrived from Rome.

For the Fine Arts Committee,
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To every Teacher and every School Committee we would say, examine TOWER'S ELEMENTS OF GRAMMAR, and if you have a child or a class commencing the study of Grammar, for once at least try it.

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DANIEL BURGESS & Co., *Publishers*,
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SELPHO'S ANGLESEY LEG and ARTIFICIAL HAND, made and sold by WM. SELPHO, No. 24 Spring Street, New York. 2t july 7

LETTER FROM D. FANSHAW, ESQ.

THE following testimonial in relation to RUSHTON'S NEW REMEDY FOR FEVER AND AGUE, is one of many voluntary commendations which the new preparation has received, and calculated to explain its qualifications.

NEW YORK, Monday, June 4, 1855.

To Mr. F. V. RUSHTON—Dear Sir: I have for about a dozen years past resided in a rural district. Five years ago I had a Fever, and was cured by an emetic and several days dosing with quinine.

Last year I had the Fever and Ague, and an emetic and five days dosing with prepared arsenic restored me to health; but in neither case was I left as comfortable as when disease found me. During the process of curing, my head seemed to have some sort of delicate machinery in it, something of the spinning-wheel cast, which was accompanied with dull, heavy, and occasional shooting pains; and I had only to close my eyes to seem to see a variety of nondescript beings. For weeks after each cure I was troubled with slow moving and shooting pains in different parts of the body; whether from the medicine, or the partially annihilated disease, I know not.

Some weeks since I was again visited with the Fever and Ague, but had heard of RUSHTON'S NEW REMEDY FOR FEVER AND AGUE, and BILIOUS FEVER, prepared from the prescription of Dr. Griswold, and that you had it for sale; but remembering my former sufferings in the process of curing, and my pains afterwards, I concluded to have a conversation with the doctor concerning this specific, before I ventured to use it; and as he had for years resided in fever districts, I believed I might depend upon what he said. From him I had positive assurance that the medicine could not in any way injure the patient's future health, and that its operation in eradicating the disorder could not be felt, and that in twelve hours the disease would be completely conquered; but that in some instances, where it had taken firm hold of the system, it might return on the fourteenth or twenty-first day after the last shaking.

It turned out exactly as the doctor said it would. I took the ten pills, the Fever and Ague was gone, but by what process I was not able to define, for the pills had no perceptible effect in any way or manner. The drops speedily restored the appetite. It is now 28 days since my last shake, and I am in excellent health.

As I have frequently witnessed the distressing effects of this disorders on others, as well as having a little experience in it myself, I am pleased with the opportunity of proclaiming what I know concerning the cure of it in my case, and hope that very many other sufferers may be induced to try this Annihilator of Fever and Ague.

Your obedient servant, D. FANSHAW, Printer,
No 35 Ann, corner of Nassau St.

This Remedy embraces two prescriptions—a Box of Pills to break up the disease, and a Bottle of Mixture for its radical cure. It is the safest and most effectual remedy ever offered to the public.

RUSHTON'S, at the old establishment, No. 10 Astor House, corner of Barclay St., and 417 Broadway, corner of Canal St., New York. 1t july 7

"The immense demand for it is almost fabulous."

SOLD by all Druggists and Fancy Goods Dealers, for only 25 cents. HEATH, WIFULCOOP & Co., Proprietors, 63 Liberty St., New York. eop4t july 7

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THE ONLY GENUINE AND RELIABLE EXTRACT IN AMERICA, AND SURE CURE FOR

DYSPEPSIA, or Indigestion, Scrofula, or King's Evil, Affections of the Bones, Syphilis, Debility, Habitual Costiveness, Erysipelas, Pulmonary Diseases, Liver Complaint, Piles, Female Irregularities, Fistula, Skin Diseases, Diseased Kidneys, and as a great and powerful Tonic, purifying the Blood, and invigorating the entire system. The medicine, though prepared at great expense, is nevertheless within the reach of poor as well as rich, and looked upon by the community as the greatest blessing ever conferred on mankind.

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A. W. LADD & CO.'S

CELEBRATED GRAND ACTION

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IT is now conceded by competent judges that these are the BEST SQUARE PIANO FORTES MADE IN THE WORLD. For Evenness, Purity and Brilliancy of Tone they stand UNRIVALLED. Among the many improvements which we have made during the past year, is our 7 octave Piano Forte, constructed upon an entire new principle—the base strings being *elevated* above the others, and running *diagonally*, by which we get a longer string, increasing the volume of tone, and combining all the qualities of the Grand Piano, with a beautiful exterior. We were the ONLY BOSTON HOUSE to whom a MEDAL was awarded for superior Pianos exhibited at the

NEW YORK CRYSTAL PALACE,

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BOSTON,

AND 519 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.
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BOGLE'S CELEBRATED HYPERION FLUID is the Great American Tonic for the growth of the hair, moustache, etc. BOGLE'S AMERICAN ELECTRIC HAIR DYE is the greatest wonder of the age, and BOGLE'S HEBEAIONA, or *Balm of Cytherea*, stands unrivalled for beautifying the complexion. These articles are all warranted to be the very best in the world. For sale by the proprietor, WM. BOGLE, Boston. A. B. & D. Sands, New York; J. Wright & Co., New Orleans; W. Lyman & Co., Montreal, Canada; R. Hovendon, 20 King Street, Regent St., London; J. Woolley, Manchester, England, and chemists and perfumers throughout the world. coptf jan 13

WOOD ENGRAVING.

JOHN ANDREW, DRAUGHTSMAN AND ENGRAVER UPON WOOD, continues to execute all commissions in his best style, promptly and at moderate prices. No. 129 Washington Street, Boston. Reference—Ballou's Pictorial. coptf may 5

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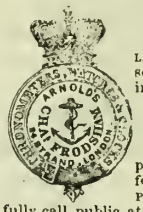

ARNOLD'S, 84 STRAND, LONDON.

I hereby constitute Mr. SIMON WILLARD, No. 9 Congress Street, Boston, sole agent for the sale of my Watches in the United States of America.

CHARLES FRODSHAM.
April, 15, 1853.

The undersigned having been appointed sole agent in the United States for the sale of CHARLES FRODSHAM'S IMPROVED TIMEKEEPERS, would respectfully call public attention to his extensive and valuable stock of compensated Chronometer Watches made by Charles Frodsham, and styled his "New Series." The great importance of the Improved Watches is a perfect regularity of time under every variety, climate, motion and position. So perfect are the adjustments, that the most violent exercise, such as horseback riding, jumping, etc., produces on them no sensible effect. They are, therefore, peculiarly adapted to railroad purposes. The undersigned is permitted to refer to the following gentlemen, who, among others, have proved the excellence of Frodsham's Watches as timekeepers:

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SAMUEL SWAN,
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FAMILIES should not fail to secure a box of **WILSON'S DYSENTERY POWDERS**, sold by DR. J. V. WILSON, Norwich, Ct., WEEKS & POTTER, 154 Washington St., Boston. july 7

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☞ Inclose SIX CENTS, or two letter stamps, to J. R. STAFFORD, PRACTICAL CHEMIST, No. 4 New Street, New York, and the return mail will bring you the book, with the *postage paid thereon.* 2t june 30

Your own Fault—If you will suffer from a protracted cough when relief may be easily obtained. Wistar's Balsam of Wild Cherry is the most reliable of all preparations for the cure of throat and lung complaints, asthma, etc.

CALL at the Druggists, and get a pamphlet containing an account of the cures effected by the use of DYER'S HEALING EMBROCATION. july 7

IT is our good fortune to know DR. WILSON very well; we have ever found him an honest, reliable man, and never given to humbug. Let all who may be afflicted with this terrible disorder (Dysentery), secure his preventive. —*Trumpet.* july 7

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AMERICAN FIELD SPORTS.

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It can be sent by mail to all who desire it, and any one enclosing twenty-five cents to the office of publication, shall receive a copy at once. It will also be for sale at all of the periodical depots throughout the Union.

TEACHERS desiring to furnish their pupils with this illustrated work, as a Drawing Book, will be supplied at wholesale rates.

Newsmen should send in their orders at once, as this is a work which will sell rapidly on account of its attractive pictorial character and cheapness, and we print but a limited edition. M. M. BALLOU, *Publisher*,
Corner of Tremont and Bromfield Sts., Boston.

DEFEAT OF GENERAL BRADDOCK, IN THE FRENCH AND INDIAN WAR, IN VIRGINIA, IN 1755.

[For description, see page 13.]

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL

M. M. BALLOU, { CORNER OF TREMONT AND BROMFIELD STS. | BOSTON, SATURDAY, JULY 14, 1855. | $3.00 PER ANNUM. 6 CENTS SINGLE. } VOL. IX., No. 2.—WHOLE No. 210.

LAUNCH OF THE STEAM FRIGATE MERRIMAC.

We present our readers with a spirited and accurate view of the recent launch of the steam frigate Merrimac from the first ship-house of the navy yard at Charlestown, drawn expressly for this paper,—a scene witnessed by at least twenty thousand of the inhabitants of this city and its vicinity. It was a magnificent spectacle, and not an accident occurred to mar the pleasure of the multitude who gazed upon it. All the bridges, shores, wharves, shipping, house-tops, from which a view of the scene could be obtained, were thronged with people, while hundreds of sail and row-boats, crowded to the utmost capacity, covered the water. Many hundreds of ladies and gentlemen were stationed on the line-of-battle ships Ohio and Vermont, the latter of which we remember seeing launched a few years since. As the time approached for the first rush of the leviathan into the element she is destined to ride for many years, we trust, the excitement was breathless, and a delay of some minutes seemed an age. All eyes were rivetted on the dim-discerned hull. At last a universal shout of "Here she comes!" followed instantly by the crash of cannon, announced that she had left her cradle. With cheer on cheer, mingling with the roar of the guns, she glided forward to the water like a Naiad, and took her first bath. All anxiety as to her performance was immediately dispelled as she rode onward, light and graceful as a swan. Her exquisite symmetry and beautiful proportion rendered it too difficult to realize her size (4000 tons), till the eye made a comparison with adjacent craft. The Merrimac is the first of a fleet of six steam frigates ordered to be built, and if the remainder of them are equal to her, we shall, at last, have something like a steam navy. The utmost alacrity has been displayed in building her, and the mechanics employed on her have reason to be proud of their handiwork. The model was furnished by Mr. Lenthall, chief of the bureau of construction, and she has been built under the superintendence of Com. Gregory, and by the direction of Mr. Delano, naval constructor of the Charlestown navy yard, and Mr. Melvin Simmons, master carpenter. The keel was laid one year since. She is now to be fitted for the service with the utmost despatch, and the only delay likely to occur will be in the casting of the guns, at Alger's foundry,—a very nice as well as tedious progress. When the Merrimac and her sister steam frigates are once equipped and fairly afloat, bearing aloft the stars and stripes, we shall have no reason to be ashamed of our steam navy. This squadron will form a nucleus, at least, around which, in time of need, may be gathered, as circumstances warrant the addition, a formidable fleet of ships, independent of wind and tide. The time had really arrived for government to take hold of this matter, and redeem our credit. The English and French were, as, indeed, they still are, far ahead of us in their steam defences, but we can now overtake them when necessary.

LAUNCH OF THE UNITED STATES STEAMER MERRIMAC, FROM THE NAVY YARD, CHARLESTOWN.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE DUCAL CORONET:

—OR,—

THE HEIR AND THE USURPER.

A ROMANCE OF ITALY IN THE 16TH CENTURY.

BY ARTHUR MORTON, A. M.

[CONTINUED.]

CHAPTER III.—[CONTINUED.]

The reply was ready. The animal was near at hand, quietly cropping the grass by the side of the path. The princess held out her tiny hand and called. At the sound of her familiar voice the beautiful animal raised his head, and after gazing at her for a moment with his bright eyes, trotted up to her side and put down his head for the expected caress.

"Ah, Orlando!" said the princess, "you are a good and faithful servant. But I taxed your powers too severely, or, rather you missed the hand that should have sustained you when you fell."

"Let me," said Giulio, who gazed upon the princess with increasing interest, "permit me to repeat my offer. Let me urge you to accompany me to my villa. You shall be waited on by female attendants, and a blast from my bugle will summon my sister to minister to your needs; she is riding in the forest."

The princess appeared to hesitate, as she glanced from the speaker to her wet garments.

"Is it far hence to your villa?" she asked.

"But a short distance, signora. Nay, you must have seen the towers of Monte Rosa as you approached the glen."

"Monte Rosa!" exclaimed the princess. "Methinks I have heard that name before."

"It is a retired abode with no pretensions to more than comfort," said Giulio.

"And Monte Rosa is your residence, signor?"

"It is."

"You, then, are—" said the princess.

"Giulio Brigaldi, at your service, signora."

"I—I—have heard your name," said the princess, with a confusion she could ill conceal. "Men speak of you as a skilful painter and farmer."

"I am proud of their commendation," replied Giulio, biting his lips. "Yes—the pencil and the pruning knife are my implements, and at a time when the sword and lance are grasped by manly hands. But enough of this. I shall be happy to offer such comforts as the villa affords."

"I thank you with all my heart, signor. Next to Heaven, my thanks are due to you for the very breath with which I coldly utter them; and to-night, when I kneel at the virgin's shrine, to pour out my gratitude for my deliverance, your name will mingle with my supplications."

"I am more than repaid for an involuntary act," answered Giulio.

"The time may come when I may be able to testify my gratitude," continued the princess. "Now I can only thank you in words, while I decline your offer. Nay, urge me not, my friends are hunting in the forest. I shall soon be with them. A note upon this silver whistle will bring my attendants to my side."

Giulio's whole frame thrilled as he lifted the princess to her saddle, and placed the rein in her hand. He even fancied that she pressed his hand. She certainly blushed as she bowed to him and wheeled her horse, and once more she looked back before she disappeared from view, and smiled a kind farewell.

"No longer," said Giulio, "shall I pursue the ideal in my day-dreams. It is found—brighter, fairer far, than any vision that ever dawned upon my path. O, that my skill were equal to my wishes. Such a face should beam upon the canvass, that the world would pay it homage as my heart does now. Who can this enchantress be?"

Thus musing, he slowly ascended the glen, and crossed the bridge. As he emerged from the denser portion of the road, he encountered Tonio, his tawdry finery soiled with dust, and his garments in a state of strange disorder.

"How now, sirrah!" cried his master. "Can you give me a good reason why I should not break every bone in your worthless carcass with my spear-staff?"

"Do it! do it!" cried the jester. "The wise man's body is ever the butt for the fool's blows."

"What mean you, rascal?"

"I mean you will-o'-the-wisp on horseback ran away with your wits when she caused you to send me up the glen to stop her progress to destruction. Here I stood, like a sentinel on duty, to say that no one could pass the line—when, slam! bang! the first thing I knew I was rolling in the dust, with a vision of horse's heels passing over, and the long garments of a flying witch trailing on the wind."

"Poor fellow! I forgive you," said Giulio.

"It is very easy to forgive those we have injured," said the jester.

"Get you to the villa, Tonio," said Giulio, "and here's compensation for your injuries," he added, giving him a piece.

"There's no ointment for broken bones like gold," said the jester. "One can pocket any affront in this shape."

With these words he retired, leaving Giulio to indulge in day-dreams—for he was in love. Enthusiastic, impressionable, imaginable, more of a poet than a practical man, it was not difficult to interest and excite him, and the person and manners of the princess would have moved a statue.

CHAPTER IV.

THE CROSS OF GOLD.—THE WARNING AND THE SPY.

In another part of the forest, Ferrado, who had dismounted from his horse and sent him away in charge of a groom to a certain spot which the duke had indicated as a rendezvous for his hunting party, was slowly pacing the shaded footpath, reflecting upon the mission with which he had been entrusted by his master, and revolving the manner in which he should acquit himself thereof. As he thus advanced, with his eyes fixed upon the ground, he suddenly discovered a sparkling object half hidden by the grass. He picked it up and examined it. It was a small golden cross of elaborate workmanship, covered with minute carved figures which the skill of Benvenuto Cellini might have been proud to acknowledge. He turned it over in his hand and saw the name of "Estella" engraven on the back. The lustre of the ornament was undimmed, and it had evidently been but just lost by the owner. While he stood contemplating the cross, a horsewoman, whose approach the velvet turf had prevented him from hearing, suddenly reined up before him. He looked up and gazed with involuntary admiration on the exquisite beauty of the fair apparition. The lady, on her part, somewhat disconcerted by the close attention of the courtier, blushed deeply, a circumstance which added to the effect of her charms already flushed by the animation of exercise.

"Signora," said the equerry, respectfully, "I am indeed to hope that in you I have found the owner of this little article," and he extended the glittering cross he had just been contemplating.

"It is indeed mine, signor," replied Estella. "That cross is one of my highest-prized treasures—it belonged to my mother. I missed it this moment, and turned back in the forlorn hope of finding it in the path I had just traversed."

"It gives me great pleasure to be the means of restoring it," said Ferrado, bowing.

"I thank you most heartily, signor," replied the lady, as she received the ornament; and then bowing to the stranger she wheeled her horse round and prepared to ride off.

"Stay one moment, lady," said the equerry, anxious to prolong the interview upon any pretext. "I am seeking the villa of Monte Rosa—and this wood is a perfect labyrinth. Perhaps you can direct me thither."

"You were in the right road," replied Estella. "You have only to follow the path, you will soon come to an opening in the wood from which you will see the towers."

"Are you acquainted with the inmates, signora?"

"I am one of them, signor," replied the lady.

"Indeed! then you can perhaps inform me whether Signor Brigaldi is at home?"

"My brother went forth early this morning," replied Estella. "But he should be returned by this hour. If he is not there, I will send one of the servants for him. *Addio*, signor."

And bowing to the equerry, the fair equestrian touched her horse and cantered off through the greenwood.

"She is a glorious creature!" thought Ferrado. "Born to grace a court. Which of the dames of Parma can compare with her in attraction? I ever thought the duke's daughter a peerless creature—but beside this lady, her beauty would be lustreless. Estella! I shall see her again, perhaps at the villa."

With this reflection he resumed his walk. Ferrado was peculiarly susceptible to the influence of female charms, and was, moreover, just of the age when beauty exerts its greatest sway over the human heart. This vision of loveliness imparted a new charm to his existence; the day seemed brighter, the sunshine more golden, the air more perfumed. Perhaps it would have been better for the success of his diplomacy had he not encountered this radiant fairy. Beauty has more than once foiled the arts of a practised politician.

Meanwhile Estella rode on towards the villa. She, too, had been favorably impressed by the appearance of the cavalier she had just encountered. He was handsome, courteous and richly attired—and accustomed as she was to see herself surrounded only by peasants, she could not fail to note the contrast he presented to those men of toil. He realized, or, at least, approached very near to that ideal of an accomplished suitor which she had dared to dream of in her lonely reveries. And what girl of eighteen, at least what Italian girl, has not such day-dreams? If Ferrado had the person of Romeo, Estella had the passionate heart of Juliet.

Musing on this little adventure, she had insensibly drawn her bridle-rein, and was walking her horse along the velvet pathway, when she met her brother coming in an opposite direction. She blushed scarlet, scarce knowing why.

"You here, brother!" she exclaimed.

"You appear very much astonished, Estella. Pray, where should I be?"

"O, I thought you were at the villa."

"It is not unusual for me to wander for hours in the woods on such a day as this."

"Well, brother, there is a cavalier going there to pay you a visit."

"How did you know that?"

"I met him by chance inquiring his way to the villa."

"What manner of man was he?"

"I did not take particular note of him," (O, Estella!) "but he was a gentleman, richly dressed in a hunting garb, and he wore golden spurs."

"'Tis he! Where is he, Estella?"

"He is following this path on foot."

"Very well. Ride on to the villa. I will join you there before long."

"Shall you bring the cavalier with you?"

"Perhaps—I cannot tell."

Estella rode on, hoping that she should before long again meet the stranger.

Now, a few moments before Giulio had encountered his sister, he had met a groom in the forest, who, after inquiring his name, gave him a note and immediately rode off. The note contained the following lines:

"Forewarned, forearmed. You are an object of suspicion to the Duke of Parma. He has sent a spy to interrogate you, Ferrado Montaldo, his master of horse, a dark haired man, wearing a gold bugle horn and golden spurs. If you are discontented with your lot, conceal it from him. Foil Italian diplomacy by Italian shrewdness. I cannot say how much depends on your discretion. Destroy this as soon as read. YOUR FRIEND."

Giulio obeyed the injunction, tore the missive into minute fragments and scattered them to the winds, curious to know who could have thus become interested in his fate and fortune. At first he thought the warning might be a jest, but his brief interview with his sister dispelled this idea. He hastened therefore to meet the spy, dismissing every trace of suspicion from his countenance, and wearing the serene expression which was habitual to him. He had not advanced many paces from the spot where he had encountered his sister, before he saw the master of horse coming towards him. Ferrado, as he approached, paused and raised his cap in salutation.

"Can you inform me, signor," he asked, "if I am in the right direction for the villa of Monte Rosa?"

"This path leads directly to the villa, signor."

"I am in quest of the owner," said Ferrado.

"I am at your service," replied Giulio.

"What!" exclaimed Ferrado, with a joyous air. "Am I indeed addressing Giulio Veroni?"

"That is a name I have renounced, signor," replied Giulio, calmly. "I am known as Giulio Brigaldi."

"Pardon me—I cannot forget that you are entitled to a name intimately associated with the historical glories of Parma. Let me make myself known to you. My name is Ferrado Montaldo. Straitened circumstances compelled me to take service under the reigning duke. I am his kinsman, and consequently yours. Give me your hand, my dear cousin. We should have met long ago."

Giulio accepted the proffered hand of his kinsman, and shook it warmly.

"Come," said he, "you must see how I am lodged in the Villa Rosa. It must never be said that my kinsman was within arrow-flight of my house and went away without drinking one cup of wine, or breaking a morsel of bread with me. My sister, too, will aid to made her kinsman welcome."

"The temptation is very great," said Ferrado, with apparent hesitation. "I have met your sister. She is indeed charming, cousin. But you forget I am a slave, Giulio. The very spurs upon my heels are not given me that I may ride where I will, but that I may hasten to obey the mandates of a—tyrant—yes! that is the word, kinsman. In your ear, I may breathe it without fear of the consequence. I escaped from the ducal retinue in the hope of gaining a brief interview with you, but I must not go out of ear shot of the duke's bugles. He is a hard taskmaster."

"You do him injustice, Montaldo. Report speaks him a good ruler. It is said that the people of Parma were never so happy as under his sway. A judicious management of the finances has lightened the taxes of the people. The reigning duke is not immoderate in his pleasures, he has placed good judges on the bench, he has kept peace with his neighbors, at the same time that he has repelled aggression, not by force, but by dignity and firmness."

"All this is true to a certain extent," said Ferrado, "though if I were disposed to contest the point with you, I could easily show that you have exaggerated the merits of the sovereign. But it matters not how good a use he has made of his power—he is a usurper."

"There are times when men of ability are justified in grasping the reins of power," replied Giulio. "Usurpation is palliated by the acquiescence of the people governed. You forget that I was a mere boy when my father died."

"Why did not Francisco administer the duchy as regent during your minority, and resign the throne to you when you came of age? You inherited the blood and talent of a noble race; the ducal coronet of Parma was and is a prize worth grasping."

"An empire is worth nothing, if the heir has no ambition."

"And do you tell me that you have no ambition, Giulio?" asked Ferrado, fixing his eyes keenly upon his kinsman.

"Yes—I have ambition," answered Giulio. "I desire to transmit my name to posterity; I were else unworthy of my lineage. But there is more than one path to fame. Think you the ruler or the soldier monopolizes the glory of this world? Is it nothing to paint like Raphael or Michael Angelo? Is it nothing to be a poet? Is it nothing even to cover these hillsides with vines and fruit trees and flowers?"

"In truth, you have a noble estate here."

"I hold it from my uncle."

"Very true," replied Ferrado, with a sneer. "He robbed you of the whole duchy, which was yours, and gave you a mountain side to vegetate upon! Truly you ought to be very grateful."

"A man has always enough when he has content."

"I cannot think of your wrongs without indignation!" exclaimed Ferrado. "You, a noble, tilling the soil like a base peasant! You, gifted and learned, wasting your time in daubing pictures! You, trimming vines and planting olive trees, when you ought to

be reining a war horse, and leading the Italian chivalry to deeds of prowess! How can you exist in such a state of mediocrity?"

"My dear kinsman," replied Giulio, mildly, "you forget that a fall is most to be feared in the loftiest station. The blast that prostrates the tall oak but bends the flower at its foot. Books have served me in lieu of experience, and I know that greatness is but another word for care and unrest. I am under obligations to the duke for sparing me the miseries and temptations of a more exalted station."

"Do you never think, then, of the injuries he has inflicted on you?" asked the persevering Ferrado.

"I think only of enjoying this peaceful villa, which contains within its narrow limits more than you can find in builded palaces. What pictures can compare to the thousand ever varying and ever charming views that nature presents? What canopy of Genoa velvet so rich as this elm which droops its pendulous branches ever glorious in the wealth of its unrivalled verdure? What Venetian mirror truer, brighter than the pools in the greenwood? What broidery of fair hands can equal the myriad flowers that gem the velvet turf? None of these grow old; they renew themselves annually without cost. Those riches which are not subject to the vicissitudes of fortune, are dearer to me than those which you seem to imagine I regret."

"Do you not desire to triumph over a cruel avidity?"

"All my desires are confined to the enjoyment of the blessings of the country, and to the continuance of the sweet society of my sister. Nature never deceives my hopes."

"Is it possible for a man to forget to this extent that he was born to reign?" exclaimed Ferrado.

"Power is a vain dream. Of all worldly vanities, what does man really possess? Food, clothing. Why should I crave for possessions I could not enjoy?"

"Solitude has made you a misanthrope."

"On the contrary, it has made me a philosopher. But enough of this. Will you walk to the villa?"

"No, no, Giulio. I should fear a spell would come upon me. I like fine garments, fine horses, lovely ladies, splendid pageantry, the glitter and whirl of the court circle. I should stifle in these solitudes. But I may take occasion to visit you."

"You will always be sure of a welcome."

"That I doubt not, and I thank you for the offer."

The equerry raised his bugle to his lips and blew a call. In a few moments a mounted groom appeared, leading a saddled charger. Without touching his foot to the stirrup, Ferrado vaulted into the saddle, and giving the spur to his horse, rode sharply away.

"Farewell, minion of the court!" said Giulio, to himself. "A few such specimens of the satellites of power, willing slaves, and I could indeed be content to pass my life in these solitudes. Nor should I ever crave place or power, the throne or the battle field, had I a partner in my lot; such a one as this lady of the Fairies' Glen. Shall I never see her again? Yet how unlikely that we shall ever meet. She is evidently one of the ladies of the court, and I am forbidden to set foot in the city. I could almost risk my head on the chance of meeting her again. But I must curb the swellings of my heart, and learn to endure my lot."

CHAPTER V.

THE ASTROLOGER AND HIS PATRON. THE MIDNIGHT MARCH.

In the cabinet of Francisco Veroni, the usurping Duke of Parma, there was a certain panel in the wainscoting, concealed by the rich hangings, which was furnished with a spring that, on being pressed, the panel slid back, disclosing a narrow, winding stairway. In fact, the ducal palace was a perfect labyrinth of secret passages, places of concealment and acoustic apparatus for conveying a whisper from one part of the edifice to another. Many of these devices were of older date than the period of our story, but Francisco had added to them, for he was by nature a coward, and the arms of timidity are cunning and concealment. The passage to which particular allusion has been made, conducted to the apartments of a learned man, in the employ of the duke as his astrologer. Superstition still attributed to the stars a mysterious influence over the destinies of men, and to the fallen science of astrology the power of fathoming those starry influences and of reading in the combinations and movements of the heavenly bodies the story of their fate. There was something flattering to the vanity of the great in the belief that their destinies were recorded on the crystal battlements of heaven in letters of undying fire; that, at the period of their birth, a new star burst forth on high, commissioned to be the beacon of their hopes, or the lurid index of their woes. No honors, no treasures, were too great for the gifted one who possessed this pretended gift of divination, and the learning, which would have been neglected by the ignorant and brutal princes of the dark ages had it appealed directly for their support, was encouraged indirectly under the guise of astrology, so that the accurate science of the present day owes much of its perfection to the superstition of the past. The belief in astrology, however, was so universal, it formed so certain a portion of the creed of the age, that few of the astrologers could fairly be called impostors. Most of them believed what they taught, at least at the outset of their career.

Magnus, the astrologer, had been but a few years resident at the court of Parma. Whence he came, no one knew, but it was supposed from the East, the birth-place of science. Men said, indeed, that he possessed strange gifts, that he had discovered the elixir of life while pursuing his studies in Egypt, and that he bore a charmed existence, proof against disease and violence.

He had suddenly appeared one day before the gates of Parma, a tall, majestic looking man, with a long silver beard, clad in the richest Oriental costume, and accompanied by a train of Nubians splendidly attired and armed. A file of pack horses were laden with his goods. To the captain of the guard, whom he addressed in choice Italian, he presented a pass from the duke, authorizing the entrance of himself and train, and commanding that the utmost respect should be paid him. He was accordingly admitted within the city, and moved directly to the palace, where he had a long private interview with the duke. While this conference lasted, the courtiers and hangers on of the palace endeavored to obtain some information of the stranger's attendants respecting their master. But not one of the sable servitors proffered a word. They shook their heads on being addressed, and on being closely plied with questions, frowned savagely and laid their hands upon their yataghans. At the conclusion of the interview between the duke and his mysterious visitor, orders came from the former to transport the effects of the stranger into the upper story of one of the wings of the palace. This done, the train which had escorted the guest into the city took its departure, moving forth in a glittering cavalcade, and from that day not one of them had returned. Nor was the astrologer, for such it was soon rumored that he was, ever seen, save by the duke himself and two or three old and confidential servants, who went into the tower where he lodged, from time to time, to put it in order, and to carry thither fuel, of which he used large quantities, stores of food and wine, and other necessaries of life.

These men were, of course, at first closely questioned as to what they beheld in the mysterious apartments which they had the privilege of visiting; but they refused any answer, and the duke, finding how much they were annoyed, hinted that such interrogations would not be permitted. A hint was found quite sufficient, as no one cared to brave the indignation of the duke, and so the life of Magnus, the astrologer, remained an impenetrable mystery to the court. Men and women contented themselves with watching and surmises, and there was no end of the stories circulated with regard to the avocations and attributes of the stranger. The sentinels on duty in the night observed that lights were never extinguished in the astrologer's tower. And these lights were of changeful hue. Sometimes, through the loopholes of his apartment, strange crimson rays shot forth like arrows on the night. At other times, ghastly blue and green flames rose from the chimneys, lighting up the surrounding turrets and tree-tops with a spectral glare. More than once a dull explosion had been heard. Of course, the superstitious minds of the observers of these phenomena attributed to the stranger a commerce with the enemy of man, and many a credulous eye saw, in the midnight storm-cloud, the wing of the familiar demon, sweeping through the sky, to visit his mortal ally and associate. We have thus rapidly indicated the position and popular character of a personage about to be introduced to the reader, in connection with our narrative. We will now pass to the apartment of the duke on the evening of the day of the hunting party.

He had laid aside his hunting dress for a richer and easier garb, and was engaged in conversation with his equerry, all other attendants having been dismissed.

"Now, then, Ferrado," said the duke, "I have had no opportunity of questioning you before. You saw him?"

"Ay, my lord."

"And questioned him?"

"Carefully and closely. Machiavelli himself could not have conducted the examination more adroitly or plausibly, nor have found a franker or more unsuspicious subject to deal with."

"Well, go on."

"My lord, he is as harmless as a dove. He is void of ambition as a cloistered man. He is a philosopher."

"What did he say?"

"In the first place, I must ask your grace's pardon for the liberty I took in representing myself to Giulio as a discontented subject—as strongly attached to the old duke and his son."

"I believe my brother *was* an especial favorite with you," said the duke, drily.

"With me, my lord!" said the courtier. "He scarcely knew me. I was a mere boy when he died, and was indebted to him for no favors,—while to you I owe all."

"Leave out protestations of loyalty," said the duke, impatiently. "What said this Giulio Brigaldi?"

"He talked like a poet, a peasant, a philosopher. Babbled about his fields, and nature, railed against the follies of the court, lauded your grace's administration, your bounty to himself, and proclaimed himself a perfectly contented man."

"A Phœnix which philosophers and divines have never yet been able to discover!" said the duke, sarcastically. "I congratulate you on your fortunate discovery."

"Your highness seems to doubt my tale."

"I doubt not, Ferrado, that you have reported the *words* of this young gentleman correctly. But the countenance often gives the tongue the lie. How looked he when he made his declaration?"

"His expression was that of perfect candor; I can conceive of nothing more guileless. I think you may trust his declaration implicitly, my lord," said the equerry.

"Ferrado," said the duke, rising, and laying his hand on the arm of the equerry, "I doubt, I doubt! He has deceived you; he cannot hoodwink me. But enough for the present. You must be weary; get you to your bed. *You* can sleep. Restlessness and vigil are my lot. But stay—is there not in my troop of horseguards a man who was lately in the employ of Giulio?"

"Ay, my lord,—Ramon Castro, a Catalan of Spain."

"It is well. Adieu, Ferrado! pleasant dreams to you."

The master of horse retired with a low obeisance.

"I must see this man myself," muttered the duke. "His image haunts me day and night, and portends danger. If the astrologer confirms my fears, my resolution is taken."

Lifting the hanging, and pressing the secret spring, the panel flew back, and the duke entered the secret passage and ascended to the astrologer's apartment.

The room he entered was a laboratory; a furnace, retorts, chemical apparatus, mingled with implements of unknown utility, crowded the room, which was pervaded by a pungent odor. The astrologer was seated at a table, with a parchment filled with cabalistic signs and figures, spread out before him.

He did not rise on the entrance of the duke, but contented himself with a salutation of the head. The duke seated himself near him, and addressed him rather with the manner of a client conferring with his advocate, than a ruler addressing his subject.

"Thou hast perused the stars lately, my friend?" asked the duke, with a tremulous voice.

"Every night I study them," replied the astrologer, "and every day I base my calculations on the observations."

"And what is their aspect?"

"They portend danger to thee."

"Danger!" exclaimed the duke.

"Ay, danger to thy throne. There is a star whose influence threatens to eclipse yours. I know not who he is,—that my art cannot tell; but there is a mortal who, I am convinced, is plotting against your security."

"And is the danger near or distant?"

"It is near at hand."

"Thanks for the warning; I shall know how to meet it. I have had a presentiment of this."

"There are ever, my lord, invisible spirits, the messengers of yonder bright luminaries, who are whispering in our ears the timely warning. Woe to those who turn a deaf ear to their suggestions!"

"I am not one of those," said the duke. "I am ever hearkening to their mysterious voice. Once more thanks, and good-night."

The duke rose, and as he departed, laid a purse, filled with gold, upon the astrologer's table. The wise man gave no heed to the tribute,—at least, in the presence of the duke; but when the latter retired, he clutched it convulsively, poured out the contents on the table, counted them piece by piece, and then restoring them to the purse, locked it up carefully in a huge iron chest that stood beside him.

"Gold! gold!—glorious gold!" he muttered. "I shall be rich—rich to the extent of my heart's desire!"

Meanwhile the duke descended to his cabinet, and blew a shrill note upon the silver whistle which he always wore, suspended to his girdle by a gold chain.

In a moment an attendant stood before him, craving his commands.

"Send me the captain of my cavalier guard."

In a very few moments, for night and day he awaited the bidding of his master, a bronzed warrior, sheathed in steel, entered the apartment and saluted the duke.

"You can read, I believe, Gonelli?" said the duke.

"Like a clerk, my liege."

"Here are your orders, then," said the duke, giving him a paper he had been writing. "Take ten picked men, among them Ramon Castro, the Spaniard, and fail not, on your head, to execute the mission confided to you. By an hour after sunrise, to-morrow, I shall expect your return."

"My life shall answer for me," said the soldier.

Ten minutes afterward, the trampling of horse was heard in the court-yard, and the file detailed by the duke rode through the palace gateway at a sharp trot.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

MUSIC FROM THE IRON HORSE!

A Worcester paper says that an enterprising mechanic of that town has made an invention by which steam whistles can be made to discourse sweet music—thus, says the authority from which we quote, making those nuisances quite as ornamental as useful. What an improvement that will be when it comes into general use! For instance, suppose we are a young married man (requires some imagination, we admit), and have to leave the endearments of home for business elsewhere. We get into the cars feeling dreadfully, if not worse,—the bell gives the parting tinkle, the wheels rumble slowly out of the depot, and, at that moment, the whistle strikes up "O, Susannah! don't you cry for me!"—shouldn't we be touched, and yet consoled? Then, further along, an ignoramus, as ignoramuses *will*, is seen walking on the track, and immediately "Git out of the way, old Dan Tucker!" starts him one side as promptly as the hiss of a rattlesnake, but still with an agreeable exhilaration. But a dog is just to be run over—the thing is inevitable; but there is some consolation in "Old Dog Tray," played as a complimentary requiem. When not otherwise employed, didactic strains might be given, as, "Wake up, Jake! the fire wants poking," or the night train might soliloquize, "We wont go home till morning." And one instance more—the young married man, so ingeniously supposed above, having got through his business, is returning; as the cars begin to slacken their pace, what would be more touchingly appropriate than "Home again, home again," played with a forty horse-power pathos? We have said enough—hurry up the musical engines!

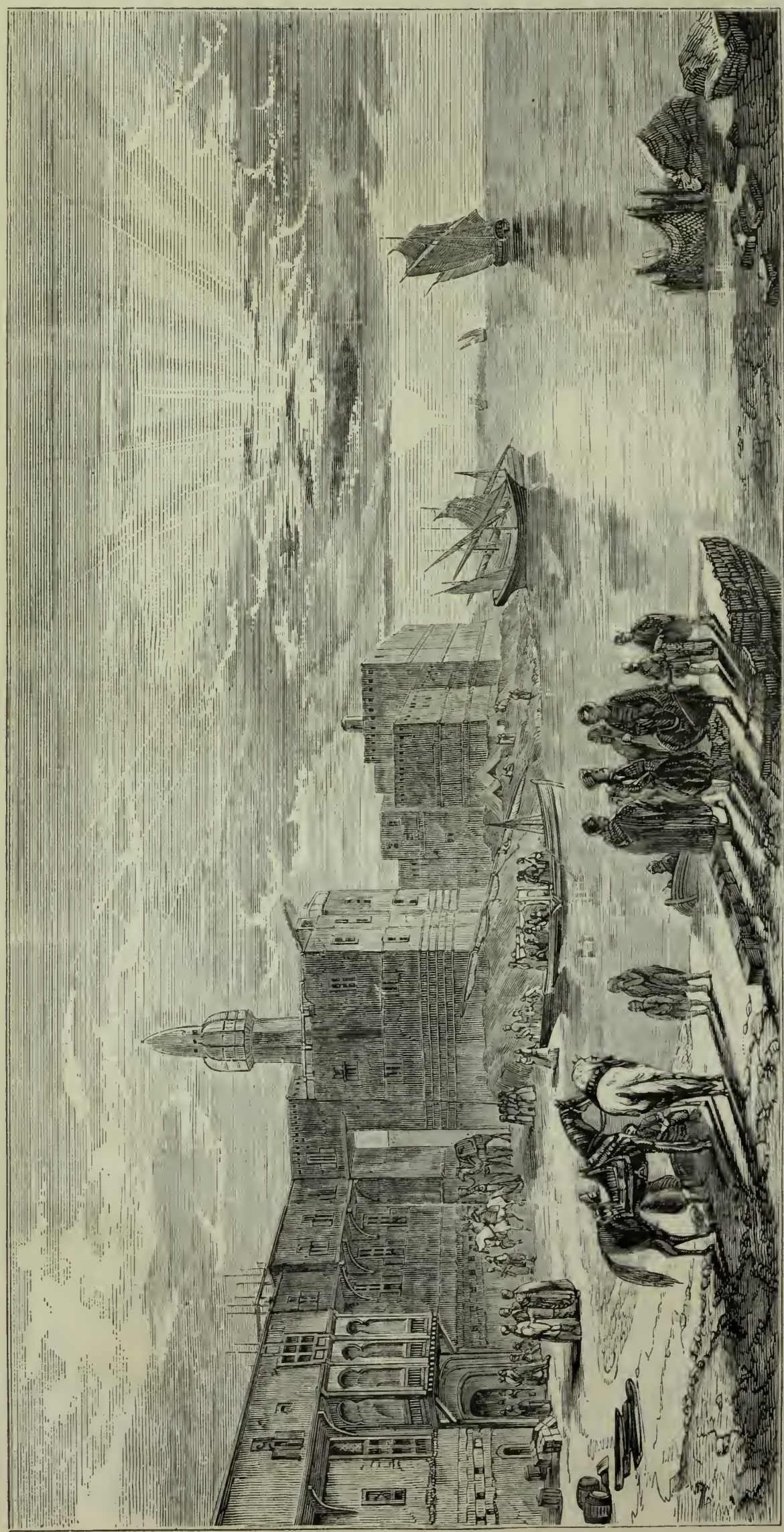
ADVICE TO PARENTS.

Be ever gentle with the children God has given to you; watch them constantly; reprove them earnestly, but not in anger. In the forcible language of Scripture, "Be not bitter against them." "Yes, they are good boys," I once heard a kind father say, "I talk to them pretty much, but I do not like to beat my children—the world will beat them." It was a beautiful thought, though not elegantly expressed. Yes, there is not one child in the circle round the table, healthy and happy as they look now, on whose head, if long spared, the storm will not beat. Adversity may wither them, sickness fade, a cold world frown on them; but, amid all, let memory carry them back to a home where a law of kindness reigned, where the mother's reproving eye was moistened with a tear, and the father frowned "more in sorrow than in anger."—*Mason.*

Censure is the tax a man pays to the public for being eminent.

THE DEPARTURE FROM SUEZ.

Our engraving presents a view of this once noted place, occupied by the French during the expedition of Napoleon. It is a city of Egypt, remarkable for its situation on the borders of Arabia, at the north end of the Red Sea, and on the south border of the isthmus from which it derives its name. It was once a place of great importance, the seat of a flourishing commerce, the emporium of the India trade, and the great rallying point of the multitudes of pilgrims who gathered from all parts of the Turkish empire to perform the sacred journey to Mecca. This floating population, constantly arriving and departing, filled the streets of Suez with animation and bustle. But like many other cities of the East, it has suffered a rapid decline. The trade has fallen off, the number of pilgrims has decreased, and since the French expedition, the city is no longer what it was. The canal which formerly connected the Gulf of Suez with the Nile is now choked up, many of the houses were destroyed by the French, and it has never been rebuilt. The Egyptian campaign of Napoleon is one of the most poetical and thrilling acts in the great drama of his life. Very few on board the fleet which carried him thither were aware until the low shores of Egypt appeared in sight on the first of July, 1798, what their destination was; but they were all ready to follow their gallant young leader to the end of the world, for to them his name was the synonym of victory. The troops were landed the same day. Napoleon explained the importance of the expedition. "You are about to undertake," he said, "a conquest fraught with incalculable effects upon the commerce and civilization of the world. You will inflict upon England the most grievous stroke she can sustain before receiving her death blow." His first exploit was to carry the city of Alexandria by assault. Here he remained six days, and then leaving three thousand men to garrison the place, under command of General Kleber, afterwards assassinated at Cairo, he marched across the desert in the direction of the latter place. The attacks of the Mamelukes cavalry were brilliantly repelled by the squares of French infantry. The battle of the Pyramids was a decisive action. Mourad Bey, at the head of his superb cavalry, had sworn to "eat the Frenchmen up like gourds," and with his numerous infantry he wanted but discipline to make his vaunting good. On the eve of the encounter between these antagonistic forces, Napoleon stimulated the heroic valor of his soldiers by the utterance of one of those immortal laconisms which are so celebrated. "Soldiers," said he, "from the summit of yonder pyramids forty centuries look down on you this day!" The terrible battle which ensued proved the destruction of the Mamelukes and left Napoleon master of Egypt. But if victorious on land, the hopes inspired by his successes were blasted by the intelligence of the naval battle in which Lord Nelson utterly annihilated the French fleet, and cut off, it was supposed, the retreat of the French army to France. Dessaix, obeying the instructions of Napoleon, made himself master of Upper Egypt, while Napoleon in person marched across the desert to Syria, took Jaffa and laid siege to Acre. While this was progressing, he marched to meet a large Turkish army which had rallied to attack him, and defeated them at Mount Tabor. Returning to Acre, finding himself crippled in his resources, and large reinforcements arriving to the aid of Sir Sidney Smith who defended it, he was reluctantly compelled to raise the siege and return to Cairo, where he again defeated the Turks after a fierce engagement. A little more than a year from the date of his first landing in Egypt, Napoleon succeeded in eluding the vigilance of the British cruisers and returned to France.



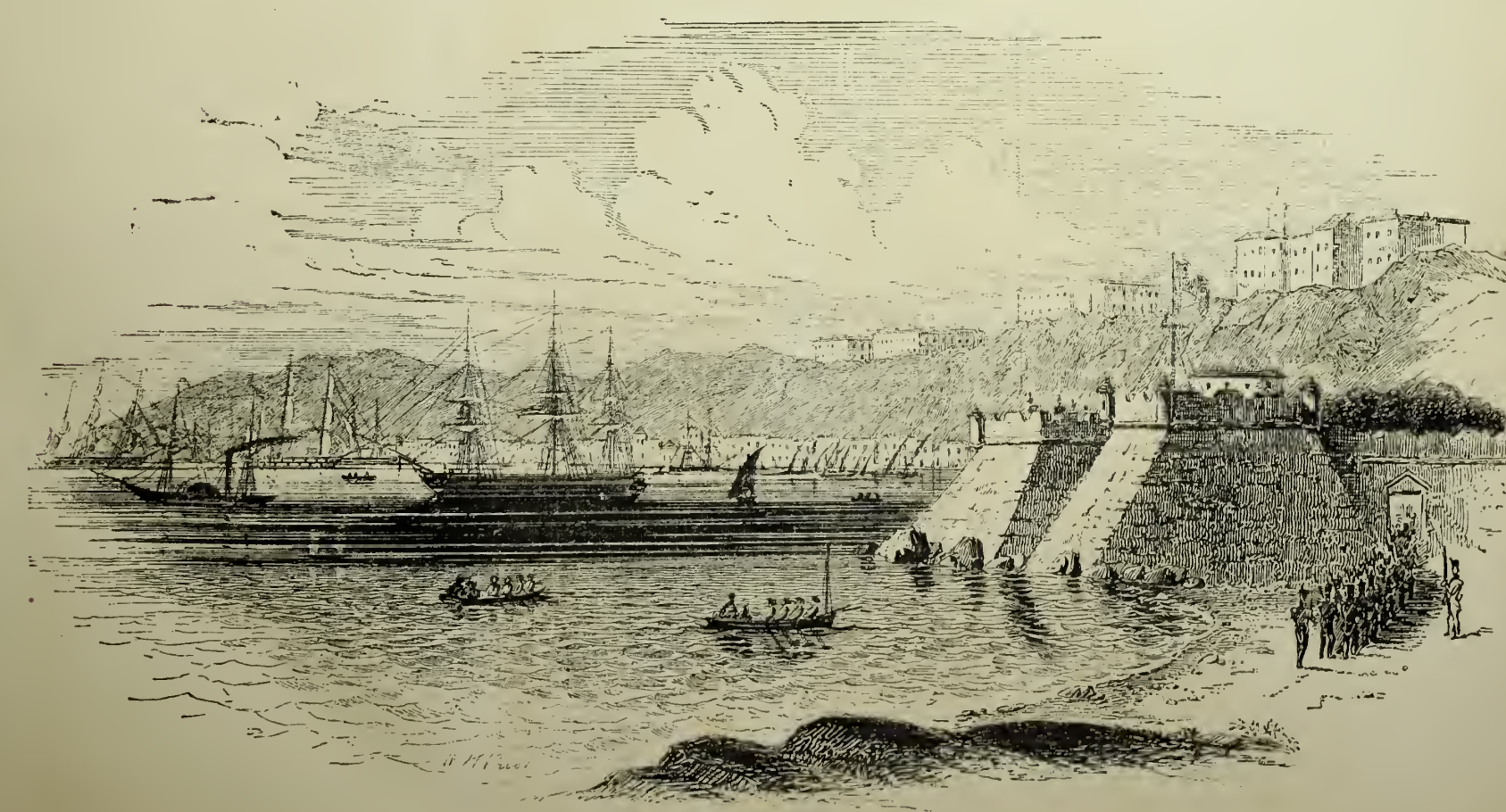
DEPARTURE FROM SUEZ, ONCE THE RESIDENCE OF NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.

MAJORCA, IVICA, MINORCA—PORT MAHON.

On the next page we present views of these, the principal islands of the Balearic group. The whole number of the islands is five, and they are situated in the Mediterranean, off the coast of Spain, about fifty miles from the main-land. The name given to this group is derived from a Greek word, signifying "to throw," and was applied to the ancient inhabitants on account of their remarkable dexterity in the use of the sling, a formidable weapon in practised hands, as the scriptural history of the encounter of David and Goliath proves. The name was given originally to the islands of Majorca and Minorca. The Balearic slingers were an effective part of the army of the Carthaginian Hannibal. In later times they were conquered by the Romans. They afterwards came into possession of the Vandals under Genseric, and in the eighth century fell into the hands of the Moors. They, in turn, were conquered by James I, king of Arragon, and the islands formed a kingdom afterwards united to Spain (in 1375). In 1708 the English conquered Minorca, but lost it again in 1782, to a combined force of French and Spaniards. In 1798 it was again surrendered to the British, who relinquished it to Spain in 1814. The fate of Admiral Byng will always be remembered in connection with Minorca. His abortive attempts to relieve fort St. Philip and his hesitation to attack a superior force of the enemy, raised a popular clamor against him, which should have been directed against the ministry. He was condemned to death by a court martial, and though recommended to mercy, was suffered to be shot. Minorca is not a fertile island, and owes its principal importance to the fine harbor of Port Mahon, which is sketched with spirit in our illustration. Majorca is quite a large island, comprising 1410 square miles. The climate is temperate, and the soil produces in abundance grain, flax, figs, olives, grapes, almonds, oranges and other fruits. There are manufactures here of blankets, linen, sailcloth, etc. The inhabitants are described by Fischer as bearing a striking resemblance, "both in their external appearance and general character to the Catalans, being equally hardy and courageous, equally blunt and jealous of their honor, equally industrious and ingenious, equally good sailors and skilful farmers with their continental neighbors; and their language is, in fact, nothing but a corrupt dialect of the Catalan." Numerous detached farms and country houses are scattered over different parts of the island; and in all the fine valleys one may meet with numbers of elegant villas, in which the higher classes, who are usually much attached to a country life, spend the greater part of the year. The roads have also been considerably improved within the last eight years, and there is a tolerably good communication between the different parts. The coral fishery and the manufacture of brandy are profitably pursued. Palma, its capital, is a place of about forty thousand inhabitants. It is agreeably placed in a delightful country, and is pretty strongly fortified. The houses are large and well built, but the streets, being narrow, dark and ill paved, give it a wretched and mean appearance. Ivica, Iviza or Ibiza, anciently Ebusus, is also highly fertile and productive. The principal exports are salt, fish and wood. It has a capital of the same name, containing a population of about 7000; it is fifty-two miles from Majorca.

ISLAND OF MAJORCA

PORT MAHON, MINORCA



ISLAND OF IVICA.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

DREAMS.

BY T. D. WILKINS.

Dreams are the bright creatures of poem and legend, who sport on the earth in the night season, and melt away with the first beam of the sun, which lights grim care and stern reality on their daily pilgrimage through the world.—*Charles Dickens.*

They are spirits, whose swift pinions
Cleave the cooling air of night,
When the eve has spread her mantle
O'er the sun's retiring light,
And when silence soft has fallen
O'er the meadow and the hill,
And the weary earth reposing,
Sinks to slumbers deep and still.

Then they hover round the pillow
Where we lay our tired head,
And their web of magic power
They about our being spread.
And a land of heavenly beauty
Opens to our wondering sight,
Clothed in everlasting verdure,
Radiant with eternal light.

There the skies are always glowing,
And the flowers ever bloom,
And the zephyrs cool are bearing
A sweet burden of perfume,
And swift rivers e'er are flowing,
O'er their beds of golden sand,
For a world of fairest beauty
Is this magic spirit land.

There, each scene that charmed our vision,
In the happy days gone by,
Comes again with brighter radiance
To enchant our raptured eye,
Bright eyes once more are beaming
Sweetest lustre to our own,
And fond memory brings the treasures
Of the times we thought were gone.

But alas, the sun is beaming
In the dawning of the day,
And now slowly, softly fading
The sweet visions pass away,
While they vanish like dim phantoms
Back into the viewless air,
The sad heart once more awakens
To another day of care.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

QUEEN PHILIPPA.

BY FRANCES P. PEPPERELL.

The sultry day, among the Highlands, was drawing to a close, while the round, red sun shone, divested of his beams, through a bank of dun, golden mist, down on the ominously smooth surface of the loch, where gaily, in their painted skiff, rocked the children of the dead Baron Duncan.

Little Marion shook back her golden curls, and showered a spray of glittering drops upon her brother from her uplifted oar, when, raising her eyes, she saw the singular array of sunset clouds, and attracted his attention to them.

"Ah!" said the older Jamie, scanning sky and wave, "this forebodes no good. Quick! take thine oar, little sister; we are full a mile from shore, and the squall rolls up apace."

Speedily the measured strokes of the two well-practised playmates flashed through the water, which already a slight wind was rippling. Marion bent anew over her oar at each encouraging word of her brother; but the increasing wind, blowing the foam in their faces, flapped the snowy sail from side to side, and rocked the little boat fearfully.

"Hold, Marion!" at length said Jamie, "while I lower this sail;" and he rose to do so, but the skiff, careening with the sudden movement, lay over on its side, and the shifting sail swung, full of wind, heavily across the boat, and struck him from his balance, deep into the angry waters of the loch. As he rose to sight, a rod distant, the hitherto petrified Marion seized her oar afresh, and, exerting all her might, quickly reached him, and flinging down the oar, she extended both her little hands to aid him in climbing the side. Jamie caught them, intending to spring up, when, with a heavy lurch, the treacherous boat glided out of reach, and Marion was left clinging to his hands in the water. For a long time they buoyed themselves above the now furiously lashing waves, when Marion murmured, bowing her head so low that the water bubbled round her lips:

"Let me go, Jamie,—I cannot any longer—my strength is gone—save thyself for *my* sake!" and, clasping her hands, she dreamily sighed to herself the last words of a little prayer, as she drifted slowly down through the green water; they would have been *her* last words, indeed, had not the arm of a strong swimmer snatched her up, and, throwing her light and almost senseless form across his shoulder, seized the arm of the drowning Jamie, and boldly made for shore. The vigorous limbs of the preserver battled stoutly with the elements, and ere many moments his encumbrances lay high and dry upon the beach. Running up the cliff, whence he had leaped on seeing the danger of the children, the young man caught his large cloak, and, returning, wrapped it round Marion, then chafing the limbs of Jamie, he rubbed his lips with a cordial, and tried all the restoratives in his power,—but in vain. Had not the boy's whole life first ebbed away, never would he have suffered his sister to drop from his support into the bosom of the loch. And now Marion was left defenceless on the world; for the lids of Jamie's eyes would never drift like snow from early violets again, nor ever, as for twelve years they had already done, sweetly answer Marion's loving glances.

The stranger lifted himself to gaze around, and seeing, above the distant grove and hill, the gray towers and battlements of the late Baron's Hall, he lifted Marion gently in his arms, and bent his way thither. A lady, into whose arms he resigned his burden, met him at the door with tears and exclamations, and, followed by the porter, he departed, and once more returned, bearing, this time, the corpse of the young baron.

The next day, as the stranger inquired at the lodge for Marion's health, the child, pale and wan, ran forth, and, falling on her knees, covered his hand with kisses and with tears. Then rising, she took from her neck a string of jewels, with a small silver whistle attached, and wound them round his waist. It was the falcon-call of Jamie, the most precious gift she could bestow, and turning, she paced slowly up the long walk, weeping wildly. * *

In the court-yard of one of the royal palaces of Scotland, at some five years subsequent to the opening of our narrative, a noble hunting party were assembled. The king, David II., himself (as all the world knew, a gay bachelor), sat, curbing his eager steed, as if expectant of others not yet arrived.

"Waiteth the king?" inquired a young English nobleman of a Scotch chamberlain, "and for whom?"

"Ye mann weel say that!" was the last reply. "He waiteth never for any but her, who alway enforceth delay. The procrastinating good-for-naught! The Baroness Marion Duncan it is, to whom he showeth singular favor, and even letteth retain her father's rank and wealth. This, mann, be she!"

The merry laughs approaching without the gates had already told the stranger as much, and when the gates were thrown open, and two ladies, attended by cavaliers, rode in, he was at no loss to distinguish the baroness; indeed a few years had not materially altered her. Clad in a habit of royal purple, with a broad collar of white linen around the throat, and black plumes depending from a close cloth cap, and mingling with her shining curls, her dazzling beauty and rosy smiles turned all eyes upon her, while sitting lightly on the side of her white Arabian courser, she took the court-yard in a ring, and, throwing her steed on his haunches before the king, doffed her cap to his majesty, and with superb horsemanship, bounded forward to her bashful aunt, who had gone, timidly, in the opposite direction, and was stationed among the other ladies.

As the whole party now issued from the gates, it was quite evident which one was to be the king's companion, when he galloped forward and dropped into the canter of the hunt, beside the Baroness Marion. But curvetting slightly, the lady glanced quickly round the party, till her eye lighted upon the Englishman once and twice again, as if she sought some well-remembered object, surveyed him, then turning with a well-satisfied smile to the king, she waved her hand across the plain, and they stretched into a gallop towards the distant cover.

"The ground is rough for sae braw ladies," said the cross old chamberlain; "but hist! mon, doth she but mention it, and a' the way frae Paris wad come upholsterers to carpet it. Weel, wha brooks a gaberlunzie's interference? She will like make a gude queen enow!"

Ere long the bay of the hounds proclaimed the trail, and on the edge of the cover the party began to spread. Thus soon, in the centre of a small grove, the young Englishman found himself by Marion's side. With suitable propriety, she bent her head in a dignified salute; but, then frankly extending her hand, said:

"Thou hast forgotten me?"

Raising the chain of jewels with Jamie's whistle, while he grasped her hand:

"It is not possible," he answered.

Tears suffused Marion's eyes beneath the kindly gaze of the stranger, and all that day of sadness came rushing back on her memory. But she dashed them off, saying:

"Thy remembrance is very pleasant. Hast never revisited the loch?"

"Nay," was the reply. "I was then but a boy, journeying for idleness; now I bring hither despatches from my master's court."

"Thou art not, then, Scotch?"

"On the contrary. I am a faithful subject of Edward III., of England, whom God preserve!"

"Amen!" answered Marion, her smile full of mischievous merriment. "Is that treason, in my case?" she asked.

"A true subject of Scotland could not say it," was the reply.

"So am I no true subject!" then she cried.

"I have *heard* before," said the stranger, archly, "the Baroness Marion would soon be queen."

"Then thou heardest amiss!" she answered, turning flashing eyes upon him. "I am no true subject, because I hate the king. Thus, surely, I shall not be queen."

"I entreat thy forgiveness," said the Englishman. "Not willingly would I wound thee. We are surely friends."

Looking up, smilingly:

"I am captious," she answered, "and frequently troubled of late. I know not if I *have* any friends, unless, indeed, thou, to whom I owe my life, art one." At this moment the clear call of the bugle sounded, and approaching steeds were heard. "Thou wilt visit us at the loch this summer?" said Marion, as they separated.

"I shall not fail," he answered; and, turning his horse's head, he had not taken two steps ere he confronted the king, sitting savagely upright in the saddle, having unmistakably overheard the whole conversation. Marion saw him, too; for, turning her beautiful face, as she rode away, she pointed at him with her whip, and her clear laugh echoed through the arches of the forest.

"Thy despatches for home, young man," said the king, hoarsely, "are on thy table. Take them and be gone!"

The Englishman bowed and left him. But when the despatches were safely in the hands of Edward of England, once more the stranger sought Scotland, and was welcomed at the loch by Marion, careless concerning her kingly suitor.

Two months fled by on the wings of summer with Marion and the stranger. Music, rides and sails, lonely wanderings over purple heaths, and lively conversations, wiled away the hours, and if love came in at the feast, neither said it to the other. But it was not to be supposed that the presence of one fascinating and lovesome as the handsome Englishman, could be endured with her whose hand the king sought, without his royal knowledge and anger; and thus, one noon, the king entered the drawing-room of the baroness, and the stranger was politely, yet decidedly, banished from the kingdom.

When he had departed, the king, ordering his attendants to retire, seated himself beside Marion, and, for a long time, a rigid silence was maintained by both. Slowly raising her eyes at last, Marion surveyed the king from head to foot. The hair of the king was light and bushy, his forehead high and wrinkled, his eyes small and gray, a thick, tawny beard adorned, or, rather, hid the lower part of his face, and the expression of his whole countenance was exceedingly repulsive. A tall, powerful man he was, with a singular and almost disproportionate breadth of chest, a feature almost always observable in men of a strong will, impatient of restraint. Marion's eyes fell again, and a scornful smile curled her lip.

"Thou dost not find me charming?" said the king, in a fine English accent.

"Far from it," she answered.

"I suspected as much from a lady of thy penetration. Are there no charms of character to atone for defects elsewhere?"

"None that I am aware of."

"What, then, is the opinion of the Baroness Marion concerning me?"

"I am thy majesty's subject."

"Forget it. Think me thy slave, as I am!"

"I think, then, the king comporteth himself as becometh no king."

"That is not an opinion concerning my mind or person, simply my manners."

"Then, if thou commandest me—"

"I *do* command!"

"Then, if thou commandest me to speak truth,—thou art loathsome and vile! Thou hast neither beauty of person nor soul. Virtue enters into no action of thine. Vice is thy counsellor and abettor!"

"I do not know," said the king, "if Lord Murray—the other name of my counsellor and abettor—would agree with the last proposition. Then the baroness finds me disgusting!"

"Entirely so!"

The king bent his head down toward her; he laid his hand on her arm as if to compel her to listen, and his voice was low and hissing, as he said:

"But Marion, loathsome, vile, hideous, vicious, disgusting, as I may be, thou, too, shalt be so; for as the husband is, the wife becomes, since both are one. And thou shalt be my wife! I swear it, and call God to witness!"

Marion rose before him, her hand uplifted, her face glowing.

"I, too, call God to witness!" she said; "and I will *never* be your wife, so may he help me!"

"A woman's oath is of no account in my kingdom, and thine shall not avail thee. Thou shalt never wed this *Englishman*,—this *Lord Guy!*" said the king.

But the indignant Marion had swept from the room, and he was alone, far more amused and perplexed than enraged at her presumption. Yet offended he certainly was, both at the hatred her words expressed, and at the prior presence of Lord Guy; but more eager in his suit he became, and he vowed, with shut teeth, to revenge himself by success. * * *

David II., of Scotland, was a man haughty, determined and revengeful, therefore, it was not at all to be wondered at, that when Edward and his young son, the Black Prince, were absent, prosecuting the war in France, the Scotch king should presume on the proverbial timidity of woman, and invade the realm left under the care of Queen Philippa. He knew there was but one warrior of renown left with the queen, and he, only for a sufficient space of time to summon his retainers and collect a new battalion. Thus it behooved King David, both from prudence and hatred, to secure by treachery the person of this warrior, Lord Guy Vere de Vere; and, sending an embassy to Philippa, he declared that he had important despatches for the king's royal ear, which he would trust into no hands but those of Vere de Vere, whose honor he had acknowledged, and whose banishment he had revoked.

When, obedient to his queen's command, Lord Guy presented himself at Edinburg, he was thrown into a dungeon keep far below the moat of a nearly deserted castle, a month's provision laid before him, and, with the great key hanging in the king's own girdle, he, in like manner, waylaid and secured Marion, and guarding her in a tent near his own, numbered his forces and marched into England. Burning towns and devastating plains, he had not advanced a day's journey ere the news reached the lovely Philippa, who instantly penetrated the treachery toward Lord Guy, and, buckling on her helmet and haranguing her soldiery, she placed herself at their head, and valiantly prepared to meet the royal foe.

Two days Guy had lain in the cell, and though the darkness was growing familiar to his eye, yet the spirit within chafed for release, for he knew what villanous doings were at hand without.

It might have been mid-noon of the third day when the key grated in the lock, and the door opening slowly, displayed a spectre whose skull, and ribs, and limbs were lines of fire. Suspecting it to be some ruse of the king's, Guy feigned sleep, till a soft hand was placed on his brow, and the well-known voice of Marion said:

"Lord Guy! arise, my lord, and flee while thou mayest."

He started in amazement; but she had opened a little lantern, and Guy saw that her disguise was but lines of phosporescence drawn on a dark surface, to deceive and frighten the few attendants, should any meet her in the subterranean passages.

"Marion! dear Marion!" he cried. He had never spoken so before, and it brought a color to her cheek and a sparkle to her eye.

"Hush!" she said. "I learned where thou wert from the council I overheard, and when the king slept, stealing into his tent, I took this key from his girdle and placed another in its stead, and, having eluded all vigilance, here I am!"

Guy's heart beat quick as her own, while he said:

"Thou riskest thine own life for me!"

"I but repay a debt, then," replied the baroness. "King David entereth England to-night; to-morrow he burneth and slayeth, and then advanceth again. Do thou hasten and join thy queen, and terrify him in the battle, and, mayhap, slay him; he will think it thy ghost."

"Thou wilt come with me, Marion?"

"Nay; should I be gone, the king will suspect concerning thee, and would, perchance, waylay thee, ere thou wert at a safe distance. I order every day that I shall not be disturbed from noon till twilight, thus I am undiscovered. Never fear. I keep the lion at bay for awhile. Come!" And silently closing the door they traversed the stony vaults and emerged into open air beyond the moat, and in the edge of a thicket, where two steeds were tethered. Mounting these, they galloped out between the hills and across the moors, and fording the Tweed, after a three hours' ride, separated, Marion having first detailed what plans she had learned, and what array of forces the king could command; and then Guy galloped on to meet Philippa, while Marion sought her tent adjoining the king's, both being brave and joyful.

Turning loose her horse, as she drew near the army, at twilight, Marion advanced slowly, pondering on the words she had exchanged with Guy. She wondered why the crimson flushed her cheek, and why her heart beat thick and fast when he called her "dear Marion!" and then, with a little pang, she remembered that he did not urge her departure from the king, nor even kiss her hand at adieu. "I love him, wretched girl that I am! and he disregards me!" she murmured, weeping over her unrequited love, and angry with herself at its unwomanly bestowal.

"Wha gangs?" cried the sentinel.

"Scotch," she answered, shortly.

"Gie the password!"

The soldier lowered his spear as she replied:

"Conquered kingdoms!" and, suffering her to pass, she glided silently into her tent, a few moments before the king commanded her presence at a banquet, which she haughtily refused.

Before dawn of the next day the tents were struck, the troops marshalled, the march taken up, and the scene of carnage begun. But neither was Philippa idle; and the king having bivouacked with the night, was struck with dismay when the morning sun shone on the white tents of Philippa, pitched on the hill confronting him. Pennons waved and armor glistened there; steeds were neighing, trumpets braying, spears were clashing, and all was in lively commotion; and when, as the king placed himself in the van, with characteristic courage, and saw the unhelmeted Vere de Vere ride along the battle line, wonder, indignation and trembling filled his heart, and he knew the day was lost.

A short, fierce conflict ensued, and by noon the boastful Scotch were flying across the distance, hotly chased by Lord Guy Vere de Vere. And Marion, whom Guy had rescued in the retreat, was sitting with the brave Queen Philippa.

"We shall maintain our position," said the queen, "though I count not on the rascal's return! But *I* am sufficient. Lord Guy must attend our royal spouse in France; for he said decisive struggle would chance at Crecy, and Vere de Vere must aid him. Hast thou known my dear hero long?" she added, playfully filliping Marion's chin.

"He saved my life when a child," was the tearful answer.

"Ah! and thou hast saved *his*, I know. But, dear child, attending our person, thou shalt no longer be in danger. I must light on a husband for thee, since this fine king must surely be thwarted!" and the Amazon laughed gaily, as any happy woman could.

On the morrow, Lord Guy, after a hasty yet warm adieu, journeyed south with his retainers, and crossed the channel to join his royal lord.

A few days, marked only by hostile skirmishes, elapsed, and Philippa found it necessary to send documents to King Edward, and bemoaned the absence of all her faithful servitors to bear them.

"I could trust them with *thee*, Marion," said the queen, "for I have tried thy honor and faith every way."

"I will take them, dear lady," said Marion.

The idea pleased the queen, and, ordering a suit from the armory, she clad Marion in cuirass, greaves and helmet, gave her the despatches and a purse of gold, kissed her on both cheeks with the affable condescension that she alone could use, and bade her godspeed on her way.

Meeting with no detention, Marion rapidly advanced, and, ere many days, stood on the plains of France, some few leagues distant from Crecy. A noise like the rumbling of an earthquake, or like low thunder rolling perpetually, far away, at first terrified her, but remembering that Philippa had said the English, for the first time, would use the infernal engineery of cannon in the battle, she accounted for it, and knew that the contest had begun. Her heart trembled for Vere de Vere, but shunning the coward fear angrily away, she rode gaily on in security.

The growing tumult, as she proceeded, soon warned her that the struggle was at the highest, and riding leisurely down the hill into the scene of conflict, she carefully scanned the proceedings. On a distant elevation stood Edward and his staff, content to relinquish all honor; but, with heart and hand, like beacons in the fight, battled the Black Prince and Vere de Vere. From point to point of the English forces the huge cannon belched forth flame, and swept long lanes through the French ranks; here and there the French had seized and turned one advantageously against its owners, and all the subjects of the house of Valois fought as though death were in the other balance. Spears flew like lightning through the air, breaking against the shields; eager horses rolled, wounded unto death, over upon their riders, and wild trumpet charges but half drowned the shrieks and moans of the dying.

It was impossible for Marion to tell which conquered, and her attention was somewhat withdrawn from the scene as her eyes followed Lord Guy, who was summoned to the king. When she again looked on the field, the French were concentrating for a mighty and final onset, obedient to the commands of a powerful leader, who continually shouted through his golden horn. Marion recognized from the standard of this knight, with its three ostrich plumes above the noble motto *Ich Dieu*, the great king of Bohemia. One instant a sudden stillness reigned throughout the plain, the next, and the trumpets harshly clanged; the French bore down in a wedge-like mass, and spread themselves upon the broken English army; the cannon were dismounted; panic and confusion raged beneath the irresistible tide rolling on behind the Bohemian king, and the lily of France seemed everywhere victorious.

"Lost! lost!" cried Marion; but scarcely had she spoken ere she was aware of Guy, the scarf she wrought for him in his helm, madly dashing down the hill, followed by the king and his guard, and, striking spurs to her own horse, she joined them and rushed onward to the fight.

The eyes of Lord Guy Vere de Vere flashed fire, and their glances smote his soldiery like javelins, pricking their fainting hearts forward. His battle axe swung around him in great circles.

"Shame, Englishmen!" he cried. "On! on! For God and the lion of St. George!" and, with a wilder shout of defiance, he flew along furiously and sought the Bohemian hero, who offered himself with no less alacrity to strife. Fiercely locking themselves together "armor to armor, lance to lance opposed," their combat heightened, while they drew apart from the army in their eagerness. Tremendous were the blows exchanged, and dexterous the movements; both horses were slain, and they fought hand to hand on foot. Suddenly, when the king of Bohemia had raised his arm to deal a more savage blow than he had yet attempted, it dropped powerless by his side, he staggered and fell, leaving Guy conqueror, although a torrent of blood streamed from his shoulder, bearing life and strength with it.

As he leaned on his spear to recover himself, Marion, in her disguise of an armed page, laid her hand on his arm and led him to the brookside; there, bathing, cleansing and dressing his wound with balsams which ladies, in those chivalrous times, carried always about them, she bound it up with her scarf, closed the armor over it, and, gathering the standard and spoils of the Bohemian, she gave them into Guy's hand, who, shortly after, when the French, having thrown aside their swords, were making use of their spears alone, laid them at the feet of the Black Prince, into whose heraldry they were thenceforth adopted.

Marion, having delivered her despatches to the now triumphant king, took her leave, and was leading a fresh steed by the bridle out beyond the battle-field on her homeward way, when Lord Vere de Vere stood beside her. Her visor was down, and she turned towards him.

"Pretty page," said the warrior, "thou hast rendered me great service; hast no favor to seek? no request? Thou needest but ask."

The eyes of the page seemed to wander wistfully over the person of the knight, and, at last, the slender fingers touched, hesitatingly, the chain of jewels given long since by Marion.

"I would thou hadst asked anything but that!" cried Guy, startled, "the half of mine inheritance rather!" But he proceeded to unwind it.

Marion threw up her visor and laughed lightly at the thunderstruck knight, as she said:

"Thou dost value it, then?"

"Marion!" said Guy, when somewhat less stupefied, "thou hast dared to venture here and encounter danger and death once more? Didst thou thus for my sake? Again I owe life to thee,—more than life, hope, happiness—love! otherwise, thou hadst better have left me to die. Marion! dear Marion!" His eyes were dewy and full of tenderness, his face glowing with unspoken words.

What more he would have said, as Marion's hand trembled in his, she well knew, but heard not, for the prince, riding up, called Vere de Vere away, and bade the little page hasten home.

"Thou must leave us, with thy laurels, and return to my mother—my brave mother!" said the prince, to Guy. "Thou wilt hold thyself in readiness after refreshment, my lord."

Guy assented, well pleased; and Marion, mounting, was soon out of sight.

Lord Guy had scarcely started on his journey ere Marion, having reached its completion, had related her adventures to the queen, and, desirous of fame, had donned shield and sword once more, and was by her side in the famous battle that won Philippa undying renown. Wearing a jerkin of net, golden armor above light blue satin skirt, and the white plumes of her helmet waving behind her on the horse, she animated the soldiers to equal feats of daring with herself, and flashed like a vengeance before the bewildered eyes of King David.

"He's nae sae glib-gablet now wi' the lassie!" grumbled the old Scotch chamberlain. "Deil-ma-care! *Ise* nae be fashin' mesel anent it, and will just scrieve aff while I can!" he added, as he ran away.

When David found himself, after a desperate struggle, seized from behind by a band of men, securely gyved and thrown upon his back, looking up he saw Marion bent above him; her roguish face dimpled with laughter, as she cried:

"Thus does your majesty's wooing end!" and ordered him borne away into the queen's presence.

The Scotch army was so completely routed and destroyed that the war was evidently at an end, and Philippa, resting among her ermines, called Marion before her. Beside the cushions of the queen stood a tall knight, with closed visor, in an armor of burnished steel and blue enamel.

"Thou hast demeaned thyself so bravely, and the Scotch king is so near at hand," said Philippa, "that I have determined to have thee wed this knight, this very hour!"

"Forgive me, your majesty," said Marion; "I cannot!"

"Speakest thus to thy adopted queen? *Canst* not! And why, prithee?"

Marion stood erect, pale with grief that now, when she was so sure of Lord Guy's love, all the happiness that had gushed over her in a delicious trill, must be snatched away, and sorrow shut down like a pall around her; and shame suffused her white face with blushes, as she answered:

"Madam, I love another. I cannot!"

"Tush! What of that? By my troth! thou *shalt* be his wife ere sunset!"

"Madam, I *will* not!"

The queen laughed.

"I think thou mayest declare thyself!" she said, to the knight, who, lifting off his helmet, suffered bright chestnut tresses to roll over his rich collar, and displayed the smiling countenance of Lord Guy Vere de Vere.

Marion raised her splendid eyes, and, unable in her pain to comprehend the queen's pleasant artifice, sprang to his arms.

"Protect me, Guy!" she cried. "Save me, as thou hast done before!"

"Here thou art ever safe," he answered.

"Thou wilt find it easier *now* to obey," said Philippa, archly. Shortly after, as Guy held the joyful Marion in his loving clasp: "This is the wretched lass who spoke treason to her queen a half hour since! Let the prisoner be brought hither, and bid the presence of Priest Robin in my tent!" she cried, to an entering attendant. "Let flowers be brought," added her majesty, "and perfumes, and the Moorish vases!"

In a few moments, large vines of fragrant cedar and roses festooned the long silken curtains of the tent, and lay piled in high golden vases, half hiding glorified white statues, lately unpacked from the great treasure chests; Persian carpets were spread around; in a brazier, at one corner, sweet spices were burning, till the whole place "smelt like a summer in blest Araby," and never any palace presented a more light and sumptuous appearance than did this tent when the royal prisoner, expectant of death alone, was marshalled within it. Death, King David awaited, but the tableau that met his glance was worse than death to him, as, grinding his teeth in impotent rage, he encountered the merry eyes of Philippa, and beheld the happy confidence of Marion more beautiful than ever, as she leaned on the arm of Lord Guy Vere de Vere, and the holy Father Robin pronounced them one!

NOTICES OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

New Music. Oliver Ditson, 115 Washington Street, has sent us some very choice new music. Among the lot is a song entitled "My bark is floating o'er the tide," "The Gainsville Waltz," "The Royal Waltz"—a ballad, "I'm weary of my life now," and "Thy face no more I'll see."

The History of Napoleon Bonaparte By John S. C. Abbott. Splendidly Illustrated. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1855. 2 vols 8vo. pp. 1277.

The serial publication of this important work in "Harper's Magazine" proved amazingly popular; and we have seen it asserted that the author refused $20,000 for the copyright from a shrewd publisher. It is written in a very captivating style, and has all the fascination of a romance by Scott. So extraordinary was the career of the great man it commemorates, that the interest inspired by his life increases, rather than diminishes, in the course of time. The American idea of Napoleon, prior to this publication, was, to a certain extent, the reflex of British opinion. The "Life" by Hazlitt, whose hero the great emperor was, was little known here—and perhaps nine out of ten general readers regarded him as a sort of Corsican ogre. Abbott has taken an opposite view of his character, and his work is a highly colored eulogy. He seeks to palliate even the least defensible acts of his hero's life; and must, therefore, be read with some caution. Still, it is the fairest popular biography that has yet appeared of the greatest general that ever lived, and a man of unparalleled genius. Had he lived to carry out all his projects, he would undoubtedly have atoned for many of his errors. As it was, his political conduct, compared with that of the other potentates of Europe, was pure as ermine. The part which England played during the Napoleonic era was infamous; and her present dependence on the usurping ruler of France, the nephew of the man she ungenerously crushed, is part of her historic retribution. Abbott's Napoleon is for sale in this city by Burnham Brothers, Cornhill, and by Redding and Co., State Street.

Constance Herbert. By Geraldine E. Jewsbury.

This is the title of a very clever novel published by Harper & Brothers, in their Library of Select Novels, which will have thousands of readers. Redding & Co. and Burnham Brothers have it for sale.

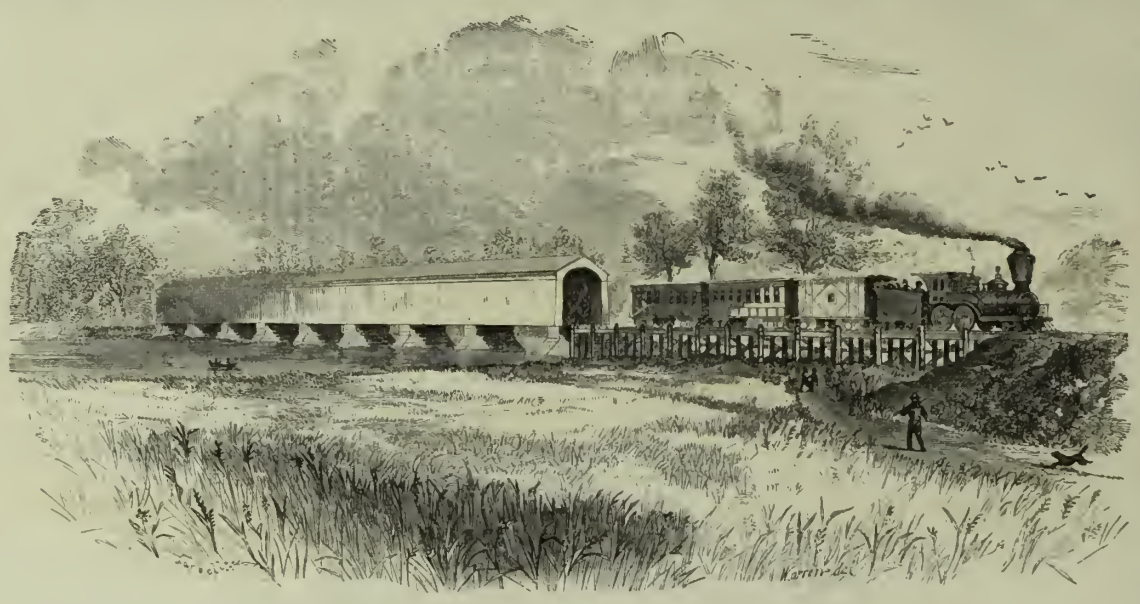
Christie Johnstone. A Novel By Charles Reade. Peg Woffington. By the same author.

Messrs. Ticknor & Fields deserve the thanks of every person of taste for publishing simultaneously, and in such elegant style, two works of fiction, which the popular verdict will place among the standard classical novels. The stories are alike in talent, though widely different in subject. They are felicitous examples of the very best style of novel writing—very interesting in plot, vivid in description, vigorous in delineation of character, and highly dramatic in their effects. Mr. Reade has the ability to shine as a dramatist and as a novelist—he has preferred to adopt the career of the latter, and we think wisely. The modern stage offers few inducements to talent of a first-rate order.

Spencer's Boston Theatre, Nos 15, 16 and 17.—Wm. V. Spencer, 128 Washington Street, has published, in his usual style of excellence, Mrs. Mowatt's "Armand," Buckstone's effective drama, "Presumptive Evidence," and James Pilgrim's amusing farce—the "Limerick Boy."

RAILROAD BRIDGE OVER ROCK RIVER.

This bridge, on the line of the Chicago and Rock Island Railroad, is near Colona, Illinois, 11 miles east of Rock Island, and 170 miles west from Chicago. The view was drawn expressly for our paper, on the spot. The structure it represents was erected by Messrs. Stone & Boomer, bridge builders for the Chicago and Rock Island Railroad Company. It is about 1300 feet in length, and rests on nine stone piers, covered the entire length. The gentlemen above referred to have contracted to build the great bridge across the Mississippi, at Rock Island. These magnificent works illustrate the remarkable rapidity with which useful science has advanced among us. Nothing can check its career. The greatest physical obstructions no longer daunt the energies of civil engineers when backed by capital—the sinews of peace as well as war. Roads are either carried over mountains, or conducted in tunnels through their bases; mighty rivers are spanned by arches, which defy the power of storms and the hand of time; States the most remote from each other are brought into immediate communion as it were, and art, in thus triumphing over nature, accomplishes more than a mere physical victory, the iron bands that bind remote parts of the continent together, also link our citizens in ties of amity and fellowship.



BRIDGE OVER ROCK RIVER, CHICAGO AND ROCK ISLAND RAILROAD.

LAKE DUNMORE HOUSE.

On this page we present a view of the hotel at Lake Dunmore, and on the opposite page a representation of the beautiful sheet of water which gives its name to the establishment, both drawn expressly for the Pictorial by a lady artist, who prepared her sketches on the spot. The first view shows the west front of the hotel, which has recently been erected. Lake Dunmore is in the town of Salisbury, Addison County, Vt., and eight miles from the Middlebury and Brandon stations on the Rutland and Burlington Railroad, and five miles from Salisbury station. The main front of the hotel is to the south, towards the lake, and is 75 feet long. The building is three stories high, with wide halls and airy and commodious rooms. The wing leading back contains a dining and a dancing hall, each 75 feet long and 36 feet wide. On the east of the hotel are four cottages, fitted up and furnished for visitors, who can room in them and take their meals in the hotel. They are particularly commodious for families spending the summer in the country. The view from the rooms in the hotel, and from the cottages, of the lake and its surroundings, is universally admired and is thought by many to be unequalled in this country. The scenery of Lake Dunmore and vicinity is Italian in its character, and is exceedingly picturesque and beautiful. The lake is surrounded by mountains, except to the south. The view from the tops of the mountains is extensive and grand, especially that from Mount Moosalamoo, which rises from the east shore of the lake to a great height. On the east shore of the lake is a cave called Warner's Cave, which is associated with the exploits of Colonel Seth Warner, in the early history of Vermont. It is geologically considered a great curiosity. On the same side of the lake is a remarkable waterfall, called "The Falls of Lana." The scenery of these falls is very wild and picturesque, and by many who have visited them is considered to surpass the Falls of Trenton as a natural curiosity. On the top of one of the mountains, on the east shore of the lake, is another lake about one mile in length. Lake Dunmore is about five miles long, and from one to one and a half broad. A very large number of visitors last season went up to Lake Dunmore from this city, and we have not seen a single person who was not enraptured at the beauties of the spot. Artists were and are there sketching the delightful features. The fact is, that the natural beauties of our country have never been fully explored, made patent and appreciated; but a spirit of investigation is now abroad, and also a spirit of nationality, which does not require that a beautiful place should be a thousand miles off, and have a legendary reputation, to be admired.

RUSSIA.

Russia is a book, the table of whose contents is magnificent, but beware of going further. If you turn over the leaves, you will find no performance answering to the promise; all the chapters are headed, but all have to be filled up. How many of the Russian forests are only marshes where you will never cut a fagot! How many distant regiments are there without men, and cities and roads which exist only in idea! The nation itself is as yet nothing more than a puff placarded upon Europe, dupe of a diplomatic fiction. I have found here no real life, except that of the emperor; no constitution, except that of the court. The trades-people, who ought to form a middle class, are too few in number to possess any influence in the state; besides, they are almost all foreigners. The authors amount to one or two in each generation; the artists are like the authors, their scarcity causes them to be esteemed; but though this favors their personal prospects, it is injurious to their social influence. There are no legal pleaders in a country where there is no justice; where, then, is to be found that middle class which constitutes the strength of other states, and without which the people are only a flock, guided by a few well-trained watch-dogs? I have not mentioned another class of men who are not to be reckoned either among the great or the little. These are the sons of the priests, who almost all become subaltern *employés*—the commissioners and deputies who are the plagues of Russia. They form a species of obscure *noblesse*, very hostile to the great nobles; a *noblesse* whose spirit is anti-aristocratic, in the true political signification of the word, and who, at the same time, are very burdensome to the serfs. These are the men (inconvenient to the state, and fruits of the schism which permits the priest to marry) who will commence the approaching revolution of Russia. The punishment of death does not exist in this land, except for the crime of high treason; but there are certain criminals whom they, nevertheless, kill. The way in which they reconcile the mildness of the code with the traditional ferocity of manners, is this: when a criminal is condemned to more than a hundred strokes of the knout, the executioner, who understands the meaning of such a sentence, kills him through humanity, by striking him, at the third blow, on a mortal part. And yet the punishment of death is abolished! To making the law thus lie, the proclamation of the most audacious tyranny would be preferable. Should it be thought that I judge Russia too severely, I must plead the involuntary impression that I receive each day from persons and from things, and which every friend of humanity would receive in my place, if, like me, he endeavored to look beyond the surface that would be exhibited to him. This empire, immense as it is, is no more than a prison, of which the emperor keeps the key. Nothing can exceed the misery of the subjects, unless it be that of the prince. The life of the gaoler has always appeared to me so similar to that of the prisoner, that I am astonished at the mental illusion which makes the one believe himself so much less pitied than the other. Man, here, knows neither the real social enjoyments of cultivated minds, nor the absolute and animal liberty of the savage, nor yet the independence of action of the half-savage—the barbarian; I can see no compensation for the misery of being born under this system, except the dreams of vanity and the love of command; on these passions I stumble every time I return to the endeavor of analyzing the moral life of the inhabitants of Russia. Russia thinks and lives as a soldier. A soldier, to whatever country he may belong, is scarcely a citizen, and here less than anywhere can he be called one; he is rather a prisoner for life, condemned to look after other prisoners. It should be observed that the word prison signifies something more here than it does elsewhere. When one thinks on all the subterranean cruelties concealed from our pity by the discipline of silence, in a land where every man serves an apprenticeship to discretion, it makes one tremble. He who would cherish a hatred for reserve should come here. Every little check in conversation, every change of expression, every inflexion of voice, teaches me the dangers of confidence and candor. The very appearance of the houses brings to my mind the unhappy condition of human existence in this land.—*Marquis de Custine.*

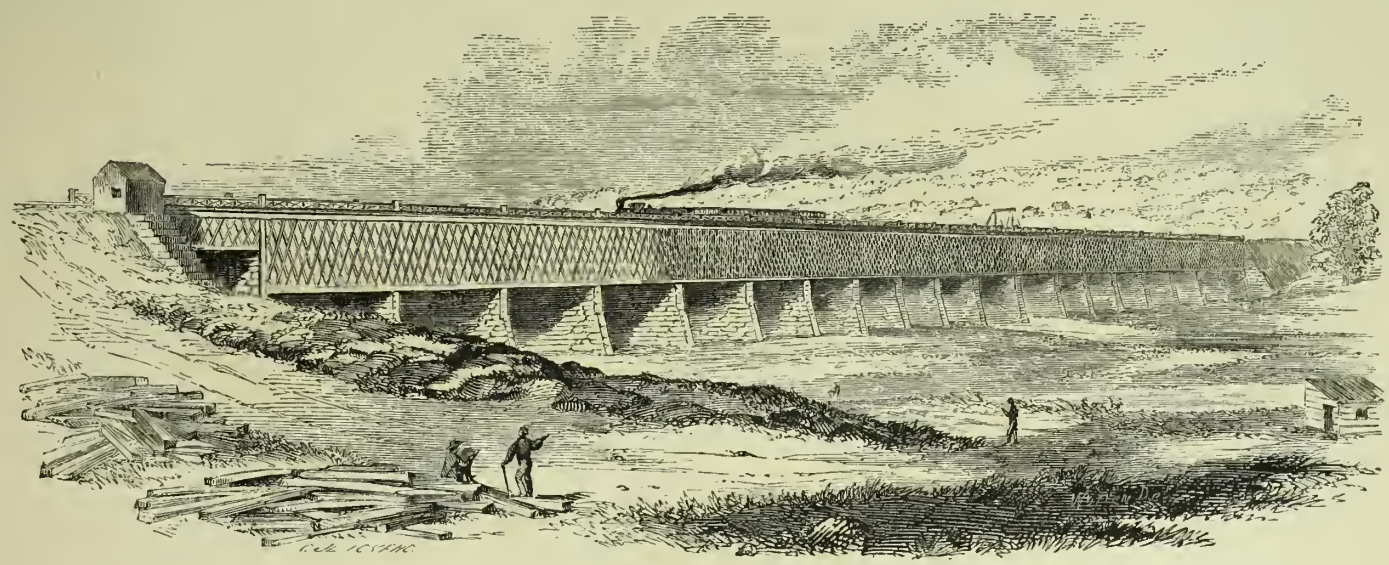
THE WEAR OF GOLD.

It has been ascertained, by carefully conducted experiments, that the loss by friction or wear upon gold coin, when in use as currency, does not exceed a twentieth of one per cent. per annum. In other words, a golden coin, kept constantly in circulation, would last two thousand years before it would entirely disappear; a silver coin would last two hundred years; 900 new eagles outweigh 901 which have had one year's circulation; 900 dimes outweigh 907 under similar circumstances. After the surface of the coin becomes smooth, the friction becomes less, like the surface of a bar of railroad iron. The average cost, therefore, of an exclusively metallic currency would be an eleventh of one per cent. per annum on the amount required. The amount of bank notes in circulation, at the present time, in the United States is estimated at $160,000,000, and the amount of specie in the vaults of the banks to be $60,000,000. If, therefore, an addition of $100,000,000 were made the specie basis of our currency, and bank notes entirely dispensed with, it would cost $100,000 to maintain it—an amount far below the annual average loss occasioned by depreciated bank notes, to say nothing of the losses consequent upon the expansions and subsequent sudden contractions of paper issues.—*Boston Post.*

LAKE DUNMORE HOUSE, AT SALISBURY, VERMONT.

RAILROAD BRIDGE AT LASALLE, ILLINOIS.

Our artist has here drawn for us an accurate representation of the bridge and viaduct over the Illinois River at Lasalle, ninety miles west of Chicago. It is indeed a noble piece of workmanship, twenty-five hundred feet in length, and constructed to admit of the passage both of railroad trains and ordinary carriages. It is furnished with a draw which, however, will be seldom required since steamboats rarely ascend higher than Lasalle. It was built by the Illinois Central Railroad Co., which has now more than seven hundred miles of road in operation. The Chicago and Rock Island road, and the canal connecting the Illinois River and Lake Michigan, pass under this bridge, but are not visible from the point of sight selected by our artist. Not many years ago the country now intersected by these lines of communication, was unsettled and uncivilized. The traveller who penetrated into these then remote wildernesses, might indeed admire nature in her uncultured luxuriance, but he saw no traces of the hand of man. Now, the works achieved by human skill receive a large share of his attention, and he beholds with wonder what the energy of the Anglo-Saxon race has achieved within the space of a few years. To those who would appreciate intelligent labor and perseverance, and know to what results they conduct, we would say, go to the great West and study its progress. The whole country will soon be covered with an iron web-work of railroads, wherever navigable rivers do not afford sufficient natural means of intercommunication. There is no longer any danger, we think, of overdoing the construction of railroads; the severe lessons of the past are such that capitalists will not very soon forget them—and henceforth none but paying railroads will be constructed. Sound calculation, based on facts, has taken the place of a wild, speculative mania, that prevailed for a time both in England and this country, and threatened to make railroads as numerous as county roads.



VIADUCT ON THE ILLINOIS CENTRAL RAILROAD, AT LASALLE, ILLINOIS.

BAYONET DRILL OF THE CADETS.

On page 28, we present our readers with a view of the bayonet drill of the Independent Company of Cadets, under command of Lt. Col. Thomas C. Amory, on Boston Common, May 30th, from a sketch made by our artist, Mr. Champney, on the spot. The bayonet exercise has long been recognized as an important portion of the regular infantry drill in every European service, and under the recommendation of Lieut. Gen. Scott, its introduction has been commenced in the *corps d' elite* (i. e., engineers, sappers and artillery), of the United States army, but we believe the Independent Cadets are the first militia corps in the country who have adopted the system, and during the past nine months under the energetic instructions of Lieut. A. C. Baldwin, they have attained a proficiency highly creditable to the Massachusetts Volunteer Militia. In the commencement of the drill the men are rigorously exercised in all the formations and deployments of the French chasseurs, with the *gymnastic step*, as a subordinate part of their duty, to give them a celerity in attack and in rally which would not be acquired in the ordinary infantry movements. When they have acquired a sufficient ease and activity in these, they are drilled in the bayonet manual as found in Captain McLellan's admirable compilation. Our artist has shown the company drawn up in battalion in the back-ground, and two lines of skirmishers. The line most advanced is formed in fours, as though surrounded by a superior force, or menaced by cavalry. Each group of four exhibits a different position of the bayonet manual. The group nearest is at the *parry in tierce*, intended to guard against blows or thrusts directed at the left upper portion of the body. The next is at the position of *guard*, which of course is the *basis* of all the movements. The third is at the position of *parry in seconde*, which protects the left lower portion of the body. The fourth is in the *parry in high quarte*, defending the head and right shoulder, as from a blow or thrust from cavalry, and the fifth gives the *lunge* with bayonet, as directed against infantry. The general use and efficiency of this drill can be easily seen from these illustrations—the other thrusts and parries, together with the three blows with the stock, being equally simple and effective. The second line is advancing fully deployed at the gymnastic step, as though to sustain the first in their position, and in the foreground we find a portion of the detachment with their officer *in retreat by fours*, running in to group themselves on the advanced line and (with the reinforcements) to maintain the position occupied by the line formed in fours. In conclusion, we will give two from the many hundred instances in which the skilful use of the bayonet against overwhelming forces has proved its efficiency. There is an instance on record of a French grenadier, who, in the battle of Polotsk defended himself with the bayonet against the simultaneous attack of eleven Russian grenadiers, eight of whom he killed. In the battle of Languessa, two soldiers of Abbé's division defended themselves with their bayonets against twenty-five Spanish cavalry, and after having inflicted several severe wounds rejoined their regiment without a scratch. It is perhaps proper to add that recommendation and approval were received from headquarters before the introduction of a drill not laid down in Scott's Infantry Tactics, and that the commander-in-chief was present and expressed his satisfaction at the performance of which our artist has made the sketch. The Cadets certainly deserve great credit for the manner in which they applied themselves to the mastery of the bayonet drill. They have shown that they are not a mere guard of honor, but that they are a body of men imbued with the true military spirit, and able to do good service when called upon.

THE PARIS EXHIBITION BUILDING.

Instead of being constructed of iron and glass, and easily removable, like the Crystal Palace of 1851, the Paris building is a substantial, oblong freestone one, the roof only being of glass. It is about seven hundred feet in length, and three hundred and sixty in width, with projections at each corner, and an entrance in the centre of each of its four fronts; the principal one, fronting on the main avenue of the Champs Elysées, being a sort of tower, very handsome and ornate, and higher than any other part of the building. This tower is surmounted by a colossal figure crowned with stars, holding laurels which seem to be destined for the heads of Art and Industry, two other colossal figures reclining at her feet. This tower is covered with emblematic devices, in bas-relief; Cupids, trees, shields, eagles, laurel-leaves, crowns and the letter N; its various compartments are supported by pillars, and furnished with magnificent iron gates. Besides the glass roof, the light is admitted to the interior by a double row of windows. The names of the great inventors and industrialists of the past and present are carved on the walls between the windows, which are also ornamented with profiles of distinguished *savans*, carved in bas-relief, in medallions. With the exception of the floor, little or no wood has been used in the building. A fine arched nave, 700 feet in length, 190 feet in width and 190 feet in height, occupies the centre of the building, running from end to end; and on either side of this nave are lateral galleries, lighted by windows in the wall, of the same length as the nave, and 85 feet in width. A gallery of the same width runs entirely round the building on the upper floor, crossing both ends of the central nave below; its total length being 2400 feet. Iron ribs spring from the nave and support the upper gallery, and from this gallery springs another set of ribs that support the upper roof. The nave having its own arch roof and the four sides of the gallery having each its own, the exterior of the palace presents a cluster of fine round glass roofs—a central one, higher than the others, surrounded by four lower ones. At each corner of the ground floor is a magnificent stone staircase, giving access to the gallery, and offering, perhaps, the finest effect of perspective to be found in the palace. With the exception of a delicately moulded white cornice, and the gaily painted and gilded escutcheons introduced into an elegant pierced fringe running round the galleries, the whole of the inner surfaces of the building are painted in soft, pale gray. A small additional structure, called the "Supplement," stands near the western entrance of the palace. Further off is the vast gallery, four hundred feet long, running along the Seine, called the "Annexe,' and destined to receive machinery and raw produce. Still further off, again, is the "Palace of the Exhibition of Fine Arts," a vast building containing three grand halls, two galleries divided into saloons, two side galleries, a wing, and a gallery up stairs, running round the entire building. The interior of this building is colored in dark olive-green, and the lighting is perfect. A separate building is to be put up for carriages and harness.—*London News.*

LAKE DUNMORE, SALISBURY, VERMONT.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

TO WILLIE E. PABOR.

BY ANNA M. BATES.

Like the dew in the heart of a blossom,
  Like a pearl in its rosy cell,
Thus have I kept thy memory
  As a rare and radiant spell;
Fresh as the winds of morning
  When they break the violet's sleep,
True as the stars of evening
  Is the tender thought I keep.

Pure as the red, red roses,
  That bloom where the waters fall,
Thus would I keep thy memory,
  Like a rainbow, spanning all.
O, the flame of friendship holy
  Still burns on her sacred shrine;
It is decked with fadeless jewels,
  Those bright thoughts of thine.

I have brought no garland to thee
  Of love's dark passion-flowers,
I have brought no spell to woo thee
  From thy pleasant dreamy hours;
But I kneel in the purple gloaming,
  While the day and evening blend,
And pray that thy restless roaming
  May an angel fair attend.

O, still when amid the roses,
  Or away where the fresh bloom bells
Are bending over green billowy grass,
  To the south wind's music swell;
As I kneel in the summer splendor,
  That floodeth the earth and sea,
I'll say with an accent tender,
  May a blessing rest on thee!

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

OUT OF WORK.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

"It is no use, Maria, I've tried everywhere."

"But you are not going to give up, Peter?"

"Give up? How can I help it? Within four days I have been to every book-bindery in the city, and not a bit of work can I get."

"But have you tried anything else?"

"What else can I try?"

"Why, anything that you can do."

"Yes; I've tried other things. I have been to more than a dozen of my friends and offered to help them if they would hire me."

"And what did you mean to do for them?"

"I offered either to post their accounts, make out bills, or to attend at the counter."

Mrs. Stanwood smiled as her husband thus spoke.

"What makes you smile?" he asked.

"To think you should have imagined that you would find work in such places. But how is Mark Leeds?"

"He is worse off than I am."

"How so?"

"He has nothing in his house to eat."

It was a shudder that crept over the wife's frame now.

"Why do you tremble, wife?"

"Because, when we shall have eaten our breakfast to-morrow morning, *we* shall have nothing."

"What!" cried Peter Stanwood, half starting from his chair. 'Do you mean that?"

"I do."

"But our flour?"

"All gone. I baked the last this afternoon."

"But we have pork."

"You ate the last this noon."

"Then we must starve!" groaned the stricken man, starting across the room.

Peter Stanwood was a book-binder by trade, and had now been out of employment over a month. He was one of those who generally calculate to keep about square with the world, and who consider themselves particularly fortunate if they keep out of debt. He was now thirty years of age, and had been married eight years. He had three children to provide for, besides himself and wife, and this, together with house rent, was a heavy draught upon his purse even when work was plenty, but now—there was nothing.

"Maria," he said, stopping and gazing his wife in the face, "we must starve. I have not a single penny in the world."

"But do not despair, Peter. Try again to-morrow for work. You may find something to do. Anything that is honest will be honorable. Should you make but a shilling a day, we should not starve."

"But our house rent?"

"Trust to me for that. The landlord shall not turn us out. If you will engage to find some work to do, I will see that we have house-room."

"I'll make one more trial," uttered Peter, despairingly.

"But you must go prepared to do anything."

"Anything reasonable, Maria."

"But what do you call reasonable?"

"Why—anything decent."

The wife felt almost inclined to smile, but the matter was too serious for that, and a cloud passed over her face. She knew her husband's disposition, and she felt sure that he would find no work. She knew that he would look about for some sort of work which would not lower him in the social scale, as he had once or twice expressed it. However, she knew it would be of no use to say anything to him now, and she let the matter pass.

On the following morning, the last bit of food in the house was put upon the table. Stanwood could hardly realize that he was penniless and without food. For years he had been gay, thoughtless and fortunate, making the most of the present, forgetting the past, and leaving the future to look out for itself. Yet the truth was naked and clear; and when he left the house he said, "something must be done."

No sooner had the husband gone than Mrs. Stanwood put on her bonnet and shawl. Her eldest child was a girl seven years old, and her youngest, four. She asked her next door neighbor if she would take care of her children until noon. These children were known to be good and quiet, and they were taken cheerfully. Then Mrs. Stanwood locked up her house and went away. She returned at noon, bringing some dinner for her children, and then went away again. She got home in the evening before her husband, carrying a heavy basket upon her arm.

"Well, Peter," she asked, after her husband had entered and sat down, "what luck?"

"Nothing! nothing!" he groaned. "I made out to squeeze a dinner out of an old chum, but I can't find work."

"And where have you looked to-day?"

"O—everywhere. I've been to a hundred places, but it's the same in every place. It is nothing but one eternal '*no—no—no!*' I'm sick and tired of it."

"But what sort of work have you offered to do?"

"Why, I even went so far as to offer to tend in a liquor store down town."

The wife smiled.

"Now what shall we do?" uttered Peter, spasmodically.

"Why, we'll eat supper first, and then talk the matter over."

"Supper! Have you got any?"

"Yes—plenty of it."

"But you told me you had none."

"Neither had we this morning, but I've been after work to-day, and found some."

"You? You been after work?" uttered the husband, in surprise.

"Yes."

"But how? where? what?"

"Why, first I went to Mrs. Snow's. I knew her girl was sick, and I hoped she might have work to be done. I went to her and told her my story, and she set me at work at once doing her washing. She gave me food to bring home for the children, and paid me three shillings when I got through."

"What! You been out washing for our butcher's wife?" said Peter, looking very much surprised.

"Of course I have, and have thereby earned enough to keep us in food through to-morrow, at any rate; so to-morrow you may come home to dinner."

"But how about the rent?"

"O, I have seen Mr. Simpson, told him just how we were situated, and offered him my watch as a pledge for the payment of our rent within two months, with the interest on all arrears up to that date. I told him I did the business because you were away hunting up work."

"So he's got your gold watch?"

"No—he wouldn't take it. He said if I would become responsible for the payment he would let it rest."

"Then we've got a roof to cover us, and food for to-morrow. But what next? O, what a curse these hard times are!"

"Don't despair, Peter, for we shall not starve. I've got work enough engaged to keep us alive."

"Ah—eh? What's that?"

"Why, Mr. Snow has engaged me to carry small packages, baskets, bundles, and so forth, to his rich customers. He has had to give up one of his horses."

"What do you mean, Maria?"

"Just what I say. When Mr. Snow came home to dinner, I was there, and I asked him if he ever had light articles which he wished to send around to his customers. Never mind all that was said. He did happen to want just such work done, though he had meant to call upon some of the idlers who lounge about the market. He promised to give me all the work he could, and I am to be there in good season in the morning."

"Well, this is a pretty go. *My* wife turned butcher's boy! You wont do any such thing."

"And why not?"

"Why not? Because—because—"

"Say, because it will lower me in the social scale."

"Well, and so it will."

"Then it is more honorable to lie still and starve, and see one's children starve, too, than to earn honest bread by honest work. I tell you, Peter, if *you* cannot find work, *I* must. We should have been without bread to-night had not I found work to-day. You know that all kinds of light, agreeable business are seized upon by those who have particular friends or relatives engaged in them. At such a time as this it is not for us to consider what kind of work we will do so long as it is honest. O, give me the liberty of living upon my own deserts, and the independence to be governed by my own convictions of right."

"But, my wife, only think—*you* carrying out butcher's stuff! Why I would sooner go and do it myself."

"If you will go," said the wife, with a smile, "I will stay at home and take care of the children."

It was hard for Peter Stanwood, but the more he thought upon the matter the more he saw the justice and right of the path into which his wife thus led him. Before he went to bed he promised that he would go to the butcher's in the morning.

And Peter Stanwood went upon his new business. Mr. Snow greeted him warmly, praised his faithful wife, and then sent him off with two baskets, one to go to a Mr. Smith's, and the other to a Mrs. Dixall's. And the new carrier worked all day, and when it came night he had earned just ninety-seven cents. It had been a day of trials to him, but no one had sneered at him, and all his acquaintances whom he had met had greeted him the same as usual. He was far happier than he was when he went home the night before, for now he was independent.

On the next day he earned over a dollar; and thus he continued to work for a week, and at the end of that time he had five dollars and seventy-five cents in his pocket, besides having paid for all the food for his family, save some few pieces of meat Snow had given him. Saturday evening he met Mark Leeds, another binder who had been discharged from work with himself. Leeds looked careworn and rusty.

"How goes it?" asked Peter.

"Don't ask me," groaned Mark. "My family are half starved."

"But can't you find anything to do?"

"Nothing."

"Have you tried?"

"Everywhere; but it's no use. I've pawned all my clothes save those I have on. I've been down to the bindery to-day, and what d'ye suppose the old man offered me?"

"What was it?"

"Why, he offered to let me do his hand-carting! He had just turned off his nigger for drunkenness, and offered me the place! The old curmudgeon! By the powers, I'd a great mind to pitch *him* into the hand-cart and run him to the ——"

Mark mentioned the name of an individual who is supposed to dwell somewhere in a region a little warmer than our tropics.

"Well," said Peter, "if I had been in your place I should have taken up with the offer."

Mark mentioned the name of that same individual again.

"Why," resumed Peter, "I have been doing the work of a butcher's boy for a whole week."

Mark was incredulous, but his companion soon convinced him, and then they separated, one going home happy and contented, and the other going away from home to find some sort of excitement in which to drown his misery.

One day Peter had a basket of provisions to carry to Mr. W——. It was his former employer. He took the load upon his arm and started off, and just as he was entering the yard of the customer, he met Mr. W—— coming out.

"Ah, Stanwood, is this you?" asked his old employer, kindly.

"Yes, sir."

"What are you up to now?"

"I'm a butcher's boy, sir."

"A what?"

"You see I've brought your provisions for you, sir. I am a regular butcher's boy."

"And how long have you been at work thus?"

"This is the tenth day, sir."

"But don't it come hard?"

"Nothing comes hard so long as it is honest, and will furnish my family with bread."

"And how much can you make a day at this?"

"Sometimes over a dollar, and sometimes not over fifty cents."

"Well, now look here, Stanwood, there have been no less than a dozen of my old hands hanging round my counting-room for a fortnight, whining for work. They are stout, able men, and yet they lie still because *I* have no work for them. Last Saturday I took pity on Leeds, and offered him the job to do my hand-carting. I told him I would give him a dollar and a quarter a day; but he turned up his nose and asked me not to insult him! And yet he owned that his family were suffering. But do you come to my place to-morrow morning, and you shall have something to do, if it is only to hold your bench up. I honor you for your manly independence."

Peter grasped the old man's hand with a joyous, grateful grip, and blessed him fervently.

That night he gave Mr. Snow notice that he must quit, and on the following morning he went to the bindery. For two days he had little to do, but on the third day a heavy job came in, and Peter Stanwood had steady work. He was happy—more happy than ever, for he had learned two things: first, what a noble wife he had; and second, how much resource for good he held within his own energies.

Our simple picture has two points to its moral. One is—no man can be lowered by any kind of honest labor. The second—while you are enjoying the fruits of the present, forget not to provide for the future; for no man is so secure but that the day may come when he will need the squanderings of the past.

THEORY AND PRACTICE.

It is not difficult to conceive that, for many reasons, a man writes much better than he lives. For, without entering into refined speculations, it may be shown to be much easier to design than to perform. A man proposes his schemes of life in a state of abstraction and disengagement, exempt from the enticements of hope, the solicitations of affection, the importunities of appetite, or the depressions of fear, and is in the same state with him that teaches upon the land the art of navigation, to whom the sea is always smooth and the wind always prosperous. Nothing is more unjust, however common, than to charge with hypocrisy him that expresses zeal for those virtues which he neglects to practise; since he may be sincere, convinced of the advantages of conquering his passions, without having yet obtained the victory; as a man may be confident of the advantages of a voyage or a journey, without having courage or industry to undertake it, and may honestly recommend to others those attempts which he neglects himself.—*Johnson.*

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

JUNE.

BY MRS. M. W. CURTIS.

June is here! month of cheer,
Summer showers, bringing flowers,
Sun and shade, o'er the glade
Alternate.

June has come—list the hum
Of the bee, chirpeth he,
Happy ever, pining never.
June has come.

Zephyrs play o'er forests gay,
While the birds, ever heard,
Chanting lays in the praise
Of our God.

Flowers bloom o'er the tomb,
Where they've lain 'neath the rain,
And the sleet's cold retreat
In the earth.

June is here! month of cheer,
Glad are we to be free
From ice chains and cold rains.
Summer's near.

THE RESCUE.

A STORY OF THE GAMING HOUSE.

BY LIEUTENANT MURRAY.

AMID the throng of carriages, phaetons, cabriolets and single horses with their noble riders, that crowded Hyde Park, London, one sunny afternoon of June, there rolled along a heavy, richly mounted vehicle, drawn by four milk white horses, and attended by servants in the most fashionable style of livery and of the richest material. Lounging, with an air of abandon, on the spacious seat of the carriage, sat a female of faultless beauty. As the carriages of the nobility rolled past the one we have named, their lordly occupants turned for a second glance at those fascinating eyes through the open windows of the vehicle. The equestrians, who had the road more in command, not unfrequently wheeled their horses, and managed to pass and repass the vehicle at several points, and ever and anon some gallant horseman lifted his beaver to the peerless occupant, or rode by the side of the window for a moment, to exchange words of gallantry and politeness.

All this was taken as a matter of course, by Lady Clara Dalton, the rich and beautiful widow of the late gouty old Lord Dalton. Born and educated in the hot-bed of English aristocracy, Lady Clara had been taught that the ultimatum of her purpose in life should be to procure by marriage a title and a fortune. These were easily enough obtained by means of her charms, and uniting herself with the old superannuated Lord Dalton, who having dropped away at just about the time Lady Clara had anticipated, she now found herself, at the age of twenty-three, a titled lady, with a fortune beyond the reach of any casualty. Her plans, or perhaps more properly speaking, those of her mother, had succeeded, and now she was just entering upon the gay and dissipated stage of London life, free and untrammelled. Already had she become the brilliant light around which many a gallant heart revolved, the object of the most devoted attention of many a noble, whose fortune and standing in society equalled her own. Such was Lady Clara Dalton, the rich and beautiful widow, who was the object of so much admiration in the park.

To all she returned the same easy, unaffected, yet graceful recognition, while the dreamy languor of her large blue eyes told that the soul was unmoved by any. Her mind seemed intent upon other thoughts than those that the associations of the place might be supposed to induce. The pannelling of that carriage that passes her now, shows that the occupant bears the title of a duke; still his ready and polite recognition of Lady Clara is received in the same easy and unmoved manner. Stay, there is a single horseman riding by her window now; see, she no longer reclines so negligently upon her cushions; her eyes no longer slumber in dreamy apathy. Ah! she is all animation now; those eyes have a fire that must come direct from her heart. How soft and sweetly does she smile upon the gallant rider by her side, how gaily she laughs at his repartees and witty remarks upon the throng that passes them. But this is singular, for that is only young Lord Holland, hardly more than a boy, and with a fortune all out at the elbows. It must be the heart that is at play here, not the cool and well trained calculation of the beautiful Lady Clara. What, not rise from your position at the flattering notice of the duke, and now leaning forward to the very window the better to hear the voice of Lord Holland? Lady Clara! Lady Clara! we would bet a trifle now that the increased swelling of thy beautiful bosom is caused by *love* for this same young Lord Holland!

Lady Clara, in spite of the school of philosophy in which she had been educated, had not had her heart entirely seared. There was still a germ of its native truthfulness and purity left. Favored with the most unquestionable perfection of beauty, still she was no coquette; with a large fortune at her command, she was not a spendthrift, but yet charitable to the fullest extent. Her good qualities had been perhaps a little shaded by the plan laid and mainly carried out by her designing mother, but this effected, and over, she was now her own mistress. That she loved young Lord Holland was now too apparent to admit of a doubt, and this love seemed to have drawn out and developed all the finer and better feelings of her gentle soul. Holland himself was a gay man of the town, but still an honorable one. He had but one glaring fault, and that the reader will soon learn. As to the Lady Clara, he loved her most devotedly, not for her immense wealth; no, he truly loved her for herself. Lady Clara realized this, and was won before she was fully aware of it. Holland had enjoyed at the decease of his parents a large fortune, which, by expensive living, he had now exhausted; but then he possessed a wealth that fortune could not exhaust—a powerful mind, well stored with native wit and with learning. He was Lady Clara's senior by just two years, and the unusual personal beauty possessed by both rendered their attachment a matter of no little note among the loungers of the park, and frequenters at Almack's.

As we have intimated, Lady Clara had many admirers who paid their court at her house, and when it became obvious to them that Lord Holland was to be the successful swain, they looked about them, to attempt, if possible, to defeat his success. They sought in what manner they might best attack him, and wherein lay his most vulnerable point. They were not long in finding out that there was material enough all fitted to their hands, and it was soon whispered in the ear of Lady Clara that Lord Holland was a noted gambler! The charge was at first scornfully rejected, nor would she even for a moment entertain it. But at last such evidence was adduced as constrained her to believe the accusation true. She could not bear to speak to Holland upon the subject, and to tell the truth, she knew in her own bosom that there must be some extenuating points in the affair. She knew full well that he was scrupulously temperate, and honorable to the last degree in every other relation, if faulty in this, and she relieved the aching of her heart by consoling herself with these reflections, but she resolved to fathom the mystery, cost what it might, and never to cease in her endeavors until she should reclaim him.

The charge brought against young Holland was in a great degree true. That he was in the habit of frequenting the gaming house was a fact, but that he was a professed gambler was false. He had by a liberal and easy mode of life run out the fortune that fell to his share, and he had resorted to the dice to replenish his empty purse, if possible, reasoning that if he did so, he but gained a living from those who had lived upon him, for nearly all his fortune had been expended upon a certain class of young and reckless men, who beset him as long as they found that he had money to be fleeced of. At the time up to which we have brought the reader in the history of young Lord Holland, he had exchanged promises with Lady Clara, and plighted his heart in exchange for hers. He felt deeply his want of means, and though he had resolved to leave the seductive vice of gaming altogether on his union with her, yet his actual distress for money led him to seek the gaming table to try and win back if possible a portion of his lost property. It was a desperate attempt, but one night having borrowed five hundred pounds from a friend, he resolved for the last time to tempt the fickle goddess, and with this intent he repaired to the gaming house.

At the very hour in which he formed this resolution and borrowed the money, Lady Clara Dalton, the rich and lovely being who was his betrothed, sat in her chamber, surrounded by every luxury that ingenuity could devise, her hand supporting her forehead, while there dropped a single pearly tear upon the open volume before her—it was the Bible! Ay, all the pomp and wealth that surrounded her could afford no consolation like this; she was in misery, and she went to Him who is alone able to afford comfort to the sorrowing soul. Lady Clara was weeping, and for Lord Holland. She had become fully aware of his propensity, and it rendered her more miserable at heart than our pen can tell.

It was eleven o'clock, on the night of that day when Lord Holland borrowed the five hundred pounds of a friend, that he entered St. James Street, and bent his steps towards the celebrated gaming house of the metropolis. It was not without feelings of remorse that he entered the establishment at the hour we have named, it being that at which its doors are always thrown open for the night. He had resolved to play no more, as we have before said, but his means being completely exhausted, he determined to make one last attempt to win back at least a portion of the fortune he had lost there. He entered, lounged for a short time about the apartments, partook of the sumptuous repast that the cunning proprietor supplies gratis to his patrons, taking care that they drink enough wine for his purpose. But Lord Holland partook sparingly, he looked gloomy and ill at ease, until at length the play began. Still he only watched the players, taking no part with them until the sight warmed him into excitement—his mind reverted to his five hundred pounds.

"Shall I stake and lose my all?" he asked himself. "Not all at once—I will be cautious this time at least. I will be wise." He drew towards a table and staked one hundred pounds. The minutes passed over his feverish head, the result was decided, and his hundred pounds had won an equal amount. The stakes were allowed to remain, and the banker added two hundred more; again the dice were thrown and again did Lord Holland win. The four hundred pounds remained upon the table, and the banker quietly added the same amount to the stake. The dice were again cast, and again did Lord Holland win. He was soon deeply excited, and drawing two hundred pounds from his pocket, he added them to his winnings, and called upon the bank to stake with him a thousand pounds! The money was placed upon the cloth—the box was raised and Lord Holland looked anxiously to see the result. It was declared again he had won. Still the two thousand pounds were permitted to lay upon the table.

A little knot of friends had gathered about the spot, drawn thither by the good fortune that appeared to beset their companion, and among others one apparently more deeply interested than the rest, whose eyes were bent intently upon those of Lord Holland, though unobserved by him. The two thousand pounds were still on the cloth, and Lord Holland called upon the banker to meet his stake. It was met, and four thousand depended upon the cast of the dice. The banker threw for himself, the number was *nine*—it was very high, and young Holland's friends were sure his luck had turned; he threw, and his number was the highest possible—*twelve*. One or two of the more cautious of his friends now urged him to desist, adding that such luck could not follow him any longer.

"Nay," he answered, in a hoarse whisper; "I am but getting back what I have lost here. Do not dissuade me; fortune for once will be just."

"But try a smaller sum," said another, as he observed him about to stake the four thousand.

"Trust me, my friends," he said, indicating to the bank that he would stake the whole sum.

"Certainly, your lordship,' said the banker, and the sum was instantly doubled.

The dice were thrown again, and the banker uttered a slight exclamation of surprise, when it was apparent that the bank had lost again. Now somewhat excited himself, the unusually calm and collected gamester asked:

"Will my lord continue the stake?"

Eight thousand pounds now lay upon the cloth, which, by the rules of the game, were his own property. He gazed upon them for a moment; his better judgment was urging him to quit the table and the hazard, but his passion urged him on. He hesitated but for a moment, and then said: "I will meet the stakes."

And in the next moment sixteen thousand pounds lay upon the cloth, and again did the dice most wonderfully favor him; the whole amount was his. The gamesters began to leave the neighboring tables, and crowd about that where Lord Holland had been playing. Some urged him to continue, and some to desist, while he might do so with a full purse, and others began to bet largely on his next throw. All this tended still more to excite the winner. He believed himself favored of fortune; he drew the two hundred pounds yet remaining in his pocket, as if wildly to tempt her, and then called on the banker to meet his sixteen thousand two hundred pounds. The stakes were laid, and the excitement of the whole company was intense. Lord Holland himself could see nothing but the dice boxes, and these he watched with an intensity that approached near to madness.

"Is your lordship ready?" asked the banker.

"Perfectly," was the reply.

The stillness of death reigned in the room—even old Crockford had limped from his desk and approached the table where all the players were now gathered. So great was the excitement, that the next moment when the result was declared, and Lord Holland was still the winner, a loud shout arose from the spectators, a circumstance of most rare occurrence. Lord Holland looked upon the thirty-two thousand four hundred pounds, a fortune for any man, and, as if actually mad with excitement, pointed to it, saying: "Meet it, meet it!"

"Stay!" said old Crockford; "there is a rule in the club that no stake shall exceed in amount fifty thousand pounds; this will do so. I see a majority of the shareholders of the club present. Shall I put it to the vote?"

"Ay, ay!" said a dozen voices; "put it to vote."

And it was put to vote; Crockford received the sanction of the club, and, stepping into the banker's place, doubled the sum already upon the table.

"Stay!" said Lord Holland; "I recognize no change in my banker. I play with the same, or not at all."

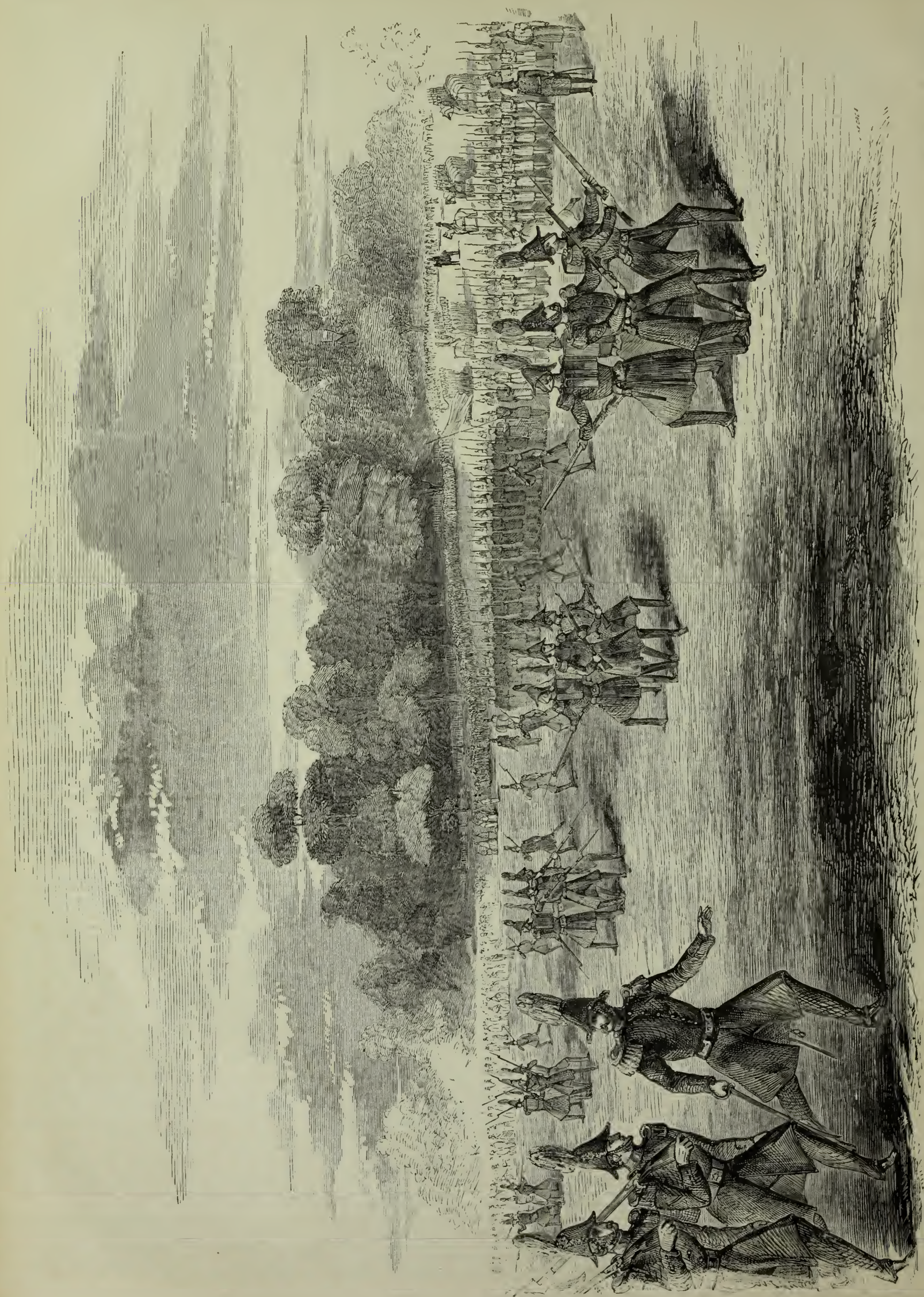
Crockford unwillingly relinquished the dice, and the regular banker of the table received them. The stake was over sixty thousand pounds, and all depended upon the fickle chance of the throw. You might have heard a pin drop in the apartment; every one appeared to hold his breath, awaiting the result. The dice sounded, they lay upon the cloth—and Lord Holland was a beggar!

He pressed his hands against his forehead for a moment, then looked wildly about him; the next instant a dagger was raised in his right hand, and, gleaming in the brilliant light of the room, was about to descend into his heart, when it was snatched from his hand, and dashed through one of the nearest windows into the street. All this passed in a moment of time, and Lord Holland, finding himself foiled in his attempt, sprang furiously towards the door. He was followed closely by the figure of the person of whom we have once before spoken, and the same who had just now prevented him from taking his own life. He reached the open air, when a hand was laid upon his arm and the stranger whispered a word in his ear, that made him start and tremble like a leaf, at the same time pointing towards a carriage that stood hard by on Piccadilly. He bowed his head as if in submission, and was led by the stranger towards the vehicle, which they entered together.

One or two of the club, attracted by the desperate appearance of Lord Holland, had followed him into the open street. They saw the mysterious influence of the stranger, and witnessed their entrance to the carriage; they followed still closer, and beheld upon the panels of the vehicle the *Dalton coat of arms!*

It was four o'clock on the following morning, when Lady Clara Dalton entered her chamber, and throwing from her shoulders a large broadcloth cloak, discovered in herself the person of the stranger who had saved the life of Lord Holland, that night in the hazard-room at "Crockford's hell!"

Before the close of the season at Almack's, Lord and Lady Holland appeared in public—a devoted and noble-looking couple. Her heroic conduct had completely won his heart, and it knew no other passion save love for her. He never forgot the incidents of that terrible night; they were indelibly impressed upon his mind and heart. He was fully reformed.



BAYONET DRILL OF THE INDEPENDENT CADETS, UNDER COMMAND OF LIEUTENANT COLONEL THOMAS C. AMORY, ON BOSTON COMMON, MAY 30.

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL.
LATE GLEASON'S PICTORIAL.

MATURIN M. BALLOU, Editor and Proprietor.
FRANCIS A. DURIVAGE, Assistant Editor.

ONE IDEA MEN.

The greatest bores of society, when they do not rise to the bad eminence of general scourges, are people of one idea, who cling to a single theory or measure, discuss it morning, noon and night, "sleep to the conceiving of it, and wake to the doing of it." Men of a single idea end in monomania, of which they are happily unconscious, they themselves being always perfectly sane, and all the rest of the world mad. They forget that harmony in variety is the law of mind as well as matter, and that the too sedulous culture of a single idea will infallibly weaken the general powers. Where a man's one idea relates to a trifling subject, his delusion is harmless, and he himself a mere bore, like the old marquis in Vivian Grey, who thinks and talks of nothing but Louis Quatorze snuff-boxes. But it is melancholy to see the way in which any truly great, powerful, fertile and good principle is ruined, effectually, by falling into noddles which have room for nothing else. Many a great wrong, by being seized upon and made the sole hobby of a set of men who have only brains enough to entertain one idea at a time, has become a great right; disgusted, wearied and sickened with the incessant harping on one string of its Quixotic antagonists, the world will embrace error from very weariness at attacks on it in season and out of season. The sort of perversity that we have alluded to is expressed by the homely phrase of "running the thing into the ground." People can no more thrive on one idea than they can be nourished by one kind of food. Manna palls after a season; "always partridge" is as sickening as perpetual salt pork. One idea men are often dangerous nuisances.

The Light Artillery.—The parade of Captain Cobb's Light Artillery, on Boston Common, on the occasion of their anniversary, was witnessed by thousands, and was an admirable exhibition of military efficiency. They fired one hundred guns in four minutes, and dismounted their guns, took the carriages to pieces, and put them together again in the space of eight minutes. Their continuous firing on the retreat and in motion was a manœuvre which excited the greatest surprise and pleasure. There never was a better spirit in the Boston military than at present, nor did they ever stand higher in public favor.

Boys in the Navy.—There have been recently enlisted under regulations established by the Secretary of the Navy, 127 boys; 20 at Boston, 27 at New York, 59 at Philadelphia, 13 at Baltimore, and 8 at Norfolk.

Opera.—Another new opera house is going up in New York. Perseverance in pursuit of music is a strong characteristic of the New Yorkers.

SPLINTERS.

.... A fellow lately robbed a blind man of his dog in this city. We can conceive of no meaner rascal on the face of the earth.

.... The French are getting a strong hold at Constantinople. Can they mean to supplant the crescent by the tri-color?

. The heart of a coquette is harder to take by storm than the fortress of Sebastopol. Vanity wars against love.

.. The ladies of New York wear bonnet ribbons four feet in length. They stream in the wind like a ship's pennant.

.... An apothecary in London offers to conceal black eyes on moderate terms. He must live in a nice neighborhood.

.... A policeman in Maine lately informed a disorderly group of persons that they were "authorized to disperse."

... The French displayed the utmost gallantry in the Crimea. It was they who stormed the Mamelon and White Tower.

.... Forty-seven emigrants in the Portuguese ship Defensore, bound to Para from Oporto, died of starvation on board.

.... A beautiful young lady at Monroe, Me., poisoned herself lately from disappointment in love, the all-conquering passion.

.... A doctor in Indiana went home intoxicated, fired his house, and perished in the flames like Sardanapalus.

... The Indians in the Northwest seem bent on serious mischief, and partial successes have emboldened them.

... In England recruiting is now a very slow process. Russia does not ask the wishes of her people, but enrols them.

... One week lately, there were but two deaths in Manchester, N. H. Doctors must be in a starving state there.

.... A baker in Brunswick, N. J., was lately requested ironically by a lady to pass his loaves through the key hole.

.... Business is looking up in our great cities, and next fall trade will be as active as ever it was.

.... The fire at Bayon Sara, Louisiana, destroyed a million dollars worth of property, it is asserted.

.... Twenty-five immigrants, mostly ladies, lately left this city for Kansas. The ladies showed their spirit and courage.

The Wild Rover and the Midnight sailed from Calcutta and arrived in Boston the same day.

.... Miss Elise Hensler, the American prima donna, was warmly received home to Boston, her native place.

.... The French "Athenæum" transmogrifies our John Jacob Astor into Sir John Astor, an Englishman.

.. The squirrels on the trees on Boston Common will have to make war upon the birds to keep from starving, it is said.

.... Signora Steffanone has arrived in Europe. Grisi has been taking a "positively" last farewell of the stage.

MOBS AND THE MILITARY.

In turning over a file of a leading English journal, lately, we were pained and surprised at the following sentence in an article suggested by a riot in the provinces:—"Let the effect of blank cartridge then be tried; fear, after the first discharge, will take the place of irritation; the air of earnestness will appal, and an insurrection possibly be suppressed without even the mutilation of a poor journeymen's hand, or the dislocation of an innocent girl's arm." Unquestionably the motive which prompted the suggestion was a good one—the whole spirit of the article proves it; but it betrays the most lamentable ignorance of human nature, and particularly of mob nature. The adoption of such advice as the foregoing has changed many a riot that might have been quelled by the loss of one or two lives, into a prolonged struggle between rioters and troops, resulting in the loss of many lives. It is true, that mobs are cowardly as well as cruel, and that a military demonstration often quells them; but, if the mob does not give ground when troops are paraded before them—if they refuse to disperse on the summons of the civil magistrate—then the order to fire, when given, must be obeyed with rigid fidelity. There must be no firing over the heads of the actual rioters. The firing of a volley in the air is an act of ruthless atrocity; it is the preliminary of a savage butchery. The moment a riotous assembly of men perceives that the military hesitate to fire upon them, their tiger spirit is roused. It seems as if the victory were conceded to them, and they rush upon the troops like wild animals.

After the wasted volley is discharged, each man thinks himself safe from harm; and it requires more than one deadly discharge to convince the mob that they are in real danger. Whereas, if at the very first fire one or two are killed, the whole mass is terror-stricken, and they are dispersed—unless, indeed, the resistance to authority is general, and then it is not a riot, but a revolution. When Louis XVI. was informed of the attack on the Bastile, he said to the messenger, "This is riot." "No, sire," was the reply, "It is revolution." But we are treating of mobs, not revolutionists. Napoleon's clear mind comprehended the question fully, and defined the proper course of conduct with his usual expressive brevity. "Ball cartridge first; blanks afterwards." But in the dire necessity of employing troops against a tumultuous assemblage of citizens, the efficiency of horse companies is unquestionable; and hence no large city should be without its troop of horse to meet an emergency. Many a mob that would have stood a bayonet charge and a volley of infantry, has been swept from the streets by a charge of cavalry, without the loss of a single life.

In this country, the sure reliance of the civil authority, in crises when the majesty of the law has been violated, is the gallantry, the fidelity, the loyalty of our citizen soldiery. But what an awful responsibility rests upon the civil magistrate who calls them into action! He must be a man true to the heart's core; brave in the highest kind of bravery—moral courage. He must be sure when he calls upon the troops, that the emergency justifies it;—that he has *exhausted every other means* of quelling the riot before he resorts to military force. He must present himself before the mob without bravado; he has no right to exhibit either cowardice or arrogance. He must be perfectly self-possessed. After that, when he calls the troops to act, the mob must know that he is in earnest. The muskets that are levelled at his word must deal death. Such a magistrate can sleep calmly when the terrible event that calls forth his energies has passed away. But the man who falters in his task—who unnecessarily calls out troops against his fellow-citizens—who attempts to scare misguided rioters by firing blank cartridges at them—or who neglects to give fair warning of his deadly purpose—must look to no peace of mind thereafter. It is fortunate that in this country there are so few occasions of this trying nature.

English and French Soldiers.—The battle of Inkermann was called the "soldiers' battle," by the English papers, because it was fought out successfully rather by the privates than by their commanders. With the French, in all the great battles of the Crimea, the honors were shared by both officers and men, showing to what a state of perfection the military system of France has been carried. In the last century the French army was much in the condition of the British at present. When Prince Ferdinand of Brunswick succeeded the Duke of Cumberland in the command of the Hanoverian army, after the battle of Hastenbeck, won by Marshal d'Estree, July 31, 1757, Frederick the Great said to him, "You are going to fight the French, cousin; it will be easy for you, perhaps, to beat the generals, but never the soldiers."

A Floral Marvel.—Last month, Mr. Joseph Cousins, of Green Point, Long Island, N. Y., had in his garden, in full bloom, a *Coup de Hebe* rose, grafted on a sweet brier stalk, of three years of age, which exhibited the following extraordinary dimensions. Height of stalk, 3 feet 3 inches; height of bush, 7 feet 3 inches; circumference of bush, 28 feet, and estimated to contain 6000 buds and flowers. If this growth, size and bloom have been surpassed, we are ignorant of the fact.

Boston Hotels.—The Revere and Tremont Houses have both been much improved and renovated in their interior belongings, lately. There are not two better hotels than these in the world, and few in this country of excellent public houses, that are equal to them in elegance, comfort, and general advantages.

Bonds sundered.—The Supreme Court of Rhode Island, at its late session, granted decrees of divorce in thirty-nine cases, twenty-nine of which were on petitions of wives to be divorced from their husbands.

Historical.—Bancroft, the historian, has many MS. letters relating to early American history, to be published in a volume.

LIFE INSURANCE.

The vast importance of the institution of mutual benefit companies for the purpose of life insurance, has long since been fully demonstrated in this country and Europe. A fact which has lately come to the public in this community, strikingly illustrates its operation. A young mechanic in East Cambridge, with a wife and one child, found that his daily earnings would but just support his little family, and became possessed of a fear for their future comfort if he should be suddenly taken away from them by death. He bethought himself of the advantages of life insurance, and collecting together *twenty-five dollars*, paid for a year's premium on $2000, payable to his wife, in case of his death. Singularly enough, in eight days after he was on his death-bed; his last moments were soothed by the idea that he had left moderate means of comfort for his wife and child, for a long period to come. The company who paid the $2000 premium, as above, may be found by referring to our advertising columns of the present number.

It requires but little exertion on the part of a man who receives rather more than he expends, to make provision for those who would otherwise be left destitute in case of his death. An individual thus circumstanced, who can only acquire property—we will say real estate—by the long and slow process of partial payments, and whose investments are overshadowed by a mortgage, would do well to set apart something towards keeping his life insured. The peace of mind thus secured as to the future of his family, is worth ten-fold the amount paid for a premium. Even comparatively wealthy people should not neglect this mode of investment. Unless the property held by an individual is positive and tangible, beyond the reach of any casualty, a life insurance investment is money wisely laid out. We have quoted above, a single illustrative case, but hundreds could be cited if the principle were called in question. We remember reading the case of a distinguished officer in the United States army, who died of fever at the South, and was thought to have left his family in destitute circumstances, until it appeared that they had a claim on a Life Insurance Company for $10,000, which was promptly paid upon its presentation.

Musical Indispositions.—No opera-goer can have failed to remark that the dear creatures, whose voices we pay for at something like a dollar a note, are painfully subject to sudden indispositions, which no remedies can subdue. This liability to sudden illness has been the bane of the lyric stage from time immemorial. Mademoiselle Augusta, a famous singer, was once called upon by Frederick the Great to entertain him; but the spoiled favorite was "suddenly indisposed"—a very convenient excuse. The monarch, in high dudgeon, sent his chamberlain to her with this message: "The king *demands* a song, and is not accustomed to denials."—"Sir," replied the prima donna, "tell the king that he has a thousand ways to make me weep, but not one to make me sing!" True enough.

Pictures and Statues.—The Athenæum gallery is very attractive the present season, and offers a delightful means of whiling away a leisure hour pleasantly and profitably. Among the features of the present exhibition is a collection of paintings by living American artists, several of which are noble specimens. It is refreshing to turn from dingy copies of old masters to the fresh, dewy landscapes of Kensett, Casilear, Cropsy and Champney. The gallery ought to attract crowds of visitors.

Canker Worms.—Muriate of lime spread under trees and dug into the soil, is said to be an effective remedy for these destructive insects. It has been tested here and in England with good success. It is also an excellent fertilizer.

Good.—England will be flooded with cheap newspapers now that the stamp on papers has been abolished.

MARRIAGES.

In this city, by Rev. Dr. Neale, Mr. George Sampson to Miss Rebecca F. Hovey; by Rev. Mr. Streeter, Mr. John Cowen to Miss Susan Perkins; by Rev. Mr. Miner, Mr. Alexander Campbell, of Glasgow, Scotland, to Miss Caroline Smith; by Rev. Dr. Adams, Mr. Franklin Jones to Miss Mary Turner; by Rev. Mr. Gaylord, Mr. William Locke to Miss Emeline Wiggins; Mr. Samuel Rogers to Mrs. Caroline Tisdale.—At Cambridge, by Rev. Mr. Spalding, Mr. William P. H. Oliver to Mrs. Sarah A. Baker.—At Somerville, by Rev. Dr. Ballou, Rev. R. A. Ballou, of West Bridgewater, to Miss Harriet E., daughter of the officiating clergyman.—At Watertown, by Marshall George, Esq., Mr. T. Andrew Otis to Miss Martha Ann Wood.—At Milton, by Rev. Mr. Teel, Mr. Mr. Robert V. Tucker to Miss Fanny A. Todd.—At Salem, by Rev. Mr. Clapp, William H. Hodges, Esq. to Miss Eliza Hodges Holman.—At Marblehead, by Rev. Mr. Allen, Mr. Benjamin Washington Caswell to Miss Abby Stevens.—At Wenham, by Rev. Mr. Taylor, Mr. John J. Averill, of Salem, to Miss Octavia W. Oliver, of Bath, Me.—At Hingham, by Rev. Mr. Lincoln, Freeman Rice, Esq., of Boston, to Miss Harriet Gill.—At Newburyport, by Rev. Mr. Reed, Mr. Orrin W. Clark to Miss Mary A. Stockman.—At Worcester, by Rev. Mr. Sweetser, Mr. J. F. Weston, of Bethel, Va., to Mrs. Jennie Whitney.—At Fitchburg, by Rev. Mr. Wilcox, Mr. Charles C. Crossman, of Portland, Me., to Miss Merrilla Gould.—At Lowell, by Rev. Mr. Blanchard, Dea. Sumner L. Cristy, of New Boston, N. H., to Miss Emily Whiting, of Charlestown.

DEATHS.

In this city, Mr. Robert F. Kenneham; Mrs. Mary S., wife of Mr. Tenny K. Gage, 46.—At Charlestown, Widow Mary A. Davis, 52; Mr. John Matthews, 57.—At Lynn, Mr. John Gove, 83; Mr. Francis Johnson, 62; Miss Eliza Cox; Mrs. Anno Taylor, 54; Mrs. Rachel Gilman, 37; Mrs. Esther P. Maco, 28.—At Salem, Mr. Jeremiah Henchion, 35.—At Byfield, Rev. Greenleaf Cheney, 44.—At Plymouth, Mr. Micah Richmond, 52.—At Worcester, Miss Jane E. Rogers, 15; Mr. Samuel Bacon, 34.—At Blackstone, General Lapham, 60.—At Shrewsbury, Mrs. Rebecca Pease, 85.—At Southbridge, Miss Mary Burns, 19.—At Lowell, Mrs. Lydia E., wife of Mr. Charles S. Wilder, 23.—At Westport, Mr. John Shaw, of Fairhaven, 50.—At Northampton, Mr. Robert T. Thayer, 39; Mrs. Emeline M. Phinney, wife of Mr. Henry Bright, 47.—At Easthampton, Mrs. Dorothy C. Ferry, 68; also, four days subsequently, her husband, Mr. Solomon Ferry, 83.—At Northboro', Mrs. Grace, widow of the late Asa Fay, Esq., 90.—At New Bedford, Simeon Bailey, Esq., formerly postmaster in that city, 66.—At Brattleboro', Vt., Dr. James G. Murphy, formerly of Ludlow, 31.—At New York, Mrs. D. Annie, wife of Mr. George W. Taylor.—At Brooklyn, N. Y., Miss Harriet Nowell, daughter of Rev. Samuel Lamson, 17.—At Montreal, Mrs. Susannah W. W., widow of the late Mr. Theodore Lyman, of Northampton, Mass., 68.—At Lawrence, Kanzas, Dr. H. Clark, formerly of Massachusetts, 40.—At Weston, Mo., Mrs. Ann, wife of the Rev. William Patton, agent of the American Bible Society.

EDITORIAL MELANGE.

A highly respectable Quaker in New York, has been disowned by the Hicksite Friends in that city, because he had purchased a piano-forte and had the same in his house in Madison Street. The decision was sustained by the yearly meeting. There are said to be about forty families in that city liable to the same charge. —— In giving your hand to a person whose hand is gloved, do not take your own glove off; in a word, never persist in withdrawing your glove, if there is any difficulty in so doing. —— One of the numerous suggestions made to the Duke of Newcastle, was "hydraulic warfare," the plan being 20,000 horse steam power to force water from the sea or Crimean rivers, with ten thousand hose or spouts, to deluge the trenches, pits, and men, their guns, fusees, rifles, gunpowder, etc., and to keep the men the whole time dripping wet. ——At a Sunday school celebration on Walker's Point, Milwaukee, a few weeks since, fifty-three barrels of *lager bier* were consumed by those who were present. ——A complimentary dinner was given at the St. Nicholas Hotel, New York, to J. Hosford Smith, on his return from the consulate at Syria and Palestine, and a silver pitcher was presented to him on the occasion by gentlemen who had enjoyed his courtesies in the East. —— Spectacles should be worn so that the glasses may come as close to the eyes as possible, without touching the eye-lashes. The glasses should be parallel to the paper when the head is in an easy position. —— A Frenchman in San Francisco has fitted up an ingenious travelling bathing establishment, which is drawn about the city by four stylish horses. He calls at all respectable houses, and if persons require a bath, he waits till the operation is performed and paid for, and then drives on. —— Mr. James Sheridan Knowles has written a pamphlet with the object of proving that "the Gospel attributed to Matthew" was composed by all the apostles together, who employed Matthew as a penman! —— The Lynn Bay State says that John Bailey, a colored man, who formerly lived with Isaiah Breed, Esq., and left a little over two years ago for Australia, has returned to Lynn, bringing quite a "pile" of dust with him. He has deposited in the Lynn Mechanics' Bank about $5000, and has more of the same sort still in hand. —— The New York Post contradicts "by authority" the story that the distinguished Mr. Tom Thumb is married, and says that the Miss Vinton to whom rumor had assigned the unspeakable felicity of a union with the little man, has merely been engaged to take charge of him and attend to his wardrobe. —— The alumni of Leicester Academy, comprising such men as Dr. Chandler, superintendent of the State Hospital, Hon. Emory Washburn and Joseph A. Dennis, have held a meeting and voted to have an assembly of the past and present pupils of that institution, in August next. —— The Lawrence Courier says it is a noticeable fact that those who had large quantities of beer and other liquors sent to them from Boston previous to the passage of the liquor law, now have a still larger quantity of freight in the shape of flour. Secret—*every barrel of flour contains a keg of liquor.* —— Rev. Williamson W. Wright, of Covington, was married at Louisville, Kentucky, lately, while he lay in bed seriously ill. The bride was a Miss Lucy E. Moore. —— Some time ago, the family of Mr. Stevenson, a fishmonger of Colchester, England, were alarmed by a great noise in the shop, and suspecting that some persons had broken in, one of them went to the place, when, to his surprise, he found the disturber of his repose, not a two-footed, but a four-footed thief, namely, a rat, who on trying to help himself to an oyster lying on the shopboard, had his intruding paw so firmly grasped in the shell of the oyster, as to render his escape impossible. —— A crowd gathered around a dashing carriage standing front of Stuart's store lately, in New York, having on its panels a crest, and decorated with various devices, all of *California gold.* It belonged to a "returned Californian."

INGENIOUS INVENTION.—Dr. Kreil, formerly director of the observatory at Prague, has invented an ingenious instrument to measure the force, duration, and direction of earthquakes. It consists of a pendulum so contrived that, whilst it can move in any direction, it cannot return. A perpendicular cylinder is attached, which, by means of clock work, turns on its vertical axis in twenty-four hours. A pole with a thin, elastic arm is fixed near the pendulum; this arm points toward the cylinder, and presses on it gently a pencil, by which means an unbroken line is formed on the surface of the cylinder as long as the pendulum is at rest; but if it is put in motion by an earthquake, the pencil makes broken marks, which show the strength, duration and period of it.

SARDINES.—A vast sum is made in Europe, annually, by preparing and putting up this delicious fish for exportation. It is not generally known that the smelt, found in abundance in this country, is a fish very similar, and, to our taste, of a finer flavor. If prepared in the same way as the sardine in France and Italy, we have no doubt it would have the preference in foreign markets.

THOS. RESTIEAUX.—One of the best apothecary's shops in this city, is kept by this experienced chemist and gentleman, at No. 29 Tremont Street. Mr. R. has large experience in his profession, and gives his entire personal attention to his responsible business. His store is an ornament to the street and the city.

PAINTINGS.—Frederick Parker & Co., Cornhill, have been exhibiting some fine paintings by an English artist. They were much admired, but from the subjects, you could not help making *game* of them.

MARLAND & CO.'S SAFES.—An improvement applied to safes, the invention of Mr. Marland, seems to us well worthy of attention by the public. See advertisement.

Wayside Gatherings.

Anthony Burns has gone to Oberlin College, Ohio, to fit himself for the duties of a clergyman.

Four new school-houses are to be erected in Dorchester the present season, at an average cost of $10,000.

Two thousand shad were taken at one haul of the seine in Mattapoisett.

Ephraim Swett, of Belfast, Me., has been appointed superintendent of the construction of the new custom house at that place.

Billy Caldwell, the notorious counterfeiter of the West, who signs all the bills, has never been seen to sign one, not even by any of his gang.

The Perth Courier mentions that a gardener at Keir House has patented an invention for fabricating paper and rope from the common garden hollyhock.

The great literary question is, "Is 'Moredun' the work of Sir Walter Scott?" Those who have read the opening chapter say they guess not.

Judge Story has charged the grand jury of Suffolk and Westchester counties, New York, that ale is not strong drink, and that its sale, therefore, is not illegal.

"The memory of Eastern lands" was one of the toasts at the dinner in New York to the late consul at Beyrout. That's a sentiment never to be forgotten.

Mrs. Slingerland, a crazy woman, who murdered her child last fall in Bethlehem, N. Y., has been sentenced to one year's confinement in the penitentiary, and to *a fine* of $500.

The Bavarian government has just taken possession of the vast estates belonging to the Leuchtenberg family, which it purchased some time back for 3,000,000 of florins.

It is said in Paris that a contract has been entered into between the Ottoman government and M. Lionel Osborn for the establishment of a submarine telegraph to unite the Dardanelles to Egypt.

A quantity of provisions has been seized in the public markets of Montreal, by the authorities, for deficiency in weight, and distributed among the charitable institutions of that city.

A New Haven paper remarks that, in that city, the Medical College is on the road to the *cemetery*, the Divinity College on the road to the *poor house*, and the Law School on the road to the *jail!*

A grocery storekeeper in Wilmington, Del., was brought before Esquire Buzine, lately, charged with violating the late "act for the suppression of intemperance," by selling *burning fluid.*

A letter from Turin states that the veteran General Pepe is dangerously ill, to the great grief of the liberal Italian party of all shades. General Pepe is 72 years of age.

A warehouse at Port Hope, in Canada, containing 3000 barrels of flour, large quantities of grain and other produce, was destroyed by fire, on the 15th ult., with all its contents. Some 300,000 feet of lumber were also burned at the same time.

Antoinette Brown is not the only reverend among the gentler sex. Among the names of ministers attending the yearly meeting of Friends, at Newport, R. I., are those of Phebe Bishop, of Canada West, and Mary Ann Fisher, of New York.

The profits of the St. Nicholas, New York, during 1854, were reported to be $53,600; those of the Metropolitan, $45,300; of the Astor House, $49,000, and of the New York hotel no less than $100,000.

Elias Long, a wealthy farmer of Whitewater, Wisconsin, has been sent to the state prison for ten years, for putting arsenic in the well of a neighbor with whom his wife had taken refuge. He had attempted before to poison her.

The journeymen printers of Cincinnati have formed themselves into a military company, being the first organization of the craft in the United States. In the Mexican war, numbers of them followed the national colors to battle, to victory and to death.

Among the Bostonians lately in London were Hon. Josiah Quincy, Jr., and family, H. T. Parker, Esq., and family, Mr. James Parker and family, Miss Revere, David Sears, Jr., H. Parker, C. L. Perkins, John L. Tucker, T. T. Barker, Esqrs.

The total value of horses in the State of Connecticut is $2,328,263; of neat cattle, $5,150,921; carriages, $887,275; clocks and watches, $134,095; of pianos and musical instruments, $303,911; railroad, city and other bonds, $978,511. The total value of property in the State is $203,739,831.

The hogs of Cincinnati having been ejected from the streets of that city, the gutters by the side of the walks are gradually filling up with kitchen refuse and garbage. The papers there suggest that either human scavengers be employed, or that the porkers be let loose again.

The two Russian privateers, Kamschatka and Nicholas I., are still in the harbor of San Francisco, afraid to venture out, as the British frigate Pique is laying near the Heads, watching for them. The Kamschatka carries ten guns, and could do some mischief in a fleet of English or French merchantmen.

A monument was inaugurated with great pomp in the municipal palace of Genoa, Italy, on the 13th of May last, to the memory of the Genoese, who fell in the Italian war of Independence of 1848–49, by the Syndic and the Municipality, in the presence of the staff of the National Guard and deputations from the army and navy.

The total amount of funds appropriated to the purposes of education in Ohio, during the year 1854, was $2,266,457 12. The enumeration of youth of the school age, furnishes an aggregate of 816,408. The number of school-houses in the State is about 10,300, estimated to be worth $3,704,720. The amount paid to teachers is set down at $1,364,431 21.

A large and magnificent bronze inscription has been placed in the navy museum of the Louvre, Paris, in memory of the French officer, Lieutenant Bellot, who died in the Polar seas during a voyage in search of Sir John Franklin. The inscription is in French and English, and is surmounted by the imperial arms of France and the royal arms of England.

On Thursday, the 14th ult., in Newport, R. I., the elegant silver salver which was voted by the General Assembly of Rhode Island to Commodore Perry, as a token of their appreciation of his services to his country in negotiating a treaty of commerce with Japan, was publicly presented to that gentleman by Governor Hoppin, in behalf of the State.

Two young conscripts, recently arrived at Paris for enrolment in the army, limped very badly, and affected to have such malformation of the toes as would render them unfit for military service. The surgeon administered chloroform to them, and, on examining their feet at pleasure, found that the malformation which they complained of was artificial, they having resorted to this artifice to evade service. They were perplexed and mortified, on wakening from their stupor, to see that their secret was discovered.

Foreign Items.

Zelpha Shum, a "lady of color," has been preaching in the pulpits of various Primitive Methodist chapels in England. Her discourses are said to be much admired.

Official information has, it is said, reached the British consul at Elsinore that the Russian government had given orders to sink all their men-of-war at Cronstadt, except eight sail of the line.

It is said that the queen and his highness Prince Albert will arrive in Paris on the 16th or 17th of August, as the guests of the emperor and empress of the French, and to visit the French Exhibition.

The Czar Alexander has caused the pamphlet entitled "The Last Hours and Dying Words of the Emperor Nicholas," to be translated into several Oriental languages, and printed at the government press.

The Lyons journals state that three lions from Africa are now being exhibited in that city without being in a cage or even secured by any chain. The visitors on entering behind a curtain which is drawn across the booth, suddenly find themselves in the presence of the animals.

Queen Victoria's state coach is bullet proof, and the glass of the windows is six inches thick. When George IV. was fired at, the glass was only broken by the ball. In this coach Louis Napoleon proceeded on his late visit to the Guildhall, to receive the address of the corporation of London.

M. Hugaly Meyrand, a distinguished musician, has just died at an advanced age, and left a legacy of 150,000f. to the poor of Paris, and Clermont-Ferrand, his native place, besides other legacies to the establishment of Petites Sœurs des Pauvres at Paris, and to the Association of Musicians.

In the course of a violent tempest which burst on the 20th of April over the valley of Arran, in Catalonia, Spain, some enormous masses of snow fell from the Pyrennees, and completely buried three large villages, named, Ura, Vaquerque, and Liablely, each containing from 500 to 700 inhabitants.

The John o'Groat Journal says there is an Established Church Manse, not fifty miles from the ancient burgh of St. Duthus (Tain), so insecure that when it rains the minister's family, in passing through some of the rooms, are obliged to have an umbrella placed over their heads in order to keep them dry!

Sands of Gold.

.... The way to gain a good reputation is to endeavor to be what you desire to appear.—*Socrates.*

.... Friendship is the only thing in the world concerning the usefulness of which all mankind are agreed.—*Cicero.*

.... Whatever disgrace we have merited, it is almost always in our power to re-establish our reputation.—*La Rochefoucauld.*

.... The qualities of your friends will be those of your enemies; cold friends, cold enemies; half friends, half enemies; fervid enemies, warm friends.—*Lavater.*

.... Love is a secondary passion in those who love most, a primary in those who love least: he who is inspired by it in the strongest degree is inspired by honor in a greater.—*Landor.*

.... Blessed is the memory of those who have kept themselves unspotted *from* the world! Yet more blessed and more dear the memory of those who have kept themselves unspotted *in* the world!—*Mrs. Jameson.*

.... Duke Chartres used to boast that no man could have less real value for character than himself; yet he would gladly give twenty thousand pounds for a good one, because he could immediately make double the sum by means of it.—*Colton.*

.... Get and preserve a good name, if it were but for the public service; for one of a deserved reputation hath oftentimes an opportunity to do that good, which another cannot that wants it. And he may practise it with more security and success.—*Fuller.*

.... To be generous, guiltless, and of free disposition, is to take those things for bird-bolts, that you deem cannon bullets. There is no slander in an allowed fool, though he do nothing but rail; nor no railing in a known discreet man, though he do nothing but reprove.—*Shakspeare.*

.... A man who has been brought up among books, and is able to talk of nothing else, is a very indifferent companion, and what we call a pedant. But we should enlarge the title, and give it to every one that does not know how to think out of his profession and particular way of life.—*Addison.*

Joker's Budget.

A Maine Law physician's prescription on the city agency: "West India rum, 1 pint; aqua (water), 5 drops."

Mrs. Snizzle, my pa wants to know if he mayn't lend himself to your axe a little while. He had allers rather lend than borrer.

A man lately, inquiring for letters at the Lexington (Mo.) post-office, was told there was none, upon which he asked if there was not another post-office in town.

An article in an exchange paper, announcing the decease of a person, says: "His remains were committed to that bourn whence no traveller returns attended by his friends."

A dandy in Broadway, wishing to be witty, accosted the old bell-man as follows: "You take all sorts of trumpery in your cart, don't you?" "Yes, jump in, jump in."

It seems to me I have seen your physiognomy somewhere before, but I cannot imagine where. "Very likely; I have been the keeper of a prison for the last twenty years."

The editor of the Louisville (Ky.) Times says the shape of a kiss is *elliptical.* This must be derived from the sensation one experiences when enjoying the luxury, for it is certainly *a lip tickle.*

An exchange, speaking of a correspondent, says: "We are always glad to hear from you, fair 'Sissie.' Heaven has bestowed on you the gift of fire." What a flaming contributor she must be!

A very absent-minded individual, being upset from a boat in the river, sank twice before he remembered that he could swim. He fortunately remembered it just before he sank the last and third time. A great invention is memory!

Two Quaker girls of our acquaintance were ironing on the same table. One asked the other which side she would take, the right or left. She answered promptly, "It will be right for me to take the left, and then it will be left for thee to take the right."

There is said to be a woman in Pittsburg, Pa., who takes in children to wash. She gives them a good scrubbing with soap and sand, and then sets them in the sun to dry. She washes at four shillings per dozen. Pittsburg is such a smoky town, that the children have to be washed all over twice every day.

NOTICE TO ADVERTISERS.—*One page only of this paper is devoted to advertisements.* The immense circulation of the PICTORIAL (being *over one hundred thousand copies weekly*) forms a vehicle of advertisement that is rarely offered to the public. Another fact which greatly enhances the value of the PICTORIAL as an advertising medium is, that it is *preserved*, and not destroyed after being read, being regularly bound up every six months, so that each advertisement (all being placed on the *inside* of the paper) becomes a *permanent card of the advertiser's business for years to come.*

☞ TERMS FOR ADVERTISING.—*Fifty cents per line*, in all cases, without regard to length or continuance.

M. M. BALLOU, *Publisher and Proprietor*,
Corner of Tremont and Bromfield Sts., Boston, Mass.

MISS FENIMORE COOPER'S NEW BOOK,
NOW READY.
NEW AND CHEAPER EDITION.

COUNTRY LIFE: ITS RHYME AND REASON.

BY MISS SUSAN FENIMORE COOPER,

Author of "Rural Hours," etc., beautifully illustrated from designs by Dopler. 1 vol. 12mo. Cloth, $1 50; extra gilt, $2.

*** The publishers forward all their publications *free of postage* to any part of the United States within 3000 miles, on receipt of advertised price.

The work is eminently worthy the author of "Rural Hours"—the talented daughter of our great Novelist.—*New York Daily News.*

Miss Cooper has rendered a service to those who love the beauty of the external world, by collecting in one volume such a mass of poetic thought relating to nature.—*New York Crayon.*

G. P. PUTNAM & Co., *Publishers*,
july 14 3t 10 Park Place.

LITERATURE, ETC.—The subscriber, having resumed his residence in New York, will, as heretofore, act as attorney and councillor for authors in the reading and disposal to publishers of manuscripts, in matters of copyright, in the preparation of works for the press, and in the purchase of old and new books and works of art for individuals and public institutions.

Apply to or address PARK BENJAMIN,
No. 8 West Fourteenth St., New York.

☞ LECTURES.—Managers and committees of Lyceums and Institutes, desirous of securing Mr. BENJAMIN'S services as a lecturer, are requested to observe the foregoing address. july 14

IRVING'S LIFE OF WASHINGTON.—The First Edition of this important Work will be in three handsome volumes octavo, pica type, with portraits and plans. This edition is

PUBLISHED BY SUBSCRIPTION ONLY.

Price, $2 per volume, in cloth. The whole will be completed during this year.

THE FIRST VOLUME IS READY.

and will be sent, postpaid, to any part of the United States within 3000 miles, on receipt of $2.

G. P. PUTNAM & Co., *Publishers*,
july 7 3t 10 Park Place, New York.

AGENTS WANTED—to sell throughout the Union and Canadas THE COMPLETE HISTORY OF THE MAINE LAW. It sells quick to all parties. Inducements great. Address HALL & BROTHER, *Publishers*,
july 7 2t 115 and 117 Nassau St., New York.

JOHN C. RIKER,

129 FULTON ST., NEW YORK,

Publishes the complete WRITINGS OF THOMAS JEFFERSON. Edited by Prof. Washington, of Virginia, under the direction of a Committee of Congress 9 vols. 8vo.

Every politician, student of history, or other person pretending to a knowledge of our public affairs, should possess the works of Jefferson.—*New York Herald.*

The work is admirably gotten up, well arranged for reference, and illustrated by satisfactory and intelligent notes.—*Transcript.* 1t july 14

DO YOU WANT EMPLOYMENT?

AGENTS can make from FIVE TO TEN DOLLARS per day, by selling "THE MODERN ARCHITECT: or, *Every Carpenter his own Master.*" By EDWARD SHAW. A pure architectural taste is a great gift. The author has spent 20 years as a practical carpenter and joiner, and 15 years in the theoretical parts of drawing designs, etc It is decidedly the most complete and comprehensive work extant, showing the ancient and modern foundation principles of the Egyptian, Grecian, Corinthian, Doric, Ionic and Gothic modes of building, with the different plans, elevations, decorations, specifications, estimates, framing, stair building, etc., brought down to meet the common wants of the people at the present time. For further particulars, please address the publishers,

DAYTON & WENTWORTH,
june 23 5t 27 Beekman St, New York.

THE MORE TEACHERS USE IT THE BETTER THEY LIKE IT.

To every Teacher and every School Committee we would say, examine TOWER'S ELEMENTS OF GRAMMAR, and if you have a child or a class commencing the study of Grammar, for once at least try it.

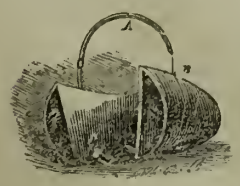
A copy of this work will be sent by mail, post-paid, on receipt of 25 cents.

DANIEL BURGESS & Co., *Publishers*,
july 7 4t 60 John St., New York.

MONEY MADE QUICKLY.

THERE is great complaint among young men that they cannot get employment that will remunerate them for their services. To such the subscriber would call attention to a safe, pleasant and very profitable business, by which, without any risk, the capital invested can be doubled every three months, and by a little extra exertion every two months. Agents are wanted in every city and town in the Union—you cannot overstock the market, for there is always a ready sale. Circulars containing a full and accurate description of the business, and all matters pertaining thereto, will be sent free of expense to any address, on application by letter or otherwise to

SAMUEL SWAN,
june 16 3m Atlanta, Ga., or Montgomery, Ala.



AURICLES—*a new article for the Deaf.* Pronounced by all *the best thing of the kind ever invented.* Its advantages over the Trumpet and Ear-Tube are, that it is worn with ease, without requiring support from the hand, and that it is adapted to both ears at the same time. When worn by ladies, it can be effectually concealed by the hair or head-dress. There are three sizes; prices, $6, $6 50 and $7. They can be safely sent by express. Descriptive Circulars sent by enclosing us a post-office stamp.

BENJ. S. CODMAN & Co.,
☞ *Wholesale and Retail Surgical and Dental Instrument House*, 57 TREMONT ST., BOSTON. Agents wanted for all the cities and towns in the Union, to whom a liberal discount will be given on cash orders. No consignments given. july 14

WILSON'S DYSENTERY POWDERS are sold by Dr. J. V. WILSON, Norwich, Ct., WEEKS & POTTER, 154 Washington Street, Boston, and Druggists generally. july 14

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MARLAND & Co., Manufacturers of *Patent Fire-Proof Safes, Powder-Proof Bank and Safe Locks, Bank Vaults and Steel-Lined Chests*, would inform their friends and the public generally, that they are now fully prepared to answer all orders for the above articles, and particularly for Marland's New Patent Fire Proof Safes.

These Safes possess many advantages over all others heretofore made—the doors being so constructed as to cut off all metallic communication of heat from the outside to the interior of the safe.

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"Respectfully, A. A. HAYES, M. D.,
"Assayer to the State of Massachusetts.

"Boylston Street, April 5, 1855."

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july 14

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NEWARK, N. J.,
ON THE FIRST DAY OF JANUARY, 1855.
OFFICE, NO. 51 MARKET STREET,
CHARTER PERPETUAL.

RECEIPTS.

Balance per statement, Jan. 1st., 1854,		$1,774,005 46
Premiums received during the year	$487,946 33	
Interest	109,197 93	
Total receipts for 1854,	$597,144 26	
Paid losses and expenses in 1854	200,903 81	306,240 45
Balance		$2,170,245 91
Paid Dividends during the year 1854,		135,386 45
Net Balance, January 1, 1855,		$2,033,859 46

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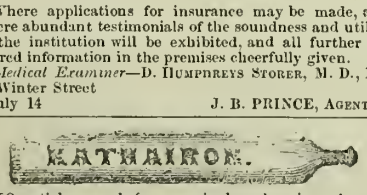
Medical Examiner—D. HUMPHREYS STORER, M. D., No. 14 Winter Street
july 14 J. B. PRINCE, AGENT.



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july 7 tf

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BALTIMORE, of.....STELLMAN, HINRICHS & Co.
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june 9 3m

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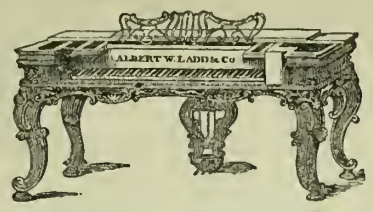
CELEBRATED GRAND ACTION
PIANO FORTES.



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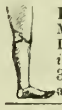

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[LATE GLEASON'S PICTORIAL.]

—A—

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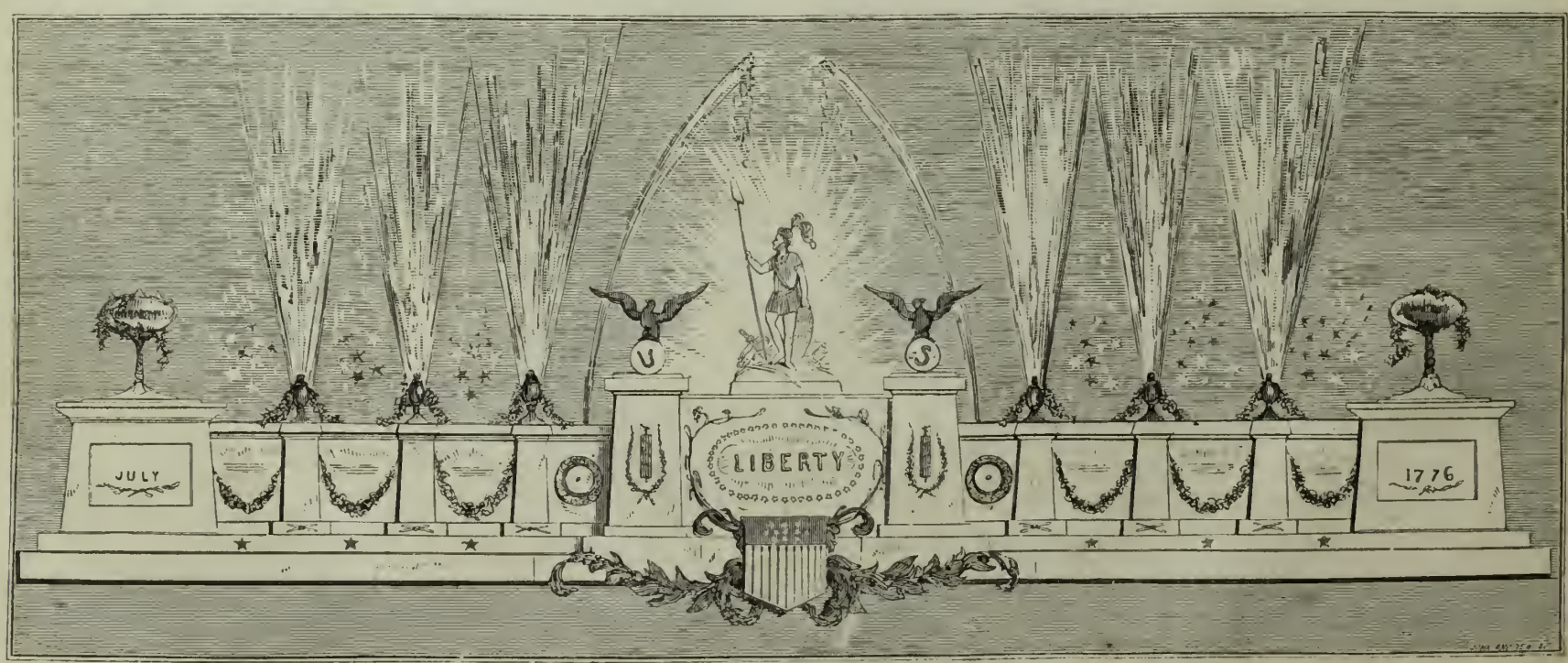
FOURTH OF JULY FIREWORKS.

We have placed on this page an accurate representation of three of the pieces of fireworks which figured with the most brilliant *éclat* in the recent city celebration of the 4th of July, and which reflected so much credit on the taste, ingenuity and extraordinary skill of Messrs. Sanderson & Lanergan, of the Ætna Laboratory. Fireworks have become an *obligato* finale to the celebration of Independence Day, and the Common, during the exhibition of these *feux de joie*, presents the most striking spectacle. There are congregated a formidable body of the representatives of the local population—old and young, male and female; and not these only, but immense delegations from neighboring towns and counties, and even from other States, whom the railroad facilities accorded by the different corporations on this day bring to the centre of attraction. It is a curious spectacle to witness, as day closes, the masses of people pouring towards our unrivalled Common. They take up their line of march long before the hour appointed for the commencement of the exhibition. From the number of chairs and stools carried by the vast moving columns of citizens who deploy upon the Common, a stranger would fancy that an enemy's fleet were menacing the city and that inhabitants were moving out with their personal effects. This yearly moving of furniture to the Common for the accommodation of feminine delicacy, juvenile weakness and dilapidated age, is a comparatively novel feature, and shows that we, of the present generation, are as far ahead of our progenitors in matters of personal luxury, as we are in the splendor of our pyrotechnic exhibitions. In our schoolboy days the only resort for excessive weariness on these occasions, was a seat upon the grass, and when that was thoroughly saturated with dew or the moisture of a recent shower, it was rather a dangerous experiment. Then, too, the sufferings of a father of a family were intense. With a young flock clustering at his feet, each clamoring to be lifted to the altitude of a full grown biped at every wonderful outburst of fire, the poor man had to perform in the course of an hour a labor to which any one of the labors of Hercules was a trifle, though compensated, of course, by the ecstatic delight of the juveniles. It is wonderful to reflect how easily we were pleased in those days, when about five hundred dollars worth of fireworks were shot off, with very long "waits" between the pieces. And what rockets there were in those days! Why, young America would turn up its little nose at a whole flight of them, and even express its disapprobation audibly, were they introduced into one of our modern shows. There were then none of those heaven-defying messengers that we have now, that soar high up into the night-black vault with the furious scream of a deadly shell, mounting up, up, up, like eagles, and then bursting with a terrific explosion, spilling over the sky a galaxy of many colored stars of the intensest brilliancy, fading and flickering away in wavering scintillations, beautiful to the very last dying spark. And then what glorious signal fires we have, illuminating a vast area and turning the mass of upturned faces into a perfect green sea—dying the trees of a deeper emerald, lighting up every spray, and scaring the birds in the branches more even than the terrific acclamations that follow the display. Pyrotechny has grown into the dignity of a fine art. Its triumphs are truly astonishing. We have flower pieces, in which a vast bouquet is represented in all the natural colors, intensified by the element which delineates them. The complicated movements, the magical changes, the exciting explosions, the intricate forms given to modern pyrotechnics, render a truly fine exhibition deeply interesting, and are enough to turn the spectators into a multitude of fire-worshippers. Messrs. Sanderson & Lanergan, entrusted with the display of the present year, are among the first pyrotechnists of this country, and it must be remembered that a great amount of scientific knowledge in required in the construction of fireworks. It is impossible to convey in black and white any adequate idea of the brilliancy of the exhibition of this year, but we were so much pleased with three of the designs, that we commissioned Mr. Barry to sketch them for our Pictorial, and he has executed the task with his usual skill and ability. One of these beautiful pieces represented "Tri-mount," or "Boston as it was," and another, "Boston as it is." The very artistic simplicity of the "Tri-mount" piece rendered it peculiarly pleasing.

TRI-MOUNT, OR BOSTON AS IT WAS.

In the distance were seen the three hills, a portion of the shore with the wigwams of the red men, and, in the foreground, an Indian chieftain, paddling his canoe over the waters now covered with the gigantic shipping of the pale faces. The whole design was enclosed in a wreath of pine—an appropriate emblem of the sons of the forest. This piece changed to "Boston as it is," shown in our second engraving,—an elaborate piece of pyrotechny, representing the seal of the city, over which hung the arms of Massachusetts, while at the sides were emblems expressive of the improvement and advancement of our city. A ribbon encircled the whole, bearing the city motto in letters of fire. These two struck us as the artistic gems of the minor pieces. The grand concluding portion of the display—the elaborate character of which is indicated in our design—was truly a triumph of pyrotechny. In the centre was a colossal armed figure of Liberty, standing on a massive pedestal formed of large foliated columns, supporting the eagle. On the entablature in front, the word "Liberty" appeared conspicuously, surrounded by a halo of stars, and connected with laurel. Below this was an immense shield of the United States, in very splendid colors. From this central portion extended columns, bearing national devices, and supporting eagles and stars. On the panels of the intercolumniations, appeared the names of the principal battles of the revolution, in scrolls of crimson fire. At the extreme ends of the wings were very large and beautiful urns, resting on ornamental bases, with the inscription, "July 4, 1776." The urns were very appropriately wreathed with laurel and amaranth, and bore the words "Washington," "Independence." The whole piece formed a magnificent national tableau. It may be interesting to our distant as well as local readers, to see how rich a bill of fare was offered by our pyrotechnists on this anniversary. No. 1 was the Light of Liberty, a very fine, brilliant and dazzling piece, received with every demonstration of delight by the thousands of spectators. No. 2 was entitled the Crimean Battery, a very lively and belligerent affair, vociferously applauded, particularly by the juvenile portion of the immense assembly. No. 3, the Phantasma, was an elegant and fanciful piece. No. 4, the Fontaine d'Eau (water-jet) was a beautiful imitation of the handiwork of nature. It was a little curious to observe how the sparkling spray of a silver fountain could be so closely imitated by its antipodal element. No. 5, the Surprise, was an exceedingly ingenious display. No. 6, the Kaleidoscope, rightly named, astonished the beholder by the magic variety of its changes, as well as the dazzling colors that were so tastefully introduced. No. 7 and No. 8, Trimount and "Boston as it is," are pieces that have been already described, as forming the subjects of two of our illustrations. Part second commenced with a brilliant exhibition of runners, called the Courantines. No. 2, a French Scroll, was very tasteful in design and execution. No. 3, Old Ironsides, roused the patriotic feelings of the audience to a high degree of excitement. The name alone was a stirring appeal. No. 4, Mechanics, was a very pretty emblematic piece, as was No. 6, entitled Commerce. The Aurora, No. 7, was a wonderful display of pyrotechnic skill; while the closing piece, already noticed, was a worthy finale to the grand exhibition. Shells of very heavy calibre were fired during the evening, bursting in the air, filled with all the minutiæ of the pyrotechnic art. Messrs. Sanderson & Lanergan have had the contract for supplying the city fireworks for several successive years, and their work has given very general satisfaction. They have also supplied many of the principal cities and towns of New England with pyrotechnic displays for our national anniversary. These gentlemen, to a thorough mastery of the technical details of their business, add, likewise, great artistic taste, an all-important requisite to success in this art. In addition to the public displays, it is fast becoming customary for wealthy individuals to exhibit fireworks at their country residences, for the amusement of their friends. Standing on a hill in the vicinity of Boston, on the night of the Fourth, the whole horizon appeared, at intervals blazing with rockets, as if illuminated by flashes of lightning. A similar sight is witnessed in New York, where there is an incalculable consumption of gunpowder on the occasion. Surely the wish of the patriot Adams, with regard to the manner of celebrating this anniversary, has been more than accomplished. If the spirits of the patriots are permitted to revisit our sphere, and take cognizance of the enthusiasm of their descendants, they must rejoice at the proof that the fire of patriotism has not died out in the bosoms of the masses; but the people of this country are true to their principles, and devotedly attached to Liberty and Union. The ingredients used in pyrotechny are very costly, and the manufacture of fireworks is a dangerous business, and requires great caution in the use of the materials. The bases of the operations are saltpetre, purified for the purpose; sulphur, charcoal and gunpowder, used in its manufactured state, where explosions are required, or "mealed," as it is technically termed, that is ground very fine, when instantaneous explosion is not desirable. Camphor, alcohol and antimony are employed in the manufacture of colored stars, and filings of different metals, together with strontian, to produce brilliant-colored flames. Sal ammoniac produces a green, antimony a reddish, and rosin a copper-color. The science of pyrotechny—for it is a science—is constantly advancing, as the memory and observation of any one at all familiar with this subject will prove.

BOSTON, AS IT IS.



GRAND FINALE.

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL

M. M. BALLOU, {CORNER OF TREMONT AND BROMFIELD STS.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, JULY 21, 1855.

$3.00 PER ANNUM. 6 CENTS SINGLE. } VOL. IX., No. 3.—WHOLE No. 211.

VIEW OF NAHANT HOTEL.

There are few watering-places in the United States more widely known than Nahant. Few strangers come to our Northern metropolis, in the summer season, without paying it a visit. It is almost like going to sea to go to the extremity of the peninsula, which pushes its bold front far out into the ocean, and breasts the Atlantic surges which dash continuously against its iron base. The brief voyage thither in the steamboat is one of the most delightful trips that can be taken. It gives new life to the feeble frame, to be wafted on the deck of the Nelly Baker, Captain Rowell, from the warm atmosphere of the inner bay to the gloriously cool surface of the open sea, and to see before you the long rocky peninsula dotted with pleasant summer residences, stretching far out from the mainland. But many give the preference to the land route; the drive across the beaches, with a fine level floor of sand for the horses' feet, and the rollers curving in incessantly on the seaward side, rendering it a most delightful excursion. Nahant is by no means a mere arid waste of rock and sand, however. The variety of scenery comprised within its limits is a feature in which it has the advantage of most seaside resorts. Right in the centre of Nahant proper, where the surface sinks into a deep hollow, there is a green oasis full of waving trees, and gardens, and flowers, and fruits, which is quite as rural as many a rustic dale a thousand miles away from the seaboard. Hence Nahant has for more than forty years been a favorite resort, and representatives from almost every State in the Union have been found here in the summer season. Hitherto the hotel has always been well patronized, but although well kept by Mr. Drew, it was not extensive enough for the accommodation of the public. Col. Stevens, of the Revere, so soon as he came into possession of it, enlarged and fitted it up throughout in the most sumptuous manner. It now possesses every requirement of comfort and luxury. It is provided with a costly apparatus for warming the apartments, so that now the guests are no longer obliged to take wing for the city so soon as there is an easterly spell of weather. Thus the season at Nahant begins early and ends late. The house is thronged with company, the table is liberally catered for, and within doors everything is as agreeable as the scenery is attractive without. Our representation gives a fine view of this pleasant hotel.

VIEW OF NAHANT HOTEL.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE DUCAL CORONET:

—OR,—

THE HEIR AND THE USURPER.

A ROMANCE OF ITALY IN THE 16TH CENTURY.

BY ARTHUR MORTON, A. M.

[CONTINUED.]

CHAPTER VI.

THE MIDNIGHT VISITOR.—A PRINCE'S INVITATION.

The night had commenced fair and cloudless, but in proportion as the hour advanced, a change had gradually been coming on the scene. Mists had risen from the valley, chilling the frame of the benighted travellers, and now portentous clouds were rising rapidly, pushing each other along, their black drapery almost sweeping the hills. A deep hush pervaded all nature; but it was not a soothing quiet, it was that unnatural calm which is the prophet of commotion. Captain Gonelli rode in advance of his troop, looking neither to the right hand nor the left, his brows knit in the effort to penetrate the darkness, his bridle-hand steady and firm, feeling his horse's mouth, but not pulling on the heavy bit. From time to time he loosened his sword in its steel sheath, and from time to time striking back his rowels, he mended the pace of his powerful but somewhat sluggish charger.

Meanwhile the men conversed with each other in whispers. Fierce fellows, who passed their time between the guard-room and the saddle, who bartered hard blows for hard coin, would have charged through a legion in the broad daylight, they liked not this midnight excursion to which they had been summoned from the flagon and the dice-box. It is said that the bravest men are cowards in the dark, and though these bravoes rode stirrup to stirrup, and were not insensible to the cheering influence of companionship, still the gathering storm and the midnight darkness, acting on their superstitious minds, produced a vague feeling of terror.

"I would it were six hours later or earlier," muttered Pianori, a Corsican, through his thick moustache to his flank comrade. "Everything betokens a storm, and the lightning loves to play with a steel corslet, and often finds a crevice in a gorget that lancepoint could never discover. And they do say," he added, "that the evil one rides abroad on such nights as this, with a train of spirits from the place of torment for attendants. Mortal foe I fear not—but I can't fight with phantoms i' the dark."

"Tush!" replied his comrade. "I am proof against the spirits of the air. I wear a blessed relic next my heart, which cost me a round score of ducats. I grudged the red gold, when I was chaffering with the Capuchin about the bargain, for the golden sunshine was blazing through the guard-room windows, and I thought, had the huckster been other than a priest and no lookers on at hand, I would have paid him with steel from my dagger sheath rather than coin from my purse. But now the relic of the blessed saint I feel to be beyond all price."

"Look!" said the Corsican. "Do you see that pale blue flame on the lance-points of our file leaders? By all the saints! my own spear-head is blazing! It is an evil omen." And the savage hireling crossed himself.

The phenomenon that alarmed him was a manifestation of the condition of the atmosphere, the steel lance-points of the riders having attracted the electricity of the low hung clouds, but in those days it was quite sufficient to excite the fears of the ignorant. Other soldiers perceived it, and murmurs arose.

"Silence in the ranks!" cried the stern voice of the leader, as he reined back his horse to allow the troop to close up. "What is the reason of these unseemly murmurs? Gottfried, what is it?"

The man he addressed was a veteran German, who, though sixty years of age, was as erect and active as any man in the command.

"Noble captain," said the veteran, saluting his officer, "if you will but look around you, you will see cause enough for the murmuring. The foul fiend and his imps are abroad to-night, I verily believe, and he hath affixed his signal-lights to every lance-point."

"And if he were here with a legion of his imps," replied the leader, raising his voice so that every one of the men heard him, "I should spit at and defy him. Are we not the soldiers of a Christian prince, and true children of the church, every cut-throat of us? The powers of darkness cannot prevail against us."

"But, noble captain," continued the veteran, "the signs of the heavens are portentous. We are on the eve of a fearful storm. Don't you hear the batteries of heaven opening overhead?"

"The sooner then that we accomplish our orders the better. The prince hath sent us forth for a certain purpose, and it shall be accomplished, if the heavens rain fire and the earth opens beneath my horse's feet. Forward then, comrades; make good use of your rowels, and the sooner will you return to cup and trencher."

Stirring his horse with the steel, Gonelli dashed onward, followed by his troop at a sharp trot, and for a few minutes nothing interrupted the unnatural hush of the night but the clatter of hoof, the ringing of curb-chains, and the clash of scabbard and stirrup.

They had not ridden far, however, when the storm overtook them. It burst down with fearful fury; the wind, a perfect hurricane, roaring through the gorges of the hills, twisting branches from trees and strewing them in the road, while peal on peal of thunder shook the very earth. The lightning blazed from every point of the compass—piercing, blinding flashes, cleaving the air at every moment, and terrifying the horses so that it required the utmost efforts of the riders to control them. The plumage was rent and torn on the crests of the cavaliers, and they were compelled to bend forward over their saddle-bows to resist the fury of the sweeping blast. The rain, at first pattering in huge drops, came down at last in a deluge, so that the whole country, sheeted with water, and blazing with lightning, looked like a sea of fire.

Captain Gonelli summoned the Spaniard, Ramon, to his side.

"Know you whereabouts we are now?" he asked.

"Ay, captain, I could find my way hither like a sleuth-hound in the dark, and there is light enow, by the mass! to discern the smallest object. We are almost at the turn now."

"And then?"

"I will lead you, if you like."

"Do so," replied Gonelli, "and beware of misleading me."

"Never fear," replied the Spaniard, riding to the front.

The troop followed in single file. The guide suddenly wheeled his horse, and stooping, to avoid the hanging branches of a sturdy oak, turned to the left into a bridle-path through a wood. The ground here was very slippery, and the riders necessarily slackened their pace as they advanced. They soon came to a torrent, commonly a mere thread of water, but now increased prodigiously in volume by the rain. Through this they boldly dashed, though the water rose to their saddle girths, and then struggled up the opposite bank. After riding a few hundred yards farther, the guide drew rein.

"Captain," he whispered, "we have reached the spot."

"'Tis well," answered Gonelli, and wheeling his horse, he gave the command to halt, in a low but perfectly audible tone. "You will keep the men here, Gottfried," he added, addressing the German veteran, "till I return. See that no man leaves his saddle."

He then moved forward with the Spaniard. They soon reached a building of some size, when the captain halted, and giving his bridle-rein to Ramon, dismounted, and approaching a low door studded with spikes, knocked loudly on it with his mailed hand. There was no reply for some minutes. He repeated the summons, and after another delay a wicket in the door was opened, and a voice inquired:

"Who goes there?"

"A friend," was the reply. "A benighted traveller, overtaken by the storm."

"Wait, friend, till I undo the bolts, and then you shall find a welcome entrance," replied the voice.

In a short time the door was opened, and Gonelli sprang into the building, and closed it behind him. At the sight of an armed man, Tonio, the jester, for it was he who had opened the door, started back, nearly extinguishing the torch he held, and uttered an exclamation of surprise and terror.

"Not a whisper, knave!" said the soldier, sternly, "or—" and he laid his hand menacingly on his dagger.

"Good signor soldier," said the jester, between his chattering teeth, "you would not harm a poor fool."

"Not if the poor fool acts the part of a wise man, and keeps his tongue within his teeth."

"There's many a wise man who cannot govern his tongue, and you expect a poor fool to do so. Marry, sir, methinks I should hail you as a brother."

"Silence, dog; is your master within?"

"My master is within, most noble signor, but he is not visible on account of the darkness of the night. He is suffering an occultation—an eclipse."

"Lead me to him, sirrah," said the soldier, fiercely, grasping the jester by the collar. "I am weary of this bantering."

"If you mean him harm," said the jester, warming in turn, and shaking off the soldier's grasp, "you shall only reach him over my dead body."

"Bravely said!" exclaimed the soldier. "The spirit of a man-at-arms is in that fool's head of thine. I seek not to harm your master, that I tell you on the word of a soldier. Does that suit you?"

"Since there is no better pledge, I must e'en rest contented. And there is something in your looks that assures me you would not deceive. Then follow, most noble signor, and I will conduct you to the apartment of the lord of the villa, without the slightest fear that you will stab me in the back as I precede you. March on—folly first, valor afterward."

Treading close upon the heels of Tonio, the captain ascended to the second floor, and then, after passing through a long corridor, paused, with his conductor, before a door.

"Shall I disturb the sweet slumbers of my lord?" asked Tonio.

"Knock, sirrah, without more ado!" said Gonelli.

The jester knocked.

"Who goes there?" said a voice from within.

"It is I—Tonio, your friend and counsellor," replied the jester.

"Is it morning—is it time to rise?" asked Giulio, from within.

"It is not morning, but it is time to rise," replied Tonio. "Here is a gallant gentleman to pay his service to your greatness."

"This is some foolery of thine, knave," replied Giulio, in an angry voice. "But if thou art playing me a trick at this unseasonable hour, thy back and the scourge shall be made acquainted."

"No need of an introduction, they are old friends," muttered Tonio, as he pushed open the door, and holding his torch on high, led the visitor to his master's bedside.

As soon as Giulio's eyes became accustomed to the light, he sprang from the bed and grasped for his sword, which usually lay beside him—but it was gone.

"Traitor!" he cried, grasping Tonio by the throat. "You have betrayed and disarmed me!"

"Don't harm the fool," said the captain. "Here is your weapon. The moment my eyes rested on it, I seized it. Not that it would avail anything against a coat of mail, but gentlemen roused suddenly out of their slumbers, are apt to do rash things when they first waken."

"Whence come you? Who are you? What is your purpose?" asked Giulio.

"From Parma—captain of the ducal guard—to conduct you to court," answered Gonelli.

"Where are your credentials?"

"Here," replied the captain, presenting a parchment scroll to Giulio.

The latter perused it thoughtfully. He appeared somewhat disturbed, but he answered:

"Retire for a moment. I will dress myself, inform my sister of this circumstance, and then be ready to depart."

"Pardon me," said the soldier, "I cannot permit you to communicate with my one."

"Not with my sister?"

"With no one whomsoever."

Giulio glanced at Tonio in a peculiar manner, the latter replied by a look of intelligence, and nodded. The keen eye of the soldier noted these signs. Without saying a word he beckoned to the jester, and they left Giulio alone to perform his toilet.

"Now, my friend," said Gonelli, "isn't this a fine night, or rather morning, for time is verging on the latter, for a ride?"

"The storm is hardly over," said the jester. "But for them that like the saddle, all hours are propitious."

"Well, how should you like to accompany your master?"

"Well enough, for the matter of that," replied Tonio. "And now I think of it, I'll go and saddle my mule."

"You shall do no such thing, my friend," said the captain, laying an iron grasp upon his shoulder.

The jester looked disconcerted.

"You are fond of my company," he muttered, ironically.

"So much so that I cannot spare you from my sight a single moment. And yet so jealous am I, that if you attempt to desert me, I'll cut your throat from ear to ear."

"I shouldn't like to have such an open countenance," said the jester uneasily. "Is that the way you cut your acquaintances?"

"When they show an inclination to cut and run," replied the captain, grimly.

At this moment Giulio appeared. He was plainly attired, and had thrown his cloak over his shoulders. He wore a sheathed rapier at his belt. He looked pale and firm.

"Tonio, you will remain here until my return," said he.

"Answer him 'yes,'" whispered Gonelli, in the jester's ear.

"Certainly, certainly, signor," replied Tonio.

"Will you give me your word as a soldier," continued Giulio, addressing Gonelli, "that you have shown me all your instructions, and that, to the best of your knowledge, no harm is designed to me or mine."

"Upon my honor," replied the captain, "I have dealt fairly with you, and know of no evil beyond this compulsory visit to the court."

"I am satisfied, signor; lead on."

They stood without the villa, when at a signal from their leader the troop advanced from the thicket where they had been posted.

"You give me a numerous guard of honor," said Giulio.

The captain made no reply. One of the troopers led up a horse which Giulio mounted. He was then confided to the care of the lieutenant of the troop, who was ordered to commence his march.

"Remember what I told you, Tonio," he said, as he rode away.

"Ay, signor, I shall not forget it."

When they had all ridden off except the captain, he turned to the jester, and said:

"And now, my man, we'll follow."

"Ay, noble captain—I will but go and get my mule."

"Nay, you shall be better mounted," said the soldier, laying on the jester's arm that same mailed hand the weight of which he had before felt. "You shall have a seat behind me on my own good charger."

He changed his grasp to the jester's collar, and used it as an assistance in mounting his horse; then, swinging the man off his feet with an exertion of his giant strength, he placed him on the saddle.

"Now take a firm hold of my belt," said he, "for my horse is a high stepper."

Striking the rowels into his charger's flanks, the captain followed the trail of his band, the rear of which they soon overtook. Tonio was very uneasy. Daylight was approaching, and he knew that, should the Lady Estella discover the doors of the villa open and her brother gone, she would suspect foul play, and be nearly distracted at the event. He was anxious to relate the affair exactly as it stood. He could conceive no better plan than slipping quickly off the horse, even at the risk of breaking his neck, but the captain must have divined his intentions, for suddenly drawing his rein, he remarked:

"Tonio, I see you're a bad horseman, and if I don't have a care for you, you will catch a bad fall."

Thereupon this benevolent officer unbuckled his belt and passing it round both Tonio and himself, buckled it firmly, taking care to secure the jester's arms beneath the cincture.

"Now you are safe," said he, pleasantly, "and you can enjoy your ride."

In this manner, the captain silent from habit and the jester from wrath and disappointment, they rode on some miles, keeping a little in the rear of the escort. At last, after a period of time which seemed an age to the poor jester, the cavalier halted his horse and unbuckled his belt, and suffered Tonio to slide to the ground.

"Now, my friend," said the captain, "you are at liberty to return to the villa which I had forgotten your master told you not to leave. How thoughtless of me! And how sorry I am not to have a horse to offer you. It will take you full two hours to walk back. Farewell."

With this, the captain rode off sharply, leaving the jester standing in the middle of the road.

"The fiends seize you!" muttered the jester. "What a thorough knave that is. But he reckons without his host. Two hours to the villa! He little knows how fleet of foot I am. Now for it. If I die on the track, that iron-coated, iron-hearted villain will pay for it some day or other, if there is justice anywhere."

And girding up his loins, Tonio started back at a flight of speed which justified his boasting. In less than one hour he reached the villa, panting, it is true, with his exertions, but sound in wind and limb.

It was high time. Morning had dawned, and the Signora Estella, who was the earliest riser at Monte Rosa, had already discovered the absence of her brother. Tonio encountered her on the threshold, and her first words were:

"Where is my brother? What has befallen him?"

"He is gone to Parma," gasped the jester.

"Alone?"

"No, signora. Carried off by a troop of the duke's horse. They took me half way, the villains, and then dropped me like a bad bargain, in the road."

"His life is in danger!" shrieked Estella.

"Not so bad as that," answered the jester, "but his liberty perhaps."

Estella wrung her hands and burst into tears.

"Alas! alas!" she cried, "this usurping duke is destined to be the ruin of our house! But I must dry my tears, and think and act!"

CHAPTER VII.

THE DUCAL COURT.—A SURPRISE.

After Captain Gonelli had dismissed Tonio he rode forward and joined Giulio Brigaldi, to whom he addressed a few words, but as they were answered with monosyllabic brevity, the conversation was not continued. Giulio rode on absorbed in his own thoughts. His position was somewhat anomalous. Captain Gonelli had been sent with instructions to *invite* him to court, but to bring him thither by force, if he were recusant. Inestimable courtesy! The aggravating circumstances of instant departure and of non-intercourse with his household, might or might not have been a subordinate assumption of power, and yet Giulio strongly suspected the duke of verbally ordering every detail of his arrest and abduction. Once or twice, when he thought of his sister, he conceived the idea of escaping by a sudden dash, but the moment he glanced at his escort, he perceived the impossibility of executing any such project. The riders were formed in a deep, compact column, in the centre of which he was placed. On his left rode Gonelli, a man of giant strength, while his lieutenant, a perfect Hercules, flanked him on the other side. He was in the centre of a moving steel fortress, a huge machine, as it were, which he could no more penetrate than he could leap through a wall of solid rock. Bitter as these reflections were to him, his high spirit came to his aid, and he resolved to brave whatever might befall him with a courage worthy of his blood.

It was broad day when Captain Gonelli answered the challenge of the sentinel at the gate he had selected for his entrance to the city and rode within the walls. Clattering over the stones the troop trotted through the streets, approached the palace and entered by a broad gateway the vast enclosure formed by the quadrangular pile.

A few persons were sauntering about the courtyard. The first that Giulio recognized, expecting indeed to see no one he knew, was Ferrado. The latter rushed forward, aided him to alight and shook hands with him with unfeigned cordiality.

"My dear cousin," said the master of horse, "you are the very last person I expected to see here! Has the duke rescinded his order of banishment, and have you tired so soon of solitude?"

"I am here by invitation of the duke," answered Giulio, bitterly. "He was so bent on my company that he would not take no for an answer—would not even give me time to make preparations for my journey—and you see what a splendid escort he has given me!"

Gonelli beckoned Ferrado out of ear-shot, and they whispered together very earnestly for a few moments. At last Ferrado returned to his relation's side, the horses of the troopers were led off to their stables, and the officers repaired to their barracks.

"Do you mean to tell me, Ferrado, that you knew nothing of my arrest?" asked Giulio.

"Nothing, upon my honor, nor can I conjecture what the duke's intentions are with regard to you. Gonelli has just given me verbal instructions to attend to your wants, and to present you to the duke."

"I am glad he has given me so gentlemanly a jailor at least."

"Don't persist in calling yourself a prisoner. The duke may intend to open a brilliant career to you, in atonement for his errors and neglect in the past. But, in the meantime, come to my apartments."

"Ferrado!" said the young man, "this Parma I revisit has changed from the city I remember—the city of my heart. The same palaces, the same villas, the same fountains, and the same gardens meet my eye—but the population of the streets is different. Not in my father's time were troops of male and female mendicants, in sordid rags, hollow-eyed, wan and sickly, seen moving through the streets."

"They are disgusting objects, these beggars," answered Ferrado, "they are eyesores—they must be removed from the public way."

"Better remove the poverty," answered Giulio, as they entered the palace.

The apartments of the equerry were sumptuously furnished. Gilded chairs covered with three-pile Genoa velvet, were arranged around the walls, on which hung huge Venetian mirrors and pictures, while silver branches holding wax candles were profusely introduced.

"What do you think of a prince who lodges his subjects in this style?" said Ferrado, pointing out this magnificence to the attention of his guest.

"I should rather see plain furniture in the palace, and fewer rags in the streets."

"Pooh! still harping on the beggars! The priests tell us that the poor are always with us."

"And so we must seek to increase poverty! Admirable logic!"

"I have no disposition to discuss political economy with you, Signor Philosopher, but had much rather discuss a good breakfast which is waiting for us in the next room. Will you honor my repast by sharing it?"

Giulio had half a mind not to break bread in the palace of the duke, but an instant's reflection taught him the absurdity of such a proceeding, and to say the truth, his ride had given him a keen appetite. He accordingly sat down with Ferrado in the next room, and did ample justice to his cheer. When the repast was over, Ferrado showed him his wardrobe.

"There," said he, "take your choice of these dresses; they are new and will fit you. How will you array yourself for presentation to the duke? Here's a suit of blue and silver. Or do you prefer one of purple velvet and gold? Suit your fancy."

"I thank you, Ferrado," answered Giulio, coldly. "When I have cleansed the travel stains from my own dress, I shall be sufficiently presentable. I do not wish to appear in the borrowed plumage of a courtier."

"As you please," replied the equerry, a little piqued at the refusal.

Yet the manly beauty of Giulio's face and figure needed no adventitious aid from dress. His plain, dark suit well became his person, which was both elastic and muscular, and when he had completed the arrangements of his costume, even Ferrado could not help envying his appearance, notwithstanding the simplicity of his apparel, though he himself blazed with purple velvet, embroidery, lace, gold, jewels and plumes.

At last an usher appeared to conduct Ferrado and his companion to the presence of the duke. They passed up a long marble staircase and reached a spacious ante-chamber, lined with the steel-clad halberdiers of the ducal guard. Thence they were ushered into a magnificent saloon, the frescoed ceiling of which was supported by a double row of Corinthian pillars of cream-colored marble, while ladies and courtiers crowding the floor in dazzling array, gave it the appearance of a brilliant flower garden, and dazzled the eye of the spectator. On a marble platform raised above the level of the floor, on a carved and gilded throne overhung with a canopy of crimson velvet, richly embroidered with gold, sat the Duke of Parma, in his splendid robes.

But Giulio was unmoved by this display. He moved towards the throne with a firm and elastic step, and a serene countenance, and respectfully paid his obeisance to the sovereign. The duke arose, and descending to meet him, took his hand.

"Nephew," said he, while the courtiers fell back to a respectful distance, so that the interview was in a measure private, "it is a long time since we have met."

"That was not entirely my fault, my liege," replied Giulio.

"It is needless to remind us of that," said the duke, a slight shade of color mantling his usually pallid cheek. "I trust your ride from Monte Rosa did not fatigue you too much."

"I am a hunter and hardened by the exertions of the chase. But I was hurried hither somewhat rudely."

"What! did Gonelli dare affront a relation of mine? He shall pay dearly for it," said the duke, with affected anger.

"Nay, my lord, he did but follow out the spirit of your orders, which he showed me."

The duke bit his lip.

"The change of scene must appear striking to you," he resumed, after a few minutes' silence. "Do you not think we are worthy to sustain the honors of our station? There is no ducal court that is said to surpass ours in magnificence."

"I should appreciate it better, my lord," replied Giulio, "had I not witnessed so much misery in the street. In my humble judgment, the true glory of a ruler lies in the comfort of his people."

"Giulio, you were born for a courtier," said the duke, ironically.

"I was born to utter my free thoughts as they spring from my heart to my lips," replied the young man.

"You are not unlike your father—my poor, poor brother!" said the duke. "You have grown up his very image," he added, gazing keenly upon his nephew; "the very figure, air, voice and sentiments! They tell," he continued, after a pause, "that you are wedded to a rural life."

"They have informed you truly, my lord," replied Giulio. "Nothing can tempt me to abandon it. I have had, indeed, to be frank with you, ambitious dreams at times, but I am satisfied they were only idle illusions, and that my heart is at Monte Rosa."

"Nay," said the duke, in a tone of affected kindness, "you have no right to bury yourself in obscurity, your talents deserve another sphere."

"I am content," replied Giulio. "And the more so, since I have again witnessed with my own eyes, the hollow splendors of high station."

"Nephew," said the duke, "I wish to make friends with you. I propose to attach you to our person; to give you rank, splendid apparel, fortune! What say you to the offer?"

"That I respectfully decline it, my lord. It would not add to my happiness, nor is it in my power to do you service."

"I am not used," said the duke, in a tone of vexation, "to have my good offices rejected. But if you imagine you cannot serve me, you are mistaken. What say you to a commission in my guards?"

"The rank has no temptation for me. We live in a period of peace. It would vex my soul to command a guard of honor; day after day to go through the same dull routine, to marshal a band of idle men, to be the director of a mere court pageant. I could not endure it."

"Yet the profession of arms," said the duke, "is usually tempting to a young man of spirit."

"Ay, when the war-trumpet wakes the land," replied Giulio, fire flashing from his eyes. "Were the state menaced, were my country in danger, then I would not wait for rank and emolument to win me to your service. If not otherwise, then, forgetful and disdainful of rank, I would enter the ranks as a volunteer, asking nothing but where I might meet the enemy. But O, I feel the temptation—the intoxication of a command in time of war. I know how glorious it must be, at the head of a gallant band of lances, to hurl destruction on the foe—to carry the colors of your country into the heart of the enemy's array, to raise the shout of victory upon the hard-fought field, or even to die in achieving it, with that shout ringing in your ears."

At this moment, the crimson drapery behind them parted, and a beautiful woman, splendidly attired, her countenance flushed with warm color, her eyes shaming the diamonds that blazed upon her person, advanced upon the platform. Giulio stood transfixed as this radiant vision burst upon his sight. He had recognized, with astonishment, the lady of the fairies' glen.

"Margarita—daughter—" said the duke, "this is Giulio, your cousin."

The lady, trembling and blushing, extended her hand. Giulio knelt, and with a hand that trembled also, raised hers to his lips, and imprinted thereon a respectful kiss of homage.

"We have met before," murmured the princess to her father.

"How? where?" cried the duke.

"At the hunting party in the forest. Our brave young kinsman saved my life."

CHAPTER VIII.

THE PRINCESS MARGARITA.

The duke was surprised when he learned from the lips of his daughter the fact that it was her cousin who had rendered her such important assistance on the occasion of her accident on the day of the hunting party. Secretly he was displeased with the occurrence, but he could do no less than thank Giulio in warm terms, which contrasted, however, with the coldness of his tone and expression, for the service he had rendered. After thus expressing himself, he retired with the Princess Margarita, leaving the young man bewildered and yet pleasantly excited by the unexpected meeting.

Ferrado came up to him, and affected to congratulate him warmly.

"Bravo, kinsman," said he, "your fortune is made. You have placed our duke under the deepest obligations. He cannot do too much to repay you. Either as courtier or soldier, a brilliant career lies before you. Why man!" he added, "how thoughtful and absent-minded you appear. What are you thinking of?"

"Of Monte Rosa," replied Giulio.

"You are perfectly incorrigible," said Ferrado.

At this moment, a beautiful young page made his appearance, and approached Giulio.

"You will please to follow me, signor," said he.

"And pray, young sir, whom have I the honor of addressing?" asked Giulio.

"Hush!" whispered Ferrado. "He is Selim, the Princess Margarita's page."

"Lead on, sir," said Giulio, before the boy had time to reply to his question, and they retired together.

"He loves her!" thought Ferrado. "Loves the woman whom the duke hinted was not too high for my aspirations. Does she love him? He has saved her life. The princess is romantic. But the duke—what will he do? Will he seek to disarm Giulio's enmity by favoring the alliance? Yet the maid of Monte Rosa is fairer in my eyes, and that brief interview I had with her was fraught with fascination. I am tossed by conflicting passions—love, ambition—and know not which to choose. Time will decide."

In the mean time Giulio had followed the elastic step of his youthful guide, until the latter opened a door, and passing the threshold, he again stood in the presence of the lovely princess. If she had looked beautiful in the lonely forest green—if fairest of the fair in the brilliant circle of the court, her loveliness was still more dazzling now that she sat alone, in a sumptuous dress that enhanced her charms, and in an apartment where the colors of the drapery were artfully contrived to give the fullest effect to her attractions. Yet there was an air of conscious dignity which awed the beholder and checked the current of his youthful blood. With an imposing gesture, she dismissed her attendant, and beckoned her cousin to approach.

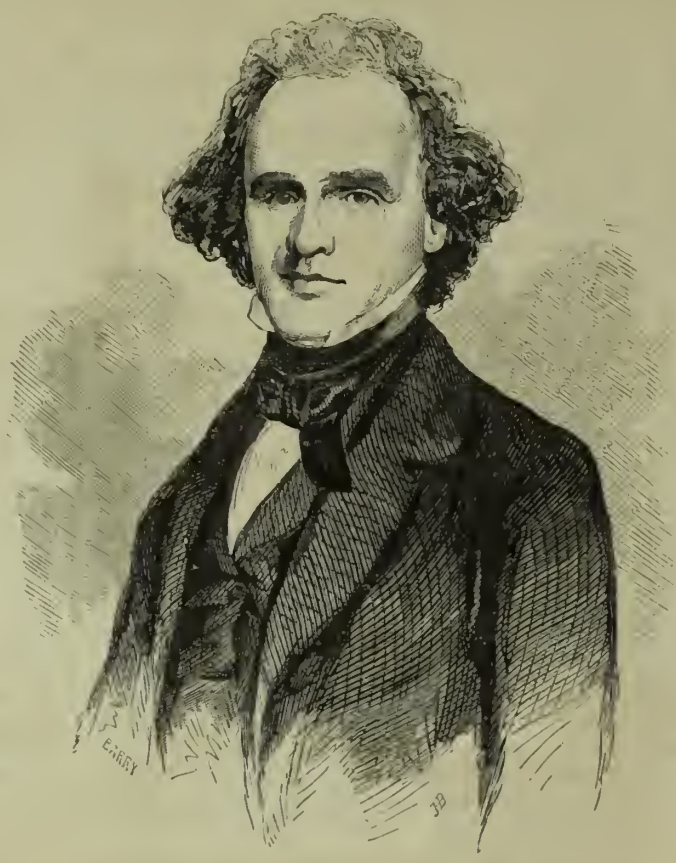
"I little thought," she said, calmly, and as if acquitting herself of a duty, "that I should so soon meet you again, and to repeat my thanks for the inappreciable service that you rendered me."

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 40.]

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.

AUTHOR OF "TWICE TOLD TALES."

Mr. Barry has been successful in catching from the daguerreotype plate, the true character and expression of Mr. Hawthorne's head. It is the face of a scholar, a man of thought and refinement, and a poet; for though we are not aware that Mr. Hawthorne has ever written a line of verse in his life, his volumes are as full of true poetry as any creations of the American mind. Nathaniel Hawthorne was born in the good old town of Salem, Massachusetts, about the year 1812. After the usual term of preparation, he went to Bowdoin College, where an intimacy sprang up between himself and Franklin Pierce, his classmate, that has subsisted to the present day. Little did the sensitive, shrinking scholar dream then, probably, that his pen would one day shed a lustre on the literature of his country, though it is possible that his prophetic eye might have seen in his high-spirited friend, the future president of the United States. We know little of Mr. Hawthorne for some years after leaving college. Shunning observation, he pursued his studies quietly, and nursed in solitude those fancies to which he afterwards gave shape and permanence. Like many men of poetical temperament, Mr. Hawthorne is exceedingly modest and retiring, a character which we Americans can hardly comprehend. We are very apt to set down a man who shrinks from society, courts retirement, and cannot make speeches, as proud and aristocratic, and have thus branded many a gentle and ingenuous nature. We do not reflect that possibly a man who never presided at a town meeting, and never took his turn at the American eagle on a fourth of July dinner, may do as much for the mind and heart of his country, as if he had a face of brass and lungs of Stentor, and followed the beaten public way of our million great men. A little more than twenty years ago, Mr. Hawthorne sent to Mr. S. G. Goodrich, then a Boston publisher, a MS. volume of tales and sketches, linked together by a very slight connecting thread. These were Mr. Hawthorne's maiden efforts. Mr. Goodrich appreciated them, as no critical reader could fail to have done, and published most, if not all of them, in the "Token," an annual then under his charge. The "Gentle Boy," and "Sights from a Steeple," were among these tales. They made a deep impression on the judicious few. The playful fancy, the beautiful diction, the dash of quaintness, the knowledge of the human heart and mind which they displayed, the strongly marked individuality of these fresh productions, endeared the author to all who could appreciate true genius. Mr. Hawthorne did not acknowledge these productions for a long time, and when his name was first attached to his contributions to periodical literature, it was deemed too romantic to be a real one. From the time of his *début*, our young author wrote more or less for the annuals and periodicals, for several years. He was a regular contributor to the Democratic Review and to the New England Magazine when under the charge of Park Benjamin. He was soon known as an author, to all literary men, and his tales circulated throughout the press; yet he was but slowly, though surely, laying the foundations of his future renown. A collection of his stories in two volumes, 12mo., published in 1837, under the title of "Twice-Told Tales," a work that is now a standard classic, found a moderate circulation. In this collection appeared the "Legends of the Province House," the "Gentle Boy," the "Prophetic Pictures," the "Vision of the Fountain," and other gems that are as imperishable as written language. About this time, we think, Mr. Hawthorne's friends procured him an appointment in the Boston custom-house, which he held for a short period, we believe. After this he married and went to reside at Concord, Massachusetts, in the old parsonage house he has immortalized in his "Mosses from an old Manse." From this quiet retreat, where he enjoyed the companionship of Emerson and a few other literary friends, but where he lived in almost cloistered seclusion, communing with nature and with books, and weaving those delicious day-dreams, for which the souls of remote generations will bless him, he removed to Salem, prudential considerations inducing him to accept the surveyorship tendered him by President Polk. In the introduction to his most powerful work of fiction, he has given us a most amusing picture of the Salem custom-house, which reminds us in some particulars, of Charles Lamb's sketch of the South Sea House. Strictly attentive to his official duties, Hawthorne ceased for a while to "strictly meditate the thankless muse." But when the political revolution of 1848 occurred, he was punished for the sin of entertaining democratic sentiments by a removal from his small office, an act which it is but justice to remark was severely denounced by the respectable organs of the victorious party. Mr. Hawthorne was thus thrown upon his literary abilities for support, and now it was that his genius sustained him in his loftiest flight. He gave to the world, instead of a collection of sketches, a complete romance, the "Scarlet Letter," one of the most brilliant and powerful fictions ever written. Messrs. Ticknor, Reed & Fields were the publishers. Never, before or since, have the human passions, errors, sorrows and agonies been drawn with more power and truth. The "Scarlet Letter" sped through the land with the speed of the fiery cross of the Scottish Highlands. It crossed the Atlantic and set the old world in a blaze. The fame of the author was instantly established. It was followed at no long interval, by the "House of Seven Gables," a less tragic and thrilling story, but no less artistic and enchanting. Like the "Scarlet Letter," it has been translated into several European languages. The "Blithedale Romance," a work suggested by the Brook Farm community, appeared next, and then a brief biography of Franklin Pierce, his college classmate and constant friend. As soon as General Pierce took possession of the White House, he conferred upon his author-friend the most lucrative office in his gift, the Liverpool consulship; a post then worth some twenty-five thousand dollars a year, but the emoluments of which Congress has since reduced to a little less than the expenses of living in a style befitting the hospitality of a commercial representative of a great nation. We have heard that it is the intention of Mr. Hawthorne to resign his post, and to travel on the continent before returning to his native land. We have not attempted, in this brief sketch, to furnish a full list of Mr. Hawthorne's productions. He has written some very charming books for children, which are deservedly popular, and which are not unworthy of his genius. Among the most pleasing of his minor productions, are those tales in which he rescues from oblivion incidents and characters of colonial history, typifying the spirit of the past. Wholly original in his cast of thought and manner of observation, he clothes with a peculiar charm the commonest materials. Under his hands the dry bones of chronicle and history become clothed with flesh, animated with vitality and move and act again. Religious persecution is better hated and better understood, after we have read the "Gentle Boy." The key-note of the Revolution vibrates when Endicott cuts the red cross from the English banner. Of his power to produce pleasing effects from the simplest materials, we may mention "A Rill from the Town Pump." Nor are his purely fanciful creations less pleasing. Into them he breathes the true spirit of poetry. We trust that he will soon find time to present us with another of his glorious romances. Should his plan of continental travel he carried out, we may anticipate some European sketches from his pen, which will rival in interest anything which the inspiration of the old world has yet produced from the genius of the new. We should think that in Venice, that dream-like city, Hawthorne's fancy would hold high carnival; nor can we imagine him straying by the castled banks of the Rhine or the Danube, without gleaning ample materials for many a romantic tale.



NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.—From a Daguerreotype by WHIPPLE & BLACK

VIEW OF MILLDAM ROAD, LOOKING FROM FOOT OF BEACON STREET.

ENTRANCE TO THE NEW BOSTON THEATRE, WASHINGTON STREET.

THE MILLDAM ROAD, FROM BEACON STREET.

The view on page 36, which will be recognized by all who are familiar with our city, was drawn expressly for us by Mr. Warren, the grace and fidelity of whose pencil our readers have frequently had occasion to admire, and is taken from a point at the lower part of Beacon Street. It shows the fine row of elegant houses on the right; on the left, the public garden, the long, straight avenue which forms the western entrance to the city, called the Mill Dam road, with its line of silver-leaved abeilles that have struggled so long against the sea-blast, the hotel and group of buildings a mile from the city, and the Charles River on the right where the regatta of the 4th of July took place. The Mill Dam road is an excellent one, and leading, as it does, to Brookline, Brighton and to Watertown, is often crowded with elegant equipages, while at morning and at evening, there are always promenaders, enjoying the fresh air and pleasant views. The Western Avenue, we think, is one of the most agreeable lines of egress from the city, and the roads diverging from it afford most beautiful drives.

ENTRANCE TO THE NEW BOSTON THEATRE.

The accompanying sketch of the entrance to the new Boston Theatre from Washington Street, was drawn for us by Mr. Champney. It is a neat, but unpretending structure, three stories in height and twenty-four feet in width, covered with mastic. The box offices are on the right and left, and the flooring rises in an inclined plane to the level of the lobbies, an excellent arrangement, as all persons who have entered or retired from a public building in a large crowd, can testify. It is not improbable, that, as the Theatre Company own a wide frontage, they may erect, at some future time, an elegant façade, which the magnificent interior of the main building would almost seem to require. The first season of the theatre, under the management of Thomas Barry, Esq., a fine actor and a gentleman of taste and education, was remarkably prosperous, and proved that a well conducted theatre is certain of receiving liberal patronage from our citizens. Tragedy, comedy, farce, opera, ballet and burlesque have been played upon its boards in the most admirable manner

PRESENT CITY LIBRARY BUILDING.

Mr. Champney, the artist, has presented us here with an accurate representation of the present City Library building in Mason Street, showing also the rear of the new Boston Theatre. This library was instituted in 1852, and the reading-room connected with it was opened to the public on the 20th of March, and for the circulation of books for home use on the 2d of May, 1854. The plan of the trustees embraces a reading-room and circulating library. The reading-room is furnished with files of all the leading American, and several of the foreign journals and reviews, while the public have access at all times to works of reference. The library is most admirably classified and catalogued on a system by which the librarian and his assistants can find any book in their possession at a few moments' notice. The plan of the catalogue system adopted here, originated with Dr. Nathaniel B. Shurtleff, one of the trustees. There are now over 17,000 volumes in the library, and it is confidently anticipated that fourteen years hence, the number will be increased to 100,000.

PRESENT CITY LIBRARY BUILDING, BOSTON.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE OLD CROW.

BY GRACE A. WILSON.

Quick, dearest, quick! don't move so slow,
Or you'll not get a glimpse of the old poaching crow!
He pulled up our cornfields, last spring, you know,
And saved us the trouble of using the hoe—
Cunning old crow—cunning old crow!

See how fast and stately he can walk,
I wish we could catch him, and teach him to talk,
And tell how he spoiled the kernel and the stalk,
When he flew o'er the meadow like the shadow of a hawk,
And chattered, as he vanished, with his caw-caw mock.

How much blacker he seems on the snow,
Than he did in the orchard where the corn used to grow;
But scant are the pickings, which he appears to know,
And many a day shall the cold winds blow,—
While he sits in the tree-top, the picture of woe.

But though he has been our last summer's foe,
We can't let him starve in the winter, you know;
So hoist up the window, and generously throw
The crumbs of our table to the poor old crow—
For the ravens fed Elijah in the days "long ago."

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE MAID OF THE MOUNTAIN.

BY J. S. COOK.

A LOFTY mountain rose before us, and after the toil of the day's travel seemed rather unwelcome, yet being desirous of seeing nature in our own New England, in her wildest forms, we were not disposed to turn back to the village, about five miles distant. We commenced our ascent with as much courage as possible, hoping, before the deep darkness of night was upon us, we might be able to construct some rude shelter for the night, among the rocks and crags on the mountain; the ruder, the more to our minds. Being each of us provided with a travelling sack, we had made some provision for the wants of nature, and were anticipating a fine relish for our evening meal, when an incident occurred which put far from our minds all thoughts of self or weariness. A shriek, and that of a female in distress; did you not hear it, Charles? Who can it be, and at this hour, in such an unfrequented spot? Hark! there it is again. We both turned our eyes in the direction of the sound, and through the dark mist beheld, on a lofty overhanging crag, the form of a female.

William Motley—for that was my friend's name—was one of those impulsive beings who never wait for a second thought, and, with one bound, was off and away, from steep to steep, to relieve, if possible, the distress of one who, to us, seemed in such danger, little dreaming that our presence was the cause of such fright, as we afterwards learned.

With great difficulty we succeeded in reaching the rock, often wondering how it was possible she could ever have gained, unassisted, so dangerous a point. Judge, then, of our surprise when, on reaching the summit, she was nowhere to be found. We groped around, and were on the point of giving up in despair, when I was nearly thrown to the ground by coming suddenly upon the apparently lifeless form of her whom we sought, as she lay prostrate where she had fallen in her fright, when attempting to escape us.

We raised her from the ground, and endeavored to restore her to consciousness, but our utmost efforts were unavailing; for an hour it seemed that life was wholly extinct. At last she moved her hand, and attempted to rise, and we induced her to take some wine, which we had brought with us. It was now wholly dark, and a cold sleet was falling, which, to us, was very uncomfortable. But what were we to do with the fragile being who was thus providentially thrown upon our protection? We knew not where to go. We thought of the aching hearts that probably at that moment were mourning her absence, or searching for her. We addressed ourselves in kindly tones to her, but she heeded us not; she was conversing with one who was invisible to us, but who alone occupied her thoughts.

At last she commenced to sing her favorite air:

"O, Willie, tarry not so long;
My heart is aching now!"

A voice so sweet, so plaintive, I had never listened to before, and when I would have spoken to my companion, he seemed wholly unconscious of me, and only exclaimed: "Gracious! what do I hear! Am I mad! What spell has come over me!"

Again that voice:

"How can I sing my evening song,
When thou art far away?"

What was there in that song that so affected my friend? Could it be he had ever heard it before, and that visions of past joys were thus brought to his mind?

When the sweet sounds had died away, I felt that it was our duty, if possible, to find some shelter from the chilly dampness of the night, though I knew not whither to go. A darkness that could almost be felt was upon us; but to remain where we were was not to be thought of. We made an effort to lead our friend down the steep rocks; but she only said: "My Willie's not here now, and I must go alone." And we silently followed, only knowing where she was by the gentle rustling of the bushes, as she passed along. At last the sound was no longer heard. We spoke, but spoke in vain; we called, no answer came. Again we were bewildered; we listened, not a breath save the moaning wind and storm. We gathered some sticks and lighted a fire, and, with our simple torches, searched about to find the fairy being we had lost. At last I discovered a slight path, and following its windings, soon found myself at the door of a rude cave, which I was fully determined to enter, not knowing but it was the abode of some wild beast that would meet me with anything but a welcome embrace. William was near, and with our torches we lighted the rude hall, made in nature's roughest manner. We had not proceeded far, when we found the object of our search, standing like a statue of stone, seemingly paralyzed with fear. Heretofore her palace had been sacred to herself; for five long years had she reigned alone in that forest, and not once been greeted by a human voice. Now the sound that met her ears seemed to awaken dreams of the past. She listened; her eye wandered from one to the other, as we addressed her; but when William spoke, the change of countenance told a tale that words, at that time, could not tell. I had not known him long, therefore all to me was mystery; not so with him, and unable longer to restrain his feelings, he sprang forward, and, seizing her hand, exclaimed:

"Tell me, thou long lost idol of my heart, dost thou know me once again? Thy Willie has come home; speak, speak, and tell him thou art all his own!"

She stood unmoved, and in a low monotonous tone soliloquized:

"Why has he staid so long? *One year*, he said, was all, and then, O then, what joy would be mine! But no; the weary years have passed, and I am still alone."

He spoke again:

"This is indeed too much; how can I bear it! Mary, my own; look, look upon my face, and see that I am come!"

She raised her melting eyes, and said:

"I dream, and hush! did I not hear his voice? did he not beckon me and say, 'I come?' O yes; I knew he would be true!" and she clasped her hands in ecstacy of joy.

'T was indeed a painful scene to me; reader, do not think I could stand unmoved and witness that almost agony of my friend, and that dreadful loss of reason in one so lovely, so true to him she held so dear.

The night had nearly passed, and I proposed, with the early dawn, to go to the nearest village, procure a conveyance, and having taken the direction to her father's mansion, proceed immediately thither (a distance of about fifteen miles), and bear the glad tidings to those parents who had long mourned her as dead. As I have before said, we were five miles from the nearest village, and thither, with hurried steps, I proceeded, scarcely having a thought save that of speed, lest some unseen cloud might cover the bright vision that wholly absorbed me.

Long before the sun reached its meridian height, I drove up to the door of the paternal mansion, and with a trembling hand rang the bell. It was answered by a servant, who ushered me in, and to my inquiry if Mr. and Mrs. Metcalf were in, replied they were, but that he was now at the bedside of his wife, who was dangerously ill of fever. I gave my card with the name of a stranger, but solicited the attention of Mr. Metcalf for a few moments, on business of the utmost importance.

He soon entered the parlor. I arose and introduced myself as Mr. Charles Montague, at the same time making a sincere and heartfelt apology for thus intruding upon his time and attention at such an hour, and then, as delicately as possible, made known the object of my mission. The father bowed his head and wept; the heart that was well nigh bursting before could throb in silence no longer. I sat a silent witness of the scene; words, alas! are weak in such an hour. Joy and grief were mingled in his cup. His first thought, when he could express himself, was to fly to his beloved, and, before it was too late, unite the mother and daughter again on earth; but the flickering lamp seemed too near its close, and I was despatched with many blessings, while he returned to the bedside of death, as we thought, where he found his wife in a quiet slumber, and as she slept, she breathed the name of Mary. The father knelt, and, in earnest prayer, poured forth his soul to Him who watches over all, and giveth strength to all who ask it.

While I was gone, preparations were going on at the mansion, as far as practicable, for our return. Mary's room was put in order; everything arranged as nearly as possible as when she left it, and a bright light stood on the table, with an open book beside it, as though it had been left but for a moment. The piano, whose keys had never yielded to the touch of gentle fingers since she left, was opened, and one of her favorite airs placed upon it. With what anxiety we thought of the effect the sight of home would have on her mind.

It was about ten o'clock at evening when we arrived, and she had not spoken during the ride, except an occasional murmur of the name of Willie. As we drew near her home, she grew restless, but we ventured not to speak. At length we reached the door; she spring from the carriage, like one at home; with one bound entered the house, and stopped not till she had reached her own room.

Her mother was again in sleep, after an hour of great distress, and we feared lest the slightest noise might disturb her. What could we do? Mary's next thought might be of her mother, and, with the swiftness of a fawn, she would fly to embrace her.

We waited an hour; nothing was heard save her gentle step, as she walked about her room. At last the father could restrain himself no longer; he felt he must embrace his long-lost child, yet much prudence was necessary. He called a servant; requested him to knock gently at her door, and, as in former years, present his wish to hear her play and sing. O, who could tell, at that moment, the deep feelings of that father's heart! He had taken his easy chair, which, for years, had been his favorite seat, when listening to her song, and William, with his flute, placed himself, as he was wont, behind her seat, ready to accompany her in playing.

Her light step was soon heard on the stair, and in a moment more she stood before us, robed in white, a picture of grace and loveliness. The scene before us was a reality; reason, for a moment, was restored, and "my father!" was all she could say, ere he caught her in his arms, as she fell, fainting, to the floor.

We bore her to her room, but were obliged to call medical aid, before any signs of life again appeared. Anon the delicate tint was seen upon the cheek; it was but for a moment, and all was blanched again, and thus it was for long and weary hours. It seemed as if the casket was really broken, and the jewel must be lost. O what a night in the memory of those who tarried beneath that roof!

The physician obliged all to leave the room, whom she had ever seen before, and she was left in the care of a lady, who was stopping there, from a distant part of the country, while he remained in an adjoining room, that his assistance could be given at a moment's warning. Again the broken-hearted father is at the couch of his wife; she wakes, and smiles: "I have dreamed," she said, "and Mary stood before me." It was all she could utter, and sunk into a feverish slumber.

Thus passed the night; but the dawn of the morning seemed to herald brighter hopes; the crisis was past, and although there scarcely appeared sufficient strength to support life, yet *now* there was hope, and the husband wept tears of gratitude.

Let us now look in upon Mary. She still lies insensible; she breathes, and that is all we can say. The slightest change to her might extinguish forever that little glimmering spark. Thus she remained for nearly two days, when she opened her eyes, and with a look that gave hope to aching hearts, smiled, as though conscious of being again in her own dear home. The shock had indeed been severe, but we now felt that nature would have strength to survive.

Weeks passed, and from William, who had remained at the mansion, I almost daily heard of the slow but gradual improvement of both mother and daughter. Mary's reason was restored, but she was yet as sensitive as the delicate hare-bell that droops at the slightest touch. She was now able to hear her father and William converse for a little time, as they sat by her; but she had not yet seen her mother. She had been told of her sickness, and was waiting patiently the time when she could be folded in her arms, and rest again upon her bosom.

Another month, and it was thought they had gained sufficient strength for the meeting. I will not attempt to describe the scene. The mother had mourned her child as dead, and knew not till the day previous that such was not the case. Now she beheld her, and exclaimed: "This my child was dead and is alive again!"

A few evenings later and you might have seen a happy group in that parlor, where sadness so long had reigned. I was again with them. Mr. Metcalf sat in his easy chair; Mrs. Metcalf and Mary sat opposite on a lounge, and William at her side, eager to catch every sound of her voice. At length she turned suddenly to him, and asked:

"Will you not tell us now the story of your sufferings, when we thought you were separated from us forever? I have long wished to know, but till now have not dared trust myself to ask."

An unbidden tear moistened every eye, as William briefly told his story. It ran thus:

"Five years ago, as you well remember, our ship left its moorings, bearing me on a proposed voyage to Europe, that I might, if possible, regain my health, which had become somewhat impaired by too close application to study. I tried to feel cheerful, but a dark cloud hung over me. I had not suffered, as many do, from that horrible sea-sickness which so often destroys the pleasure of a sea voyage, and was hoping, in a few days more, to welcome the shores of England, when a cry was heard that sent a pang through every heart.

"It was at midnight, and the cry was loud and shrill: 'Fire, fire, fire! the ship is on fire!' In a moment every man was roused, and all that human power could do was done, but all was fruitless, towards saving the ship. To save life was now the only thought. The boats were lowered and filled as rapidly as possible, but some were burned, so as to be unsafe; all could not be saved, if saved, indeed, any might be in that way, and I, with many others, remained on deck, till the last boat left the wreck, and then fastening myself to a spar, launched forth on the open sea, trusting alone to the mercy of Him who holdeth the waters in the hollow of his hand. Ask me not to describe the awful horrors of that night; fain would I blot them from the tablet of my memory, and the shrieks and groans of those that were engulfed, as that burning wreck went down, still ring in my ears. O, merciful Heaven, spare me the remembrance! Of the fate of many of my companions, I have never learned; but with the dawn of the morning I beheld a distant sail. It was outward bound; I was discovered by them, taken on board, and treated with all the kindness I could have asked, but must be borne a long, long way from home, unless we should chance to meet some vessel homeward bound.

"Canton was the port for which they were destined, and I must submit. After sailing two months, we hailed a merchant ship on its return to Liverpool; they willingly received me on board, and, to my great joy, I now felt that my face was once more turned towards home.

"Our voyage was prosperous, and in little more than two months we landed safely in Liverpool. I waited not for rest, but, that night, mailed the first letter to 'my dear Mary,' since leaving the shores of Boston. It told all—all that *words* could tell, and the hope that the next steamer would bear me again to my native shores. *That* letter your parents received. When I returned, you were not here, and all was blank. I felt, for a time, that life was wearisome to me, and almost wished I had never known your parents' grief.

"But *now*, my own Mary, now that we are all happy together again, let us sing one of our songs, as in days long past, before we separate for the night."

Reader, I will now tell you all that was known of Mary, after William sailed, until the time our simple story commences.

An only child, the idol of her parents, she was the light and joy of home, and their fear of the dangers of the voyage was the only obstacle in the way of her being married and accompanying her husband to Europe. He left, and she thought of the long months before he would return; but one year was the promised time. How little we know or can dream of the future!

The first tidings they received was of the total loss of the ship, as we have already been told, and that many lives were lost. A list of the names of those saved, as far as could be ascertained, was given, but the name of William Motley was not among them. Mary had been unusually cheerful a few days before the arrival of this sad intelligence, as she was almost hourly expecting the promised and much wished for letter.

The steamer came, but the letter came not. What could it mean? And when, by the early despatches in the papers, she read the awful tidings, she sank into an insensible state, in which she remained for several hours, and from that time until the evening we brought her home, she had never been heard to speak, except in low murmurs to William.

One morning, about a month after the sad news came, she did not answer the summons to breakfast, and, on going to her room, it was found empty. Search was made, but she could not be found, and after weeks of fruitless search, she was given up as dead. It was thought that, in one of her hours of deep despondency, she had destroyed herself.

A few evenings after the one in which William recounted his troubles, Mary said to him: "Can it be five years since you left us on that eventful voyage? Is it indeed a reality? To me it seems a long and troubled dream, from which I have been but a short time awakened, and as your look expresses a desire to hear, I will relate it.

"All was bright with me after you left, and I was counting the days when I should hear from you; when I dreamed you were wrecked, they told me you were lost, and, at first, I believed them. But soon other tidings came to me. You called me; I heard your voice from the distant mountain, and thither I hastened to meet you. I knew you were not dead, for often I heard that voice, yet still you were nowhere to be found. I wandered, it seemed, long weary months in search of you, often climbing almost inaccessible rocks, that from their summits I might, if possible, see you in the distance.

"At last, when, almost in despair, I climbed the highest crag and sung, in tones loud and shrill: 'O, Willie, tarry not so long!' You heard and answered in the distance. My joy was so great that, for a time, my senses were bewildered, but, at last, I became fully conscious you were near me, that I heard your pleading accents, though, as yet, I could not see you. Other remembrances are indistinct, compared with the all-absorbing thought of finding you. Sometimes hunger almost overpowered me, and then some fairy hand would bring the nicest berries and fruits, and when cold or weary, that little being would lead me to a palace made by nature, and then leave me to repose. Thus was my dream. At last I woke; you were standing by my bed-side, and all was bright again."

The next morning being a lovely one in June, I proposed a ride, which was readily assented to by all, and we were off at an early hour. Our ride lay through a fine country, and we were all in excellent spirits when we came to the foot of the mountain. We left our carriage at the base, and commenced the ascent. As we proceeded, I observed Mary grew thoughtful, and disposed to say but very little.

In a short time we came near the cave, when she bounded forwards towards the entrance, exclaiming: "Here, here is the palace of my dream, and here let us spend the remainder of our days."

The thought was not an unpleasant one to William, and he was able, before the close of another year, to take her, as his wife, to one of the most beautiful homes in that region. The house was surrounded by fine walks and avenues; but the little path to the cave was left untouched. An observatory was erected on that lofty crag where we had first seen her, and there, in after years, would she sit with friends, and repeat the story of the "Maid of the Mountain."

A RESTLESS WOMAN.

Madame George Sand, or Dudevant, in the last *feuilleton* of her life in *La Presse*, gives an amusing account of her deceased mother, who had a hatred of repose:—"She would buy, for instance, a bonnet, because she thought it charming. The evening of the day she bought it, she would find it hideous—take off the ribbons, and then the flowers—take out the lace, and change the arrangement with readiness and taste. Her bonnet would please her all the next day. But the day after there must be another radical reform—and so on, for some eight days, until the unlucky bonnet, always in a state of metamorphosis, became totally indifferent to her. Then she would wear it with the utmost disdain, professing that she did not care what she put on—till the fancy should seize her to buy another new bonnet! Her black hair was still very fine. She got tired of being a brunette, and put on a blonde wig; yet by doing so she could not manage to disfigure herself. She took a fancy for herself as a blonde for awhile, then she abused herself for being flaxen, and chose to be a bright chestnut. Presently she returned to ashy-pale locks—then went back to her own mellow black hair—and this to such purpose that I saw her with different hair for every day in the week. The childish frivolity did not exclude laborious occupations and very minute domestic cares. She had her own delights of imagination, and would read the romances of M. d'Arlincourt with positive frenzy, far into the night, but that did not hinder her from being astir at six in the morning, to begin anew her toilettes, her excursions, her needlework, her merriment, her despair, and her fits of passion."—*London News.*

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

TO JULIA.

BY WILLIE E. PAROR.

Fair Julia! in the grand parterre
Of thought I wander—there to find
Some simple floweret of the mind
To be the soul's interpreter.

The starwort of the bower shall be
The symbol of the thought I breathe;
And poesie shall round it wreathe
Its purple fringed tapestry.

About its golden disc I see
The fairest colors, sweetly blent,
As, in the far off firmament
The rainbow's cincture meets the sea.

The earth, the air, the sea, the sky
Continue to give it loveliness;
And, queenly in its own address,
It lifts to heaven a royal eye.

So round thy heart the varied charms
Of youth and beauty, grace and truth,
Will keep thee in perpetual youth
The while thy life's stern toil disarms.

And hope and happiness are given
To lead thy thoughts to things above,
While, winged as the carrier-dove,
Faith bears life's promise up to heaven.

"The shell sings ever of the sea,"
And so thy varied charms but speak
Of yon fair clime we daily seek;
And, as we muse, we think of thee.

And, as we watch thee, then we say,
That when thou goest thou wilt take
The fragments of the hearts that break,
Because of thee—upon the way.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

A LETTER FROM A TROUT BROOK.

TWENTY years have gone by since I last stood upon the bank of this laughing little thread of water. Twenty years is a long time, and yet—ah, ha! a bite? no—only a nibble—twenty years have wrought some changes here—some in myself, doubtless—yes, clearly, more in myself than in the scene. I am now thirty-five—not married—a bachelor—an old bachelor—wild oats sown, sprung up, grown, ripened—harvest far from satisfactory. Ah! a sigh—who for? what for? Surely it can't be for the return of youth—no man in his senses would desire to live over again thirty-five years of his life, however fortunate may have been his lot. Is it for wealth? I think not—I am comfortable in that particular. For friends? no—I have many real friends, and more professed ones who are not real. For fame? I am sure it is not that—nearly all famous men who have died lived very unhappy lives, and I very much like comfort and ease—fame don't pay.

There you are, my beauty! I wonder if a trout feels pain as sensibly as an animal of the earth? I don't like to cause pain—I am not cruel—I always shrank from scenes of pain—never go shooting—hate every one who loves to hunt what he calls game. I suppose a trout does feel pain, though, when hooked, but it don't seem so to me.

This little knoll—this stump—yes, I remember now when I was here last, where this stump stands, grew an elm—a fine spreading tree, which always threw a shade over the knoll, especially just at evening. Why, the stump is rotten! the elm was cut down many years ago, doubtless. I wonder who did it, the Vandal—fool—I would give more than he got for the tree for the privilege of looking upon it a single hour.

Who comes here, to disturb me in my fishing? He is a properly dressed man—good appearance—fishing-rod neat—nice line—a gentleman, doubtless, but I don't want to see gentlemen, to-day, nor—

"Good morning, sir—fine morning—caught anything?"

"Only one—don't bite well—I think it is better further up the stream."

"The hook you are using is not the best."

"I know it is not; nor is the line, either, of the best description. It is difficult to procure proper tackle here."

"I dare say. Allow me to present you with a line and a few hooks such as I use; I am sure you will like them, and I have plenty."

"Thank you."

He is a gentleman, and doubtless thinks me a boor. That "thank you" was pronounced in a manner calculated to end our conversation—I knew it—felt it—felt sorry for it, but could not help it. He looks back, wonders who I am—I have not treated him civilly—have a good mind to follow him and invite him to dinner. No I wont, either; shall dine alone to-day; besides, what business had he to criticize my tackle? it was an insult to the kind old lady who made the line, and to her little son, who selected the hook. Didn't she furnish me with lines twenty years ago, and her boys select my hooks? She knows, and her boys know, what the trout in this brook like, at all events. He may be a gentleman—I think he is—but he don't belong here; he has no right here; he was not born here; he only comes to criticize us, and our style of fishing. He is a trespasser, and I mean to quarrel with him the next time I meet him. And yet I believe I agreed with him about the hook and line.

Another nibble—glad he didn't get hooked—don't care about catching any more, to-day—shan't try much.

"Well, my fine lad, you have been fortunate this morning seven beautiful fellows. Will you tell me your name?"

"George ——."

"What is your father's Christian name?"

"James."

"What was your mother's name before your father married her?"

"Mary ——."

"Do you know whom you were named for?"

"O, yes; he was an old schoolmate of my mother's; he was born and used to live in that white house on the hill, yonder. He has not been here in a good many years, but they say he is coming this summer. When he does come, I am going up to see him, because mother says he'll be sure to make me a present."

"I dare say he will."

"Why, what makes your eyes run water so?"

"I think they are a little inflamed, and the brightness of the sun affects them."

"You ought to wear green specs, the same as the schoolmaster. He has bad eyes."

"Perhaps I ought; I will think of it; but if you will run up to that deep hole just above the bridge, you will be sure to catch another trout."

A fine lad, that, and I am very much of the opinion that he will receive a present before the close of the summer from the "man he was named for."

Thirty-five—twenty—let me see; the boy's mother is just two years my junior—thirty-three—twenty from thirty-three leaves thirteen—thirteen and fifteen—I wonder if she has grown old as I have—that Jim—was a brute in his youth—a cub—he has no business with a wife of any sort, much less with such a wife as I am sure Mary is. He never harmed me, but I begin to hate him, and if his wife does not exhibit a cheerful face, when I see her, I am certain I shall quarrel with him before the trouting season closes. I wonder why she married the brute. She could have done much better. Why didn't she write to me and inform me that the young scamp had proposed to her? I would have secured her a much better husband; I always told her I would look up one for her, and she always promised she would never, never, marry anybody unless I approved the selection. Here she is, now, joined to, bound to, and as good as sworn always to "cleave to" that vagabond, who, of everybody else I should not have selected. So fully in her confidence, too, and she so fully in mine—not a juvenile trouble or care that was not confided to each other; how bitterly she cried when my dog was shot, and how cheerfully, and with what pleasure I waded into the middle of the brook to secure her glove, when she accidentally dropped it from the bridge. No longer ago than when we sat side by side on this very bank under the shade of this very elm—ah, I forgot, that was twenty years ago—the elm is not here—I am sitting on its half-decayed stump, and the shade I mistook for its shadow, is that of the hill yonder, behind which the sun is going down. Half-past six! I ought to have been at dinner by three, and have a mile and a half to walk. I *shall* dine alone to-day, and the prohibitory law, notwithstanding, I mean to drink a full bottle in communion with the shadows of the past, that gathered around me at the Trout Brook.

G. H. C.

NOTICES OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE WINKLES: or, *The Merry Monomaniacs.* By the author of "Wild Western Scenes." New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1855. 12mo. pp. 424

This work professes to be an "American picture with portraits of the natives," and it is certainly a large gallery of originals. The charm of the book is its inexhaustible vivacity—the author's flow of spirits never deserts him, and is so contagious that it carries the reader along with it in the pleasantest manner. There is an air of exaggeration about some of the sketches, which are, in fact, caricatures; but there is plenty of genuine humor in the book to redeem its faults. For sale by Redding & Co.

BOSTON DIRECTORY FOR 1855. Geo. Adams. 91 Washington Street.

This is one of those works which require no puffing to ensure its sale. The compiler and publisher is well known for his industry and activity; and the directory is not only perfectly reliable as a directory, but contains a vast amount of miscellaneous business items of information, affording an accurate commercial view of the metropolis.

TALES FOR THE MARINES. By HARRY GRINGO, author of "Los Gringos." Boston: Phillips, Sampson & Co. 1855. 12mo. pp. 436.

This book (by Lieut. Henry A Wise, of the Navy) has been in the market several weeks, has met with a large sale, and is one of the most promising literary speculations of the season. A series of adventures—some natural and probable, others "rayther wergin' on the poettikle," as Old Weller says—narrated in a pleasant, spirited, racy manner, carry the reader along swimmingly to the close of the volume. A few characters are so well drawn that they stand out from the canvass in a lifelike manner—Captain Percy, of the Juniata, is one example of this vigorous portrait painting. The author is also very happy in his descriptions, particularly of nautical manœuvres—the chase of the "Clara," in the first part of the book, may be mentioned as a good illustration. The zoological retribution which overtakes the villain Lowther, at the end of the narrative, is one of the few things introduced apparently to justify the title and epigraph of this spirited book.

NEW MUSIC.—Oliver Ditson, 115 Washington Street, has just published the following new Songs, "They tell me thou'rt forgot," by Amelia H. Bliss; "May I not love thee," by Harrison Millard; "We are one," by Rev. Samuel Gilman, and the "Kentucky Mazurka," by M. Hoeffner.

COUNTRY MAROONS AND RAMBLES OF A JOURNALIST. By S. H. HAMMOND and L. W. MANSFIELD. New York: J. C. Derby. 1855. 12mo. pp. 356.

A most delightful book for summer and winter, which will find its way to the hearts of all who recognize "country contentments" as true pleasures. Here are leaves from the book of nature—fresh with the dew on them—flowers gathered from the valleys and hillsides, woven by skilful hands into a graceful and fragrant bouquet. The authors are eloquent interpreters of the voices of nature. Rural trifles and rural grandeurs are equally well handled in their pleasant essays, and there is a fine, healthy, moral tone to their lucubrations. For sale by Phillips, Sampson & Co.

THE ILLUSTRATED ANNUAL REGISTER OF RURAL AFFAIRS, an elegant little volume issued by Luther Tucker, at the Cultivator office, New York, ought to be in the hands of every man who farms or gardens, professionally or *en amateur*. It contains an almanac for the current year, tells what to do, and when to do it, in the farm and garden—and, in short, is a perfect miniature encyclopedia of rural affairs.

CONE CUT CORNERS: or, *Experiences of a Conservative Family in Fanatical Times, etc.* By BENAULY. New York: Mason Brothers. 12mo. pp. 456.

Novels have become so popular now-a-days, that almost every party and sect employs fiction to defend its principles and practice. The leading idea of the present cleverly-written book is a defence of the Maine liquor law. The story is ingenious and interesting, and the characters are sketched with spirit. A hint in the preface leads us to the belief that they were drawn from life. The book will not be judged at present by its intrinsic merit, for it is of too partizan a character to secure an impartial verdict. Its fate will be to be both overpraised and underrated. For sale by Fetridge & Co.

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 35]

"It was a service I would have rendered any one in your situation," replied Giulio; "a mere act of humanity; but for you, I would have braved a still greater peril."

The princess inclined her head to the compliment, but with little animation in her manner.

"I learn," she said, "that you visit Parma at my father's invitation."

Giulio could not help smiling.

"I indeed received a very pressing invitation from your father, lady," he replied. "He was so very anxious to see me, that he sent a troop of horse to bring me; and his messenger, the captain of his guard, made me rise from my bed to accompany him."

"But you were not harshly treated on your arrival?"

"Nay; presented at court, the duke offered to attach me to his person, to give me rank in his army."

"And you answered him—"

"That I preferred the peaceful shades of Monte Rosa."

"The life of a hermit, rather than the life of a man!" said the princess, sarcastically.

"The life of a philosopher, a painter, a poet, an agriculturist; is there baseness in the choice?"

"Yes; when a nobler career is open to you," replied the princess.

"How nobler?" said Giulio. "Is it nobler to flaunt in silk and velvet, with the idle minions of the court? Is it nobler to wear a useless sword, and grace an idle pageant as a carpet-knight?"

"But peace cannot always endure," said the princess.

"You have not studied the position of Parma," replied Giulio. "She is weaker than the surrounding states."

"Then why not seek a state which will give you an opportunity to win your spurs?"

"That opportunity has offered."

"And you have refused it?" said the princess.

"I have refused it."

"Are you incapable of a daring enterprise?"

"I know one happiness which I would give worlds to reach; a prize worthy the best efforts of my heart and hand," he said, meaningly, as he fixed his dark eyes on the princess.

"You will never attain any lofty aim," said the princess hurriedly, as the color mounted to her cheek, "unless you boldly venture. I counsel you to accept my father's offer. At least reflect on it; I am going this moment to seek him, and shall perhaps return with him. Remain here—reflect on what I have said."

"She taunts me with baseness," said Giulio, as he paced the apartment. "Yet Heaven knows I do not deserve it. I love her—and I feel that this passion, the birth of a moment, has become a part of my life. Yet to win her can I not accept rank and employment at her father's hand; the hand of a usurper. So long as I deemed him a worthy ruler, I could acquiesce in his possession of the ducal coronet that is mine of right. But now that my own eyes have witnessed his lavish prodigality, the misery that crowds the streets of my native city, the arbitrary character of this man, my soul rebels against longer inaction. The Duke of Milan, my father's friend and mine, has offered me his aid to regain my rights and depose the usurper. I will not harm a hair of his head, but I will reduce him to the rank from which he rose. *He* become *my* patron! He shall live to do me homage, to acknowledge his wrongs to his own blood, before the world."

At this moment a light step entered the apartment. It was the princess's page. He looked cautiously around him, then came close up to Giulio, and laying his hand upon his arm, uttered a single word in a low tone:

"Danger!"

"Did the princess send you to me?"

The boy shook his head, and smiled disdainfully.

"I came of my own accord."

"Speak out then, and explain yourself."

"You are in danger, signor."

"I am always in danger at the court of Francisco Veroni."

"Do you prize liberty?"

"More dearly than life."

"Then fly!"

"That were the part of cowardice—and from an unknown danger."

"Hear me!" said the boy, hurriedly. "I have played the eavesdropper; and I know that the duke means to arrest you presently and cast you into a dungeon."

"Ha!" cried Giulio. "Is he capable of such treachery?"

"Stay not to reflect on my words, but fly!"

"I have no means of escape."

"Follow me, and quickly," said the page. "I will give you an Arab steed, fleet as the wind. I can guide you past the sentinels and the guards at the city gate. This way, stop not to consider."

The earnestness of the boy, the frankness of his manner and expression, banished all scruples from Giulio's mind. He motioned his youthful friend to lead the way. The boy directed him to the door by which Giulio had entered, and threw it open.

Two spearmen posted in the corridor, levelled their weapons at his breast. The page hastily closed the door, and was retracing his steps, accompanied by Giulio, when directly opposite them appeared Gonelli, with a file of dismounted troopers.

"I arrest you!" said the soldier.

"In whose name?" said Giulio, drawing his sword.

"In the name of the Duke of Parma!"

"I deny your authority."

"Disarm the rebel!" cried the duke, suddenly appearing.

"Rebel!" exclaimed Giulio, as the soldiers wrenched the weapon from his hand. "Thou art the rebel. The armed ruffians that do your bidding make not your right. My right is the blood that flows in my veins, and that you know full well, usurper."

"You shall utter your lofty apostrophes to stone walls," said the duke. "Away with him to the dungeon!"

"You have entrapped me like a coward!" cried Giulio. "Your minions surprised me in my bed. Yet this very morning you spoke me fair. Lately I saved your daughter's life—is this your gratitude?"

"I will hear no more!" said the duke, stamping furiously "Remove the prisoner."

"Think not," said Giulio, "that this outrage can be perpetrated with impunity. Think not I am friendless. Milan is near to Parma. And when this news reaches her brave duke, who, but for me, would long ago have thundered at your gates, he will summon his brave lances to the rescue, and they will flock hither to award stern justice."

"They may come too late for you," said the duke, with a sinister look.

"But not too late to avenge me," retorted Giulio.

"I cannot hear my noble master abused thus!" cried the page. "Gonelli, why do you not close the ruffian's mouth?"

"I thank you, boy," said the duke with an applauding smile.

"I was aware," said Giulio, "that I had no friends in this accursed place. Lead me to prison, then," he added, addressing the captain, "a dungeon is preferable to the presence of this crowned villain."

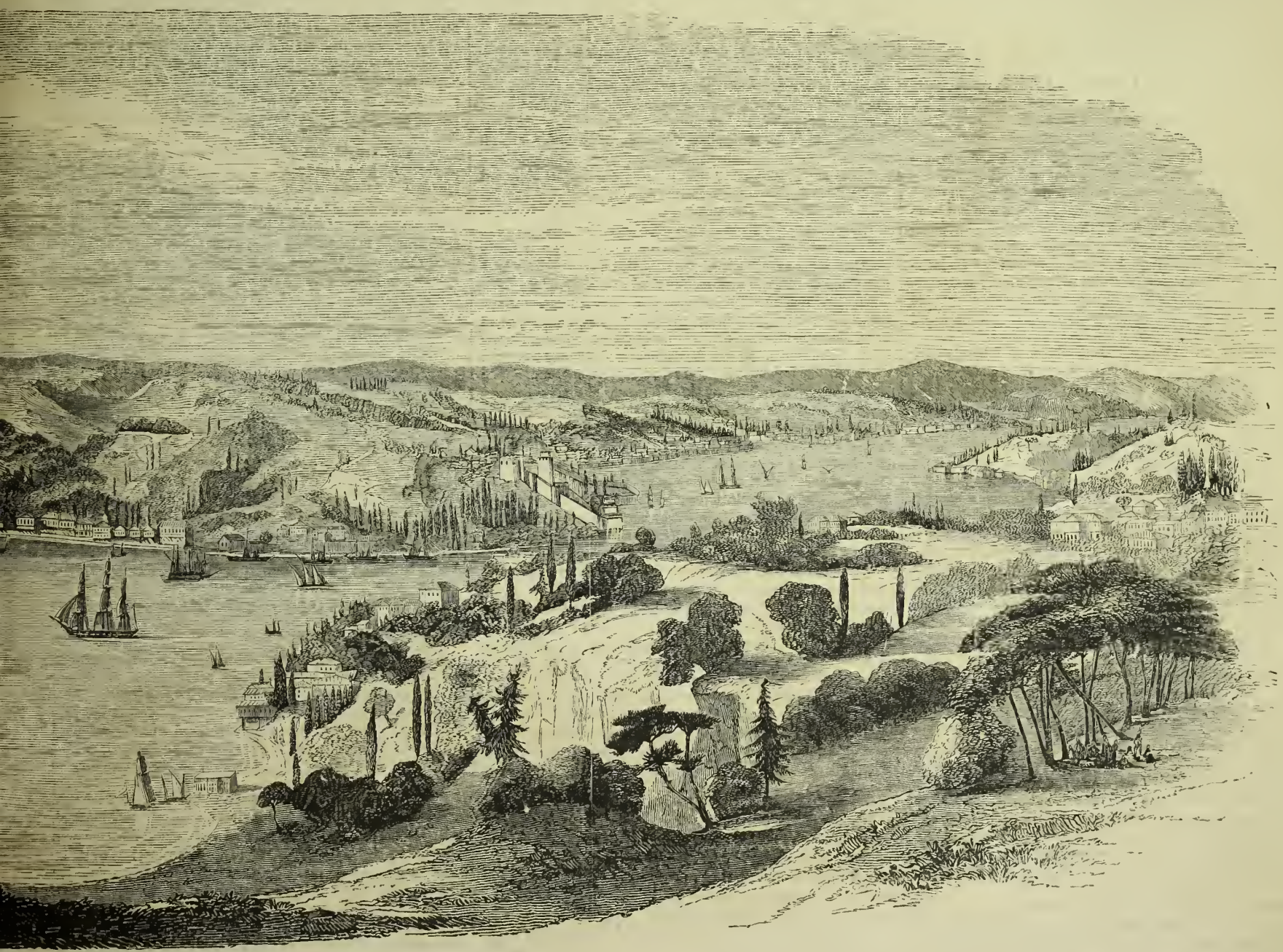
[TO BE CONTINUED.]

CONSTANTINOPLE AND THE BOSPH

Never get a reputation for a small perfection, if you are trying for fame in a loftier area. The world can only judge by generals; and it sees that those who pay considerable attention to minutiæ, seldom have their minds occupied with great things. There are, it is true, exceptions; but to exceptions the world does not attend.—*Bulwer.*

CONSTANTINOPLE FROM THE SERAI.

The view herewith presented is from a different point from any which we have previously examined, and conveys a vivid impression of the city of minarets and mosques, the gorgeous home of Orientalism, the glittering prize on which the eyes of Russian sovereigns, for more than a century, have been fixed with an unwavering avid gaze. This city, called, by the Turks, Istambol, by the Wallachians, Zaregrad, the royal city, perpetuates the magnificence and greatness of its founder—Constantine the Great, and marks the site of the ancient city of Byzantuim. Constantine occupies a large space in the volume of history, many circumstances combining to add *éclat* to his reputation. Caius Flavius Valerius Aurelius Claudius Constantine was the son of the Emperor Chlorus and his wife Helena, and was born A. D. 274. He was educated with care at the court of Diocletian, where he was retained as a hostage, while his father was acting as the associate of Diocletian in the government of the empire. When Diocletian had resigned the sceptre, Constantine, fearing for his safety, menaced by the machinations of Galerius, fled to his father, who was in Britain, and on the death of the latter, was chosen emperor by the troops. He soon gave proof of ability and daring, took possession of Gallia, Hispania and Britain, defeated the Franks, and marched against Maxentius, who was leagued with Maximinian to oppose him. During his Italian campaign, it is said that he had a vision of the following nature: He beheld in the heavens a vast cross of fire, beneath which was the following inscription: "In hoc signo vinces"—Under this sign shalt thou be victorious. And the legend goes on to add that on the night after this apparition, our Saviour appeared to the emperor, and commanded him to adopt the cross for his standard. Constantine accordingly procured a banner bearing the cross in a white field, which was called the *labarum*. A few days afterwards (A. D. 312), he defeated Maxentius under the walls of Rome with great slaughter, and entered in triumph the imperial city, where the senate hailed him as Augustus and Pontifex Maximus. One of his most memorable acts was an edict of toleration in favor of the Christians, published in the following year. The liberality of decreeing perfect freedom in religious matters to members of every sect, and of requiring no religious test as a preliminary to eligibility to office, showed a mind of the highest order, and contrasts with the conduct of British statesmen in our enlightened times. "The edict marked the triumph of the cross and the downfall of paganism." Licinius, emperor of the East, and who had married a daughter of Constantine, urged by a bitter enmity to the Christians, took up arms against Constantine. Twice defeated in battle, he was finally put to death by Constantine's order. Thus Constantine became the sole head of the eastern and western empires. He immediately set himself about the reformation of abuses, the melioration of the condition of the poor, of criminals, in fact, the entire social and political system of the empire. The foundation of the splendid city which bears his name was laid on the Bosphorus, in Thrace, November 26, 329. The city of Byzantium, which had occupied the site, had been almost wholly destroyed by Severus. Constantine adorned it with squares, fountains, a circus and sumptuous palaces. It soon became the rival of Rome. The wealth of the empire poured into the new city; thither the tributary nations sent their representatives and treasure. In the year 337, Constantine fell sick in the neighborhood of Nicomedia, was baptized, and died after a reign of thirty-one years. Gibbon has painted his character with great minuteness and care. On his death, he divided the empire between his three sons, Constantine, Constantius and Constans, a great error, which led to its dismemberment. The city of Constantinople remained the capital and residence of the emperors of the East until 1453, when it fell into the hands of the Turks, who have ever since retained possession of it; the crescent usurping the place of the cross—the minaret that of the Christian spire. The city has been besieged twenty-four times. Alcibiades, Severus, Constantine, Dandolo (doge of Venice), Michael Paleologus and Mohammed, were all, in their day, victors of Byzantium, or Constantinople. Its site lies in the government of Rumelia, on the sea of Marmora, at the south-western opening of the Thracian Bosphorus, which separates Europe from Asia. The chief feature which strikes a stranger is the size of the harbor, which is deep and secure, and which, covered with the sails of many nations, with the curiously-rigged Mediterranean craft, and the brilliant caiques of the Moslem, presents a very animated and interesting spectacle. Next the splendid sweep of the swelling shores on which it stands challenges admiration. The splendid mosques and palaces, imposing by their masses, and by the elegance and peculiarity of their architecture, are viewed with pleasure and interest. But in sad contrast with these beauties is the interior condition of the place. Like many, in fact, most Oriental cities, there is a great want of accommodation and of cleanliness. The streets are narrow and dirty, and steep, infested with savage dogs. The houses of the inhabitants are low and dirty. Hence the plague, which is annually introduced here from Egypt, committing fearful ravages, fed by the miasma arising from the filthy condition of the streets, though the air of Constantinople is naturally pure and the site healthy. The only drawback to a residence in an airy quarter of the city is the sudden changes from hot to cold, incident to a change of wind. The area and extent of the city is another marvel. Reckoning the suburbs, it is fifty-miles in extent. The site is in the form of a triangle, the apex of which borders on the straits, the north side on the harbor and the south upon the sea of Marmora. The largest of these sides is the western, which curves from the harbor to the sea of Marmora. An object of interest to strangers is the famous fortress of the Seven Towers. That part of the city which is comprehended under the name of Kassum Paschi, comprises the residence of the captain pacha, the arsenal, the navy yard, and the galley-slaves' prison. Opposite the seraglio is the suburb of Galata, which is surrounded by a wall of its own, and here many European merchants reside. Tophana, where is the cannon foundry, lies further along. The suburb of Pera, the residence of the foreign ambassadors, lies opposite Tophana. The European burial ground is not far from this. The Greeks mostly reside in the suburb of St. Demetrius. Leander's tower is situated on a rock near the Asiatic side. Beyond lies the extensive suburb of Scutari. The fortifications of the city are unimportant, and would afford little obstacle to a siege by European troops and arms. The seraglio is a vast collection of baths, mosques, kiosks, gardens and groves of cypress. However the lower orders may fare, the sultans are sumptuously lodged in their palace of delights. The seraglio is called by the Turks Padisha Serai, or imperial palace. The palace is protected by a wall mounted with cannon, which are almost daily fired to salute the sultan. The ancient church of St. Sophia is a most beautiful specimen of the brilliant architecture of the East. It would require much space to describe all the buildings of the royal residence. In the centre of the city is the Eski Serai, built by Mohammed II., in which are shut up the wives and slaves of the deceased sultans, who have the privilege of marrying and leaving it, if they choose. There are about five hundred mosques in Constantinople, of which the oldest is the mosque of St. Sophia, built originally for a Christian church by Justinian. It is 270 feet long, and 240 broad. It is sacred from the intrusion of infidels, except by special permission of the sultan. The vast dome is covered with marble, and its immense weight is supported by elegant pillars and buttresses. The pavement is composed of porphyry and verd antique; while splendid carpets are spread here and there upon it. The exterior will hardly bear a critical examination, as it is a confused mass of architecture; but its defects are lost sight of in the majestic swell of the symmetrical dome. The four minarets built by Selim II. are entirely detached from the main building, and soar into the air to a great height. There is an immense number of schools in the city, and yet education is at a very low ebb. A curious feature of social life is the great number of immense caravanseries for the accommodation of travellers. The coffee houses and opium booths afford excellent opportunities to the traveller to study Oriental character and manners. Here you find the story-tellers, many of whose fictions are as interesting as those of the Arabian Nights. The bazaars, filled with costly wares, are well worthy of frequent visits. Willis has described them admirably in his "Pencillings by the Way." The baths are also very attractive to a stranger. In short, if one has time only to visit a single city of the East, Constantinople should be the place selected for a temporary residence.



THE POINT OF THE SERAI.

ENGLISH GENERAL POST-OFFICE.

The English post-office has adopted the American plan of making a yearly report of its business, and the first report has just been issued. According to this report, there are 9773 post-offices in the kingdom. Mails are conveyed daily over 57,000 miles, at an average charge of 8 1-2d per mile by railway, and 2 1-4d per mile by coach. The number of chargeable letters which passed through the post last year was 443,000,000. The number of newspapers was 53,000,000, and of book packages, 375,000. The number of money orders granted during 1854, was 5,466,214; their total amount was £10,462,411 16s 4d, the profit on which, after paying expense, was £16,538. The gross revenue from postage on letters and books, and commission on money orders last year, was £2,689,000, and the gross expenditure £1,413,000. In Russia, Spain and Chili, the lowest inland postal rate has been reduced to less than 4d. In France, the United States, Bavaria, Hanover, Portugal, Sardinia and Brazil, it has been reduced to less than 2d, and in Belgium and Denmark to 1d.—*Scientific American.*

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE RAINBOW.

BY FREDERICK J. KEYES.

It comes—the rainbow in silence comes,
While clearer it grows in form,
Like a girdle of beauty by angels wove
From the grandeur of the storm.

Like a glittering zone it encircles earth,
While the troubled sky grows still;
As the booming note of the thunderbolt
Dies along the distant hill.

I love to gaze on the rainbow's form,
As it spans the summer sky;
And I weep to see it fade, and leave
But a blank of blue on high.

As it wakens thoughts of those whose forms
Were as lovely and as gay;
Who faded like rainbows of promise and hope,
From a bright and summer day.

They passed away to the spirit-land,
Where the ages smoothly roll,
Where the smiling countenance of God
Is the rainbow of the soul.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

LA CHIFFONNIERE.

BY MRS. SOPHRONIA CURRIER.

"MISFORTUNES never come singly!" The old adage was never more fully verified than in the case of Monsieur Adolphe Brulon, the young law student; for within the very week in which he lost his best friend—the distinguished advocate who had interested himself somuch in the youth's education, and who had promised him a partnership in business as soon as his studies were completed—his godfather, who had long before signified his intention to make Adolphe his heir, died without a will; and more than that, his mother, Madame Brulon, caught such a severe cold on her return from the old gentleman's funeral, that it was feared the fever consequent on it would terminate her life.

Nor was this all. There was another bitter grief, but that was a secret one; it would have made poor Adolphe quite frantic to know one conjectured what it might be, and therefore we will not imagine its cause. We will just observe, however, that it did not pass away, nor had Adolphe philosophy enough to rise superior to it; for when after some weeks Madame Brulon was pronounced out of danger—though it was months before she was able to leave her chamber—and her son found time to collect his scattered thoughts and plans for the future, this one grief became a broader, darker cloud, in proportion as the sunlight glimmered through the others. And when, as very early one morning, to the great astonishment and vexation of his mother, whose pride had long outlived her fortune, Adolphe presented himself before her in a ribbed cap, short jacket, trimmed with bright buttons, and wide blue trousers, gaily whistling an air from the last opera, it was only by bursting into a loud laugh, that he smothered that great sob which well nigh choked him—that nameless grief which welled up in his heart.

As he had failed to find a more lucrative employment, it was without even a momentary feeling of pain that he donned the dress of the omnibus conductor; he was only pleased that the three hundred francs, all the wealth at his command, was sufficient to establish himself in his new employment, two hundred being required for a guarantee to his master, and the other furnishing him with his livery. His young, hopeful heart could not believe that the times would always be so hard; he would not long be obliged to perform such a menial labor; before many years had passed he would be well versed in the profession he had chosen, his clients would be some of the best men in Paris, and Madame Brulon, his mother, should preside over as fine an establishment as she had been mistress of years ago.

And with this thought animating him, Adolphe got very comfortably through that inauguration day, smiling to himself at the well-bred stares and contemptuous glances with which his friendly word or look of recognition was returned by those he had formerly considered his friends. One would have thought, to look on that fair, ruddy countenance, and those bright, laughing eyes, as Adolphe sat there beneath the projecting roof of the vehicle, busying himself with his account book or a newspaper, that he was one of the happiest little fellows in the world, especially when, in passing a tall, old-fashioned, but well-preserved dwelling-house, a portion of whose upper story had recently been painted a lively green, he caught sight, through a half uncurtained window and between clusters of Provence roses and sweet-scented verbenas, of a pale but gentle, ladylike matron, dressed in a white muslin robe, and neat coiffure of delicate lace, and lilac-colored ribbon.

I am not sure, however, that a spectator might have retained that opinion for a great length of time, for there was another building which the omnibus passed equally as often as that in which Madame Brulon rented a suite of rooms, a sight of which seemed entirely to change the current of the young man's thoughts. He grew pale and red by turns, fidgeted nervously in his seat, striving to turn his back towards the dwelling, and yet casting furtive glances over his shoulder; and when, in his last route for the day, he caught the note of a guitar issuing from that princely mansion, it was altogether more than poor Adolphe could do to maintain his composure. But we must not seek to penetrate his secret. Of course it was in no ways connected with either of the two individuals who resided beneath that roof—the old, eccentric, purse-proud banker, M. de Latour, or that angel of beauty and goodness, his daughter Emma.

Days and weeks passed away. Cheerfully, but not so hopefully as at first, Adolphe followed the business he had undertaken. His three francs each night procured for himself and his mother a comfortable support, but not a sou could be saved from his earnings. Sometimes, when that bitter grief was weighing heavily on his heart, Adolphe would think that the love of his mother was the only tie which bound him to life; but he struggled so right manfully with despair, that he was never for once quite overcome.

But though Adolphe was not doing a great business for himself, his employer had never been so fortunate before in the choice of a conductor. There was not a public conveyance in the city so well patronized as that under the care of the young man; and so distinguished did he become for his gentlemanly deportment, where all were civil and courteous, and for the excellent order in which his carriage was kept, where all were obliged to keep cleanly, that it was soon the best class of citizens in the quarter where the vehicle plied that became its patrons—the handsome *remise* even being passed by for the vulgar omnibus; and the proprietor was planning to make Adolphe a neat present at the expiration of six months, when his patronage suddenly fell off, and his employer became so incensed at the cause of it, that poor Adolphe lost his situation.

It has been remarked that the carriage under his care was patronized by the better class of citizens; but one evening, to the vexation of a very genteel company of both sexes, the holder of the ticket to the only seat which was unoccupied was a miserable old creature, in an attire half masculine, half feminine, who came hobbling out of the station-house, scolding at the top of a harsh, cracked voice, and gesticulating furiously.

"It is not so often that I treat myself to a ride, that every one need trouble himself to prevent me from enjoying it!" she exclaimed. "First, the attendant demurs at giving me a ticket, advising me to keep my sous for a more necessary purpose; next, the carriage is half an hour behind its time, and then it comes dragging along at such a snail-like pace, that a woman of my business could do better to walk than to ride; and lastly—"

"Lastly, *grand-mere*," interrupted one of the gentlemen within the carriage, as the chiffonniere, such was the individual supposed to be, sought to press the matter, "lastly, there is no room for you here. See, the dial tells that the omnibus is full!" and he moved the hands to another point. "The evening is fine, and a walk will do you good. I dare say you will meet with some old crony; here is something to make your gossip lively."

The chiffonniere eagerly clutched the bit of silver, and poured forth a volume of thanks; but it did not blind her to the fact that there had been a vacant seat in the omnibus had not the gentleman's hat and cloak been thrown upon it, nor diminish her desire for a ride—and she again attempted to enter the vehicle. Her ingress was now opposed, however, by more than one of the company; and so determined were they that she should not enter the carriage, that the conductor was appealed to.

"Monsieur Adolphe remembers very well," said a pretty little black-eyed demoiselle, "that he promised me this chair for my basket of flowers. Please, Adolphe, make Monsieur Emerle take away his old cloak!"

"Yes, yes, you know very well, Adolphe, that you promised it to Susette!" cried several voices, and Emerle's cloak was torn from the chair, and the basket of flowers placed upon it.

Poor Adolphe!—he would have been very sorry to disoblige Monsieur Emerle, or any other of the gentlemen present, most of whom were his regular patrons; but it seemed utterly impossible to deny that dear little Susette anything she asked; for Adolphe had often thought that but for the kind care, the sunny smiles, and the strong, cheerful words of his little neighbor, Madame Brulon had long ago sunk into despair or the grave.

And the manner in which he was addressed by the old chiffonniere did not much encourage him to risk the displeasure of Susette. With her staff half raised, she stood in a menacing attitude, turning her fierce gray eyes attentively on the conductor and his passengers, and talking in such a rapid, furious manner that her words were utterly unintelligible.

"Good mother," said Adolphe, at length addressing the chiffonniere, at the same time casting an imploring glance on Susette, "the ladies and gentlemen are not really wishing to deprive you of your seat; they are only making themselves merry at my expense." And offering her the support of his arm, an assistance she seemed very little to need, he lifted her into the carriage.

Susette and the other young ladies arose quickly from their seats, and gathering their rich dresses around them, lest they should come in contact with the soiled garments of the intruder, stepped from the carriage, and only one or two gentlemen retained their chairs.

Adolphe was vexed, though no one would have imagined it, as he sat replying respectfully to the not very polite queries of the chiffonniere, who, holding the carriage door slightly ajar that she might converse with the young man, was now as amiable with him as she had before been the reverse. And he was able to thank her with a very good grace when she informed him that since she had found his carriage so comfortable, and his company so agreeable, she intended to treat herself to a ride on every fortunate day; at any rate, she would have a ride every evening till the bit of silver Monsieur Emerle had given her was gone. To his great satisfaction, however, the old chiffonniere did not make her appearance the next day, but at the close of the second week, he found her again at the station-house.

It was a cold, rainy evening, the wind was blowing furiously down the streets, and the pavements were covered with ice. Every public conveyance was filled to overflowing, as the omnibus under the care of Adolphe had not been honored with the presence of Monsieur Emerle, the violinist, and Susette, the little cantatrice, who were going out to a rehearsal; for neither of them had yet forgotten the insult, as they chose to consider it, which was shown them two weeks before, and their displeasure had considerably affected the business of the carriage. Susette had not spoken to him since; but this evening, whenever he had occasion to look into the omnibus, the bright light of the lanterns showed that pretty face to be as pleasant and smiling as ever.

It was, however, soon to be clouded again; for, as the omnibus stopped at one of the stations, the first individual who stepped forward to obtain a seat was the old chiffonniere. Her dress was more squalid than it had been two weeks before; her tall form was bowed as if with infirmity, and a dry cough almost choked her utterance. She was in a high dispute with the chief of the station-house, as the vehicle drove up to the door—he averring that the ticket she held had been given to a gentleman, whose dress he could particularly describe, and that he would call in a policeman if she did not account for the manner in which she had obtained it; and she proving, to his confusion, by exhibiting the bits of silver he had given her in exchange for her five franc piece, that it was herself who purchased the ticket. And the dispute was not confined to the two. The people who were waiting for seats in the omnibus, as well as those already within the vehicle, were determined that the old woman should not be one of the company, several offering her money if she would relinquish her ticket peaceably, others endeavoring forcibly to prevent her from entering the carriage, and others still threatening the conductor that thenceforth his business should be ruined, if he allowed her to take her seat.

Adolphe thought little of their threats, but he was sorely perplexed. He feared that neither the good but wilful Susette, nor the neat little grisettes who were waiting for a ride, would sit in the carriage with that miserable old creature; but would it be right to deny her the seat she had paid for, and compel that aged, feeble woman to take a long walk, on that cold, stormy night, over the icy pavements?

Who could tell but his own mother might some time be reduced to a like extremity? He was not aware that he uttered the words in a tone sufficiently audible to reach the ear of the chiffonniere, or that she muttered some reply as he assisted her to get into the omnibus.

The next day and the day following, Adolphe had a comparatively empty carriage, only a few strangers taking seats in it; and then he was dismissed by his employer. The young man had never felt so near despair as at the moment when he received again the sum he had deposited with his employer, and turned his steps homeward. It was at a season of the year when labor was most difficult to obtain, and the means of living, high priced. Madame Brulon knew nothing of economy, and how soon would his two hundred francs disappear!

"Where is monsieur's light step and sunny smile?" said a harsh voice, and the old cloak and slouched hat of the chiffonniere was by his side. "Is his heart growing cold, and his foot weary?"

"No, no, good mother," said the young man, cheerfully, "not while there is a being dependent on my care, or a Heaven for me to serve!"

"Spoken bravely, Adolphe Brulon!"

The young man turned quickly at the sound of that voice, which was no longer that of an aged, feeble woman; and the countenance which he before had but imperfectly obtained a view of—concealed as it had been by that coarse, soiled coiffure, the grizzly hair which had now disappeared, and the wide-brimmed hat—was now fully exposed to his view.

"Monsieur de Latour!" he exclaimed, the blood mounting to his temples.

"The author of all your misfortunes!" calmly added the rich, eccentric banker—for he it was in the disguise of a chiffonniere. "First, he obtained possession of all the wealth which he well knew your godfather intended should become yours; next, he refused you admittance to his house, though it well nigh broke the heart of his daughter; and now he has been the means of turning you out of employment!"

"Monsieur de Latour, you have made me the happiest of men!" exclaimed Adolphe, his voice tremulous with emotion. "If Emma thinks of me with kindness, I can scorn all else the world could bestow!"

"What, even her father's free gift of her hand and fortune?" exclaimed the banker, laying his hand heavily on the young man's arm, and looking smilingly in his face.

Somehow from that night Adolphe forgot that great grief which had so long hung over him, and the next day he resumed his studies, the old chiffonniere, so he informed his acquaintances, furnishing him with such means as enabled him to do so; and when at the end of a year he received from her father the hand of the beautiful Emma de Latour, he declared to the bridal party, the banker himself affirming it to be a fact, that it was wholly owing to the interference of the old chiffonniere that the wedding had been brought about.

MEERSCHAUM.

This is a mineral of a white earthy appearance; it is composed of silica and carbonic acid. It is found in many parts of the world—Piedmont in Italy, Wales, in Great Britain, etc. When first dug up it is soft and greasy, and lathers like soap, and on that account is used by some Tartar tribes for washing their clothes in place of soap. The well-known Turkey tobacco pipes are made of it, by a process like that for making pottery ware. The bowls of these pipes are prepared for sale in Germany by soaking them first in tallow, then in wax, after which they are polished up.—*Scientific American.*

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

HAST THOU BEEN TRUE TO ME, LOVE?

BY REBECCA R. PIERCE.

Hast thou been true to me, love?
O, tell me, is the vow
You breathed when last we met, love,
As sacred to thee now?
Canst thou look into mine eyes, love,
With the same unfaltering light?
With that unchanging smile, love,
You wore that trysting night?

Dost thou remember, still, love,
That balmy night in June,
When we wandered side by side, love,
Beneath the silver moon?
When the shadows were a-sleeping
In the valley and the grave,
And the stars their watch were keeping
With gentle eyes of love.

The summer hours have gone, love,
Its fleeting beauties dead;
And summer friends have all, love,
Like summer glories fled;
But tell me is thy heart, love,
As free from sin and blight,
As true, as when we parted
Upon that trysting night?

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

REMINISCENCES OF CALIFORNIA.

BY FREDERICK STANHOPE.

A TRIP UP THE COAST.

STROLLING one fine summer afternoon down Long Wharf, I encountered my friend L——, who had lately purchased a fine yacht boat of some thirty tons burthen.

"Should you like to join me in a trip up the coast to a wreck?" said he.

"Nothing would give me greater pleasure, my dear fellow," I replied.

It was just the thing; I had become heartily sick of the monotony of city life, and the change, with a prospect of adventure, exactly suited me. So putting a few clothes in a carpet bag, I was on board in an hour.

It seemed that a barque from Malaga, laden with wine and fruit, had made the coast some fifty miles to the northward of San Francisco, in a thick fog, and the captain, from the appearance of the land, fancied he was off the mouth of the harbor, and had accordingly stood directly into the breakers before had discovered his mistake; then letting go his anchors, in a great fright at the appearance of Indians on the coast, he had jumped into a boat and pulled lustily away, leaving his vessel to her fate. They were picked up the next day by a ship and brought into San Francisco.

This was the whole story of the captain; he *judged* she was some fifty miles up the coast, and with this meagre information, she was put up at auction, to be sold for the benefit (?) of the underwriters. Not knowing whether she was above water or not, people did not dare to bid, until after a long while a man on speculation ventured fifteen hundred dollars, and for that sum she was knocked down. Vessel and cargo could not have been worth *less* than seventy-five thousand dollars, and probably more, but just so loosely was business transacted in San Francisco, when the master eye and hand were not there to supervise. The purchaser was a person entirely unacquainted with maritime affairs, and employed L—— with his boat to carry himself and a party of men up to the wreck, if she could be found.

We got away from the wharf with a fine breeze and fair tide, and soon cleared the outer harbor, but the wind drawing round ahead, we made little progress, and at dusk were off Balavinas Point becalmed, with a current setting us back towards the place we had left; so as nothing was to be gained we concluded to pull in shore and come to anchor. Getting close in we found a small stream running into the sea, with a good harbor; so we down kellog, and in the jolly boat pulled up the creek, where we espied a house standing some little distance back.

It was a perfect specimen of the old Californian ranche, enclosed by a straggling fence, with outbuildings for the servants; and with horns, bones and old hides scattered about in a particularly untidy manner.

The building was in a state of decay and filth, and the usual retinue of Indians and dogs were to be seen loitering about. The owner proved to be an old Dutch sailor, who, some twenty-five years previous had, after leaving his ship, got a grant of this land from a former governor, and scraping together by degrees a sufficient stock, had settled down quietly to vegetate away the remainder of his existence, having Indians enough to do all the labor necessary.

We arrived at an unpropitious moment; he had, in his old age, taken to himself a young wife, the daughter of his next neighbor (some fifteen miles off), whose years were scarcely a third of his own. As he did not feel that his person was such as to win a fair damsel's heart, he judged that a proper degree of surveillance would be advisable; so, after living together a short time, he came to the conclusion that a handsome young male cousin, who was in the habit of riding over *very* often, bringing a bottle of gin as an excuse, was *rather* too affectionate for the degree of relationship existing; and waking up suddenly one afternoon, from his siesta, he discovered what would, if proved, make up a delightful case of "crim. con." Remonstrating, albeit quite gently, the youthful swain took it so much to heart that he not only soundly thrashed the old man, but putting the bride on his horse, actually rode off with her, saying he should take her to her father's.

This was a few days previous to our arrival, and the old man was so stricken down, that he had not seen a sober moment from that time. After relating his story, and in the most liberal manner placing his whole household absolutely at our disposal, he relapsed into grief (and a bottle of brandy we had presented to him), and was during the night utterly oblivious. Finding one of the most intelligent of the Indian girls, who bore a strong likeness to our host, a silk handkerchief bestowed procured us a supper and a place to spread our blankets, and we retired in due time to rest.

In the morning our landlord aroused us and as his stock of liquor was exhausted, his grief seemed most wonderfully abated. From him we learned that he had seen some natives from the wreck, that she was ashore and at low water nearly dry. This was to us glorious news, but her precise locality he did not know. After consultation, the owner, tired of the boat, hired the old fellow to accompany him with horses up the coast range, while we were to proceed by water; and either party reaching the wreck was to make a fire, the smoke to be a signal.

The breeze had sprung up, and we embarked. During the day we made some twenty-five miles, and found ourselves at night to leeward of a point that made out several miles. On the other side of this we hoped to find the barque, but not liking to trust the navigation at night, we came to anchor close in shore. The next day we soon doubled the point, and there, sure enough, was the object of our search—but in a perfectly inaccessible position. She lay in a bay formed by two arms of land, but across the entrance was a reef of rocks, with a surf beating over them, that no boat could have lived in for an instant. How she ever got in there was, and is, a mystery to me. Here was a tantalizing position—the object in sight, but beyond our reach; a fortune no doubt lying there, but not to be had; for though she might be approached by land, the rocky coast, precipitous heights and distance, prevented any possibility of packing the cargo on mules or horses to the city.

We ran over to the other point, but not a spot could be seen that was not white with surf, and if thus in so light a breeze, what would it be in a gale? At last a bright thought came to our aid; there was a creek at Balavinas running into the interior, why not find one here? So returning to our previous anchorage, we began a tour of investigation. After trying several little inlets unsuccessfully, we at last hit on what seemed to be a "de facto" stream, with good deep water, so into it we ran, and of all the tortuous creeks it has ever been my fortune to happen on, I will give this the palm; however, we went on, staking out a channel, naming it, by right, as we assumed, of discovery, Buenfortuna (good luck). After going up some six miles, we were brought to by want of water, and hauled in shore for a land survey. The bank of the stream was a gentle ascent, and then came a level extent of prairie. By our compass bearings, the wreck must lay about due west from us; so well armed, we started on foot.

We had made but a short distance, when a herd of wild cattle we had seen grazing and should have passed unnoticed, attracted probably by our red shirts, made at us, bellowing furiously, with their tails in the air. The way we 'bout ship for the creek was a caution, every man for himself, and no trees to dodge behind. I was rather in the rear of the party at the time, and on turning was of course ahead, so pulling foot I soon reached the bank, where I was comparatively safe, as they would not be likely to run into the water, and turned to see the race.

L——, being stout and heavily clad, was behind them all, and in fearfully close proximity to his stern sheets was a villanous old black bull, who was evidently bent on giving him a toss; though his danger was imminent, I could not for my life refrain from laughter. He had abandoned his gun, but clung, apparently unwittingly, to a large ham which we had taken as provisions; it was miss and go, now bull, now L——, but at last he reached the bank, and as he leaped down the bull held up and the race was won. A shot from a musket taking effect in his flank, he started off with his fellows and was soon out of sight.

Taking the precaution to cover our shirts with jackets, we ventured again, and with better success. At the end of two or three hours' walk we reached the end of the prairie, and the ship was in sight. The creek ran up directly opposite her, with only a strip of land intervening. Only transport the cargo across and we could lighter it to the ocean.

Making a huge fire, the signal agreed on, we proceeded to inspect the wreck. The tide was in and she was sitting perfectly upright in a bed of sand, with the chains all run out and one anchor under the bow. In such haste had she been abandoned that the sails were still flying, and had the weather for the past fortnight not been remarkably good, she must have gone to pieces. The Indians had evidently been on board, as there were raisin boxes strewn about. As the tide was running out, we were soon able to get on board, where we found the hatches broken open, and some little of the top cargo taken out, but comparatively nothing. The tide ebbed and flowed in her, but as the lower tiers were casks of wine, little damage had been done by the water. We at once proceeded to unbend the sails and get out the long boat, and by night we had made all snug, and brought on shore spars and sails, to construct a square tent house, deciding to sleep that night on the beach.

The next morning the owner, with his guide, arrived, and was in great glee at our good fortune; he at once despatched the old fellow back to his ranche for a drove of pack mules, and, in the meanwhile, we went on discharging the cargo. The second night we had our first experience of the grizzlies, attracted by the raisins, of which they seemed very fond; they came down to the beach and devoured them in quantities, we not daring to make any demonstration from our tent; but determined to be ready for them the next night. The following day, of the spare spars and water-casks we built a regular barricade; inside of this were piled up the boxes, many tiers high, and we thus had a most capital fort. They came at night, as before; but no sooner did we catch sight of them than we drew trigger, and, after several shots, or rather broadsides, managed to disable two, one of them a cub, so that we easily despatched them; the rest retreated. These fellows furnished us with steaks for a long while.

Never did I see such quantities of game; immense herds of elk occasionally appeared on a neighboring bluff, apparently numbering hundreds, and, gazing down on us curiously, would toss their heads and dash off, making the earth tremble. We often found their horns on the prairie, some of them would stand six feet in height, branching out like a tree. From the creek we had a continual supply of wild fowl, geese, and ducks, and teal, in the greatest abundance. Our table used to groan with good cheer; and wine being *ad libitum*, how we managed to work was a mystery.

There was something peculiarly fascinating in this life, so wild and strange did it seem; it appeared as though we were cast on some barren coast, and cut off from all the world beside. Myself and L—— having nothing particular to do with the wreck, our duty being confined to our boat, had a great deal of leisure, and while waiting for the horses, we amused ourselves by shooting and exploring the creek, marking the channel, etc. Being, at one time, in our boat down by the mouth where the stream was affected by the tide, we had moored for the night and turned in. In the morning I awoke, and, poking my head up from the cuddy, found we were fast aground, and directly abreast of us on the shore, was a monstrous grizzly with two cubs; she was as large as a small cow, and must have weighed fourteen or fifteen hundred. Here we were hard and fast, and liable at any time to a visit from brain, when what were we to do? Quietly awakening L——, I stated the case. "If they attempt to board us," said he, "we must go aloft and take our chance to shoot her. For an hour did we remain motionless, watching her proceedings, while the cubs, sitting up on their hind quarters, tossed stones about like children; the mother remained meditative. She seemed to be discussing the propriety of paying us a visit; but, finally, off they moved, crashing through the woods like elephants. If we had only been afloat, we might have had a crack at them, but, as it was, we judged discretion to be the better part of valor.

The mules arrived; the work of transit began, and it was wonderful to see what weight the arrieras would pile on the poor beasts. While busily engaged, one morning, the fog, which, at that hour, was always dense, was this day remarkably so, and seemed to hang low, shutting the bay completely out from the sea; one of our men from the bluff sang out, "sail ho!" and there, sure enough, was a vessel, standing directly in for those deceptive "heads" that had caused the first wreck. On she came, with all sail set, seemingly to certain destruction; and some of the men were already speculating as to her cargo and their share of salvage, when, providentially, the fog lifted for a moment, and revealed the breakers to her crew. "Hard down! hard down!" sang out the captain. The order was obeyed, but so suddenly did she come to the wind that her small spars snapped like pipe stems. Under so much headway it seemed as though she could not go clear; but there was just room, and as she came round, she must have grazed the reef. They were so near that a strong arm could have thrown from the bluff a stone on board.

While the cargo was in course of transit, we took in a load and started for the city, having orders to charter a couple of schooners, and pilot them up to the mouth of the creek, where we were to supply them with freight. We had a good run, and were back again within the week, and then began the work in good earnest. From this time we had little leisure, and soon had the cargo sent to San Francisco; when firing the wreck, we abandoned her as she burned, leaving her lighting up the country for miles, and frightening the wild beasts from their lairs. The clear profit, after paying large expenses, was nearly twenty thousand dollars.

REVOLUTIONARY ANECDOTE.

It was a fine Sabbath morning, in the year 1777, that the inhabitants of a little parish in the State of Vermont, and on the borders of New Hampshire, assembled in their accustomed place of worship. The cares of that fearful and long to be remembered summer had imprinted an unusually serious look upon the rough though not unpleasant countenance of the male members of that little congregation. The rigid features relaxed, however, as they entered that hallowed place, and felt the genial influence of a summer's sun, whose rays illuminated the sanctuary, and played upon the desk and upon the countenance of him who ministered there. He was a venerable man, and his whitened locks and tottering frame evidenced that he had numbered threescore and ten years. Opening the sacred volume, the minister was about to commence the services of the morning, when a messenger, almost breathless, rushed into the church, exclaiming: "The enemy are marching upon our western counties!" The man looked around upon his congregation and announced his text: "He that hath a garment let him sell it and buy a sword." After a few preliminary remarks, he added: "Go up, my friends, I beseech you, to the help of your neighbors, against the mighty. Advance into the field of battle, for God will muster the hosts of war. Religion is too much interested in the success of this day not to lend your influence. As for myself, age sits heavily upon me, and I cannot go with you; neither have I representatives of my family to send. My daughters—my daughters cannot draw the sword, nor handle the musket in defence of their country, but they can use the hoe—so that when the toil-worn soldier returns from the field of battle, he may not suffer for the necessaries of life." The venerable pastor bowed his head in devotion. When he again looked around, his audience was gone. One by one they had silently left the house of God, and ere the sun had that day set, the male inhabitants of that little parish, who were able to bear arms, were on their way to meet the enemies of their country on the field of Bennington.—*Boston Transcript.*

PEREKOP.

Our engraving conveys to the reader an excellent idea of this important place, Perekop in the Crimea—its military character being indicated by the passage of a Russian column, with lances, artillery, and all the pomp, pride and circumstance of war. The buildings delineated are a port station and a depot for salt, which is manufactured here. The old minaret on the right marks the road to Simpheropol; on the east of the town is a fortress containing a palace, barracks, a mosque and a Greek church. The village is principally occupied by government employees, and persons engaged in the salt manufacture. It is a very important point of the Crimea, as from it the Russians have been in the habit of receiving their supplies. From the Russian side the village is entered by a bridge which crosses a deep and wide cut across the isthmus, and this has undoubtedly given its name to the isthmus—Perekop signifying a ditch, in the Russian language. The isthmus of Perekop separates the Black from the Putrid Sea, and is about seventeen miles long and five broad. It is the principal entrance to the Crimea. There is another, however—a narrow tongue of land seventy miles long—running between the Sivash, or Putrid Sea, and the Sea of Azoff, and separated from the main land at the northern extremity by a narrow channel. There are several port stations along this road, and a ruined fortress at the southern extremity where it joins the main land. The communication between the Russian main land and the Crimea was completed not many years ago by the construction of a bridge, and by this way the principal intercourse between the eastern part of Russia and the Crimea is now carried on. The Russians, in occupying and fortifying the Crimea, appear to have guarded well their approaches, and to have provided against every possible contingency that might arise in case of war. Not only have they rendered Sebastopol impregnable (a perfect Gibraltar of the East, as events have proved), but military science has been exhausted in improving the nature of the ground in every direction throughout the entire Crimea peninsula.

ST. LAWRENCE HALL, TORONTO, CANADA.

[See page 45.]

The events of the present fearful campaign, with its continuous firing and fighting, its victories even so dearly purchased by the allies, have demonstrated that Russia is the most powerful military nation on the face of the globe. If, in the midst of a tragedy so vast, deplorable and heart-rending as this war in the East, we could indulge in mirth, we might smile at the predictions which were so confidently uttered by the allies when they commenced it, and at their depreciation of the power of a government military in its organization. We were told that the Russian government was invariably cheated by its officials; that its ships were rotten and leaky; that the walls of its fortresses were so badly constructed, and made of such wretched stone, that the recoil of their own guns would shatter them. The English were foremost in the gullibility with which they swallowed every story of this kind; so that we suppose nine-tenths of the officers and men who embarked for the Crimea, fancied the reduction of Sebastopol a mere bagatelle—the affair of a few weeks' campaign. They have now ceased to despise their enemy, even when they have as yet obtained no successes commensurate with the treasure and blood lavished in the campaign. We are well aware that the popular feeling in our country has pretty generally sided with the allies against Russia; but one thing is certain—thus far the military energy of Russia has not evinced that lack of discipline and effectiveness which was generally believed it would. Men fighting on their own soil, and for their own homesteads likewise, are not unfrequently animated by a more valorous and enduring spirit of resistance than are those who are not moved by the same patriotic impulses.

PEREKOP, IN THE CRIMEA.

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL.
LATE GLEASON'S PICTORIAL.

MATURIN M. BALLOU, Editor and Proprietor.
FRANCIS A. DURIVAGE, Assistant Editor.

ENVY.

The world is full of envious people, who, in defiance of the commandment, covet their neighbor's goods, while they rail at the partiality of fortune, which raises one individual and depresses another without rhyme or reason. Few of these envious gentlemen are willing to trace effects to causes, and accept the conditions on which the success they hate is really based. An individual of this kind was one day dining with Marshal Moncey, a survivor of the glories of the Napoleonic era.

"Ah!" said he, "I should like to be a marshal of France, with a retired pension. What a fine life! Now you have seven or eight hundred thousand francs income, hotels, castles, all sorts of honors; fortune has loaded you with her favors, and these have all come to you by good luck, marshal."

"Do you think so?" replied the marshal. "Well, I will surrender all I have to you for the hundred thousandth part of what it cost me."

"O, you're joking!"

"Not at all. My fortune is an incumbrance to me, and I shall be glad to get rid of it; in fact I was looking for some one to take it off my hands at a bargain. Now post yourself at the end of this alley, at seventy-five paces distant, or I'll give you a hundred paces, to show how liberal I am; I will send for thirty grenadiers, all good shots—you see I treat you as a friend. You shall give the word of command yourself: they shall fire on you once only, and if you are not touched, my fortune shall be yours after this little trial."

The gentleman to whom this liberal proposition was presented, made a wry face and refused it, though the marshal had been shot at, during twenty years, by two or three million soldiers, who had always missed their mark.

ST. LAWRENCE HALL, TORONTO, CANADA.

The first engraving on page 44 is an accurate representation of this fine building. It was erected from designs furnished by W. Thomas, Esq., of Toronto, in 1849—50, for the accommodation of public meetings and assemblies. It is substantially built of brick. Its total length is one hundred and forty feet, including the wings; the height of the pediment is seventy-five feet, and of the cupola one hundred and twenty feet. The facing is of Queenstown and Ohio freestone. The arcade shown in our view opens into the St. Lawrence, a glimpse of which is given. The two wings of the building, which add to its extent and appearance, are private property; but the architecture is made to conform to the design of the hall. The hall occupies the whole of the interior of the main building. It is a fine room, one hundred feet long, forty-five feet wide and twenty-six feet high. On the second floor are the news-room, the office of the board of trade, and other offices. The rents accruing from the market-house and from the stores in the lower part of the building, will, it is estimated, defray not only the cost of the building, but its current yearly expenses. St. Lawrence Hall is a fine structure, and a great addition to the architectural beauties of Toronto.

The Difference.—An English lord Tom Noddy who had a dispute with one of the wealthiest London bankers, said: "I would have you to know, sir, that I am a man of quality." "Very true," replied the banker, "and I am a man of quantity."

SPLINTERS.

.... The quidnunes who prognosticated a cold summer have been obliged to confess themselves false prophets of late.

.... Mrs. Mary Chandler, who sang in a choir before General Washington, lately died at Harvard, Mass., aged over ninety.

.... A villanous old bachelor said women were as fond of retailing slander as of hearing compliments.

.... The old red walls of the auditorium of the Boston Theatre are to be painted of a lighter hue.

.... The Phi Beta Kappa of this year is a man of true genius —Mr. Wm. H. Hurlburt, author of Gan-Eden.

.... Dog hunting has been a very profitable business in New York. The mayor paid fifty cents for each capture.

.... The story that the historian Bancroft had turned Roman Catholic, is said to be mere idle gossip.

.... The Newfoundland cod and herring fisheries have been remunerative during the present season.

.... The best novels published for many years, are Charles Reade's "Peg Woffington" and "Christie Johnson."

.... If prophets find no favor in their native land, vocalists do—witness Miss Hensler's success in Boston.

.... Daniel Pratt, Jr., denies the assertion of Mellen, that he is raising a foreign legion to destroy Boston and the Habeas Corpus.

.... All the prisoners in the Easton (Pa.) jail lately gave leg bail to the janitor, without asking if he liked it.

.... Capt. Rodman of the army has a machine that casts sixty Minié bullets in a minute—beating the British by twenty.

.... Mr. Wilson, of Texas, produces from six to eight hundred dollars worth of honey yearly. "How doth the little busy bee," etc.

.... A light-house, surpassing in massiveness and strength the famous Eddystone light-house, is to be erected on Minot's Ledge.

.... The operations of the squirrels in the trees on Boston Common excite as much attention as the Eastern war.

.... The handsomest continental company we have yet seen is the Amoskeag (N. H.) Veterans, who lately visited our city.

WEALTH IN AMERICA.

Is it not a great pity that the law of primogeniture no longer exists in these United States?—a burning shame that the eldest son cannot monopolize all the pinchings, and savings, and shavings of his father Dives? It would be so luxurious for the eldest son, especially if he happened to be a fool, to have his brothers and sisters dependent on him for their bread and butter, or on themselves or strangers for a start in the world. "What a confounded blundah it was," cries young snob, "in our ancestors to repeal the English laws of succession! It plays the very dence with the aristocracy—fact, we can't have any aristocracy in consequence of this blundah. When the governor goes off, I sha'n't have but three thousand dollahs; for there are nine other individuals in our interesting family, so my brothahs and sistahs will cheat me out of twenty-seven thousand dollahs—exactly. What an infamous boah!" Yes, young snob is right; the aristocracy of money in this country is not transmissible. With very few exceptions, our rich men have made their money themselves. Our friend Mr. Ormolu is worth three hundred thousand dollars, which he made in land speculations; beginning life with one dime, which he possessed when he was a very small boy of no particular parentage. He was very happy so long as he was busy, but he has now foolishly, we think, given up business, and is neither so happy nor hearty as he used to be. He dined of old on crackers and cheese at a grocer's counter, and enjoyed a good appetite and digestion. Now he has a French cook and dyspepsia. It used to be a great treat to him to ride ten miles out of town on the top of a stage coach; he is very ill at ease now in his splendid carriage, with the varnished panels bearing his arms—an invention of a seal-cutter, and very fine, being a heterogeneous mass of armor, griffins, lance-heads, unicorns and flying dragons. The little Irish boy who surreptitiously rides on his foot-board enjoys the motion of his carriage far more than he himself. Mrs. Ormolu was a deal happier when she was making overalls at seven cents the pair, than she is now when she affects a taste for the fine arts, and listens to "O dolce contento" through a double-barrelled opera-glass. Now the Ormolus have a very large family, who are being brought up very luxuriously and expensively, and each of them is capable of spending a very large fortune individually. What will be the consequence? Ormolu will not, as he would like, found a family of nabobs. Those young Ormolus will not be rich men. The divided hoards of the parent Ormolu will be rapidly squandered, and very likely, in the course of a few years after the death of the successful speculator, Byron Ormolu will be driving a cab, and John Jacob Ormolu retailing liquor on a race course. Seriously, we have reason to rejoice that hereditary wealth in this country is only an exceptional occurrence. The tide of wealth dammed up in a single channel for a brief space is soon scattered again in a thousand rills, and flows off in a thousand directions. Men must make money by their own exertions. And another very healthy feature in our social system is the necessity of useful exertion which public opinion imposes on every citizen. The few who inherit wealth do not command respect simply from that fact. If they wish to stand well with society, they must bestir themselves and actively engage in enterprises which will give circulation to their revenues. In no country are there fewer idlers among the rich than in ours; and some of our very busiest men are those who are under the least necessity of exertion, and employ themselves voluntarily to escape ennui and censure.

Strawberries.—The yield of the Jenny Lind strawberry this season demonstrated the excellence of this variety. They were raised by Mr. Fay, of Cambridgeport, and the plants sold this spring at three dollars a dozen; rather a high figure, but the rarity warranted it. Anybody can raise fine strawberries who has time and patience. They do not require a rich soil, but they expect perfect cleanliness of culture, and plenty of soft water. A moderate dressing of ashes is recommended for them.

Consolations for the Hungry.—We commend the following wise maxims of the Persians to those clerical employés who are required to work seven hours on a stretch without a morsel of food: "Hunger is a cloud from which issues a rain of eloquence and science; satiety is a cloud whence comes a rain of ignorance and grossness." "When the stomach is empty, the body becomes mind; but when it is too full, the mind becomes body."

A venerable Clergyman.—The Rev. John Sawyer (Father Sawyer, as he is fondly termed by his friends), a native of Hebron, Connecticut, and now in his hundredth year, lately made a pilgrimage, from his present residence in Maine, to his birthplace, and preached there. He found only two persons who were living at the time he left, when twelve years of age.

E. L. Davenport.—We understand that Mr. Barry, of the Boston Theatre, is in treaty with this favorite actor for an early engagement at his theatre. We hope to see Mr. Davenport here again, and to witness his chaste and correct delineations of his role of characters.

To Correspondents.—We are being constantly addressed from all parts of the country, with letters of inquiry, relating to various subjects. Such of these as contain letter-stamps to prepay the postage in return, are answered promptly, otherwise the letters are taken no further notice of. We adhere strictly to this rule.

Pictorial, Volume Eight.—We have now on hand and for sale the eighth volume of our Pictorial, elegantly bound, in uniform style with the previous numbers, full gilt and in best manner. We sell the set of eight volumes complete for *sixteen dollars.*

YANKEE TWIGS AND YANKEE WHERRIES.

General Peaslee, the collector of this port, a citizen of New Hampshire, in the course of his speech at the Revere House dinner to that fine corps, the "Amoskeag Veterans," related the following anecdote with the happiest effect:—"The splendid packet ship New World was launched from the ship-yard of the celebrated Mr. Donald McKay, of East Boston, some time about the year 1843, and was immediately placed in the Liverpool line of Messrs. Grinnell, Minturn & Co., of New York. Her masts and timbers were of New Hampshire growth, and fully worth their place in the then most magnificent specimen of naval architecture that had been set afloat. Her appearance at Liverpool, as she sailed up the Mersey, attracted a crowd of spectators to the piers, and when she had found her place in the dock, her decks were thronged with a press of curious visitors, anxious to condemn, but compelled to admire. It was very hard for John Bull to acknowledge himself beaten on his own boasted element, and one of the visitors, glancing his eyes up the shrouds, endeavored to save the national credit by the discovery and sapient remark that 'probably the *masts* were of Canadian growth.' The remark was overheard by a sailor, whose home was among the granite hills, then at work furling the sails aloft. Quick as thought he slid down the rigging, and pulling up his waistbands as he advanced towards the stranger, indignantly exclaimed: 'No, *sir!* them are *twigs*—grew under Moose Hillock; and, let me tell *you*, we've got a few more *saplins* up in them same woods, and when they get their growth we'll quit crossin' the Atlantic any more in such *wherries* as this!' The Great Republic, equal to a large fleet of old-fashioned merchantmen, as she was launched from the same ship-yard, and built up, too, from the same forests, made the threat of the indignant sailor something more than a vain boast."

EXTRAORDINARY LEGISLATION.

An exchange has the following:

"Statute of General Warren.—The Committee of the Board of Directors of the Bunker Hill Monument Association, on the subject of procuring a *statute* of General Warren, has reported that the subscription for that object having been completed, a contract has been made with Mr. Henry Dexter for the execution of the *statute*, and that a model of the proposed *statute*, in small, had been already made by him."

We were not aware that the Bunker Hill Monument Association had any authority to procure "*statutes*" for the Commonwealth, the law-making power being vested in the legislature. Yet it seems that they have delegated the law-making power to Mr. Dexter. The latter gentleman had better stick to his business of making "statues," and leave the making of statutes to the constitutional authorities.

Park Benjamin.—Our friend Park Benjamin, the poet, critic and lecturer, is now located at West Fourteenth Street, New York, where he acts as councillor and attorney for authors, negotiates with booksellers for the sale of MSS., and receives application from managers of lyceums for lectures, enough we should think, to keep his active mind from rusting. Mr. Benjamin's advertising card was inserted in our last number.

"Doesticks."—This name, the *nom de plume* of Mr. Mortimer Thompson, will be rendered famous by his volume of sketches entitled "Doesticks and what he says." Genuine humor and sharp satirical hits at the follies and humbugs of the day, conveyed in a very original style, are the staple of the book, of which we shall have more to say anon.

The Sportsman's Portfolio.—Enclose us twenty-five cents, and receive this centre-table ornament, elegantly illustrated, by return of mail. To young persons studying drawing, it is indispensable, and a beautiful pictorial gem for all.

Ballou's Dollar Monthly.—This favorite magazine is for sale at all the periodical depots throughout the country for *ten cents* per single copy, each number complete in itself.

MARRIAGES.

In this city, by Rev. Mr. Streeter, Mr. William H. Simpson to Mrs. Susan L. A. Jones; by Rev. Theodore Parker, Richard Wilson, Esq., of Philadelphia, to Maria A., youngest daughter of the late Peter Howard, of this city; by Rev. Mr. Winkley, Mr. Eliphalet M. Rollins to Mrs. Harriet Bacon; by Rev. Mr. Gaylord, Mr. Joseph B. Alden, of Boston, to Miss Caroline M. Furber, of Somerville; by Rev. Mr. Stone, Mr. A. L. Davis to Miss Sarah J. H. Riley.—At Charlestown, by Rev. Mr Laurie, Mr. Daniel L. Seaward, Jr., to Miss Susan A. Morgan.—At Cambridgeport, Mr. George A. Wadley, of Boston, to Miss Mary T. Lovejoy.—At Waltham, by Rev. Mr. Hill, Mr. Benjamin F. Cobleigh, of Watertown, to Miss Mary E. Walcott.—At Dedham, Mr. W. D. Hartshorn, of West Roxbury, to Miss Sarah A. Perkins.—At Salem, by Rev. Mr. Carlton, Mr. Samuel L. Allen to Miss Kate Day, of Berwick, Me.—At Holliston, by Rev. Mr. Tucker, Rev. William E. Caldwell, of Jamesville, New York, to Miss Jenny S. Whiting.—At Springfield, by Rev. Mr. Seeley, Mr. Charles G. Baldwin to Miss Susan Wilson.—At South Plymouth, Mr. Wm. H. Short, of Providence, R. I., to Miss Eunice B., daughter of Capt. Nathan King.—At Billerica, by Rev. Mr. Stearns, Mr. George H. Russell to Miss Helen F. Bowen.—At Lenox, Mr. Frederick William Backeman, of New York, to Miss Elizabeth Dwight Sedgwick.—At Nashua, N. H., by Rev. Mr Willis, Mr. Charles F. Stetson, of Medford, Mass., to Miss Ellen S. Colburn.—At Louisville, Ky., Mr. James McMickle to Miss Mary M., daughter of Hon. B. H. Burlingham, of Boston.

DEATHS.

In this city, Hon. Samuel Sumner Wilde, 85; Mrs. Jane Catherine, wife of Mr. Joseph D. Whiton, 32; Mrs. Abigail, wife of Mr. Austin Fisk, 52; Charles Everett, Esq., 63.—At Charlestown, Mrs. Miriam W., widow of Chester Shattuck, 70; Miss Mary L. Everett, 25.—At Cambridge, Dr. Charles H. Pierce, 41, formerly of Salem.—At Dorchester, Mr. John Kettell, 70.—At Auburndale, Mrs. Catherine S., wife of Mr. J. E. Woodbridge, 48.—At Newton Corner, Mrs. Elizabeth Hodgdon, 56.—At Dedham, Mr. George Ellis, 62.—At West Dedham, Miss Mary J. Thompson, 22.—At Medford, Miss Mercy Tufts, 73.—At Lynn, Mrs. Mary F Breed, 27.—At Lynnfield, Mr. David Augustus Swasey, 21.—At South Danvers, Miss Fanny Felton, 64.—At Swampscott, Mrs. Sarah Bartlett, 55.—At Marblehead, Samuel S. Trefry, Esq., 61.—At Essex, Mr. Caleb Haskell, 62.—At Newburyport, Mrs. Johanna Jones, 85.—At Plymouth, Mr. Micah Richmond, 52.—At Worcester, Mr. Justin Cotton, 55.—At Clinton, Mr. William S. Jewett, of Bolton, 41.—At Athol, Dr. William H. Williams, 63.—At Barre, Mr. Abraham Jenkins, 81.—At Franklin, Gilbert Lothrop, Esq., of Sharon, 76.—At New Bedford, Mrs. Mary Ann Thompson, 21.—At Montpelier, Vt., Mrs. Lucretia Prentiss, 70.—At Cumberland, Me., Mr. Daniel Moore, printer, 27, formerly of Salem.—At Bangor, Me., Mrs. Ann Sawyer, 63.—At New York, Mrs. Eliza Jane Hopper, 27.—At Philadelphia, Mr. Jesse Everett, 77.—At Washington, D. C., Mr Jacob B. Martin, of Newburyport, 22.—At Detroit, Michigan, George Hanscom, 57.

EDITORIAL MELANGE.

A Frenchman arrived at Cincinnati, recently, who said he was an officer in Napoleon's body guard, and was absent on leave of the emperor. He exhibited signs of insanity, and was placed in a room in the fourth story of his hotel. He had been there but a short time, when he leaped from a window to the pavement, breaking his limbs in a horrid manner. He was taken to the hospital, and $600 found in his possession. —— A number of flags have been received at the Navy Department, captured by Lieut. Preble, from piratical junks in the Chinese seas. —— General Quitman delivered a lecture, a few days ago, at Jackson, Miss., before a large audience, in favor of the private conquest of Cuba. He argued that this was the only plan, as the attempt to purchase had failed, and its public conquest would be rendered barren by the emancipation of the blacks before the island could come in possession of the United States. —— Henry Amory Pratt, the celebrated rough-rider in the 2d regiment of life guards, quartered at Windsor, England, blew his brains out with his carbine. —— At Cincinnati an interesting daughter of a respected German died very suddenly. On the following morning the mother died of cholera. This sudden breaking up of the family so worked upon the mind of the father that he sprang from the third story window of his residence down to the sidewalk, injuring himself so that he died in a few hours after. His name was Gottwell. —— The Chicago Democrat says that immense numbers of cattle and hogs are now being shipped from that city for Eastern markets. —— State elections will take place on the first Monday of August in Alabama, Arkansas, Iowa, Kentucky, Missouri and Texas; in Tennessee on the first Thursday of the same month, and in North Carolina on the second Thursday thereof; in Maine, on the second Monday of September, and in Vermont on the first Tuesday of the same month. —— In Europe, people take off their hats to great men; in America, great men take off their hats to the people. —— Several young men, some of them sons of the most respected citizens of Winsted, Conn., have been engaged, during the winter and spring, in a series of burglaries. By the use of false keys, they had been in the habit of entering stores in the village, and were making preparations for a visit to the Winsted Bank when they were discovered. —— The mayor of St. Louis has issued a proclamation, ordering the closing of all confectionery stores, barber-shops, and cigar stores, and stopping the sale of papers on Sunday. —— The Mail says that a young lady of the highest social position, now visiting a family here, has been detected in stealing jewelry—that the property was found upon her person by its owner, and was given up by the thief. —— James M. Pendleton, one of the seconds in the late New York duel, has escaped to England. —— Harris Stratton, of Northfield, Mass., who was in Kansas for eight months, gives glowing accounts of the territory, and considers it far superior to Illinois or any of the Western States for agricultural purposes or healthiness. —— There are 212 convicts in the Alabama penitentiary, four more than there are cells in the prison. —— The Johnstown Echo says, the Pennsylvania Canal and Railroad have sold their entire stock of cars to the Pennsylvania Railroad for $100,000, although the estimate of the stock did not reach $50,000. —— The Athens, Ala., Herald says that a youth died there, lately, from the sting of a locust. —— The earliest instance of a double Christian name, which has been found in England, is that of Sir Thomas Richard Ellys, who, in 1408, levied troops in Yorkshire. —— A curious case of the recovery of the sense of hearing, after it had been lost for a long time, occurred the other day in New Haven. John Connelly, a gardener, who had been wholly deaf for a great many years, was startled while going across the green by hearing a passing carriage, and since then his hearing has been restored so that he can detect the slightest sound. —— A new steamer, to be built by George Steers, the builder of the yacht America, is to be added to the Collins' line.

MODEL ORGAN HARMONIUMS.—We were recently shown, at the establishment of Messrs. Mason & Hamlin, a new instrument brought out by them, called the Organ Harmonium. This instrument embraces all the desirable qualities of the organ, having two manuals, or rows of keys, and eight stops, by which nearly every effect can be obtained that is produced upon the organ. Being supplied at reduced rates, it is placed within the reach of almost every society, and, in our opinion, a neater or more desirable instrument for church use cannot be found. Their Model Melodeons fully sustain the reputation which they have gained as unrivalled instruments, and which they well deserve.

THE HARVEST.—Our exchanges from every quarter bring cheering accounts of the growing crops, and there is now every reason to believe that the harvest of 1855 will be the largest ever realized in this country. Stimulated by short supplies and high prices, and by the prospect of a ready market in Europe, an unusual breadth of land has been seeded.

DEMANDING INDEMNITY.—The London News, under the hopes inspired by the news from the Crimea, urges the necessity of imposing sharp terms upon the court of St. Petersburg. "Russia," says that journal, "must be made to give an indemnity, to defray all the expenses of the war." The czar does not yet see the matter in the same light as the News.

HIGHLY IMPORTANT!—According to the Paris fashions, every gentleman should wear a fancy silk cravat with a large bow, and his morning pocket handkerchief should be of the finest linen cambric with a small vine in a delicate color, gray, pink or blue, running under the hem of the handkerchief!

WORTH REMEMBERING.—Two minutes is the extent that any one should trespass upon an editor's time, unless he is upon business of importance.

Wayside Gatherings.

All the gambling saloons in San Francisco have been closed.

The Astor House, New York, has been newly refitted, and its former attractions added to.

A woman's hospital has been opened in New York, at 83 Madison Avenue.

At the present day, there are nowhere such good tanners as in Russia, and nowhere are furs so well dressed and prepared for use.

Sir Joseph Paxton calculates that his proposed boulevards round London would cost $11,300,000, and would make it the most magnificent city in the world.

President Pierce, ex-President Tyler and Secretary Marcy have each received land warrants of one hundred and sixty acres, for services in the war of 1812, and the war against Mexico.

It is now announced that the unexampled coolness of the season is owing to "spots on the sun," which can be seen through a telescope.

The eldest daughter of John Y. Mason, minister to France, has been married, in Paris, to Mr. R. Heath, of Virginia, and came passenger to America in the steamer Atlantic.

The New York and New Haven Railroad Company are held responsible for the over-issues of stock by Robert Schuyler, by the decision of the Superior Court of New York.

It is said that oiled sawdust, acted on by the rays of the sun, will undergo the process of ignition spontaneously in about sixteen hours.

An indignant correspondent of the London Record calls attention to an iniquitous manufacture at Birmingham—that of Hindoo idols for exportation.

The convents which are to be immediately suppressed in Piedmont, in consequence of the new law, amount to thirty-four, viz., twenty-one of monks, and twelve of nuns.

A stranger in Mexico is struck with the appearance of the milliners' shops, where twenty or thirty stout men with moustaches are employed in making muslin gowns, caps and artificial flowers.

The new homestead law of this State exempts a man's implements or tools from the law's clutch. This is supposed to cover the libraries of lawyers and scholars, as well as the adzes and squares of carpenters.

Archdeacon Jeffreys, a missionary in the East Indies, states that "for one really converted Christian as the fruit of missionary labor, the drinking practice of the English has made fully one thousand drunkards in India."

The New York Herald complains that its fashionable hotels are emptying, and scarcely any of the travelling public are in town. The proprietors of the hotels are endeavoring to coax their customers back by lowering their prices of board.

The Cincinnati Gazette says that there are more stores and houses for rent in that city at present, than at any previous period in the last ten years. A large number of citizens have been compelled to go to the country and elsewhere in consequence of "hard times."

On the day of the Bunker Hill celebration, the tolls collected on Warren and Charles River bridges amounted to the enormous sum of *six hundred and forty dollars*, being the largest amount ever collected in this section of the country for tolls during twenty-four hours.

Pow-e-shick, principal chief of the Foxes, of the confederated band of the Sacs and Foxes of the Mississippi River, died recently on the Osage River, in Kansas Territory. He was something of a man; pity he drank. The name of his successor is Pee-shee-she-moon. Our respects to the distinguished native.

A letter from Eaton, O., dated 18th ult., says: "Several thousand able-bodied men are needed here. They would receive twelve to eighteen dollars per month and found. Several hundred could find employment in this section from now until fall, and receive good wages, and be otherwise well cared for."

A resolution was passed by both houses of the Connecticut Legislature, on the 23d ult., providing that "George Hoyt and others, of Norwalk, be permitted to enter their petition for a law relating to the *planting of oysters in the Secretary's office*, any rule or law to the contrary notwithstanding."

A correspondent of the Post has sent that paper a communication ridiculing the immense, broad-brimmed straw hats young ladies wear in the vicinity of Boston, where they are anxious to appear strikingly rural. One of them frightened the writer's horse so much that he tossed the rider from his back.

Miss Harriet S. Russell has received the appointment of postmaster at Great Falls, N. H., in place of Hon. Richard Russell, deceased. Miss Russell has had the charge of the office during the time her father held the appointment, and has proved herself a faithful and efficient public servant.

The Culpepper (Va.) Observer advertises for an apprentice as follows: "Boys that are in the habit of smoking cigars, or carrying a watch, will not be taken. We want good boys, who will attend church, Sunday-school, and are not apt to be spoilt when they get a genteel suit of clothes upon their backs."

The Sultan of Turkey has recently conferred on Dr. Charles T. Jackson, of Boston, the decoration of the Imperial Order of the Mejidieh, of the fifth class (chevalier), for the discovery of the pain-subduing properties of ether vapor, which is now so favorably manifesting its beneficial influence in the armies of the Crimea.

There is quite a ferment among the Saugeen Indians in Upper Canada, who complain of having been over-reached by the government in a treaty respecting their lands, which they agreed, on certain conditions, to cede to the crown. The provincial newspapers say a rebellion is threatened, which may cost both blood and treasure.

We learn from the Herald that Louis Adolphe Estrampes, brother of Francisco Estrampes, lately garroted at Havana, is now in New York, and about to become a citizen. Senor Estrampes, who is twenty-five years old, and a well-accomplished gentleman, is, we believe, about to adopt some pursuit in life there suited to his abilities.

A most notable instance of real kind-heartedness is recorded of Mr. Stetson, of the Astor House, who, on the day previous to the sailing of the Arctic expedition, went down to the vessels in the yacht "Mystery," with a load of deliencies suitable for a sea voyage, and distributed them among the officers and men of the expedition.

Watches, equal to the best imported, are manufactured in the suburban town of Waltham. The prices for which these are sold range from $20 to $200 each, at retail. A large building has been erected on the south side of Charles River, which is kept closed against intrusive eyes. The company is doing a large business, and the day is not far distant, we apprehend, when Waltham watches will be as famous and valuable as the best from London, Paris and the European cities generally.

Foreign Items.

Dr. William C. Starbuck, a skilful American dentist, and a native of Nantucket, but recently a resident at Lisbon, has been appointed dentist to the royal family in Portugal.

The Nuremberg Courier states, under the head of Stuttgart, that the corporation of Baisingen, in the province of Horb, have sold their poorhouse to the Jews, and sent their poor to America.

The Limerick Chronicle gives the following in its army news:—"The widow of Corporal John Brown, of the royal sappers and miners, has married the Emperor of Morocco. She is an Irishwoman."

Lavigne, one of the oldest *pensionnaires* of the Académie Impériale de Musique, and the predecessor of Nouritt and Dupré, died a few weeks ago at Pau, his native town. He was much distinguished at the opera for his fine tenor voice from 1808 to 1825.

An Italian actress, forty years old, and the mother of six or seven children, is startling the Parisians. Her name is Adelaide Ristori. Her "beauty is angelic"—and she is tragedian like Rachel, and commedian like Mars.

At the Paris Exhibition there are no less than 388 exhibitors of musical instruments. Of these, four only are from the United States. The Palace of Industry is occasionally open to the public gratuitously. On such days the number of visitors exceeds 80,000.

According to an official return, at least two hundred Tartar villages had abandoned the Russian side and taken that of the allies. The emperor had ordered that at the end of the war lands in the former occupation of these Tartars should be divided among the Greek volunteers.

The Duke and Duchess of Montpensier have recently caused the old convent of La Rabida, near Cadiz, in which Christopher Columbus resided on his return from his first voyage, to be repared, and afterwards partook of breakfast in the cell the great navigator had occupied.

One of the curiosities to be sent from Prague to the Paris Exhibition is a mine of jewelry, consisting of 14,000 garnets, which vary in dimensions from the smallest size to such larger ones as are no longer to be met with in the trade. Added to the garnets are 6000 other stones, and the workmanship is said to be as exquisite as unique.

Sands of Gold.

.... Extreme vanity hides under the garb of ultra modesty.—*Mrs. Jameson.*

.... Nothing more dangerous than a friend without discretion; even a prudent enemy is preferable.—*La Fontaine.*

.... A character which combines the love of enjoyment with the love of duty, and the ability to perform it, is the one whose unfoldings give the greatest promise of perfection.—*Kozlay.*

.... Every work so merely and basely mechanical, that a man can throw into it no part of his own life and soul, does, in the long run, degrade the human being.—*Mrs. Jameson.*

.... The attachments of mere birth are but the shadows of that true friendship, of which the sincere affections of the heart are the substance.—*Barton.*

.... He whose first emotion, on the view of an excellent production, is to undervalue it, will never have one of his own to show.—*Aikin.*

.... I think the first virtue is to restrain the tongue; he approaches nearest to the gods, who knows how to be silent, even though he is in the right.—*Cato.*

.... There is no being eloquent for Atheism. In that exhausted receiver the mind cannot use its wings—the clearest proof that it is out of its element.—*Hare.*

.... The disposition to give a cup of cold water to a disciple is a far nobler property than the finest intellect. Satan has a fine intellect, but not the image of God.—*Howels.*

.... Sorrow is a kind of rust of the soul, which every new idea contributes in its passage to scour away. It is the putrefaction of stagnant life, and is remedied by exercise and motion.—*Johnson.*

.... He who comes from the kitchen smells of its smoke; he who adheres to a sect has something of its cant; the college air pursues the student, and dry inhumanity him who herds with literary pedants.—*Lavater.*

.... In politics, as in religion, it so happens that we have less charity for those who believe the half of our creed, than for those who deny the whole of it, since if Servetus had been a Mohammedan, he would not have been burnt by Calvin.—*Cotton.*

Joker's Budget.

A love-sick young gentleman, who has taken very much of late to writing sonnets, has just hung himself with one of his own lines.

If a man is detected in an attempt to take a pint-pot, is it to be proceeded against as an act of felony, or simply regarded as a strong desire for carrying out a *measure?*

Lunatics live proverbially to a good old age, and one of the proverbs upon which the fact is founded is, we suppose, the old household truism that "cracked vessels last the longest."

The Ohio River is *still* very *low;* at the latest dates it could not leave its *bed;* its physicians have given it up—but we understand that hopes are entertained that the water-cure is adapted to its complaint, and that it will be tried upon it.

A city editor says that a man in New York got himself into trouble by marrying two wives. A Western editor replies by assuring his cotemporary that a good many men in Michigan have done the same thing by only marrying one.

"Would you like to subscribe for Dickens's Household Words?" inquired a sombre-looking magazine agent. "Household words have played the dickens with me long enough!" was the feeling reply of the henpecked husband.

Speaking of strawberries, Jones says that, as a chemical analysis shows them to be 90 per cent. water, he thinks it will be cheaper for him to use water only. He can obtain an imaginary taste of the fruit by sucking the water through a *straw.*

Economic Botany—Scientific definition by a young wife. Buying three bad geraniums with the price of Frederick's second best vest and trousers, that frock coat, two hats, a pair of Wellingtons—they did want soling—and the horrid rough outside great coat you always hated to see him in.

Miserable—The man who is out of money, and in debt. The only medicine for such a person is a dollar's worth of philosophy, or a shilling's worth of strychnine. The former may be had of those wood-sawyers who support six children and a pair of bull pups on seventy-five cents a day.

NOTICE TO ADVERTISERS.—*One page only of this paper is devoted to advertisements.* The immense circulation of the PICTORIAL (being *over one hundred thousand copies weekly*) forms a vehicle of advertisement that is rarely offered to the public. Another fact which greatly enhances the value of the PICTORIAL as an advertising medium is, that it is *preserved*, and not destroyed after being read, being regularly bound up every six months, so that each advertisement (all being placed on the *inside* of the paper) becomes a *permanent card of the advertiser's business for years to come.*

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ELEGANCE OF FIGURE ACQUIRED,

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Or, ELASTIC SHOULDER BRACE. They are light and elastic, and do not interfere with any style of dress. Suitable for adults of both sexes, and invaluable for children while growing. Gentlemen's Brace answers also for suspenders.

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G. P. PUTNAM & Co., *Publishers*,
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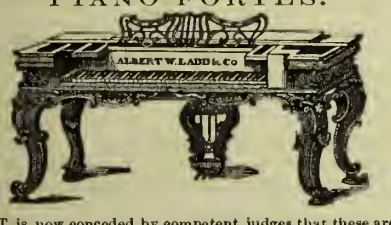

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mar 24 — (St. Nicholas Hotel.) — tf

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june 23 — 5t — 27 Beekman St., New York.

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BOUND VOLUMES OF THE PICTORIAL.—We sell the bound volumes of our illustrated journal to those who wish to sell again at a very low rate, so that a handsome profit is realized by the retailer. Any information given by addressing this office, by letter, post-paid.
jan 6 — tf

PHILOSOPHICAL INSTRUMENTS.

N. B. CHAMBERLAIN, 280 WASHINGTON STREET, BOSTON. — tf — june 16

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April, 15, 1853.

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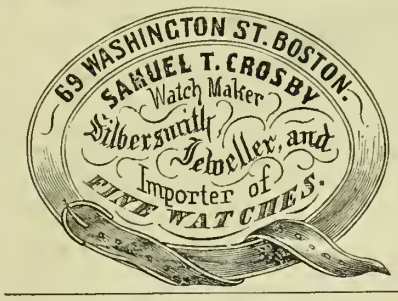

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A BOULOGNE AND AMIENS DILIGENCE—THE LAST OF ITS RACE.

SCENES IN BOULOGNE.

Boulogne is a famous seaport on the northwest coast of France, twenty-nine miles from the English port of Dover, on the opposite side of the channel. It is finely situated for trade, and lies in the direct road from Paris to London. It abounds with objects of interest, natural and artificial. The costumes of the fishwomen and the peasantry of the neighborhood are picturesque and peculiar, and there are many local customs well worthy of study. We have selected for illustration, in the present number of the Pictorial, a singular subterranean church, that of Notre Dame, and a peculiar, old-fashioned Amiens diligence, the last of its race—the railroad having driven coaches off the track, as with us. These diligences were curious affairs, massive and lumbering, perfect houses on wheels. They were divided into three compartments, varying in price according to eligibility. The front compartment was called the *coupé*, the middle, the *interieur*, and the rear division, the *rotonde*. The seat behind the driver, furnished with a top like a chaise, was styled the *banquette*. The horses are harnessed, as our engraving shows, in a singular manner; three horses on the lead, and two next to the carriage. They were rather slow-moving arks—five or six miles an hour being their utmost speed. The church is certainly a very curious place, and was discovered, not many years since, while the workmen were engaged in making excavations for a new church. It is said to be the oldest place of worship in France. A flight of fifteen or twenty steps, divided half-way by a landing place, conducts the visitor to the entrance. The walls are adorned with a large number of curious old paintings, illustrative of scenes in scriptural history. On reaching the choir, you behold a portrait of Clovis, who flourished long before the time of Charlemagne. The pillars on each side are pointed in the Byzantine style, and are said to have a "grimly gorgeous effect. The altar piece is a representation of "our lady of Boulogne." Numerous vaults and chapels adjoin the main church, and are adorned with portraits of Catholic saints, kings and priests. The church is only 42 feet long, by 34 broad. The urns seen at the tops of the columns contain human bones, which were found in the course of the excavations. Taken altogether, this church is one of the most curious relics of antiquity in France.

SUBTERRANEAN CHURCH OF NOTRE DAME.

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL

M. M. BALLOU, { CORNER OF TREMONT AND BROMFIELD STS. | BOSTON, SATURDAY, JULY 28, 1855. | $3,00 PER ANNUM. 6 CENTS SINGLE. } VOL IX., No. 4.—WHOLE No. 212.

MISSOURI.

This young giant of the West is destined to become the nucleus of American traffic, and the "iron horse," on its way from ocean to ocean, will soon traverse the prairies, over which the Indians now follow the setting sun, driven before the advancing wave of civilization. An epitome in the early history of the State is wrought into the story on page 59. The sons of the forest journey as our artist has represented them. The head of the family leads the way, followed by the patient females and children of his family, in single file, bending beneath heavy burthens. Occasionally a horse or a dog is made to draw a primitive conveyance, loaded with household goods. The chiefs never carry a pound weight, except their weapons. Upon the shield of Missouri, supported by two bears, we see the federal eagle, the bear and the rising moon, with two noble legends worthy of remembrance. Missouri is noted for superior stock, and at the last census, returned, 225,319 horses, 41,667 mules, 230,169 cows, 112,168 oxen, 449,173 other cattle, 762,511 sheep, and 1,702,625 swine, all valued at $19,887,580. This immense herd has probably nearly doubled itself by this time. The French colonized Missouri in 1763, and added it to the United States by treaty in 1803. It was admitted into the Union August 10, 1821, and in 1850, numbered 682,044 inhabitants, of whom 87,422 were slaves. Within its limits are mountains of iron, beds of coal, rich veins of lead, inexhaustible salt springs—everything, in fact, to make the State wealthy and powerful. Even now, Missouri is the highway of the overland emigrants to California and Oregon, of the Santa Fe merchants and the hunters of the upper Mississippi, of the zealous Mormon and the enterprising colonist of Kansas. This is but a shadow of the travel over the "Pacific Railroad," which will probably be finished to the State line—360 miles—in a few years. The State has lent its credit to this road to the amount of three millions of dollars, and has also aided other long and important lines. Missouri has 880 churches, of which 300 are Baptist, 250 Methodist, 125 Presbyterian, and 65 Roman Catholic. The value of the church property is set down at $280,245. In the cause of education, Missouri has taken a noble stand. There are nine colleges, with many private schools of a high grade, and the public schools are generously supported. The principal of the school fund exceeds half a million of dollars, the interest of which is semi-annually distributed, according to the number of children in each school. Missouri has 61 newspapers, most of them political sheets, published weekly. The aggregate circulation is 6,195,560.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE DUCAL CORONET:

—OR,—

THE HEIR AND THE USURPER.

A ROMANCE OF ITALY IN THE 16TH CENTURY.

BY ARTHUR MORTON, A. M.

[CONTINUED.]

CHAPTER VIII.—[CONTINUED.]

At this moment the Princess Margarita appeared. The guard paused a moment to present arms, and Giulio took the opportunity to address her.

"To you, lady," he said, bowing with mock humility, "I am indebted for the fair lodging to which your father has consigned me. It was at your bidding I came hither. While I was listening to your fair words, your noble father was planning my arrest."

"Answer him not," said the duke, peremptorily, addressing his daughter. "He is beneath your indignation. He will have time enough to reflect upon his threats and the charges he has uttered, in his cell."

Giulio folded his arms in proud disdain, and without uttering another word, followed Gonelli, while the armed troop closed around him. They passed into a corridor, and after traversing a long gallery came to an iron door, which was opened on a summons from the captain, admitting the party upon the landing-place of a long flight of stone steps. These they descended, and came to another iron door which was opened by a stern, gray-haired man, dressed in a shirt of leather and wearing a bunch of huge keys at his girdle.

"Matteo," said the captain, "behold your prisoner."

The jailor smiled grimly, and bowing with mock courtesy to Giulio, said:

"This way, noble signor, this way. I am only too proud to wait upon your lordship."

Giulio followed his new guide, while the soldiers returned to the palace.

"To a gentleman fond of retirement," said the jailor, with a sardonic smile, "this place offers a pleasant, agreeable retreat; easy of access, though not so easy of egress."

While he spoke he put one of the keys in the lock of a low door, and the bolt shot back with a jarring sound. He then ushered his visitor into a small cell, dimly lighted, where there were a pallet bed, a stone bench, a water jug and a table.

"You would find it much cooler," said the jailor, "if you wore irons on your wrists and ankles, but it seems the duke did not order these additions to your comfort."

"Leave me, ruffian!" cried the prisoner, stung to madness by the cold, taunting tone of the jailor. "At least you were not commissioned to affront me."

Chuckling at having roused the indignation of his victim, the jailor slowly withdrew, locking the heavy door behind him, while Giulio threw himself upon the bench, a prey to agonizing thought. Heavily rolled on the hours of the morning, and it seemed to the weary prisoner as if he had passed days in the dungeon, when he was roused from his gloomy reflections by hearing the key turning in the huge lock of his cell door. His eye had now become accustomed to the light, and as the door opened, he discerned the features of Selim, Margarita's page.

"Jailor!" shouted Giulio, fiercely, "do not let that young viper enter here. I would be alone."

"Prisoners are choosers no more than beggars," replied the grim janitor, chuckling, as he withdrew, leaving the page and prisoner together.

Selim approached Giulio, and, to his surprise, fell upon his knees at his feet, burst into tears, and sobbed as if his heart would break.

"Did you come hither to perform a farce, boy?" said the prisoner, sternly. "Rise, and cease this foolery."

"Prince," said the page, "I will not rise till you forgive me for seeming to desert your cause in the princess's apartment just now. The look you gave me pierced me to the heart. Yet, sir, it gave me the acutest pain to side with your enemies; but it was done that I might have the power of serving you. The duke now reposes confidence in me, and sends me to you as a spy to win from you all your plans and hopes."

"How do I know that you are not one?" asked Giulio, though softening somewhat from his former severity of manner.

The page sprang to his feet, took the prince's hand, pressed it to his heart, and then covered it with kisses.

"I would pour out my life-blood for you," he said. "But tell me—if I succeed in procuring the means of evasion for you, will you permit me to accompany you in your flight?"

"I think not of escaping now," said the prince, "but I would give my hand for a trusty messenger to my friend and kinsman, the Duke of Milan."

"Hush!" said the page. "Speak low; prison walls have ears. Confide in me; I will be your messenger."

"Can I trust you?"

"As your other self."

"Boy! if you redeem your promise, you may rely upon my gratitude and friendship; your fortune will be made."

"I care not for fortune," said the page, "but only for your good opinion."

"Is the princess aware of your visit to me?"

A dark shade crossed the handsome face of the youth.

"She is your enemy," said he; "speak not of her."

"So fair and yet so false!" exclaimed Giulio.

"Lose no time," said the page, impatiently. "The message!"

"Go to the duke; tell of my hard case, of the treachery and enmity of the usurper; leave the rest to him."

"Consider your message as delivered," said the boy. "I bear a charmed life, and will traverse the space between here and Milan like an arrow. Sleep in peace, noble prince; the tyrant shall be foiled."

He summoned the jailor and departed, taking care, before the grim functionary, to address an insulting remark to the prisoner, to lull any suspicions the jailor might have entertained. The visit of the page was a ray of sunshine in the dungeon's gloom.

CHAPTER IX.

THE MESSENGER.—PLANS OF GUILT.

SELIM, the princess's page, was a youth of rare beauty—a beauty of a character that might have been charged with effeminacy but for the redeeming fire of dark eyes, bright and dazzling as a falcon's, and wild and daring in their expression. The rose and lily were blent in his complexion, and the curls that clustered on his head, were of that intense blackness which has a glittering metallic brilliancy where it catches the light. He had come to court in the train of the astrologer, and a few words of recommendation from him secured his appointment as page to the duke's daughter. At first, he spoke but little and with difficulty, and that with a strong foreign accent, but when afterwards he had learned to speak Italian, he was scarcely more communicative, and associated little with the other youths of his own age, the pages of the duke and sons of the courtiers. He rarely stirred from the side of the princess. When she rode abroad, his horse was ever beside her bridle-rein; when she sat in her apartments, surrounded by her ladies, his place was on a cushion at her feet, either playing some plaintive air on his guitar, or reading to her from a favorite volume. Yet for all this, he possessed a sufficiency of manly spirit. He brooked no insult—at the shadow of one, the color would rush to his cheek, and his hand sought his dagger hilt instantly. Then he rode with grace and fearlessness; no one but himself dared back Abdallah, the dapple Arabian appropriated to his use. Yet the desert-born would obey the lightest whisper of the page, and whenever he approached to mount him, that half-wild horse, the terror of the grooms, would express his delight with a neigh, and gently stoop his head for the expected caress.

Such was the youth who now sought the ducal stables, and quietly directed a serving man to saddle his Arab. Springing on the back of the priceless animal, Selim then, by unfrequented streets, gained one of the city gates, and passing the guard unchallenged, rode moderately forth. It was only when he found himself beyond the reach of curious eyes, that he ventured to mend his pace.

"Now, Abdallah!" said he, addressing his horse, "desert child of a desert sire—offspring of fire and wind—show thy blood and breeding, for thy master has sore need of them. Hearest thou, Abdallah? One lieth in a dungeon yonder—beautiful, brave, unfortunate, the least hair of whose head is worth a thousand of thy race. So now, Abdallah, stretch thy beautiful limbs, and fly with me like the arrow to the target. Away! Away!"

It really seemed as if the intelligent animal understood the language of his master. Snorting joyously, he stretched himself like a greyhound, and sprang at once into his swiftest gallop. His footfalls were as rapid as the pattering of raindrops in a summer shower. Horse and rider moved in unison and seemed animated by the same spirit. The wind sung by them—the trees danced past—the ground disappeared, as if the velocity of the earth were suddenly made manifest; up hill and down hill sped the matchless gray, never once faltering, each stroke of his gallop being as clearly executed and vigorous as when he started on his race. And still the page encouraged him by word and rein. Mile after mile was thus passed in an incredibly short space of time.

At last Abdallah slackened in his speed—changed from a gallop to a canter, then dropped into a walk, and came to a full standstill. It was not weariness, for he erected his head, and after listening intently for a moment, with his small, delicate ears pointing forward, uttered a loud, clarion neigh.

"What is it, Abdallah?" said the page.

The horse tossed his head playfully and resumed his gallop with redoubled ardor. The page now entered a deep chestnut wood, where the road wound, broad and level, through the cool shadows.

All at once Selim heard a sound of horses' feet approaching, which the quick ear of his Arabian had detected long before, and presently there came sweeping towards him, round a turn in the road, a file of horsemen in bright armor, preceded by an officer of gallant bearing, who wore his beaver up, displaying a frank, handsome and determined face. As soon as this person saw the page, he reined in his horse; and obeying a command, uttered in a low tone, his men came into line, and occupied the entire breadth of the road with a close front.

"Sir knight," said the page, "I am in great haste—on a message of life and death. I pray thee stay me not, but give me passage."

"Not so, fair sir," replied the stranger, "till I know whence thou comest and whither thou art going."

"You are hardly courteous," said the page. "And yet I care not to conceal that I come from Parma, and am hastening to Milan."

"To Milan!"

"Ay, signor; with a message to the duke."

"You will not have far to ride then," said the stranger, "and I myself will be your escort."

He whispered a few words to a subaltern officer, and the horsemen, breaking their line, resumed their march, leaving part of the broad road free.

The commander of this little party then wheeled his horse, and he and Selim galloped on together, leaving the soldiers to pursue their march. But few words were exchanged between the riders, until, reaching the brow of a hill, they emerged from the forest, and the road sloped down from the high table land they had been traversing, into a wide, open plain.

What was the astonishment of Selim to find it covered with a large army. In the centre of the plain was a group of tents, over one of which floated an emblazoned banner, while horses were picketted round it, and men-at-arms marching to and fro, flung back the sunbeams from their glittering appointments. Dark masses of troops extended on the right and left.

"What is the meaning of this warlike array?" asked the page, in astonishment.

"That is a question which the duke alone can answer," replied his companion, with a smile.

"O, lead me to him at once!" cried the page, impatiently.

"That I should have done without your asking," replied the officer, as they rode forward once more.

A few moments brought them to the front of a magnificent silken tent, the head-quarters of the army. Leaving Selim sitting on his horse, the guide dismounted and entered the tent. After a few moments, he re-appeared, and told Selim that he might enter.

The boy complied with the invitation, and soon stood in the presence of the Duke of the Milanese. He was a man in the prime of life, with a frank, handsome face, and sitting in a loose robe on a couch of velvet. The page saluted him and waited for him to speak.

"What is your name, my lad?"

"Selim, my lord."

"You are a page, by your habit. In whose service are you?"

"In that of the most noble lady, Margarita, Princess of Parma."

"We have heard of that peerless lady," replied the duke; "any commands of hers will be respectfully received."

"But I come not from her, my lord," said the page.

"Not from the duke, I trust," said the sovereign of Milan, a frown darkening his handsome countenance.

"No, my lord—but from one of his victims—a prisoner in the ducal dungeons."

"Ha!" cried the duke, "his name?"

"Giulio Brigaldi is the name he bears," answered the page. "But his rightful name is Giulio Veroni."

"Boy!" cried the duke, vehemently, "if you have deceived me in this matter, a short shrift and a long halter shall be your reward. Is Giulio in the hands of the usurper?"

"He is, my lord."

"How came he in Parma?"

"He was arrested at midnight in his villa, and brought to the city. At first the duke plied him with fair words, but he was suddenly seized and thrown into a dungeon. The duke suspected not my sympathy, and hence I gained access to the noble prisoner. He bade me inform you of his position and beg your aid in his sore distress."

"Swear," said the duke, holding up a crucifix before the page, "swear by this holy sign, that you have spoken the truth."

"I swear it," said the boy, reverently, and touching the cross with his lips.

"Then I have taken the field not a moment too soon," cried the duke. "The martial army you have witnessed was intended as a demonstration against Parma. I was on the march thither with a thousand lances at my back, and heavy artillery to boot, to demand the restoration of Giulio's heritage. And now he is yon villain's prisoner. Go back, boy—go back as fast as horse can carry you, and tell Giulio that ere many hours my trumpets shall be ringing at the gates of Parma. If the usurper dare to harm a hair of his head, he shall swing like a felon from the battlements of his own city. Go—yet stay; you have ridden on the spur hither, have you not?"

"Ay, my lord."

"Then your horse must be jaded. Leave him with us. You shall have the fleetest horse in camp."

The page smiled.

"Abdallah and I are too good friends to be parted," replied he. "And he is fresh and strong as though he had not galloped a mile. And for fleetness—he has not his match in Italy."

"Away then, in Heaven's name!" said the duke, "and I will follow with my utmost speed."

The page bowed and retired from the tent. In a moment he was mounted and riding swiftly out of camp, accompanied by the same officer who had been his escort thither. His guide rode with him till they had passed the farthest videttes, and then bade him adieu.

Abdallah needed no urging. He flew rather than galloped over the surface of the ground, and soon the towers of Parma appeared close at hand. Selim halted in a little skirt of wood, beside a babbling stream, and dismounting, washed the foam and dust from his horse's flanks, and waited till he was cool and dry—the work of a few moments only, for the hardy steed of the desert had suffered little from the ride. This precaution taken, the page again mounted, and rode into the city as carelessly and calmly as if he had been just riding out for exercise.

About this time, the Duke of Parma was closeted with Magnus the astrologer, in the apartments of the latter.

"Your science, then," said the duke, in continuation of their

train of remark, "has made you as familiar with those subtle poisons which destroy life, as with those wonderful elixirs which promote and prolong it?"

"Ay, my lord," replied the astrologer. "I understand the compounding of deadly substances, and have brought with me from the East, ingredients known only to those adepts who have derived their lore from the ancient sages and magicians. In Egypt I have seen a light finger-ring, with a secret hollow that contains a single drop of poison. That single drop of poison—tasteless, colorless, has the property of instantly destroying life. The man who should swallow it would instantly fall a lifeless corpse, annihilated as by lightning. Medical skill would vainly search the frame to discover the cause of death, and would conclude it to be the effect of a sudden dispensation of Providence."

"It is wonderful!" said the duke.

"There are other poisons," said the astrologer, calmly, "which do their work with equal certainty, though their operation is slow. I know of one, a few drops of which may be administered in any liquid without awakening suspicion by its flavor. He who drinks it is doomed. Thenceforth the world begins to fade before him. His cheek grows gradually pale, his eye loses its lustre and its power, his hearing is impaired, his blood turns to ice and water in his veins, his frame is bowed, his hair is bleached, food does not nourish him nor wine sustain him, his bones become brittle as glass, and finally he sinks into the grave, though dead to all intents and purposes long before the breath has left his body. This poison is for the use of those to whom vengeance is a luxury, who love to gloat over the prolonged misery of their victims. The impatient heir asks for the quick poison—the epicure of vengeance for the slowly-working weapon."

"I would kill," said the duke, hoarsely. "But I would slay speedily—at once. But there must be no trace of my work. Can you aid me?"

"Will you reward me?" said the astrologer, in a low whisper.

"Ay—with an unsparing hand."

"But I must know the subject my art is to deal with."

"I will tell you all," replied the duke. "I will repose entire confidence in you. The man against whom you warned me, is now within my grasp—lying in a cell of my prison-house."

"Giulio Veroni?"

"Giulio Veroni."

"The heir to the throne of Parma?"

"Ay. There is no safety for me while he lives. Yet I dare not put him to death—he has too many friends and allies. *He must die a natural death.* Do you understand me?"

"Perfectly."

"You are interested in this catastrophe as well as myself. While he lives there is yet a chance of his recovering his rights. In case of his success, what becomes of you? Think you he would retain you at his court? Never—for he is one of those fools, who, wise in their own science, laugh at the lore of the stars—one of those who despise all secret dealings, and act their will in the broad face of day. He would drive you from Parma—nay, more, he would probably confiscate your wealth!"

"My wealth!" cried the astrologer. "I have none, I am poor, All your bounty is consumed in the costly pursuit of the occult sciences—in the search for the philosopher's stone; in the which if I succeed, my noble patron will be wealthier than Solomon. I am poor—I am poor."

"Be it so. Then he will put an end to your pursuit of the occult sciences. Now you understand your position, will you furnish me with the means of ridding myself of this enemy—speedily, at one stroke?"

"I am not by trade a poisoner," said the astrologer. "I must be largely bribed to do that at which my soul revolts. You must give me the means of bribing priests, of enriching altars, of purchasing salvation—and it is expensive in these hard times."

"You know me," said the duke. "My largesse shall exceed your wildest expectations."

"I will do it," said the astrologer, setting his teeth and drawing his breath hard.

"Enough. Have you the ingredients for compounding that swift poison that you spoke of?"

"I have—but it will take some time to compound it. It is a difficult and dangerous process."

"Set about it then at once," said the duke. "By nightfall it must be in my possession."

"You shall have it, noble duke. And my reward?"

"It shall be yours—fear not. Farewell."

He rose, as did the astrologer. The latter followed his patron to the outer door, cringing obsequiously till he was alone in his mystic chamber. Then he drew himself up to his full height and paced the apartment with long strides.

"I shall be rich—I shall be rich!" he cried, in an exulting tone, tossing his arms aloft. "But not for myself do I covet the red gold and sparkling gems. Zelie—child of my heart—daughter of the loveliest of Circassia's children, she shall be the pride of the world in magnificence as well as beauty. She has served me faithfully, at once my slave and daughter; but she has won my entire heart. We will not live here. We will go to the far East; I will build a palace on the banks of the Ganges. Its minarets shall point to heaven and their golden crescents shall be studded with diamonds. And deep—deep in the bowels of the earth will I build me a treasure house that shall be ever full. I know where the river sand is full of gold. I know of valleys where the diamonds are sown thick. We will have horsemen, and slaves, and camels and troops of elephants. My daughter shall be mated with an eastern prince—and for me, I shall discover—I have approached the threshold of discovery—the elixir of life, and I and mine shall enjoy perpetual youth. This it is to have a fool for a patron. The poison! I told him not that it is already prepared, ready to do its office on any enemy of mine."

Lifting a small jar from a shelter, he carefully took therefrom a few drops of a colorless liquid which he put in a small phial that stood upon a table, and then replaced the larger vessel. As he turned away after the completion of his task, a clear, musical voice, yet thrilling withal, uttered these emphatic words:

"Thou shalt do no murder!"

CHAPTER X.

THE ASTROLOGER'S DAUGHTER.

The astrologer turned as that voice fell upon his ear. His expression, at first dismayed and confused, changed to one of the sunniest delight; his eyes moistened, his lips, his whole frame trembled, and he stretched forth his arms in the direction of the voice, as, gliding from behind a mass of drapery that concealed her, a woman of dazzling beauty, in all the glory of youth, stood before him. She wore a turban on her head, from which, fastened by a diamond of prodigious size, which blazed like a star, fell a parted veil of gold tissue to her very feet. A tunic of azure blue silk, with loose, hanging sleeves was girt to her slender waist by a cincture of diamonds and amethysts. She wore very loose trowsers of rose-colored silk, and her blue-veined, high-arched instep, guiltless of any covering, was seen as her foot entered the embroidered Persian slipper. Such was the dazzling creature who stood before the astrologer, and whom he sought to clasp to his heart. But she avoided his embrace with a shudder.

"Wouldst thou sell thy very soul for gold?" said the maiden, with indignant emphasis.

"Nay, nay—Zelie; what are these Christians other than dogs, that we should shrink from ridding ourselves of them without compunction? It is but an animal less in the world—but to me one stride nearer the end."

"And that end?"

"Thy happiness, my daughter—thy joy, my delight—thy greatness, light of my eyes—star of my existence—thou, memory of the past, hope of the future."

"Father," said the beautiful girl, drawing nearer to the astrologer, and no longer shunning his embrace, "I know that you love me, idolize me, all unworthy as I am."

"And I will make you happy, Zelie. You shall mate with a prince."

"I love a prince."

"You!" exclaimed the astrologer, in astonishment.

"Ay—father. A noble I have seen at this court."

"It cannot be the Duke of Parma!"

"It should be the Duke of Parma."

"Francisco Veroni?"

"No! Giulio Veroni—the rightful heir to the throne."

"It cannot be!" said the astrologer, trembling with excitement. "You have not dared to fix your affections on that man."

"Have you not often told me, father, that we cannot fix our affections—that they are decided by fate? Have you not told me that two souls destined for each other, coalesce the moment they approach each other?"

"But this Giulio has but to-day arrived at court. Scarce arrived he was arrested and thrown into a dungeon."

"He has been here long enough. To see him was to love him. He was the realization of my maiden dreams. My page's disguise, which I assumed, you know how reluctantly, to favor your enterprise, to obtain you information and enable you to play your part successfully, allowed me to see him as I might not have done had I worn the garb of my sex. I know the nobility of his soul equals the perfection of his form and face. I sought him in his dungeon, and became his messenger; I would have undertaken for his sake to go to the end of the world. I carried a message for him to the Duke of Milan."

"Zelie! Zelie!" cried the astrologer, wringing his hands, "you have ruined me. But go on—did you see the duke?"

"I saw him. He is approaching Parma in arms at the head of a powerful force."

"Instantly will I apprize my master. Mad girl! you know not what you have done. Our fortunes—perhaps our lives hang on the breath of the reigning duke. If he falls, we are driven hence—branded as charlatans, impostors—enemies of the state—stripped of our treasure—turned adrift upon the world without a ducat."

"Nay, father; I hope more from the kindness of Giulio than from the caprice of Duke Francisco."

"You know nothing of him; you are bewitched—enchanted; you are blighted by the evil spirit. O, Zelie! it was a fatal hour when you saw this youth."

"Father!" cried the girl, passionately, "hear me—I love him; you have consented to give the duke the means of destroying his life, and too well I know your fatal skill. Now hear me—and obey me, or even you, my father, shall incur my deadly hatred. If you have labored for me, I have in turn labored for you. We are partners in imposture. To please you, I have laid aside the garments of my sex—crushed the sensitive feelings of a woman's nature—been the slave of a woman's caprice—the companion of men with whom I could not sympathize. I demand some requital. I can love but once—I have fixed my affections on this man whose life you seek—a man who has never wronged you. Spare him for my sake, and my blessing and the forgiveness of Heaven shall rest upon your head."

"Were you in your senses, I might listen to you, Zelie," replied the astrologer, "but you are mad. This sudden fancy for the stranger is stark insanity. When he is no more, you will look back on this passion as a fevered dream."

"Never, father; my mind is unshaken even in the midst of my distress. Spare the life of this young prince!"

"My word is pledged to the duke," replied the astrologer, gloomily.

"Revoke it."

"It cannot be."

"Then behold the alternative!" exclaimed Zelie. Springing to the table, where the astrologer had placed it, she seized the phial containing the deadly poison and uncorked it.

"Hold, Zelie!" cried the astrologer. "Pause! a single drop of that deadly venom will lay you a quivering corse at my feet."

"I know it," said the girl, approaching it to her lips. "I have no wish to live."

"Zelie! Zelie!" cried the agonized father, "I will do all you promise. Come ruin, come want—anything, but harm to you. I will break with the duke."

"You swear it?"

"I swear it by the prophet of our faith!" said the astrologer, solemnly.

"It is well," said the girl, calmly, as she closed the phial.

"Give me that fatal draught," said the astrologer.

"Nay, father," said the girl; "you have furnished me a weapon that I will never part with. Not against yourself, but in the chances of life, should the storm clouds gather too darkly overhead, should shame and disappointment ever render life a burthen, then this precious draught would give me peace and quiet." As she ended, she hid the phial in her bosom.

"You have the soul of the bravest man in the loveliest form of woman," said the astrologer, half-admiring, half-shuddering at her energy. "Now you have my word. But how am I to deal with the duke?"

"Listen to me, dear father," said Zelie. "You have often told me that your art enables you to compound a potion the effect of which, seemingly, is to destroy life utterly, but which, in reality, simply suspended animation for many hours, without injuring the patient."

"I do indeed possess that secret," replied the astrologer. "It is one of the simplest of my craft. Nay more—I have some of that potion already prepared."

"Well then, give it to the duke, instead of the fatal mixture that you promised him. You pledge me your word that it will not injure Giulio."

"I should not fear to administer it to your own dear self."

"I trust you then. Give this to the duke. Let him administer it to the prisoner, and then we will watch the course of events."

"I fear—I fear the issue," said the astrologer, doubtfully.

"Fear nothing. You look already brighter—already more like your truer and nobler self, now that your soul is relieved from the weight of guilt you were ready to assume. And O, father, if you value my love, believe me that I love you now more dearly than ever!"

"Zelie," said the astrologer, kissing the fair forehead of his daughter, "you can do with me what you like. Your love is the gleam of pure sunshine that traverses my wild and dull existence. So that you are near me and happy, I care not what befalls. These stolen visits give a perception of the bliss of the blessed."

"Adieu, father. We shall meet again soon. I must put off these garments, and appear once more in those I hate. It is only in disguise that I can now serve the man I love."

With a light step she glided behind the drapery that hung on one side of the apartment, and vanished through some secret egress.

"It is destiny that shapes our ends," said the astrologer, as he busied himself with the preparation he was to deliver to the duke, in the place of the deadly composition he had promised. "What is to be will be. It is useless to strive against the decrees of fate. This sudden passion has even mastered the girl. But it may pass like a delusion—a dream. Not even gratitude will induce this prince to marry Zelie, though she be a mate for a monarch. Yet if he prove insensible—if he break her heart, her father will know how to avenge her."

In a few moments the duke again sought the presence of the astrologer.

"I came," he suddenly said, "to urge your utmost diligence in the matter we agreed upon. I shall have occasion speedily to use the preparation. How soon can you place it in my hands?"

"It is ready, my liege," said the astrologer, handing a small phial to his patron.

"Thanks, thanks!" cried the duke, joyously.

"When murder is to be done, the stroke should be speedy," said the astrologer.

"And when work is performed, the recompense should be swift," answered the duke. "Look at these, they are some diamonds I purchased in an extravagant moment of an Eastern merchant. See if they are worth your acceptance," and he placed a small casket in the hands of the astrologer.

The latter was a man accustomed to veil his emotions; yet, when he opened the case and the blaze of the gems shone forth, he could not conceal his satisfaction.

"They are magnificent," he said. "It is a gift worthy of a monarch."

"If the product of your skill fulfil your promises, the reward shall be doubled," said the duke.

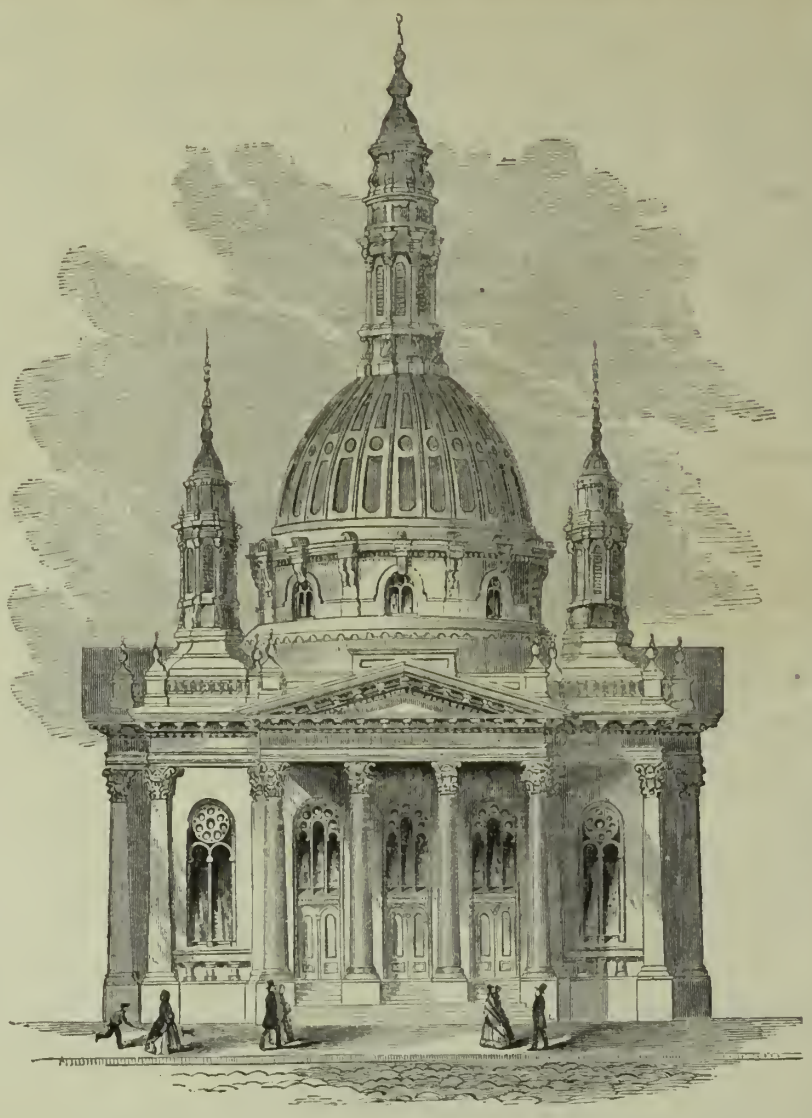
The astrologer bowed low, and poured forth his acknowledgements, following the duke to the door, and taking leave of him with the utmost obsequiousness.

"Wonderful art!" said the duke, as he regained his cabinet. "A death in every drop of liquid. How much better than the steel and axe!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

WEST ARCH ST. CHURCH, PHILADELPHIA.

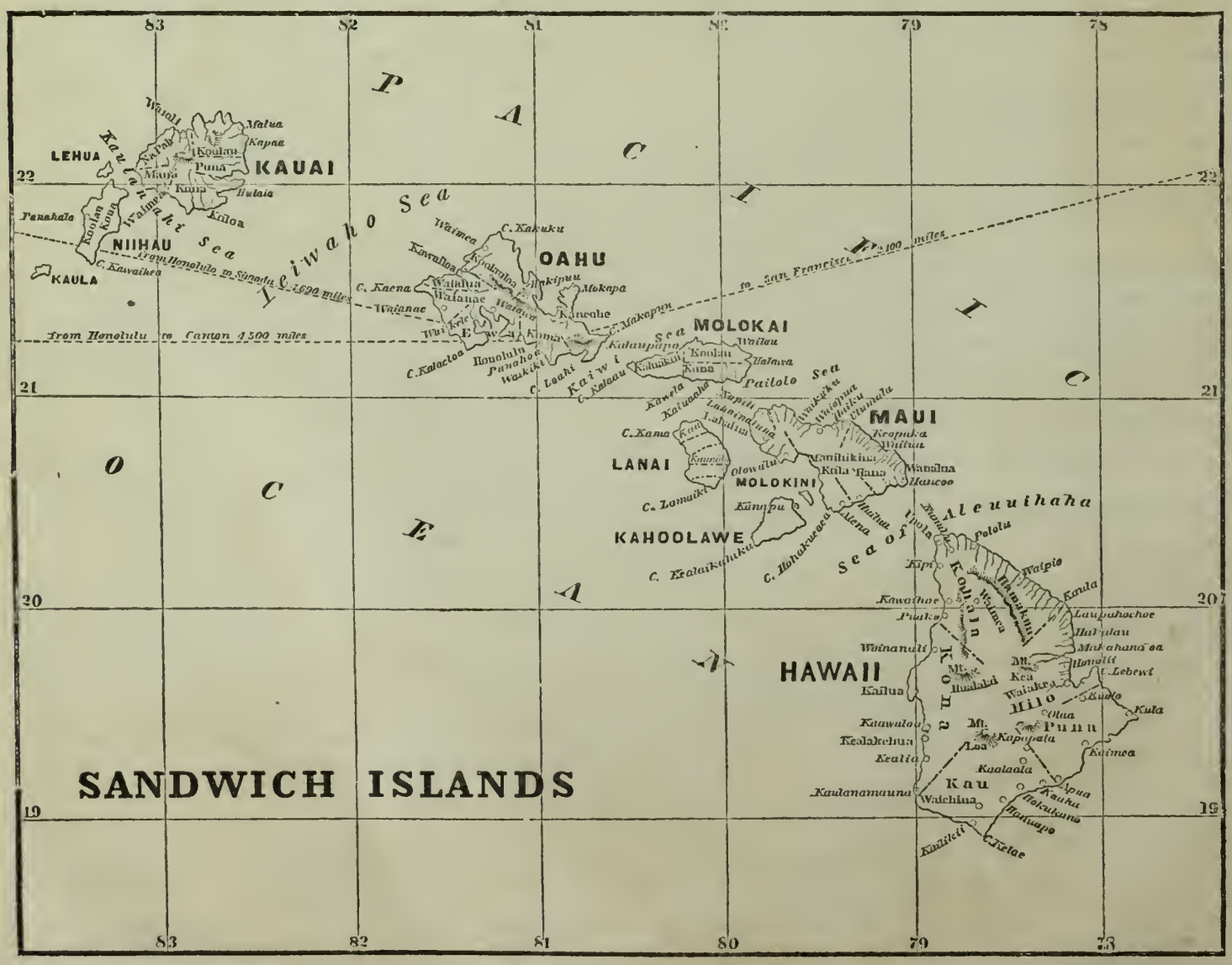
This edifice, of which the accompanying engraving, drawn and executed for the Pictorial, is a front view, is fast approaching completion, and promises to be one of the finest specimens of Roman architecture in the country. It is located on the southeast corner of Arch and Eighteenth Streets, and stands entirely isolated from the neighboring buildings. The lot upon which it stands is 120 feet on Arch Street, 150 feet on Eighteenth Street, and extends back to a small street, 20 feet in width, giving the building three street fronts, and a clear space of 20 feet on the east side. The plan of the building resembles the Latin cross, in outline. Its external dimensions are as follows: nave, 75 feet wide by 150 feet deep; transepts projecting 6 feet, with 48 feet front; height from pavement to crowning member of cornice, 45 feet; height of bell tower, 115 feet—centre tower, 170 feet; dome, 45 feet in diameter. In the interior we have an audience room, including transept, 80 feet by 92 feet; lecture-room, 29 feet by 43 feet; infant school-room, 29 feet by 12 feet; study, 12 feet by 29 feet; Sunday school-room, 29 feet by 43 feet, and so arranged by folding doors, that it can be increased to 29 feet by 72 feet. The ceiling in the audience room will average 45 feet in height, that of the dome in the centre being 60 feet. The ceiling in all other rooms is 18 feet high in the clear. The ceiling of the audience room is supported by sixteen Corinthian columns, and twenty-two antæ against the wall, all being surmounted with the richest specimen of Corinthian entablature. The ceiling of the nave and transepts is circular, rising about 10 feet in the width of the nave. Above this the dome rises 12 feet, forming pendentives, which are ornamented, and present a beautiful effect. The entire ceiling and dome are panelled with enriched mouldings, and glass, partly opaque, is introduced in the panels alternately, and directly under corresponding lights in the roof, which gives a soft and subdued light in the interior. The audience room will accommodate on the main floor about 1200 persons, galleries and choir, about 250. The pews in the centre blocks are straight, and the outside blocks circled, so that the congregation will all face towards the pulpit. The manner of ventilating in warm weather is by openings in the ceilings and floor of the audience room—the latter to admit cool, fresh air from the basement, and the former for the escape of the impure air as it rises to the ceiling. The manner of heating is by hot air from the furnaces, let in through registers in the floor; but to obviate the unpleasantness of a strong draught of hot air in the aisles during the time the audience is gathering, provision is made for changing the place of its introduction from the floor registers to others, raised about ten feet from the floor, at such times as it may be more desirable to introduce it in this way. This edifice has been erected after designs and under the directions of J. C. Hoxie, Esq., architect, of Philadelphia. Great credit is due Mr. Joseph Denegre, and James Bowns, his foreman (under whose supervision the work has been executed), for the substantial and workmanlike manner in which the building has been completed. The exquisite plaster work has been done by Henry Pasco & Son. All the ornamental work has been modelled expressly for this building by William Pasco, junior partner of the firm, to whom much credit is due for the beautiful manner in which the ornaments have been executed.



ARCH STREET PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, PHILADELPHIA.

MAP OF THE SANDWICH ISLANDS.

The map herewith presented is from the establishment of C. W. Morse, 96 Nassau Street, New York, and is executed with great neatness and accuracy. These islands, supplying so vast a field for our commercial and missionary enterprise, have lately acquired a political importance from certain movements towards annexation to the United States. They were discovered by Captains Cook and King, in 1778, and were named in honor of Lord Sandwich, then at the head of the British admiralty. They are at about one-third of the distance from the western coast of Mexico to China, and were at the time of their discovery, pretty densely populated, but the native population has decreased very rapidly, not only in consequence of sanguinary wars among the natives, but in obedience to that general law by which the colored races decrease in proportion as the Caucasian race is brought in contact with them. The total superficial extent of these islands is 6000 square miles. The soil is, in general, admirable, and adapted to the cultivation of the finest fruits and vegetables. Large fortunes were formerly made by American traders in purchasing sandal wood at these islands, and in re-selling it to the Chinese to a large profit. In every point of view this portion of the world is an interesting one. The islands vary in extent; Hawaii (Owhyhee), the largest, contains some four thousand miles, with a population of more than a hundred thousand inhabitants. Honolulu, the capital of Oahu (Woahoo), is the royal residence, and here the foreign merchants, chiefly American, are settled, many of them having large establishments. The Americans possess a great influence in these islands, the British and French government being regarded with more or less distrust by the young king. The islands of Kauai (Atovi) and Nihau (Onechow) are famous for the large crops which the culture of the yam affords, and thither large numbers of vessels resort to procure supplies of this valuable product. Most of the islands are volcanic, and abound in mountains, which rise to a bold elevation above the level of the sea. The climate is warm, but not unhealthy, and the thermometer rarely rises above 88 degrees Fahrenheit, so that in mid-summer the inhabitants never suffer from that uncomfortable amount of caloric of which we, even in this high latitude, have been recently complaining. Snow never falls there, and the winter season is only marked by the heavy rains that descend, with intermissions, between the months of December and March. The fertility of the soil, in a large proportion of the surface, is truly admirable, and in this favored clime, light labor suffices to provide the necessities of life. Its luxuries are the pure air and the spontaneous gifts of nature. The weather is so warm throughout the year that little raiment is necessary, and the good missionaries experienced no little difficulty in inducing their converts to sacrifice their freedom to that quantity of millinery and tailoring which our ideas of propriety require. The native islanders are a handsome race, the women generally being strikingly beautiful in figure if not in face, with olive complexions and fine hair. They are gentle and intelligent, and since the introduction of Christianity have made rapid progress in the arts of civilized life. Printing presses have been founded, books printed in the native language, which has been reduced to a system, and one or more newspapers have been established by the American residents, and printed in the English language. Every fruit and vegetable introduced into the island thrives, as do the domestic animals which Europeans have transported thither, of which there is now an abundant stock. These islands are interesting in several points of view, religious, political, social and commercial, and their position has engaged the attention of our ablest statesmen. The time, perhaps, is not far distant, when they will be represented in our halls of legislation. So frequent mention is made of the towns and ports of the Sandwich Islands, that the map we present will be found very useful for reference.


SANDWICH ISLANDS
PACIFIC OCEAN
LEHUA
KAUAI
NIIHAU
KAULA
OAHU
MOLOKAI
LANAI
MOLOKINI
KAHOOLAWE
MAUI
HAWAII
Kauai Channel
Tiwahoo Sea
Kaiwi Sea
Pailolo Sea
Sea of Aleuuihaha
Koolau
Kona
Hilo
Kau
Puna
Mt. Kea
Mt. Loa
Mt. Haleakala
C. Kakuku
C. Kaena
C. Kalactoa
C. Leahi
C. Makapuu
C. Kawaihoa
C. Kama
C. Lomaiki
C. Kealaikahiki
C. Hohakuaea
C. Kelae
Honolulu
Waikiki
Waimea
Kawaihoa
Kailua
Kealakekua
Kealia
Kaulanamauna
Waichinu
Kaalaala
Kealia
Kaiwalao
Waikaea
Hilo
Olaa
Puna
Kapapala
Loa
Kaupulehu
Kawaihae
Pololu
Waipio
Kauda
Laupahoehoe
Honolii
C. Lebewi
Kula
Keiawa
Kapua
Kaukuna
Hakalauna
Hopuhapo
Kaalikili
Waimanalo
Mokapu
Kaneohe
Waianae
Waialua
Kahuku
Koolau
Kona
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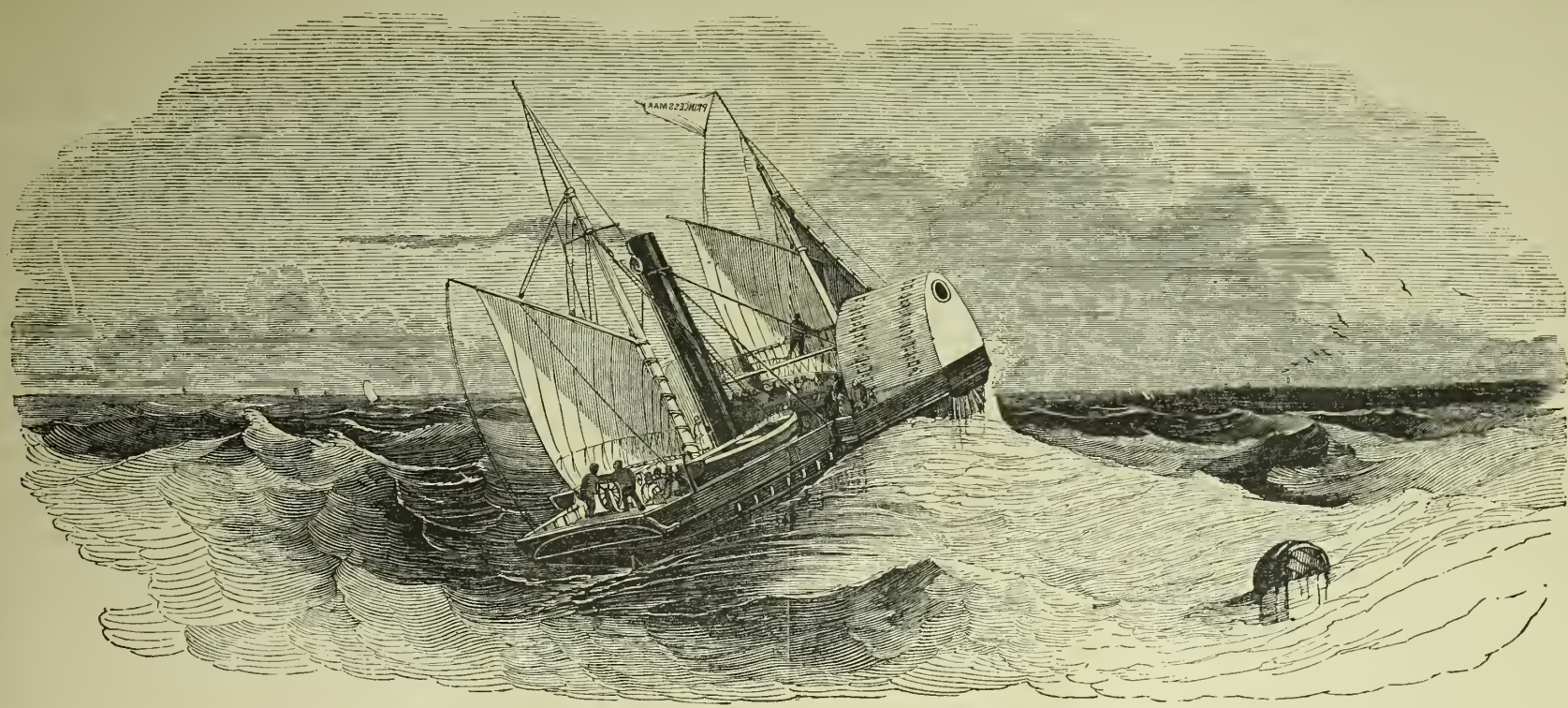
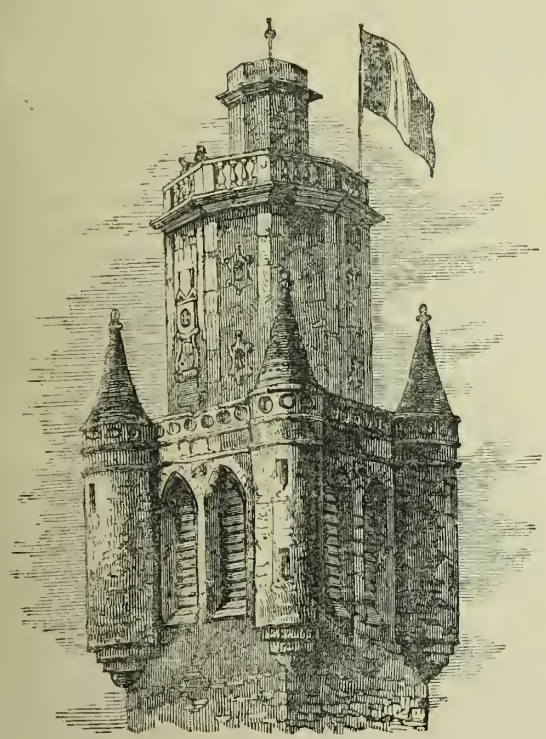


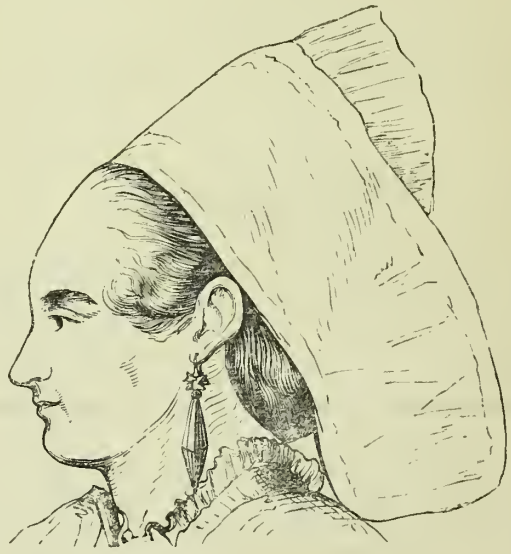
ENGLISH STEAMER MAKING THE HARBOR OF BOULOGNE.



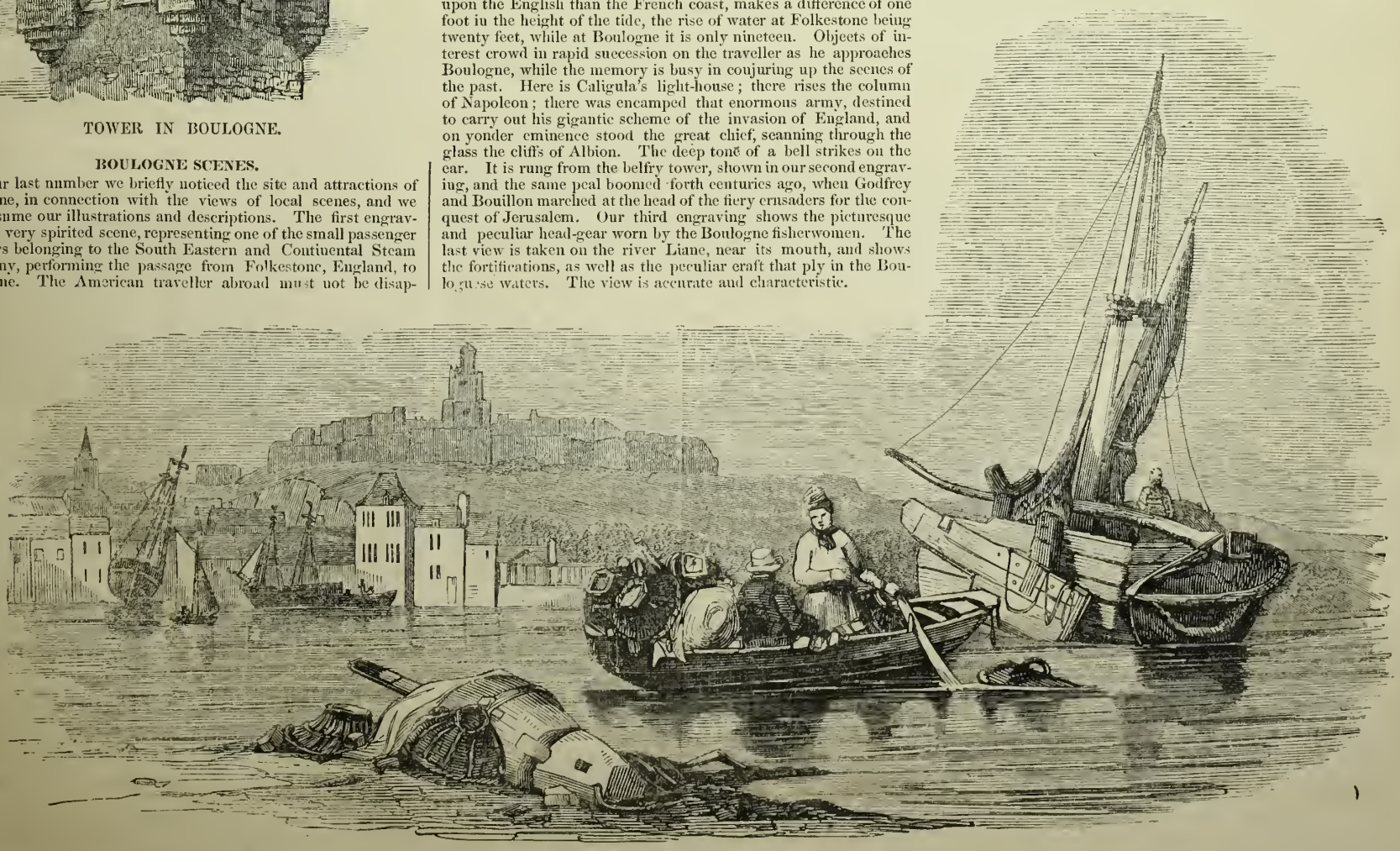
TOWER IN BOULOGNE.

BOULOGNE SCENES.

In our last number we briefly noticed the site and attractions of Boulogne, in connection with the views of local scenes, and we now resume our illustrations and descriptions. The first engraving is a very spirited scene, representing one of the small passenger steamers belonging to the South Eastern and Continental Steam Company, performing the passage from Folkestone, England, to Boulogne. The American traveller abroad must not be disappointed if he does not discover in these boats the same amplitude, elegance and accommodation which invariably characterizes even our steam ferry-boats. The passage across the channel is a brief one, and he must be satisfied if the craft he embarks in is simply seaworthy. The steamer in our engraving has sufficient breadth of beam, and is, moreover, well rigged, and it is well that she has these recommendations, for there is often an ugly sea going in the channel, and the little boat before us rolls quite enough for those unfortunate voyagers who are subject to that most aggravating malady, sea sickness. Travellers going from London to Boulogne find Folkestone the nearest and most convenient port of embarkation, and the Folkestone steamers are almost always sure to be crowded. On clearing the mouth of the harbor, a fine view presents itself, embracing the south coast of Kent, commencing with the South Foreland, at an altitude of 500 feet, and running to Dungeness, thirty-three miles, where it sinks into a level. The harbor house forms the centre of a beautiful picture, in which the venerable houses of the fishing town seem to be running inland from their new and showy neighbors on the hills, while, high above all, the mighty viaduct is seen crossing the valley of Foord in the background, and bearing on its back a train whose rocket wreath of smoke points like a huge comet London-ward. Five miles from land, the current of the flood tide dashes gently against the starboard side of the vessel. This mysterious advance of the water sets into the "narrow seas" midway between Portland Bill, near Weymouth, and Cape de la Hogue, in France, runs 120 miles to the bay of Hastings; strikes against the southwest side of Dungeness; passes sharp round the "nose;" sweeps Romney Bay; safely heaves the boat in the Folkestone ship track; rolls close in upon Dover; strikes against the forelands, and slips round them into the estuary of the Thames. This flood race, setting more upon the English than the French coast, makes a difference of one foot in the height of the tide, the rise of water at Folkestone being twenty feet, while at Boulogne it is only nineteen. Objects of interest crowd in rapid succession on the traveller as he approaches Boulogne, while the memory is busy in conjuring up the scenes of the past. Here is Caligula's light-house; there rises the column of Napoleon; there was encamped that enormous army, destined to carry out his gigantic scheme of the invasion of England, and on yonder eminence stood the great chief, scanning through the glass the cliffs of Albion. The deep tone of a bell strikes on the ear. It is rung from the belfry tower, shown in our second engraving, and the same peal boomed forth centuries ago, when Godfrey and Bouillon marched at the head of the fiery crusaders for the conquest of Jerusalem. Our third engraving shows the picturesque and peculiar head-gear worn by the Boulogne fisherwomen. The last view is taken on the river Liane, near its mouth, and shows the fortifications, as well as the peculiar craft that ply in the Boulogne waters. The view is accurate and characteristic.



A BOULOGNE FISHERWOMAN.



SCENE AT THE MOUTH OF THE LIANE, BOULOGNE.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

TO LEWIS.

They tell me thou must *die*—
They wake the dazzling dreams of buried years;
And as the last light fades from thy blue eye,
I ask its trembling tears.

I would not have thee live,
For life is weariness—the grave is rest!
And the death-angel's hand alone can give
Peace to a dreamer's breast.

My childhood's memories still
Are wildly warm—but now I will not weep—
For O, clay's chartered coldness cannot chill
Thy early, envied sleep!

Yet boy! I could not bear
Night's sullen storm sweep proudly o'er thy head—
Even twilight's murmuring music might not cheer,
If *thou* wert with the dead.

I've dreamed that mind, unchained,
Had power to grasp the maddening mysteries
That mocked it *here* when startling splendor reigned
Bright in the far-off skies.

If so, when thou art free,
And thy soul's wild wing waves in starlit space,
O, wilt thou not return and paint for me
The spirit's dwelling-place?

But this must change—the night
Whispers a strange spell with a voice like thine,
And mocks me with a brow whereon its light
Shall ere long cease to shine.

Then farewell! Pride aspires
Too high for tears—would that I too could die,
And rove with thee amid the quivering fires
That light infinity!

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE BARON DE PLASSY.

BY CHARLES A. HOWARD.

"Here over hills with peaky tops engrailed,
And many a tract of palm and rice,
The throne of Indian Cama slowly sailed,
A summer fanned with spice."

TOWARDS the latter part of the last century, Hester, the daughter of a prominent member of the East Indian Company, set sail with her father from London, and shortly after her arrival in India, being indifferently led into a marriage with a weak rajah, became Queen of Ceylon, and, by force of her energetic character, a powerful controller both in the native and mercantile affairs, of course swaying her sceptre to her own advantage and that of the East Indian Company. Several years subsequent to her marriage, a fresh force of the English army, under Colonel Heath, was stationed on the island in communication with the larger body on the mainland, in the command of Lord Clive, Baron de Plassy. The natives, too timid and inured to remonstrate, succumbed visibly to the superior strength of the English, but secretly nursed a wrath, all the more deadly from restraint, and watching with jealous eyes every concession their inefficient rajah or his daring queen might render, they only prayed for his death that thus Queen Hester might perish in her suttee, and give room for some bold leader of the Hindoo race to free them from foreign thraldom.

In his early life, Colonel Heath had striven in a successful rivalship with Clive for the hand of a lovely peasant-girl, Cordelia, and having betrayed, he saw her perish in woe and want, fully aware of the dreadful revenge with which Clive had vowed to visit him. Many years' fear of this vengeance had dogged him, and when, one sultry night, as he caroused with his brother officers, and looking up, had several times fancied he saw two eyes sparkling at the open window, he braced himself with fresh draughts of wine, and experienced a hearty relief as his servant, entering, whispered him only a summons from the island queen, and rising, Colonel Heath left the room. A native met him at the door, who, saying that as his excellency would go through private places and great treasure, he must be blinded, clapped an extinguisher over his head, and drew the string securely; then turning the officer thrice round, he led him by the hand several times about the square, and rapidly started off in a straight direction. Delaying his guide a moment, as if to adjust his boot, Colonel Heath so slipped his spur that, tearing the ground, it would inevitably leave its trace, and proceeded.

When they had walked a mile or two, low murmurs of voices fell on his ear, and being raised in the arms of other men, he was placed in a palanquin and borne along with no other sound than the splashing of water around the feet of his bearers, and a continual murmur of the leaves of the Indian forest. At last even these ceased, and after further progress, being placed upon his feet and his eyes unbandaged, he found himself alone, with the one who had first spoken to him, in a long vault hewn from the solid rock, whose roof, covered with aged lichens, dripped a perpetual moisture, slowly hissing on the torch of his attendant. It was one of those wonderful works of art, built for inscrutable purposes by mighty races, long since mouldered to dust.

Moving swiftly on, and many times hastily selecting one intricate passage from those branching off in every direction, they ultimately descended and ascended flight after flight of steps, and, suddenly, without knowing how he came there, Colonel Heath found himself in the open air, beneath the golden southern planets, and among the roses, bulbuls and luscious scents of a tropical garden. After a slight rest, they again advanced through fragrant alleys of tamarisk and myrrh, and shoving away the panel of a wall, stood in a large hall, where were assembled a motley group of natives and officials. His guide led him across the hall, and widely sweeping aside long curtains, ushered him into the presence of Queen Hester.

The apartment was dimly lighted, and on a distant couch lay the Rajah of Ceylon, drawing breath heavily. Queen Hester rose lightly, as if waving her majesty aside, and, advancing to the colonel, said:

"Sir, my infatuated husband insists, owing to some vain dream, that you can lighten the malady he labors under. If you have any knowledge by which you may prolong his life, I pray you to exert it."

"I know but little concerning the healing art, madam," replied Heath, "but that is at your service."

"Save him!" said the queen, hoarsely. "I have no notion of being hurried off in a *suttee!*"

With the practised eye of one who necessarily, with his profession as a soldier, had seen much disease, Colonel Heath had perceived that the present apathy of the prince was but a crisis, and calmly seated himself beside the queen.

As they sat in dead silence, a round small arm, whiter and more polished than alabaster, and circled with rich bracelets of massy gold, insinuated itself among the folds of the adjacent curtains, and quietly waving them away, a young girl, tall and slender as a palm, stepped within. A turban of the light fabric of Dacca, finer than the gossamer hoar-frosts of an autumnal morning, and woven with broad stripes and fringes of gold, was lightly set above the streaming, black hair, hung with showers of yellow zequins; a long white robe scarcely concealed her symmetry, nor did slippers, curling over at the toes and flashing with gems, hide her white arching foot. But in her face of pallidest olive, reigned a bewildering beauty, chastened by the perfect purity and sweetness that irradiated it. The slight tinge of henna around the inner surface of her long-rayed eyelids only enhanced the dark splendor of the large shining circles sparkling underneath, and the crimson lips, parted in faint surprise, displayed teeth that were, in very truth, a "radiant portcullis of pearl."

Colonel Heath started to his feet and bowed, but, half giving a graceful salaam, the apparition glided past, and, lifting the head of the sufferer, gave him to drink from a goblet she bore. The rajah, somewhat aroused, smiling languidly, signed her to sing, and taking his head on her bosom, she chanted, unhesitatingly, the low, monotonous, yet utterly musical tones of a Hindoo sleeping song, in a voice sweet as the subsidence of bell-ringing.

She had ceased, and lain the soothed invalid back on the couch, when Colonel Heath, trusting to her ignorance of English, said to Hester:

"The crisis of his highness's malady approaches. I can cure him, but only for a price. Sell me you beautiful slave, and no funeral flames shall wreath around Queen Hester."

"Sell Narjilah!" cried the amazed queen. "Sell my daughter! Kingdoms could not buy her!"

"Nevertheless, a suttee may," answered Heath, significantly.

But Hester, who relied on the promised aid of Lord Clive, should her husband die, was not at all alarmed at his implied threat.

As he turned, Narjilah, regarding him with an expression of contemptuous pity, her swan-like throat curved forward, and her form, drawn to its height, stood by the couch of the sleeping rajah, but not alone, for by her side, with flashing eyes and uplifted arm, stood one who needed neither the gauzy turban torn aside, disclosing the long, low brow, wreathed with diamond stars, nor the Cashmerian girdle, wrought in the holy symbols of lute and lily, to proclaim his royalty.

And Heath, as he found himself in the power of Ayin Vaisaya, Prince of the Deccan, and of the holiest Aryararta, sprung again, trembling, to his feet. The young prince advanced, and, touching his shoulder lightly with the point of his naked yataghan, urged him away, and gave him silently to Seid, the attendant who had brought him hither, fastened conspicuously in whose turban gleamed the very spur that Heath, on starting, had attached to his own foot.

Seid, with an inarticulate exclamation, seized Colonel Heath's hand, and, blinding him, again quickly and harshly traversed the devious ways. When he finally relieved his eyes, the colonel stood on the step of the barrack house, and Seid, triumphantly smiling, restored him his spur, and glided away among the broken pilasters.

The next day, Heath, determined to obtain another interview with Hester, or with Narjilah, set about discovering traces of his march the previous night. He had not searched long ere he found the grass torn up at regular paces, and concluding the spur had been detached upon entering or leaving the palanquin, he followed the marks for a long distance. At last they ceased by the side of a brook, too small for reptiles, where he had probably entered the conveyance, and stepping in, he waded along by the margin, as he felt sure his bearers had done. "I have counted six hundred," said he, after a while, "and I counted six hundred then, before the noise of the water round their ankles ceased, and allowing for fast and slow, here must be the place." It was the hollow trunk of a great monarch of the wood, half-choked with vines and undergrowth, standing where the stream made a bend, and wandered away into the heart of the forest; and tearing away the vines, Heath entered the trunk, and stood at the entrance of a cavern.

He had not proceeded far, in the confused darkness, before he was aware of the beautiful Narjilah, floating along in her thin drapery, torch in hand, and singing lightly to herself. Startling her, he placed himself in the path, and finding that all his graceful arts provoked no response from the already calm girl, as she would have passed on, he twined his arm round her waist, and, regardless of shrieks and sounds, turned with her to retrace his steps. He walked on rapidly, a much longer distance than he had come; he could not surely have mistaken the way; passages began to arch into long, gloomy vistas around him; strange murmurs fell on his ear; the torch he had snatched from Narjilah dropped extinguished from his hand, and he was in perfect consternation and perplexity.

Suddenly innumerable tiny flames blazed on all sides of him; a heavy blow on his head struck him down; Narjilah was caught from his arms, and recovering himself, he met the stern glance of the holy Prince Ayin Vaisaya, with Seid of the imperturbable countenance, while scores of Hindoos, with torches and naked swords, stood silently among the arches, displaying their shining teeth through lips distended in malicious pleasure. The prince spoke to Seid in a low tone, who once more took the unresisting Heath's hand and moved forward. Three men, leading some object in chains, followed, and they speedily issued into daylight.

"Is this no temptation?" asked Heath, lifting a heavy purse, as they paused.

Seid threw open his robe, and disclosed a breastplate of solid gold, inscribed with Brahminical talismans, whose every letter was a sparkling emerald.

"Narjilah, Star of Heaven, thus decks her slaves!" said Seid. "Can his excellency do more?"

The followers, meantime, were securing the chains they held to the trunk of the hollow tree, and when, with Seid, they plunged back into the vaults, Heath saw that they had left a huge Asiatic lion to guard the entrance, and, affrighted, the sturdy hero took himself away.

The moon hung large over the motionless lagoon which lay like a great, yellow shield, reflecting its brilliance, below the lattices of the royal palace of Ceylon, at eve of the same day, and beneath the illumination of a thousand silver cressets; the lawn sloped in a damask sheen of flower and *jet d'eau*, down to the water's edge, from the long curtains of the apartment where sat Ayin Vaisaya and Narjilah. The prince had been reading to her from the great epic Mahabharata, and they now sat silent and meditative.

Ayin Vaisaya was young and thoroughly skilled in the abstruse sciences taught by the Brahmins; he was, moreover, an invincible warrior. He had learned many languages at the court of his guardian, the Rajah of Ceylon, and being a sincere and noble Christian, he was possessed of an enlightenment of soul far superior to his race or country, fully fitting him for companionship with the delicate refinement of Narjilah, who combined the lovely qualities of both northern and southern nations, and for whose love he had stood a proud competitor of many princes, and had won. His face wore the pale tinge of his race who dwelt among the Himalaya hills, and was flushed with a narrow crimson, that gave a rich character to the perfectly regular features, with their thin, curving lips and dilating nostrils; and the eyes, with which he now regarded Narjilah, were as glorious as if Lucifer, Star of the Morning, hung enthroned on the irid of each.

"When you read to me so glorious deeds, dear Ayin," said the maiden, breaking silence, "my heart bounds within me to accomplish greater, to regenerate the races of our native land, to spread peace around us."

"You are right, Pearl of Ceylon," said the prince, his dark eye sparkling with enthusiasm. "And it shall be done. They trample our plains and our laws equally. They oppress the people of Brahma, and profane his temples. A faith is not to be torn from a people; nor will they relinquish it till a fairer is shown them. But what care our foes for aught but gain? Are we pariahs, to endure such outrage? By Heaven, no! You and I will free the races old as the world, and will build up codes and dynasties imperishable as adamant."

"But they will conquer your inheritance, the Deccan, ere you meet them with the spears."

"Not they. Mine inheritance in the Deccan is impregnable. There are the Mahrattas. But *should* they, I have left to me the holy Aryavarta, the country of the five rivers and the valleys beyond Cashmere, fertile and blooming, and walled by the snowy peaks of the Himalaya, between the blue waves of the Hindh, and the rocks where, sweeter than honey, drip the sources of the Ganges into the pellucid pool whence the goddess rolls out her mighty tide. *That*, they can never conquer. For so the gods, speaking from Mount Moru, have promised, and let the people believe it, you and I will count on will and strength, and will *never* be subdued!"

As he spoke, Queen Hester, attended by a train of mutes and by a swarthy native in the scanty garb of a pearl-diver, entered the palace, and, tossing a pearl larger than a pigeon's egg into the lap of the prince, said:

"Here is a brawny slave who fished that up on our invaluable coasts, and he tells of a cavern free from water, down below the sea, of a curious spiral construction, and which would be well worth attending to."

The prince asked the man many questions in the Hindoo tongue, and rising, finally said to Hester:

"I will explore it with him. We may have need of it;" and, bidding the queen and her daughter adieu, he departed with his guide.

Meanwhile, Heath, who was a stubborn man and not to be turned aside, having bribed a band of Seapoys, waylaid the prince, who, well pleased with the submarine grotto, was returning unattended, and who wore his turban both so as to veil his face and conceal his rank; and the colonel, giving his orders to the Seapoy, departed happily.

Riding swiftly home, he sent heralds through the streets demanding, in his name, an interview with Queen Hester, which, being

thus publicly required, could not be denied, and the next evening he was once more with Hester, who sat beside the rajah, now rapidly recovering.

"This, your majesty," said Hester, to her husband,—"this is the man whose touch you fondly believe has healed you; it is also the man who has irreparably insulted us in the person of our child. What is to be done with him?"

"Load him with jewels, in that he saved my life," replied the rajah, as he sleepily ate sweetmeats; "and for the other, as he goes out the palace gate, let his head be struck off!"

Heath stood disconcerted at this, when Hester, addressing him, said:

"Do not fear. It is like your threat of the suttee—not to be fulfilled."

"Who speaks of a suttee?" cried the querelous rajah. "When the Prince of Ceylon dies, his wife goes after him, and they roam new plains in new forms. Is it so, Hester?"

The queen quieted him, and Heath, having regained courage, began his plan of business, demanding the person of Narjilah, and threatening Hester yet with a suttee.

"If," said he, finally, "within ten days, slaves do not conduct the Princess Narjilah to my quarters, I will not leave one stone upon another in the palace of Ceylon!"

Hester's eyes flashed at the insolence, but knowing that such proceedings would be entirely contrary both to the will of Lord Clive, the commander of the campaign, and to the intentions of the East Indian Company, with whom her welfare was a paramount object, as her power was one of their mainsprings of wealth, she believed his threat impossible to be executed, and, clapping her hands, ordered the Hindoos to throw him from the gates.

Nowise intimidated by rough treatment, the gallant colonel waited his five days, depending on some hoped-for timidity of the queen, and congratulating himself that at least one obstacle, in the shape of Narjilah's lover, was forever removed. Judge, then, of his amazement when, at the great ceremony of the Hindoo temple of Ceylon, two days thereafter, in the prince who unfurled the banner of the faith, he recognized Ayin Vaisaya. * * *

When the Seapoys had taken his highness, Prince Ayin Vaisaya, placing him in a boat, they rowed across the sea, skirting the islands, till night brought them to the Coromandel coast of the mainland. Here they mounted rapid mules, and halting only to change them, they reached, next day, Hyderabad and the mines.

Blindfolding their prisoner, they descended shafts, crawled along empty river-beds, and receiving a guide, threaded a thousand labyrinths ere they finally struck a gong, whose sound was more fearful than roaring thunders, or the rushing of many waters, as it boomed and bellowed through the excavations and abysses; and when they had taken the bandage from Ayin Vaisaya's eyes, he was standing in the vast diamond mines of Golconda, his own possession.

As the roar of the gong subsided to a faint tintinabulum, straggling, swarthy workers collected around, resting from labor; in the distance, great furnace fires raged constantly, while those who tended them seemed like sooty gnomes bending over hellish tasks. Here the slaves, stooping in the subterranean torrent, perpetually washed for diamonds and gold sand, and there, in sullen silence, dark underground giants struck their picks into the precious soil, while all above and around, answering to the torches from countless chinks and crevices, the adamantine treasures sparkled in untouched magnificence.

As the director of the mines brought the scanty, leathern girdle and the glowing iron with which to brand the new slave, Ayin stepped forward, threw off the turban that had heretofore partly hidden his face, and with a wave of the hand, where shone the signet of the lord of Golconda, struck the director dumb with horror. Falling on his knees, the man would have implored pardon could he have commanded speech; but Ayin, raising him, rewarded and applauded his fidelity, and with all possible haste re-sought Ceylon, and reached it on the fourth day allowed by Heath for deliberation.

The gorgeous sunset of that day was already waning, when two slaves, by the command of Ayin Vaisaya, were dragged before Hester, and made to confess to a plot between Colonel Heath and others for scouring the palace that night, in order to obtain the Princess Narjilah. Within half an hour, by Hester's command, the heads of the four conspirators, in her own household, were spiked on the marine gates, where all the world might behold them. And Ayin Vaisaya, taking Narjilah in his arms, and accompanied by the faithful Seid, turned his horse's head to the seashore.

After reaching their destination, and having dived to assure himself that all was right and to leave a package of provision within the grotto, Ayin rose to sight, and standing on a peak of rock, with Narjilah clasped closely, once more leaped down. A moment her white robes fluttered on the surface, the next they vanished, and Seid, holding his breath in suspense, waited long and anxiously, ere Ayin, having bade his love a tender farewell, again stood beside him.

Two days had passed, with Narjilah in her sea-chamber, when an unusual noise in the water beneath, and not at all the signal that Ayin had agreed to give, caused her to secrete herself in a crevice which was quite imperceptible to a superficial observer, but which Ayin had pointed out to her, and almost instantly two men, wet and dripping, entered. They were Heath and the pearl-diver.

"The bird has flown!" cried the former, as he glanced around. "Liar!" he added, calling on his companion, "why *tell* me she was here?"

"Hither, your excellency, she must have been," was the response, as he picked up a bracelet, which Narjilah, in her haste, had dropped.

"O for the dainty arm it clasped!" cried Heath.

"I heard, when I listened, as I said before, that she was to seek his excellency, Lord Clive, and there she probably is," said the pearl-diver, in a half-Indian, half-English jargon, and motioning to the colonel, they both dropped themselves into the water and disappeared.

Hardly had they had time to gain their steeds and follow on the route of the supposed fugitive, ere three quick, preconcerted taps were heard against the rock, and Ayin Vaisaya, wrapped in skins, sprung within the place.

"Thank God! you are here and safe, my love," he cried, as he threw off his wrappings and embraced her. "Hamadeva never leaves us," said he, "but constantly brings us nearer to the home below the snow palaces of Heaven on Himmaleh."

In few words Narjilah related to him what had happened, and Ayin informed her what track they had taken, and how he and she must take a shorter one:

"For, as they said, you must seek Lord Clive," said he.

"And why?" asked Narjilah.

"Listen, my love," he answered, taking her tenderly to him. "You villain, who can find no way to obtain you but through your mother's death, last night attacked the palace. Your dear mother and I myself were there, and though they forced an entrance, we speedily repulsed them, but not till Heath, in passing, plunged a dagger into the breast of—"

"O Heavens! of whom?"

"Nay, not so," he answered, understanding her fear, "but of your father, who is no more! Dearest Narjilah, weep, if you will, here on your lover's bosom, but faint not; for your mother lives, and you must determine if she shall yet live!"

"I?"

"Yes. This accursed practice of the suttee, that you and I have sworn to do away with, is, here in these southern provinces, too mighty to withstand single-handed, and you must seek the Baron de Plassy and give him this ring, by which he swore to aid your mother whenever she should thus require him, provided only if you brought it. Hasten, then; he lies with a force of five thousand on the island nearest us, and I will attend thee;" and taking her in his arms again, he sprung from the ledge into the green depth, and rose near the shore, where they waded out upon dry land.

Following the bend of the shore for some time, the rapid motion and the torrid air of noon drying the thin garments of Narjilah, in a few moments they reached a cove, where Seid held a boat, and entering, an hour's rowing brought them to an extending point of the island they sought.

In the distance, the English flag drooped languidly, and Narjilah and Ayin went onward. Now where some tuberose sent up clouds of perfume, where great pomegranate trees showered down crimson petals, where mystic aloes silently stretched their broad, wierd leaves, or bloomed fair with one dear blossom, they paced along; and then by creeks of lilies and of lotus, where the wind, if any sighed, came laden with cassia and spicy aroma. Here a huge white elephant trampled along, crashing the tender undergrowth; there a serpent, whose skin was a meteoric splendor, glided by them, hissing in the grass. Far away, lithe natives plunged into jungles of rank vegetation, in the tiger hunt, and over their heads, amid the everlasting shade of the peepul, sat the gorgeous macaw and the shrill-voiced Indian pheasant, or sailed

"The long-tailed birds of Paradise
Who float through heaven and cannot light."

At last, the boles of the peepul grew slender and few, and at a stone's throw was pitched the tent of Clive. The guards slept in the sun, and Ayin Vaisaya led Narjilah to the entrance, and waited without. Hanging her turban on a bough, and wringing out her long black hair, still wet, she parted the curtains and looked in. Purple discs of passion-flowers, yellow jasmine stars, rosy plumes of oleander, grew within the edge of the tent, among tall grass and brake, trodden and broken in many places, and insect-swarming in the heat of noon. Arms, costumes, feathers, vases, trophies, flags and jewels were tossed round mid the furniture indiscriminately; and thrown carelessly on the cushions, drawing long clouds of fragrant smoke from his graceful *chibouque*, in mock siesta, lay the lord of the armies.

Had his tent been pitched by any sheet of water, my Lord Clive, Baron de Plassy, would have thought some Naiad had risen from stream and urn to visit him, as he caught sight of the two small hands holding apart the dripping black hair and disclosing so beautiful a face, and one so suddenly sad. As it was, he started to his feet, and received the princess, whom he next instant recognized, in his most courteous manner.

The Baron de Plassy was a man of great height and of a very slender figure; his long, dark hair, his sallow skin, his fine features, were nothing peculiar either to the race he led or that he conquered. But the singular spell of his face, and which brought all to look twice thereon, were the eyes, glittering and restless, now gray and fitful, now jet black and fiery. Burning coals might have been smouldering behind them. The natives averred that he had struck powerless whole armies with a single flash of their lustre, and that their fascination fastened the poisonous reptiles upon their glances,—reptiles who mould other men by like means; and they fabled that the cobra de capella, the cockatrice and the basilisk slept in the bosom of their conqueror. Be that as it may, those eyes were paternally gentle as he beheld Narjilah, and led her to a seat.

Narjilah drew the ring from her finger, and gave it to him.

"My father is dead," she said; "my mother requires your promised aid. All the revenues of the cinnamon forests of Ceylon and the pearl fisheries of the coast,—revenues not to be counted in a march from Seringapatam to Lahore,—will be the Baron de Plassy's, doth he but remember his oath."

"Let Narjilah keep her revenues," responded the baron, in that low, clear tone which can be heard distinctly without disturbing the one nearest the speaker. "Her mother shall be saved. Where will the funeral pyre be builded?"

"The princes of Ceylon leave their ashes on Adam's Peak, where first the father of the world drew breath. To-morrow the obsequies; next day the pyre will be in flames, and my mother then, unless—O, my lord, save my mother!"

"Suffer no fear. I shall be there. She shall be rescued, and thou, my child, be happy. Now depart, sweet Narjilah!"

Narjilah rose and gave him her hand, but gravely putting it aside, he stooped, and slowly kissed her pale cheek with his burning lips, and giving her silently into the hands of Prince Ayin Vaisaya without the tent, they were speedily lost to sight, while he sought other tents to give orders and receive counsel.

Meanwhile, his secretary, entering the tent and finding no one there, threw himself upon the cushions and fell into a deep sleep. No great while had elapsed, ere, creeping on hand and foot through the rank weeds, and cautiously having lifted bolt-rope and staple, Heath and the pearl-diver stood within the tent.

"They have not been here yet. See, he sleeps!" whispered the pearl-diver.

"Let us prevent his interference," then responded Heath. "Drive *this* through his brain!" and he handed the other a long rapier.

The pearl-diver advanced noiselessly, lifted the rapier perpendicularly, high above the sleeper's head, and bringing it down with tremendous force, pinned the sleeper to the earth.

"He will trouble you no more!" said he; and again hiding themselves in the grass and rushes, they glided like serpents out of the view of Lord Clive and his lieutenant, who boldly watched them. On so slight a chance hangs many a valued life.

That night, a force, three thousand strong, were under arms and *en route* for Adam's Peak, led by the Baron de Plassy, in a direction contrary to that the funeral march would take; and that night, in the presence of Queen Hester and the dead rajah, her maidens casting on her hair the white rice gathered from the plains, and Prince Ayin Vaisaya having thrown the marriage band around her neck, Narjilah arose a wedded wife.

Sunset of the third day saw the funeral pyre raised on the green slope of Adam's Peak, high above the valley filled with hundreds of Hindoos, and the Brahmins, bearing the corse, winding in solemn and imposing procession up the hill, followed by Ayin and Narjilah, draped both in white and gold, and supporting between them Hester, the queen, who was loaded with jewels, perfumes and luxurious apparel.

Scarcely had they defiled before the pyre, when Heath, who, with a small body of soldiery, had promised to enforce the queen's obedience, should that be necessary, drew the Prince Ayin Vaisaya aside, and enringing him with the bayonets of his minions, defied the inexplicable smile of calm scorn which the prince wore on his curling lip.

The corse was lain upon the pile, the spices heaped about it, the incense was in the burners, the queen was lifted to her place, and the torch was in the high priest's hands.

"What think you of my threat now?" said Heath, tauntingly.

But Hester only glanced proudly at him, as she stood aloft, above the people who waited silently to hear her death-song.

The little flames already leaped out around the base, and grew into smoky spires, ere, opening her lips, she thrice called in a clear singing voice the magical name dreaded by Hindostan from peak to peak.

"He is dead!" muttered Heath; "he cannot hear!"

But, nevertheless, responsive to her cry, in a solid front around the hill-side, marched the blest three thousand, led on by him whose eye subdued. But although a cowl, drawn over his head, prevented any recognition, yet, as if at dreadful, supernatural agency, Brahmin and slave drew back, and Hester was saved to rule yet many years over Ceylon, while Narjilah flew to the feet of the leader, and embracing his knees, fell fainting to the ground.

The leader raised her in his arms, and stepping aside, his junior in command addressed the bewildered Heath, whom others had conducted and left in an open space, confronting a platform drawn out before him.

"Harville Heath," he said, solemnly, "the commander-in-chief takes upon himself the responsibility of condemning you for murder, high treason and military insubordination! Five minutes you have to make your peace with Heaven!"

A dead silence reigned while the appointed time wheeled slowly towards eternity.

"Men of the seventeenth, perform your duty!"

"By whose command am I to die?" cried Heath, at this last instant.

The leader moved forward and threw back the cowl, while his glittering eyes arrested the fascinating ones of the thunderstruck villain, whose last glance beheld in the instrument of just punishment, the vindicator of Hester, the preserver of Narjilah, the avenger of Cordelia,—it was the Baron de Plassy!

EXCITEMENT.—The beasts show us plainly how much our diseases are owing to the perturbation of our minds. We are told that the inhabitants of Brazil die merely of old age, owing to the serenity and tranquillity of the air in which they live; but I ascribe it rather to the serenity and tranquillity of their souls, which are free from all passion, thought, or laborious and unpleasant employment. As great enmities spring from great friendships, and mortal distempers from vigorous health, so do the most surprising and the wildest frenzies from the high and lively agitations of our souls.—*Montaigne.*

SWAMPSCOT, NAHANT.

In this scorching month, roasted by the torrid sunbeams and in a condition to appreciate the sufferings of St. Lawrence, who was "done to death," on a gridiron, it is well to escape, at least in fancy, to the cool seaside; to conjure up the salt breezes that sweep in from the ocean, and behold the rollers coming in on the smooth beach sand, or dashed to shivers on the frowning rocks. Thanks to our artist, Mr. Kilburn, we are enabled to present our readers with a series of very faithful sketches, showing various localities in and about Swampscot. The first of our series is a view of Egg Rock and Nahant, taken from Mr. Bates's residence near the Ocean House, Phillips Beach. We see the Messrs. Stevens' hotel looming up like a fortress, while the outline of the strange isolated rock is admirably true to nature. Egg Rock is nearly three miles east from Nahant, and though apparently of limited extent, it contains three acres of land. It belongs to Salem, and is said formerly to have been used as a sheep pasture, though this statement has been questioned. The peninsula of Nahant was formerly covered with woods, which were the haunt of foxes and wolves, and we find by the

EGG ROCK, NAHANT—AS SEEN FROM PHILLIPS BEACH.

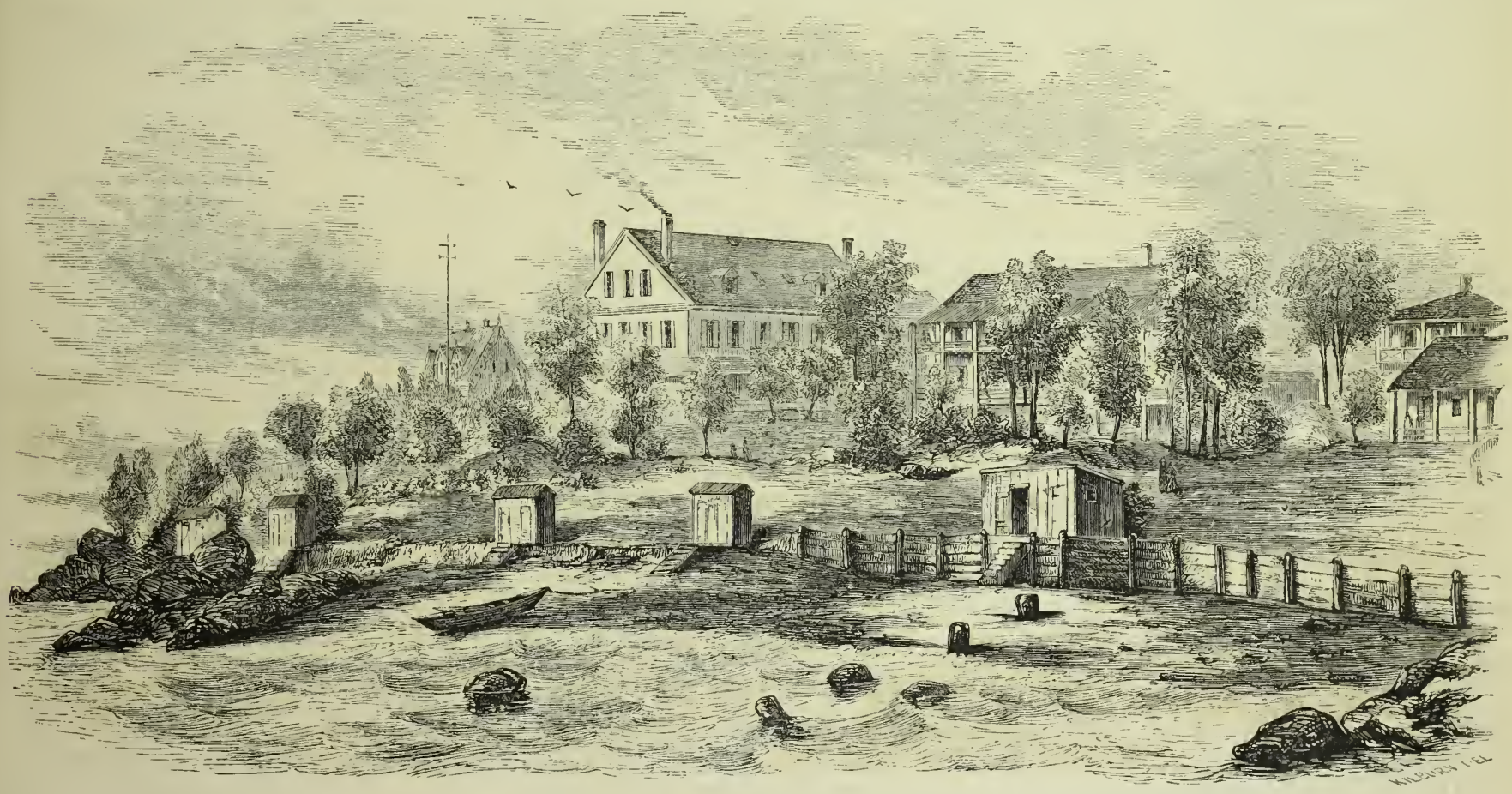
VIEW OF SWAMPSCOT.

Lynn records, that on training day in 1632, "Captain Turner went with his company to Nahant, to hunt the wolves by which it was infested." In 1629, Nahant was the property of an Indian chief, who was called by the English, Duke William or Black Will, and whose father, a sachem of Swampscot, died before the arrival of the English. This gentleman, having a turn for land speculation, sold his property several times to different individuals, and the peninsula was used to pasture sheep and swine, though the wolves annoyed the sheep owners more or less. In 1630, Black Will sold Nahant to Thomas Dexter, an enterprising man who lived on the west bank of the Saugus River, for a suit of clothes. Afterwards Dexter brought a suit against the town of Lynn for occupying Nahant. Though it appeared on the trial that the Indian chief had actually sold the peninsula to Mr. Dexter, yet he failed to show that he had ever held possession of it. One of the witnesses testified as follows: "1630. William Witter was a farmer, and resided at Swampscot. He says: 'Blacke will, or duke william, so called, came to my house (which was two or three miles from Nahant), when Thomas Dexter had bought Nahant for a suit of clothes, the said Black will Asked me what I would give him for the Land my house stood vppon, it being his land, and his ffather's wigwame stood their abouts, James Sagomore and John, and the Sagomore of Agawame, and diners more, And George Sagomore, being a youth was present, all of them acknowldginge Blacke will to be the Right owner of the Land my house stood on, and Sagomore Hill and Nahant was all his;' and adds 'that he bought Nahant and Sagomer Hill and Swamscoate of Black William for two pestle stones.'" William Wood, in "New England's Prospect," written in 1633, gives a very graphic and particular account of Nahant, as follows: "The next plantation is Saugus, sixe miles Northeast from Winnesimet. This Towne is pleasant for situation, seated at the bottom of a Bay, which is made on the one side with the surrounding shore, and on the other side with a long sandy Beach. This sandy Beach is two miles long, at the end whereof is a necke of land called Nahant. It is sixe miles in circumference, well wooded with Oakes, Pines, and Cedars. It is beside well watered, having, beside the fresh Springs, a great Pond in the middle, before which is a spacious Marsh. In this necke is a store of good ground, fit for the Plow; but for the present it is onely used to put young Cattle in, and weather goates, and Swine, to secure them from the Woolves; a few posts and rayles, from the low water markes to the shore, keepes out the Woolves and keepes in the Cattle. One Black William, an Indian Duke, out of his generosity, gave this place in generall to this plantation of Saugus, so that no other can appropriate it to himselfe. Vpon the South side of the sandy Beach, the Sea beateth, which is a true prognostication to presage stormes and foule weather, and the breaking up of the Frost. For when a storme hath beene, or is likely to be, it will roare like Thunder, being heard sixe miles; and after stormes casts up great stores of great Clammes, which the Indians, taking out of their shels, carry home in baskets. On the North side of this Bay is two great Marshes, which are made two by a pleasant River which runnes between them. Northward up this river goes great store of Alewives, of which they make good Red Herrings; insomuch that they have been at charges to make them a wayre, and a Herring house, to dry these Herrings in; the last yeare were dried some 4 or 5 Last [about 150 barrels] for an experiment, which proved very good; this is like to prove a great enrichment to the land (being a staple commoditie in other Countries), for there be such innumerable companies in every river, that I have seen ten thousand taken in two houres, by two men, without any weire at all, saving a few stones to stone their passage up the river. There likewise come store of Basse, which the Indians and English catch with hooke and line, some fifty or three score at a tide. At the mouth of this river runnes up a great creeke into that great Marsh, which is called Rumny Marsh, which is 4 miles long, and 2 miles broad, halfe of it being Marsh ground, and halfe upland grasse, without tree or bush; this Marsh is crossed with divers creekes, wherein lye great store of Geese and Duckes. There be convenient ponds for the planting of Duck coyes. Here is likewise belonging to this place, divers fresh meadowes, which afford good grasse; and four spacious ponds, like little lakes, wherein is store of fresh fish, within a mile of the town; out of which runnes a curious fresh brooke, that is seldom frozen by reason of the warmnesse of the water; upon this stream is built a water Milne, and up this river come smelts and frost fish, much bigger than a Gudgeon. For wood there is no want, there being store of good Oakes, Wallnut, Cedar, Ashe, Elm. The ground is very good, in many places without trees, and fit for the plough. In this place is more English tillage than in all New England and Virginia besides, which proved as well as could be expected, the Corn being very good, especially the Barley, Rye and Oates. The land affordeth to the inhabitants as many varieties as any place else, and the sea more; the Basse continuing from the middle of April to Michaelmas

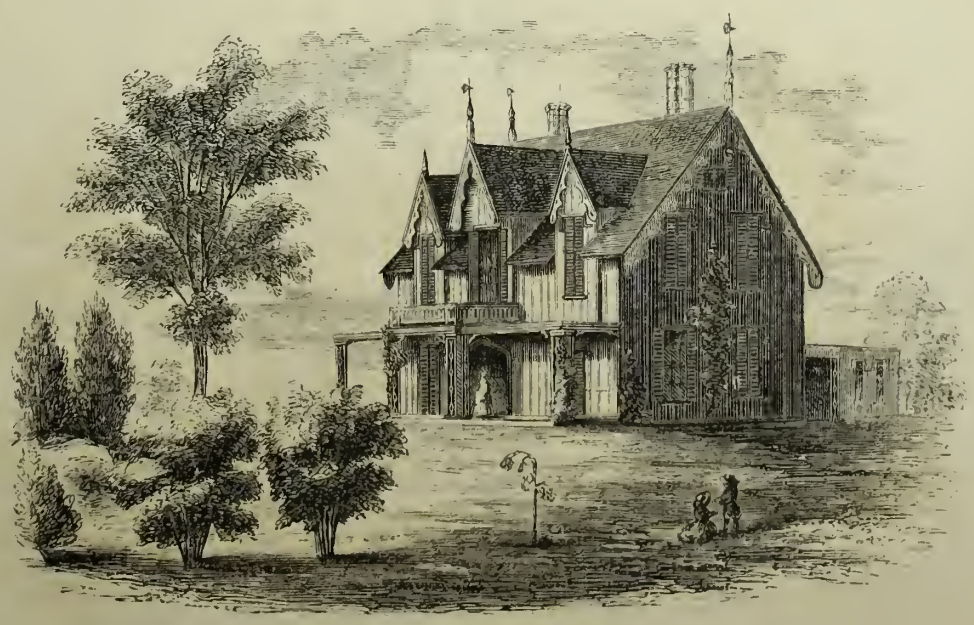
RESIDENCE OF MR. MUDGE, LYNN, NEAR SWAMPSCOT.

(29th September), which stayes not half that time in the Bay (Boston Harbor); besides, here is a great deal of Rock Cod and Macrill, insomuch that shoales of Basse have driven up shoales of Macrill, from one end of the Sandie beach to the other, which the inhabitants have gathered up in wheelbarrowes. The hay which lyeth before the Towne, at a low spring tide, will be all flats for two miles together, upon which is great store of Muscle banckes, and Clam banckes, and Lobsters, among the rocks and grassie holes. These flatts make it unnavigable for shippes; yet, at high water, great Boates, Loiters, and Pinnaces, of 20 and 30 tun, may saile up to the Plantation; but they neede have a skillful Pilote, because of many dangerous rockes, and foaming breakers, that lye at the mouth of that Bay. The very aspect of the place is fortification enough to keep off an unknowne enemie; yet it may be fortified at little charge, being but few landing-places thereabout, and those obscure." Ill luck seems to have attended both the seller and purchaser of Nahant, for in 1633 Dexter was ordered to be "set in the billbowes, disfranchised and fined X£. for *speaking* reproachful and seditious *words* against the government here established," and in the same year, Black Will was hung at Richman's Island, Scarborough, Me., "in revenge for the murder of Walter Bagnall, who was killed by the Indians on the 3d of October, 1631." It does not appear that Black William had any part in the murder, and if he had, Governor Winthrop says that Bagnall was "a wicked fellow, and had much wronged the Indians." In 1660, three acres of Nahant were sold for £6. Land has risen considerably since. In the great snow-storm of 1717, a great number of deer came from the woods for food, and some fled to Nahant, and being chased by the wolves, leaped into the sea, and were drowned. Before 1800, there were only three houses at Nahant. In 1820, the hotel was built by Hon. Thomas H. Perkins, Edward H. Robbins and others. In the briefest chronicle of Nahant, we should not forget to mention that the sea-serpent was seen between the peninsula and Gloucester in 1817, and that in July, 1820, it was again seen off Nahant. On the 5th of August, it was seen off Phillips' Point, about a quarter of a mile distant—sea calm. J. B. Lewis, Andrew Reynolds and Benjamin King went out in a boat after him, and got within thirty yards of him. One of them counted twenty-three bunches on his back; head black, resembling common serpents, two feet above the water, and about the size of a common fire-bucket. Was seen again the next day. Nahant will be now more attractive than ever, in consequence of the enlarged size and admirable arrangements of the Messrs. Stevens' hotel, which has more than three hundred rooms, gas, water and steam-pipes throughout, splendid furniture, admirable attendance, an excellent table, and every facility for fishing and yachting, to say nothing of billiards, bowling, bathing and pistol-shooting, riding and driving. The man or woman who cannot make himself or herself contented at the Nahant Hotel, is not constructed with a capacity for enjoyment. Our third view is of the residence of Mr. Mudge, at Swampscot. It is a very tasteful dwelling, situated on a rise of ground, is built substantially of stone, and has a fine lawn and many beautiful ornamental trees. Swampscot was formerly a part of Lynn, but has lately been erected into a separate town. It is peopled chiefly by hardy fishermen, who supply Boston and the neighboring towns with fish. From its beautiful location and fine beaches, it has become a popular resort for those who wish to enjoy sea breezes and sea bathing. The view we present of the Ocean House, kept by Mrs. Putnam, on Phillips' Beach, is very accurate. Our other beach scene is an animated picture, crowded as it is with the dories of the fishermen, arriving with their scaly prey, the horizon being bounded by a range of pleasant dwelling-houses. In another engraving, we also give a characteristic scene—a fish-dealer bargaining for mackerel; one fisherman busy with his sail, and another arriving with a bucket of clams—bait. The residence of Mr. Bates forms the subject of another sketch. It is situated on a point near the Ocean House, and the grounds by which it is surrounded are very extensive, and cultivated and ornamented with great taste. It was from this point that our view of Nahant was sketched. There are several places in Swampscot where board can be obtained during the summer season; among others, a fine house, occupied and very well kept by Mr. Wardwell. The region we have described does not depend for patronage on the caprice of fashion. Its salubrity and accessibility from Boston, Salem, Lowell, and other large places, renders it a favorite resort, and increases its floating population year by year. There are few individuals whose systems are not re-invigorated by sea air and sea bathing during the summer. Some few cases require inland air, but nine persons out of ten, perhaps, are benefited by a temporary sojourn at a watering-place. The merchant worn down by the toils of business, the student drooping from close application to books, the fine lady debilitated by the hot rooms and late hours of the "season," recover the tone of nerve and appetite by daily walks on the sea-beach and daily dips in the fresh salt waves. And there is ever a poetry in the great deep which elevates the mind and soothes the spirit. There is an indescribable charm in the approach of night on the bosom of the ocean, in the fading of the sun-flush from the surface, the deepening tone of the sky, and the gradual darkening of the mighty waters. It is pleasant to sit on the piazza of the Nahant Hotel, or at the door of the Ocean House, and watch the stars coming forth one by one, like lamps kindled by angel hands, while on the headlands the faithful sentinels on duty kindle their signal fires. It is a pleasing occupation to watch the outward-bound vessels, their canvass first becoming dim as they tend towards the distant horizon, and finally blotted out in the misty obscurity of the sea distance. The imagination loves to follow them in their flight, and picture their adventures on that vast watering expanse whose daily history is full of marvel, and whose dark depths shroud mysteries never to be unfolded to mortal ken. Not many miles away, not many years ago, that dark waste of water was lighted up by the flash of a terrible engagement, for yonder was the battle-ground of the Chesapeake and Shannon. From this shore hundreds of excited men gazed in the direction of the combat. But the gallant rashness of Lawrence could not command success, though, at least, he died a glorious death.

CHARACTERISTIC SCENE, PHILLIPS BEACH.



OCEAN HOUSE, PHILLIPS BEACH.



RESIDENCE OF MR. BATES, SWAMPSCOT.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

AN ANGEL IN THE AIR.

BY GEORGE W. BUNGAY.

Methought the clouds in heaven so fair,
Were isles with cities filled—
With spire and turrets gleaming there,
Just like the castles in the air
We sometimes build.

These islands in the realm of space,
Sailed on through seas of blue,
And there I could distinctly trace
The azure wing and angel face
Of one I knew.

She sat upon a sapphire throne,
And wore a crown of light,
More glorious than the sun at noon,
A heavenly halo round her shone,
Her robes were white.

She was a pleasant angel here,
Ere angel wings were given,
To bear her to that blissful sphere,
Beyond the silver cloud so near
Her native heaven.

I've seen her at the sick child's bed,
Watch with unsleeping eye,
Until its gentle spirit fled,
On rosy pinions from the dead,
To God on high.

When sunlit clouds are floating by,
I often bow to hear
The sweep of wings from yonder sky,
Where ministering spirits fly
From sphere to sphere.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

DELAYS ARE DANGEROUS.

BY SUSAN H. BLAISDELL.

"My dear friend," said lively little Mrs. Elmer to her sleepy husband, one lovely morning in spring, at the same time shaking him by the shoulder, "my dear friend, it cannot be possible that you have forgotten we are to move to-day?—and the sun rising, too, as fast as he can! Just think of the multitude of things we have both to do. I am *so* busy, and have been this hour. Now, *do* get up, Arthur, and help me. I want, actually, six pairs of hands."

Suddenly rousing himself, with an air of consternation, the young man proceeded to obey his wife's mandate. Now Arthur was a good fellow—generous, open-hearted, and possessing an excellent disposition; but he had fairly forgotten his very firmly uttered resolution of the preceding evening, to rise at four in the morning, and help Elsie to finish "packing up." He had really intended to get up at the appointed time, and had, in fact, been half awake when he heard the clock strike four; but he was fairly tired out with the labor of the previous day, and, in consequence, yielded inactively to the gentle influence of a morning nap. So, while he was hastily making his toilet at five, instead of four, Elsie was down stairs flying about from one thing to another with all possible diligence, indulging at the same time in a lively strain of censure directed to that good-for-nothing Arthur. Not that Elsie meant it truly, for she loved her husband dearly; but she would "talk nonsense" once in a while. It was, in fact, however, some inconvenience to her not to have her husband to help her; for she was in a great hurry, and the little girl whom she hired was not of much use after all. Despite her want of efficient assistance, however, she managed to accomplish a good deal before he came down. Breakfast was ready, the light biscuit smoking hot, and the tea waiting to be made, when he finally appeared.

"Why, Elsie," he said, in a tone of repentance, "I had no idea it was so late; but I must confess I never felt more tired in my life. And you have been up and doing without me, poor, little Elsie! Scold me, dear." And he gave her an affectionate kiss.

"O, never mind, Arthur," she returned, cheerfully, "you have plenty of time to help me now; but come, breakfast for the present. You don't know how hungry my work has made me this morning." And her musical laugh sounded pleasantly through the pretty breakfast room.

All wives, it is true, would not have been so ready to overlook a dereliction from duty, and especially on such an occasion as this; but Elsie Elmer had only been married a year.

When breakfast was concluded, Arthur went to work in right good earnest; and together, the young husband and wife managed to make considerable progress during the following two hours. They were to remove that day from the little brick cottage which they occupied just out of the city, to a house farther in the country, and Elsie was expecting the man to come for the furniture at eight o'clock; so you may know she was in something of a hurry.

"By the way," she said, as she locked the last trunk, that had Arthur's best clothes in it, "Mr. Miller promised he would come *exactly* at eight, didn't he?"—for the clock was at half past seven.

Her husband stood a moment, with a blank, confounded face.

"Elsie," he said, at length, "I forgot—actually forgot to tell him to come." And catching up his hat, he sprang through the door, and up the street at full speed.

"O, dear," sighed Elsie, "suppose he shouldn't come after all, and my trouble and hurry all go for nothing! How *could* Arthur forget!"

The fact is, Elsie had strenuously urged upon Arthur the preceding day the need of engaging the man in good season. He promised to go after him in the afternoon, and then being busy with one thing and another, found he could not go just then; it would do in the evening when he went to town, where he was to order some provisions at the market. He did go to town in the evening, but he met a friend there, and accompanied him home to look at some books which he wished to purchase of him. The result was that he forgot Mr. Miller, the baggage man, entirely, and leaving his friend's house with the books under his arm, hastened out home. Elsie was so pleased with the purchase he had made, that she, in her turn, forgot to make any inquiry concerning his other errand, and so the matter passed without further thought or mention until the following morning.

With a rueful countenance, and a little twinge of conscience, he remembered all this, as, hastening along the road, he hailed the first omnibus, and made the best of his way in town to repair his error. The chance was that Mr. Miller might have been engaged by some other person, and then there was a hunt (nobody could foresee how long) for another man. It was ten minutes of eight when he reached Mr. Miller's, and then (provoking chance!) he was engaged—"spoken for" last night at nine. With proper directions, Arthur went to seek another, half a mile distant from the first. He, too, was engaged; and the young man, heated, weary, and provoked at his own fault, hurried on to find somebody else. Thus it was ten o'clock before he came across one who could help him; and then they must wait an hour before he could come.

What would Elsie say? She could scarcely feel pleased to be hurried—and hurried she must be now; for, as the new tenant was coming to occupy their house to-morrow, they were obliged to go to-day at all events. And Elsie had said so many times that she wanted to get all the furniture carried away by three or four in the afternoon, so as to have everything safely stowed away in the new house before nightfall; there was no hope of that now—it was too late. A cloud passed over the sun just then, as if to add to his disturbance. What if it should rain to help along? "If I had only *gone* for Miller yesterday," he said to himself, "instead of *saying* I would go, and then putting it off, and forgetting it after all."

When he got back he told Elsie about his search for a baggage-wagon, and expressed himself as sincerely sorry for the delay. She looked weary and heated, as well as himself; she said little, but with a slight shadow of anxiety on her brow, proceeded to see that the last preparations were made.

It must be acknowledged that Elsie silently blamed (for the first time since her marriage) this particular failing of her husband—the too frequent want of immediate action accompanying his perfect willingness to do everything. She had felt it before, and regretted it, but never so sincerely as now, when it put them both to extreme inconvenience. Arthur noticed her grave countenance, and felt that the tacit reproof was no more than he deserved; he repented severely his error, but it was too late now to help matters along. The furniture would not be all removed until evening, and then there was a chance of its being spoilt, for the clouds had continued to gather. At eleven the wagon came and took the first load. The man strapped on her best chairs rather carelessly, Elsie thought; he was evidently a new hand at the business. She sighed for the quick, yet careful handling of Mr. Miller. "Do tell him to mind those chairs, Arthur!" she said, anxiously.

Arthur, intent on pleasing her, attended to them himself, but he was equally inexperienced with the man. In three hours, when the wagon returned, she learned that two of her chairs were broken beyond repair—fallen in the road. Stifling the disposition to shed a few tears over the misfortune, she helped to attend to the things. The second load went. Arthur accompanied the man on his subsequent journeys to and fro, that nothing more might be lost.

With this load, fortunately, there was no accident. At half past five the wagon returned, and the last things, her piano and the centre-table, were taken. Arthur had advised that they should make up the final load. Weary and faint, as soon as it had departed, Elsie put on her bonnet and mantilla, and got into an omnibus to go, too. But her troubles were not yet terminated. To her uneasiness, the clouds, which had been collecting gradually during the afternoon, began to grow darker, and in a little time had spread over nearly one half the heavens. She had not proceeded far when the rain commenced falling. "O, dear," she thought, anxiously, "my beloved piano will be ruined!" There was not the slightest use in tormenting herself now, but poor little Elsie really could not help it. The soft light clouds passed slowly over, dispensing their cool showers in gentle abundance. The rain fell so silently—so beautifully; and the drooping flowers and leaves and grass unclosed and erected themselves to receive it, as if grateful for the blessing of the spring, while ever and anon, a broad sheet of sunshine gleamed goldenly athwart the glittering drops.

At another time, in other circumstances, Elsie would have beheld this lovely scene with delightful interest, but she had no heart for it now. Her thoughts were continually reverting to the troubles of this unlucky moving day, and she could not help saying to herself, that they might have been prevented, if Arthur—but here the young wife paused, rebuking herself for the half-uttered thoughts. The fault was truly that of Arthur, for her furniture would have been safely housed two hours earlier, if Mr. Miller had been engaged at the right time. But Arthur would surely feel it keenly enough himself; and pitying him more than she pitied herself, Elsie prepared to meet him with a cheerful countenance.

Arrived at the garden gate, she would have entered with wet feet into her new house but for a pair of rubbers, which a lady passenger kindly lent her to take her as far as the door, and a gentleman accompanied her to carry them back. The rain had ceased now, and the sun was setting gloriously; the clear air and lovely evening sunshine revived her spirits, and endeavoring to take affairs in a philosophical way, she sat down by a window in the parlor, and waited for Arthur and the furniture. Her patience was somewhat severely tried, for they did not make their appearance for an hour. Finally, however, they came in sight, and the wagon drew up to the gate. As soon as Arthur and the man had alighted, she saw at a glance that everything was as she had anticipated—soaking wet with the rain. Having prepared herself for it, however, she seemed to take little notice of her ruined furniture, only persuading Arthur, after it had been brought in, to hasten and change his drenched garments. He was looking grave and chagrined, for he had been blaming himself severely for his indirect instrumentality in the destruction of Alice's pet piano, to say nothing of the other articles which had been spoiled, and the money out of pocket, in consequence—but his wife's kind tones and pleasant smiles, her anxiety for his safety, and her utter obliviousness of self, chased away the shadows. Arthur Elmer silently blessed her from the bottom of his heart. He took off his coat and vest as he stood in the doorway, and gave them both a hearty shaking, laughingly warning Elsie, at the same time, to keep her distance as the water-drops flew. Then taking the key of his trunks from her, he proceeded up stairs to change his garments, while Elsie, having kindled a bright fire, set the table, and got up in a short time a very comfortable and tempting little extempore supper, of which they both partook with considerable relish, after this troublesome and fatiguing day.

A more unpalatable morsel, however, to Arthur was the thought that would occasionally intrude, of the loss he had sustained that day. No slight loss it was to him either, for he was comparatively a poor man, and it would take many months of close and anxious attention to business to repair it.

As the twilight deepened, the young husband and wife sat by the open door of the hall, talking in low tones of what had passed, and Arthur, taking the blame readily for his besetting error, said to Elsie, "My lesson is a good one; the loss is trifling in comparison with it. This fault of mine never brought me serious occasion of thought before. It is well the forfeit is no greater; I will henceforth substitute actions for words."

With many a gambol and playful frolic, their little dog was playing before them on the grass, in the moonlight.

"What is he playing with?" asked Elsie, after they had observed him a little time with some amusement. Arthur left her side and bent down; he took up from the grass some fragments of soft, thin paper wet with the rain. Very small fragments they were, for Rollo had not been playing with them for nothing. After examining them an instant by the moonlight, "Elsie," he called, "where is my vest—the one I wore out here this afternoon?" There was haste and trouble in his tone. He took from his wife the garment she handed him, and examined the pockets with trembling earnestness one after another. Even by the moonlight, Elsie could see that his face was very pale.

Over and over again he searched the pockets of the vest, and then the coat which he had taken off at the same time, when he stood on the piazza before tea. Worse than useless! He threw them down in despair.

"Elsie," he said, bitterly, "Elsie, I have lost five hundred dollars. Not mine, either, or I might feel less like a robber."

"Not yours!" Elsie trembled. "Whose, then?"

"My employer's—Mr. Markham's. He entrusted it to me yesterday morning, to be paid to-morrow to a man in B. Where will be Arthur Elmer's honest name? O, *who* will believe it an accident?"

Elsie stood a moment with her troubled eyes fixed on him.

"How did you lose it?" she asked, faintly, at length.

He looked up. "It must have been this afternoon, when I was shaking the water from my vest at the door. It fell from the pocket, I suppose. I put it there before I left the city, and those are the fragments on the grass. O, Elsie, what *shall* I do?"

"Let us gather up what we may," she said, hopelessly.

Searching in the moonlight, they found a few torn remnants, and examined them by a lamp. To their inexpressible joy, there were portions of each of the bills; small, yet sufficient to identify them as the money entrusted to Arthur. How unutterably thankful they were! The young man's employer might himself see the proof of the accident, and believe him innocent of crime. For it seemed impossible that the imputation should not have followed want of evidence in his favor.

It was little to them now, after they had been relieved from that terrible fear, that they must strain every nerve to repay this loss. They were only too thankful that the opportunity was allowed them. Looking back, when he grew calmer, over the events of the past day, Arthur traced every loss, trouble, or misfortune that had occurred during its flight to his own fault. If he had gone at once for Mr. Miller, on the preceding day, instead of saying so often that he *would* go, the furniture would have been removed much earlier, and under Mr. Miller's careful management nothing would have been broken; the last load would have reached its destination before the rain came on; Arthur would not have had the severe cold which tormented him for a week afterwards; and above all, he would not have lost his employer's money.

It was mortifying, humiliating to him, to refer all this trouble to one fault of his, but the severe lesson which he that day received, lasted him his life long. Mr. Markham passed over his carelessness with a short but indulgent lecture, for he rightly judged that he was sufficiently punished already; and now there is not a more prompt, scrupulous, punctual man, or a stricter man of his word, or a more prosperous one, for since that eventful day, his motto has been, "Deeds, not Words."

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

ON A SMALL LANDSCAPE.*

BY PARK BENJAMIN.

I sit this pleasant spring-time day—
  One of those days that April brings
So full of promise it seems May—
  That May which many a poet sings—
I sit within my cloistered room,
  Pent in by overlooking walls,
From which a strange, peculiar gloom,
  Which shades, yet doth not darken, falls—
I sit at my large table, strown
  With many papers, many books,
And, fondly thinking how the known
  But hidden face of Nature looks,
  How sweetly glide the little brooks,
    How greenly grows the tender grass,
  What early violets bloom in nooks,
    Along the winds what perfumes pass.

I sit, and, failing to delight,
Cool and refresh my weary sight
With aught through city windows seen,
Gaze up on artificial green,
Depicted in a landscape small,
That hangs against my study wall,
Just overhead, and solace find
In fancy of a painter's mind.
It is a reminiscence, caught
  From a deep mirror, somewhat slight,
  Yet full of that mild, dewy light
With which a painter's dreams are fraught,
When summer balm his senses steep,
And lull him in the lap of sleep.

It is a scene, where mountain haze
Melts off in that fine golden blaze
The old Italian masters threw
Into their backgrounds—with the blue
  Of their supernal sky above—
A coveted and precious hue,
  The hue of money and of love!
Nearer, a broken, brilliant mass
Of trees, and flowers, and shrubs, and grass,
  And water falling from a height
Gently, yet with a dash of foam,
  Just to relieve and cheer the sight.

When first I brought the picture home,
It seemed a trifle, fair enough
And pleasing, but not made of stuff
  That lasts, and strengthens, and pervades—
  But something in its gradual shades,
And something in its colors soft,
  And something in its forms serene
Win me to gaze upon it oft,
  And wish it were a real scene,
To which, fatigued with men and books,
And longing for dear Nature's looks,
  And converse with the perfect peace
And loveliness of leaves and plains,
I might, oblivious of pains
  And anxious cares, that seldom cease,
Resort at times—ah, happy times!—
And weave my idle thoughts in rhymes,
And be a boy, whose need is none
  Except for fields, and air and sun.

* By Jesse Talbot.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE BLUE DOVE.

A LEGEND OF THE TUNAS OF MISSOURI.*

BY BEN: PERLEY POORE.

It was the green-corn festival of the Tuna tribe, a fine race of red men who dwelt near the base of the famed "iron mountain," in what is now the State of Missouri. Surrounded by all that could render the wilderness attractive, and inheriting proud recollections of victorious contests with the tribes around them, they were in the ascendancy at the grand council-fires of the united tribes. Nor was there, in the whole alliance of the Missourians, a more beautiful maiden than the Blue Dove, whose voice was music to the decaying spirit of the War Eagle, her father, and the chieftain of the tribe. As she brought him bowls of hominy, or put on his moccasins, the work of her own hands, a light would come into the coldness of the old warrior's eye, and her glances were the sun of his thoughts—the light of his rejoicing.

The corn, encased in its bright green husks, simmered in the large earthern pots over smouldering fires, and the rejoicings in honor of the harvest were about to commence, but the Blue Dove, usually the gayest of the attendant maidens, was sad. Occasionally she would leave the fire under her charge and walk to the edge of a cliff upon which the tribe celebrated its rites, as if watching for some absent one, but she could discover no form among the hunters who were returning laden with spoil, that brought a smile to her olive cheeks.

"The Blue Dove is sad," said her mother. "Does she wait the coming of the adopted warrior?"

"The Blue Dove will not abide in the buzzard's nest," said the Arrow Head, who was her brother, and the heir-presumptive to the chieftainship. He was a cruel man, with a tattooed face, over which the shadows of his evil passions passed like clouds over the windows of the stormy heaven, while his wrath, once excited, raged like an undying pestilence. Among the objects of his hatred was the Hunter, a young warrior whom he had taken prisoner in a foray against the Kanzas, and whose dying agonies he had hoped to enjoy. But just as the young man had been bound to the stake, a widow, whose only son had been slain in the expedition, came forward and claimed her privilege of adopting the prisoner. There was no appeal, but from that time the wrath of the Arrow Head to the Hunter was inextinguishable. Nay, when in a subsequent skirmish with the Kaskaskias the valiant hunter saved the life of his former conqueror, it only added fuel to the flame. The chance of defeat and the thirst of revenge gnawed into the heart of the young chief like vultures, for he would rather have fallen beneath the war-club of his foe, than have owed his life to the valor of his old captive.

Yet with every other member of the tribe, the Hunter was a favorite. No one returned from the chase with more grace, and when at last his valor gave him the right to recount his adventures at the council-fires, his unassuming manners gained for him the friendship of all, and called forth the most generous feelings from the ruthless warriors. Soon it became evident that he had made a favorable impression upon the beloved Blue Dove, and the old gossips hoped that his suit would be reciprocated. In his heart there was no doubt. The Blue Dove was untutored in those arts which refinement has adopted to conceal the wildest passions of the soul, and as she accepted his carefully dressed skins, or gay feathers, she gave him evidence of an ardent attachment which no artifice could have heightened.

Meanwhile the evening star rose slowly up over the iron mountains, and the Blue Dove's dark eye gazed sadly upon it. The Hunter had not returned, although a week had elapsed since he had gone out to set traps for beaver upon the mountain streams, and this was a time when every warrior should be present. Soon the festivities commenced, and after the customary invocations to the Great Spirit, the sweet ears were devoured, with roasted beaver-tail, baked buffalo hump, and other delicacies of the forest. The feast concluded, the hunters grouped around the council-fire, where the fragrant tobacco was kindled, and the warriors, with impassioned gestures, related the deeds of their prowess. Their wives and daughters, grouped around the outside of the circle, listened with undisguised exultation to the cruel narrations, and all seemed happy save the Blue Dove, who reclined listlessly upon a buffalo robe behind her aged father, her fair young brow supported by her taper hands.

At last the Arrow Head arose, and looked angrily around.

"No one wishes to hear the exploits of the young chieftain," said he, "nor do I intend to recount them. My string of scalps is well filled, and a look at its bloody treasures is enough for me. But I arise to speak for the good of the tribe. Are not the pale faces on their way hither? Have not we heard of their progress with their sharp weapons, and those mighty animals that carry them to victory? Is this true, or does Arrow Head lie like a dog?"

"Wagh! It is well," exclaimed several warriors, and every one listened attentively. The advent of the chivalrous De Soto had been heralded from tribe to tribe, and his progress was regarded with superstitious awe. The Blue Dove rising to her feet, gazed with intense anxiety upon her brother as he proceeded.

"No, it is not well. We have nourished a traitor here—an ungrateful hound, who would destroy his preservers. Know, Tuna warriors, that the Hunter, stolen from my vengeance, has been false to the tribe. Nay, he is even now, if I am not deceived, giving information to the pale faces!"

"Liar!" shouted a clear voice, and the Hunter stood before his accuser.

"Nay, the Arrow Head cannot be deceived. Look at the warrior—his matted hair is full of burrs; his buffalo robe is wet; his leggins and moccasins are torn and travel-stained. Where has he been? Let the medicine men search his pouch. Wagh! We shall see."

Alas for the Blue Dove! On searching her lover, they found in his pouch a war-garget and a chief's wampum sash—they bore the emblems of the Kanzas.

There was now no doubt that the Hunter had been engaged in treasonable correspondence, and he did not even attempt to deny it.

"Now, dog, I will dance around thy funeral pile," exclaimed Arrow Head, advancing towards him.

"Stand back!" exclaimed the Hunter. "I will not have the hand of a spy laid upon me, although his sister is one for whom I would die. Let the medicine men do their duty, and they will find me ready for the trial or the torment."

The Arrow Head gnashed his teeth with rage, but a smile of demoniac triumph gleamed over his features as he saw his hated victim bound with green withes. The trial was fixed for the next day, but so certain appeared its result, that the maidens were sent abroad to gather dry wood for the death-fire.

Night came on, and as the full moon rose high in the heavens, the Blue Dove stepped silently from the wigwam of her father, and gazed upon the slumbering warriors. After scrutinizing them with anxious glances, she silently glided to where her lover was bound.

"Does the Hunter watch?" she whispered.

"For the Blue Dove," he replied, "and she is here to gladden his heart."

Just then one of the prisoner's sleeping guardians awakened, and she saw there was no time to be lost. Taking the flint-edged war-axe of her father which she had brought, she severed the withes, and the Hunter was free. Springing to his feet, he bounded over the sleeping warriors, and was soon lost in the forest. The Blue Dove, exultant at having rescued her lover, returned unnoticed to her father's lodge, and dreamed of a wigwam in a secluded valley, where she cheered the evening hours of the Hunter with her forest song.

Day dawned, and the revengeful Arrow Head hastened to feast his eyes with the captive, who, as he thought, was so soon to expiate treason at the stake. But he found him gone. Giving the war-whoop, he was soon surrounded by the warriors, and finding the trail of the fugitive, they started in hot pursuit.

But the pursuers were soon checked, for a trumpet's clangor responded to their war-whoops. De Soto, guided by a Kaskaskia chief, had endeavored to surprise the Tuna village at daylight, and now encountered the warriors, with foot and the dreaded horse. The Arrow Head was no coward, and the warriors, reinforced from the village, fought with desperation. But he soon fell, and his followers became discouraged; there was no resisting the charges of cavalry; no penetrating the bright armor; and soon the remnant of the hitherto invincible Tunas fled to their village, there to die among their wives.

Wounded and faltering, they reached the camp, singing their death-songs, and pursued by the merciless Spaniards. But then there pealed forth another war-cry, and as the retreating Tunas entered the palisades around their wigwams, a well armed band of painted warriors rushed between them and the advancing Spaniards. Nor did this opportune reserve remain idle, for they let fly such a cloud of arrows, that the horsemen wheeled about their steeds, already severely wounded. In vain did De Soto raise his war-cry of "Santiago," the Indians advancing boldly, plied their cross-bows with deadly aim and great rapidity. The horses of the Spaniards were of no avail; and whilst their arquebusiers could reload their pieces once, an Indian would launch half a dozen arrows—scarce had one been sent on its deadly flight before another was in the bow. At last the Spaniards retreated, and then the conquering party returned to the village, where the surviving Tunas greeted them with loud cries of joyous welcome. And how was their delight increased, as they recognized their deliverers as warriors of the Kanzas tribe, led by—the Hunter.

Yes! For many months he had been in intercourse with the tribe of his fathers, who had urged him to escape from captivity and head their war-parties. But he refused to leave until he had won the bride of his choice, and that without doing anything derogatory to his reputation as a "brave." Learning De Soto's approach, he had started for his tribe, enlisted a valiant band, and had returned with them to the vicinity of the Tuna village. But knowing the jealousy between the tribes, he went forward alone, in order to give an explanation of his conduct. This was anticipated by the malicious accusation of the Arrow Head, and he refused to betray his secret, lest it should be said that he did so under the influence of fear. Death would have been preferable to such an indication of cowardice.

Soon the scalp-pole was erected, and the conquerors having arranged their toilets, danced the dance of victory. The Hunter was at their head, dressed in a splendid mantle of buffalo skins, ornamented with small tufts of owls' feathers, and around his neck was a necklace formed of the claws of the grizzly bear. His leggins and moccasins were made of white fox skins, profusely embroidered with porcupine quills. Vermilion stripes covered his features in the highest style of art, and in his plaited hair were the wing feathers of the gray eagle.

Was it to be wondered at that the Blue Dove, as she sat by the side of her aged father, loved the Hunter more than ever? When the dance was concluded, he made her a sign, and then leaving the camp, she followed him to a running brook.

"Will the Blue Dove smile upon the Hunter?" said he, "and will she go to his wigwam? He will keep the lodge supplied with venison, and tend her with care."

"Lead the way," she replied, "and I will follow with thy burthens. I will make your moccasins, and keep your quiver filled with arrows."

Then, springing across the brook, she scooped up some of the crystal water in her hand, and held it across to him. He leaned forward, drank a swallow of it, and they clasped hands. Thenceforth they were betrothed, and when the Hunter offered the War Eagle two packs of buffalo skins for his daughter, the old chief exclaimed, "Wagh!"

That night the Blue Dove went to the wigwam of her bold lover, and became his wife. There was no surpliced priest, or legal form, but angels heard their vows of mutual fidelity, and their marriage was recorded on high.

The Tunas were perfectly infatuated with their deliverer, especially admiring the secrecy with which he had made his journey, and the firmness with which he had refused to disclose his secret. They urged him to become heir to their chieftainship, as the Arrow Head was now no more, but he declined. "The Pale Faces," he said, "are now driven back, but they will return, and I wish to lay my bones as far as possible towards the setting sun."

In a few days the war party was broken up, and the members set out in small parties for the fertile plains of the Kanzas. One of these was composed of the Hunter, followed by the admiring Blue Dove. A horse (captured from the Spaniards, and ridden by a lad) dragged one of the Indian vehicles, hitherto used by them on a smaller scale for their dogs. And in the rear, proud of her relationship to the great chief, came the widow who had adopted the renowned Hunter.

Ages have passed, but even now that the neat cabin has supplanted the wigwam, and the pioneer yeoman herds his flocks on the hunting-grounds of the Tunas, the beauty and the devotion of the Blue Dove is remembered in central Missouri.

* This tale belongs to our series of "Chronicles of the States," and is connected with the emblematical engraving on the first page of this paper.

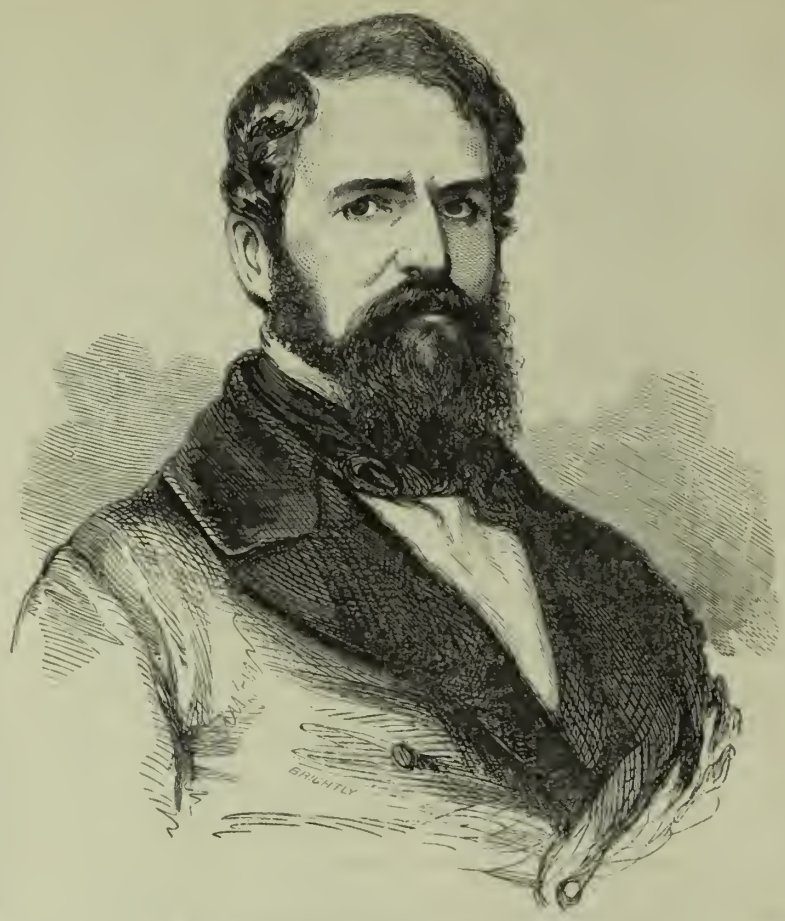
Love of Nature.—I believe it is no wrong observation, that persons of genius, and those who are most capable of art, are always most fond of nature—as such are chiefly sensible that all art consists in the imitation and study of nature. On the contrary, people of the common level of understanding are principally delighted with the little niceties and fantastical operations of art, and constantly think that finest which is least natural.—*Pope.*

COL. HIRAM FULLER,
EDITOR OF THE NEW YORK MIRROR.

We herewith present our readers with a portrait from the pencil of Mr. Barry, of Col. Hiram Fuller, of the city of New York, editor and proprietor of the "Daily Evening (and Weekly) Mirror," of that city, and a gentleman long and familiarly known in the American editorial ranks. Mr. Fuller, like many of the prominent journalists scattered over the Union—Prentice, Kendall, Colfax, Greeley, etc., among them—is a native of New England. He was born at Halifax, Plymouth county, in the "Old Bay State," about the year 1820, and is consequently in the prime and blossom of life. He is a direct descendant from the celebrated Rev. Thomas Fuller, whose sons or grandsons came over in the "Mayflower," and was born on the soil originally owned by those sturdy and pious pilgrims. In common with New England boys, his education commenced in the village school, where he enjoyed the almost continuous honor of standing at "the head" of his class. At the age of twelve he passed from the village school to the country academy, continuing there his progress and honors. At the age of sixteen he became the teacher of the village school at Plympton, a town adjoining the place of his birth. At the age of eighteen, he took charge of a private academy in Plymouth, Massachusetts, and soon after accepted the post of principal of the Green Street Seminary, at Providence, Rhode Island, of which popular institution he stood at the head before he had reached twenty-one years of age. In this beautiful Grecian temple he had as assistant, for a year and a half, the gifted Margaret Fuller—a remote kin of blood—afterwards the Marchioness d'Ossoli, whose brilliant genius and mournful fate have been a fertile theme for elegy and eulogy. Still later, Col. Fuller was, for a short period, engaged in the book business at Providence. In 1843, he planted himself in the city of New York, where he became associated with George P. Morris and N. P. Willis in the publication of the "New Mirror." A year later was started the "Daily Evening Mirror," by the firm of Morris, Willis and Fuller. About a year and a half afterwards, Col. Fuller purchased the entire concern (daily and weekly), since which time the *Mirror* has been under his sole conduct as editor and proprietor, and it is a fact worthy of honest pride, that its circulation and reputation have constantly increased in his hands. As editor and proprietor of the "New York Evening Mirror," Col. Fuller has achieved a reputation of which any journalist might be proud. He has faithfully illustrated, not by timid neutrality, but by evincing a bold and manly independence, the motto of his paper:

"Pledged to no party's arbitrary sway.
We follow truth where'er she leads the way."

Fearlessly independent in religion, literature and politics, a sturdy defender of Protestantism, and enthusiastically American, as becomes "a son of Pilgrim sires," Mr. Fuller has secured for the Mirror, what is most difficult to attain, the respect and admiration of the editorial profession for his frankness and honesty, as well as ability, even where there is marked difference of sentiment and opinion. Of his ability as a journalist the best proof is the frequency of quotation from the Mirror's columns by the contemporary press. No journal in the Union is more widely quoted, or more accredited for correctness and independence. Mr. Fuller ranks with the conservative portion of his profession; and while a stickler for the largest freedom of discussion, opening his columns to both and all sides of the question, his final verdict is always against fanaticism and oppression. His most marked characteristics as a journalist are, perhaps, unbending industry and energy, and a never failing fund of *jeux d'esprit*, with which his paragraphs abundantly sparkle. A notable event in the history of the Mirror was its nomination of Gen. Taylor for the Presidency, in advance of all other presses and parties. Col. Fuller has thoroughly vindicated his claims to the honor of placing the old hero of Buena Vista on the political campaign track, and no one battled more persistently or successfully than Col. Fuller to secure his election—though very many were far better rewarded for their toils. Mr. Fuller, on the accession of Gen. Taylor to the Presidency, was appointed to a highly responsible post in the Navy Department, which placed millions of public property in his charge, and on the day of his removal by Gen. Pierce, his accounts were squared to a fraction, and his bonds cancelled. But we have unduly passed one important event—Mr. Fuller's marriage soon after his advent in New York to a fair Knickerbocker lady, a daughter of Mr. John F. Delaplaine, a lately deceased millionaire—proving Mr. Fuller a friend of *the* Union, marital as well as federal. Mr. Fuller in social position is not surpassed by any of his compeers. As he "positively declines to tamper with his own Life," we have been obliged to gather our facts from one who has "known him long and well," and is one of his most ardent admirers. Col. Fuller is a successful and popular journalist, a warm friend, a courteous enemy, and a frank, honest man.



HIRAM FULLER, OF NEW YORK.—From a Photograph. by BRADY.

MARCH OF A TURKISH COLUMN.

Our spirited and well executed engraving represents one of the eastern war scenes, which cannot be contemplated without interest. The figure in the centre on horseback is the gallant Omar Pacha, and he is supposed to be leading his troops from Kamiesch to Balaklava. There is something singular in the present appearance of the Ottoman troops—they may be more effective with their European drill and semi-European dress, but what they have gained in utility they have lost in picturesqueness of appearance. They now look like denationalized Turks and unfinished European troops. Yet for actual service they have been prodigiously improved, and behave exceedingly well in the field. Every one remembers their brilliant feats of arms in the opening campaign in the principalities. They there exhibited the most heroic valor, and were victorious against heavy odds.

TURKISH COLUMN ON THE MARCH IN THE CRIMEA.

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL.
THE CHEAPEST WEEKLY PAPER IN THE WORLD.

MATURIN M. BALLOU, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.
FRANCIS A. DURIVAGE, ASSISTANT EDITOR.

THE FASHIONABLE EXODUS.

For weeks past the annual migration of town residents in easy circumstances has been going on. Railroad cars have been crammed to suffocation, steamboats crowded, private carriages filled and loaded down with males, females, trunks, band-boxes and hat-cases. Some go to climb the picturesque Catskills; others to ascend to the summit of Mount Washington. Thousands fly to Niagara, to gaze upon and listen to the ceaseless rush of the mighty waters; while other thousands, distributed along the seaboard, are disporting in the briny wave, or rocking on its surface, piscatorially employed, and drinking health at every puff of the sea breeze. During July and August, the only rule for preserving life is to live under water as much as possible. The fashionable quarters of our cities seem utterly deserted. Venetian blinds usurp the place of plate glass, and the grass would grow upon the door steps were they not the camping ground of weary watchmen and homeless boys. Yet anon the returning tide of life will fill up its old channels; the city will again become populous; theatres will re-open, and concert-rooms again ring with music and plaudits. Such is life!

MELTING WEATHER.—We have had some days, lately, well calculated to try the patience of Job, albeit perfectly aware that our sufferings were for our good, and that the torrid heat of the sun rushed hay and vegetables to perfection in double quick time, and had a prospective influence on the price of corn, flour and potatoes. But to lose your confidence in starch, to be betrayed by dickies, to be abandoned by neckcloths, to be ruined by gloves, to be made aware of the inadequacy of soda fountains to slake a burning thirst, to perceive that musquitoes thrive in an atmosphere of 100 Fahrenheit, to whistle for a wind in vain, to think madly of sea breezes as you toss on an arid, sleepless mattress, these are pain or penalties which well nigh dethrone reason, and make us believe that exile to Siberia is one of the most blessed prerogatives of a native born Russian.

NEW YORK CRYSTAL PALACE.—We are glad, for the honor of our country, that arrangements have been made for the re-shipment to Europe of the contributions of foreign exhibitors, and while we regret that Mr. Greeley, of the Tribune, suffered imprisonment on account of this unhappy affair, yet we cannot wonder at the exasperation which compelled the French artist, who brought a suit against him, to try to obtain some remuneration for his property.

FISHING.—The fishing along shore, this season, has been quite successful. At the Glades, in Lynn Bay, and along the south shore, the "sealy prey," in the shape of mammoth cod and glittering mackerel, have abundantly rewarded piscatorial perseverance.

SPLINTERS.

.... The society for the amelioration of the Jews, in New York, is extinct, for want of encouragement.

A number of persons have died lately from exposure and imprudence, during the heat of the weather.

.... A gentleman by the name of Paradise was married to Miss Peers, of New York, lately. The name promises bliss.

.... Prince Albert, in a late speech, snubbed the people for meddling with ministerial affairs.

.... The French are still winning laurels in the Crimea, while the English are behind them in the field.

.... The New York Crystal Palace affairs are settled with French exhibitors at least.

.... The Independent and Evangelist, N. Y. religious papers, are fighting about ministers wearing beards and slouched hats.

.... The iron dealers of Boston will keep their stores closed during the hot weather. A good plan.

.... The Gauls first discovered soap, says Pliny. How are they off for soap now? That is the question.

.... Archdeacon Sinclair, of London, has been censuring the London clergy for their stupid sermons.

.... In one fortnight, lately, 9668 books were taken out of our City Library. It increases in favor.

.... The poet of our city celebration was Mrs. Sarah E. Dawes, one of our contributors.

.... A new vocalist, named Jenny Ney, is astonishing the London music-lovers by her voice.

.... A mile and a half of flowers were lately exhibited at the Sydenham Crystal Palace, England.

.... Jenny Lind is said to be more of a nightingale than ever. Her voice has improved.

.... Work is prohibited to the London needlewomen between ten at night and eight in the morning.

.... The Princess de Sagan has prosecuted Gervinus for saying she rode a horse *en cavalier*.

... Sir Francis Moon, lord mayor of London, acquired his large fortune by selling prints.

.... There were lately two ex-presidents of the United States in London—Van Buren and Fillmore, both looking well.

.... Lord Eglinton sold a horse, lately, for 7500 dollars—a pretty good price for a bit of blood.

.... A new theatre is building in Troy, which will be opened in the middle of October.

THE FRENCH ZOUAVES AND CHASSEURS.

The light troops of the French, with their exploits in the Crimea, are so often mentioned in the letters, news and despatches from the seat of the Eastern war, that our readers will doubtless be pleased with a brief account of them, compiled from authentic sources. The formation of the Zouaves dates back twenty-five years. They were among the first military organizations of the French after the conquest of Algeria. It was their flag that floated first on the breach of Constantine, and may be yet the first to float upon the conquered walls of Sebastopol. In the latter months of 1830, General, afterwards Marshal Clauzel, organized them in two battalions and gave them the name of Zouaves, derived from the Zouaoua, a warlike confederation of Kabyles. At first only Kabyles and Arabs were admitted into their ranks, with the approval and under the command of French officers, but soon the corps, raised to a full regiment, was recruited more from the French than the Arabs, and the corps thus changed its character. It became a nursery of brilliant officers, and many of the most distinguished commanders in the French army commenced their career by serving in the Zouaves. Their uniform, loose trowsers gathered just below the knee, light jackets, flowing sleeves and turbans—is a memorial of their African origin. They now number three regiments before Sebastopol. It is a somewhat striking fact in their history, that nine years ago, the Grand Duke Constantine of Russia passed them in review at the foot of Mt. Atlas, and admired their martial bearing, their celerity, the precision of their movements and their extraordinary zeal, little dreaming that in 1854 they would be fighting against his own country and countrymen. He was very much pleased with their appearance; but admiration was heightened by astonishment when he learned that the men he beheld had just come in from a severe campaign, that they had slept on the ground in the open air for six months, and that they had marched nearly eighteen miles the very morning of the review.

The *chasseurs a pied* (foot chasseurs), usually spoken of as the Chasseurs de Vincennes, whose drill has recently been introduced at West Point, and learned by the Independent Company of Cadets in this city, were originally established by the lamented Duke of Orleans, the eldest son and heir of Louis Philippe, the following eulogy of whom is scarcely exaggerated:

"Loving France passionately, he had profoundly investigated every question that might affect its power and glory. To the happiest natural faculties, to a basis of sound and severe study, he had incessantly added by observation and labor; he had read much, and reflected much on the science of war; he had neglected no opportunity to witness it, and conduct it valiantly in person. The organization of foreign armies was as familiar to him as that of our army, in the ranks of which he had figured from his adolescence; not a single interesting treatise appeared in or out of France which he had not examined. He was familiar with every progressive movement, and with all new discoveries, and knew how to guage their value; his good sense often distrusted the ardor of his imagination; enlightened by his military information, which was very extensive, although he never paraded it, he separated the true from the false. Employing the legitimate influence which belongs in a monarchy to the heir of the throne, but never using it except for the public interest, and never attempting to exercise it beyond the limits of the constitution, he propagated those ideas which seemed to him correct, with all the ardor of his nature, with the keenest reasoning and the most animated eloquence; for rarely have so many seductive qualities been seen united to such sterling merit."

It is to the Duke of Orleans, then, the French are indebted for one of the most effective arms in their services. The chasseurs sprang into existence from the necessity of opposing certain similar bodies of sharp-shooters, armed with rifles of long range, in other European armies. Their original weapon was the Delvigne rifle, afterwards perfected by Colonel Minié, and now forming, with the sabre-bayonet, a most potent "hand-artillery." For this special corps it was necessary to select vigorous, active and light-footed men, capable of forming ambuscade by the aid of very slight depressions of ground, and marking them by inconsiderable elevations. Small men were and are, for these reasons, selected by preference for the chasseurs. They are trained to deploy and extend themselves with a speed unknown and, perhaps, useless to troops of the line, to sustain long marches, or, rather, runs at the rapid pace called the "gymnastic step," to remain on occasion for hours, lying flat on the ground, and to fire from this position with the accuracy of a musketeer standing. The organization of such a school of manœuvres was no trifling task, to say nothing of the numberless essays and experiments requisite to secure perfection for this weapon. The Duke of Orleans, when entrusted with the organization of ten battalions of chasseurs, in 1840, feeling the importance and delicacy of the service, associated with himself the most experienced officers of the army, and the result was a system the results of which have been brilliantly conspicuous in the feats of arms enacted in this Eastern war. Our government have done well to introduce the drill of the chasseurs at West Point.

LAKE WINNIPISEOGEE.—Those persons who are desirous of seeing a fine specimen of lake and mountain scenery ought to visit Lake Winnipiseogee, the "Smile of the Great Spirit," which is accessible from Boston in a four hours' railroad ride. It is one of the loveliest and most striking sheets of water in this country.

A NEW CEMETERY.—A beautiful tract of ground, comprising an area of ten acres, has recently been consecrated at Gloucester, Mass., as a place of sepulture. These rural cities of the dead are multiplying among us.

PROFESSIONAL.—According to the Boston Directory for 1855, there are in the city, 420 lawyers, 110 physicians, and 98 clergymen acting as pastors of religious societies.

OFFICERS OF THE CRIMEA.

At the head of the group of distinguished officers of the present great European war, all of which were drawn expressly for our Pictorial by Mr. C. A. Barry, from authentic portraits, we have placed Sir Charles Napier, now admiral of the Baltic fleet. He is a gallant officer, and, like his cousin, the general of the same name, wields the pen as well as the sword. He was born at Falkirk, March 6, 1786, and entered the navy at an early age. He served as a volunteer in the peninsular war, captured, in 1811, the island of Ponza, became an admiral in the service of Don Pedro, returned to the British service and was knighted for his proceedings against Mehemet Ali and Ibrahim Pacha. He is a member of parliament, and has written and spoken much against the imbecility and mismanagement of the admiralty. Lower down, on the left, we have the gallant Omar Pacha, whose brilliant exploits at the opening of the war have been so justly celebrated. He is a German by birth. On the opposite side is the fine head of Gen. Canrobert, recently commander-in-chief of the French army in the East. He is a firm officer, and his name is associated with the glories of the Alma and Inkerman. In the centre of the page is Prince Menschikoff, an illustrious member of a an honorable Russian family, who has distinguished himself in this war of the East by superior military attainments and perseverance. Below him is Ivan Feodorvitch Paskewitch, Prince of Warsaw. He was born at Pultona, in Southern Russia, in 1782, entered the army at an early age, and was made a general in 1812. He distinguished himself that year against the French, fought at Leipsic, afterwards against the Persians, and for the part he took in suppressing the Polish revolution, was made a prince of the empire. Lord Raglan is known to those familiar with the peninsular war as Lord Fitzroy Somerset, aid and military secretary to the Duke of Wellington. He lost one arm at Waterloo. He possesses much of the energy and dogged endurance of the Iron Duke. On the other side of the page is Gen. Jean Jacques Pelissier, now commander-in-chief of the French army in the Crimea. He was born at Maromme, near Rouen, A. D., 1796. He entered the army at an early age, and has been in service ever since. He distinguished himself particularly against the Arabs. He is a stern, daring and thoroughly educated officer, and the best man Louis Napoleon could have placed in command.

CROPS AND PRICES.

The grain crop is abundant, and prices have declined; facts for which every one is justly grateful; but there will be no such prodigious surplus as the sanguine anticipated, and prices will be prevented from falling to the lowest notch by the demand caused by the Eastern war. It is a common mistake to suppose that because this country can raise a large surplus of wheat, it necessarily does so. It is stated that with the largest crops of wheat ever raised, no more than 20 per cent. can be spared for exportation; but still, in the absence of a great surplus, the abundance of potatoes and other nutritive crops may and will keep the prices of living within reasonable limits.

CHRISTIAN LIBERALITY.—The contributions of the Orthodox churches in this city to the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, during the past year, amounted to the sum of $26,488 30, an increase of $2000 over the preceding year, notwithstanding hard times.

M. J. WHIPPLE, 35 *Cornhill*.—Any of our friends who may be in want of artists' materials of any sort whatever, can obtain them as above, at the *lowest* rates. Mr. Whipple devotes his entire attention to this business, and is a gentleman of long experience and unquestioned taste in his line.

THE STATE HOUSE.—The corner stone of the State House was laid on the 4th of July, 1795, with great ceremonies. The total cost of building and land was $146,333; a less sum than has recently been appropriated for additions and improvements.

MARRIAGES.

In this city, by Rev. Mr. Stowe, Mr. Rufus A. Junkin to Miss Abigail Sawyer; Mr. Alexander Marshall to Miss Emeline S. Gardner; Mr. Patrick Langhlin to Mrs. Mary Gray; by Rev. Mr. Clarke, Mr. Daniel Seaverns to Miss Maria H. Vannevar; by Rev. Mr. Stone, Mr. Robert Kirby, of New York, to Miss Augusta M. Stafford; by Rev. Mr. Skinner, Mr. John D. F. Brooks to Miss Amanda Trotter; by Rev. Mr. Barnard, Mr. Charles O. Shute, of Roxbury, to Miss Harriet A. Savage.—At Jamaica Plain, by Rev. Christopher Marsh, Mr. James Garrick to Miss Mary Dally.—At Dedham, by Rev. Dr. Burgess, Mr. George W. Macbeth to Miss Almira C. Davis.—At Milton, by Rev. Dr. Cox, Mr. B. D. Burley, of Boston, to Miss Mary Durell.—At Dorchester, by Rev. Mr. Means, Mr. Ephraim A. Taylor, of Chatham, to Miss Ann L. Wight.—At Beverly, by Rev. Mr Reding, Mr. Stephen Cross, Jr., to Miss Elizabeth Ann Ober.—At Newburyport, by Rev. Mr. Spalding, Mr. Charles W. Ordway, of West Newbury, to Miss Caroline Adams.—At Fall River, by Rev. Mr. Hathaway, Mr. Albert G. Anthony, of Portsmouth, to Miss Susan A. Arnold.—At New Bedford, by Rev. Mr. Taylor, Mr. Nathaniel Delano to Miss Evelyn C. Perry.—At Springfield, by Rev. Mr. Seeley, Mr. George A. Noyes to Miss Mary T. Carter.—At Pittsfield, by Rev. Mr. Harris, Mr. George W. Howe to Miss Amy P. Milliken, both of Chester.—At Portland, Me., by Rev. Mr. Bailey, Mr. Alpheus D. Cobb to Miss Philinda S. Edwards.—At Philadelphia, J. G. Wood, M. D., of Salem, to Miss Helen M. Walter.

DEATHS.

In this city, Dr. John H. Cross, 52; Miss Mary Williston, 68; Jonathan Kilham, Esq., 80; Mr. Isaac F. Jones, 28; Miss Mary A. Ladd, 36; Mr. John Somes, 61; Mr. Charles A. Whitman, 21; Mrs. Mary Ann Taylor, 47; Rebecca Catherine, only child of Mr. William and Mrs. Rebecca Miller, 5 months.—At Charlestown, Miss Hannah Gill, 61; Miss Eleanor Josephine Shea, 20.—At Somerville, Mrs. Susan Snow, wife of Mr. Hiram Allen, 40.—At Malden, Mrs. Anna Russell, 81.—At Salem, Mr. James Devine, 75; Miss Louisa Rogers, 75.—At Essex, Mr. William Bowers, 85.—At Wilmington, Mrs. Anna, relict of the late Rev. Freegrace Raynolds, 80.—At Dedham, Mrs. Sarah A. Ellis, 33.—At South Scituate, Miss Louisa A. Mann, 22.—At Clinton, Mr. William S. Jewett, of Bolton.—At Westport, Mr. Alexander Devoll, 33.—At Tisbury, Mr. Peter Norton, 60.—At Gloucester, Mrs. Betsey Davis, 70; Mr. Edward Babcock, 53.—At West Boxford, Widow Sarah Reynolds, 93.—At Scituate, Mrs. Joanna White Prouty, a lineal descendant of Peregrine White, 79.—At Newburyport, Mr. George Blaisdell, of Boston, 30.—At Worcester, Mr. Ezra Bennett, 74.—At Fall River, Capt. Thomas Borden, 70.—At Franklin, Mr. Chickery Shepard, formerly of Wrentham, 71.—At Athol, Dr. Wm. H. Williams, 63.—At Portsmouth, N. H., Alexander Ladd, Esq., 81.—At East Greenwich, R. I., Mr. Oliver Weeks, 100. He fought at the battle of Bunker Hill.—At Fitzwilliam, N. H. Capt. Nathan Smith, formerly of Lexington, Mass., and the last revolutionary pensioner in Cheshire county, N. H., 91.

EDITORIAL MELANGE.

A little girl, eight years old, at Edgeworth, the daughter of Mr. Walch, was instantly killed, lately, on the Boston and Maine Railroad. She had been to carry her father his supper, and was waiting, on her return home, at the crossing, for an outward train to pass, apparently not seeing an engine approaching on the other track. She attempted to cross when the train had passed, and was instantly crushed beneath the engine. —— A trip to Nahant by the "Nelly Baker" is just the thing at the present time, and we are glad that so large a number of our citizens avail themselves of the luxury. —— Fort Laramie is at the junction of the River Laramie with the north fork of the Platte River, in Nebraska Territory, and on the north fork route to Utah. It is the most distant military post in the wilderness before reaching Salt Lake. It is garrisoned by a portion of the sixth infantry, under the command of Lieut. Garnett. —— Rev. J. C. Fletcher's exhibition of American manufactures at Rio Janeiro met the favor of the emperor, and has been completely successful. —— In the Circuit Court for Lewis County, Kentucky, a suit of slander—Miss Eliza Barkley *vs.* Wm. Giddings—was tried, and a verdict rendered for $10,000 damages. It appeared on the trial that Giddings had paid his addresses to Miss Barkley, and had been rejected previous to making the slanderous charges which the jury has so signally punished in damages. —— James Keenan, in an interesting letter about Japan, says that "sacie," the principal drink of the country is supposed to consist of sour whiskey, tobacco juice and aquafortis. Pleasant beverage! —— There is now to be seen at Savannah an aloe tree, otherwise called a century plant, twenty-six feet high, and containing more than a thousand buds, all of which are ready to bloom. This remarkable tree is a native product of Wilmington Island. Since 1804, when it was transplanted upon the island, it has been thriving, the admiration of all, on the farm of Col. Hunter. —— It has recently been discovered that young fry of salmon must remain two years in fresh water before they migrate to the sea. It had been supposed that they only remained one year. —— The National Intelligencer says that choice varieties of the fig have been imported from the south of France, under the auspices of the agricultural department of the patent office. They are intended for distribution in our southern and south-western States, where it is known that they will grow and thrive. —— More than half the congregation left the church of the Holy Trinity at Toronto, because the creed was chanted instead of being repeated in the usual manner. —— Switzerland has a telegraph station for every 20,000 of her inhabitants; England one for every 50,000; Sardinia one to every 70,000; Belgium one to every 130,000; the United States one to every 240,000; France one to every 320,000. —— A married lady may take the arm of her intimate friends of the other sex. Two ladies should not walk arm in arm, unless one of them is much older than the other. —— M. Bandin says, in his Annals of Public Hygiene, that a lady of Lugano, sitting near a window during a thunder storm, received a shock, which was not followed by any dangerous consequence; but a flower, which happened to lie in the way of the electric current, was figured upon her leg, and remained so during her life. —— A young resident of Philadelphia, whose lady love suddenly married another man, attempted to commit suicide, recently, by swallowing melted lead. —— Ex-Presidents Van Buren and Fillmore were in the galleries of the House of Commons, in England, recently, listening to the debates. Mr. Bright alluded to the fact, and pronounced a high eulogium on the United States of America. —— Rev. W. W. Dakins having been seized for his wine bill, the English Court decided that his being a royal chaplain secured him from arrest. —— The encampment of the 1st division, M. V. M., will take place at Quincy, on the 25th, 26th, and 27th instant. General Edmands is determined that this encampment shall excel all its predecessors. —— The Naval Department has received official intelligence by which it is satisfied of the loss of the U. S. brig Porpoise, with her officers and crew.

Pensions of the Royal Family.—The finance accounts, just published, give the following as the "annuities" of various royal personages charged on the consolidated fund of the United Kingdom of Great Britain, viz., that of the Duchess of Gloucester, £16,000; the King of the Belgians, £50,000; the Duchess of Kent, £30,000; Prince Albert, £30,000; the Duke of Cambridge, £12,000; Princess Mary of Cambridge, £3000; the dowager Duchess of Cambridge, £6000; and the Princess Augusta of Cambridge, Duchess of Mecklenburg-Strelitz, £3000.

The Armies of Europe.—A table of the land forces of the European powers gives England 230,000 men, exclusive of the East Indian army of 348,000 men; France, 566,000; Russia, 1,154,000; Turkey, 457,680; Austria, 893,000; Prussia, 580,800; Germany, 224,000; Sweden and Norway, 167,000; Denmark, 69,450; Belgium, 61,190; Netherlands, 57,648; Sardinia, 47,559. This table shows that the military resources of Russia equal the combined military resources of England, France and Turkey.

Dr. J. V. Wilson.—Being personally acquainted with this gentleman, we take pleasure in assuring the public that we have the utmost confidence in his skill as a physician, and his character as a gentleman, and cannot too highly recommend the specific which he has recently brought out, and advertisements of which may be found in our columns.

Personal.—Mrs. Barney Williams has recovered from her recent severe illness, and has performed a most successful engagement at the Broadway Theatre, New York.

Wear and Tear.—A gold coin, kept constantly in circulation, would last two thousand years before it would entirely disappear; a silver coin would last two hundred years.

Wayside Gatherings.

Billy Caldwell, the notorious counterfeiter of the West, who signs all the bills, has never been seen to sign one, not even by any of his gang.

It is a singular fact, that of the class which has just graduated at West Point, only five, or less than one-sixth of them, are from the Southern States.

Several females have lately been detected in robbing grave-mounds of flowers in Lowell. It is an unfortunate mind that can coolly contemplate such vandalism.

The bills of mortality this season show Boston to be nearly the most healthy city in the country. What are called "summer complaints," are scarcely known.

There were 95,332 persons married in England in the last quarter of the year 1854. This is above the usual average, although less than the corresponding quarter of 1853.

The press of New York city are unanimous in the opinion that, under Mayor Wood's instructions to the police, the prohibitory law will be an absolute nullity, so far as that city is concerned.

The Montpelier (Vt.) Patriot says that a lady residing in that place, recently walked seven miles to a fishing brook, and brought home with her seventy-five trout, all of her own catching.

A short time since, a parent of this city, chastising his son of four years, accidentally knocked him against a bureau, by which his leg was broken. The boy was taken to the hospital for treatment.

A lad named Reuben Haskins, one of the city carriers of the Republican at Springfield, was very seriously, if not fatally injured, by being accidentally shot through the arm-pit, while leaning upon his gun.

Arabat, bombarded by the allies, is a fortress on the Crimea side of the Sea of Azoff, some eighty or ninety miles northeast of Sebastopol. It was originally fortified by the Turks, to whom it is now restored.

The Princess de Sagan has commenced an action, at Berlin, against Professor Gervinus, for having stated, in his "History of the 19th Century," that she had been seen on horseback, seated *en croupe* behind a Cossack!

One of the conductors on the New York Central Railroad has been mulcted in $700 damages, because he thrust a passenger from the cars for refusing to surrender his ticket until he reached the station to which he had paid.

A sailor on board a vessel in the harbor of Zante, having been struck by lightning, there was found on his breast the number 44, being an exact copy of the same figures in metal which were on a part of the ship's rigging.

Sheep-shearing is now done by machinery in Michigan. Some lazy fellow has patented an invention which supersedes the old-fashioned sheep shears. The machine is small and simple, and makes the fur fly in the most approved fashion.

The Hallowell (Me.) Gazette says there is now descending the Kennebec River a greater run of logs than has been seen there before at this season, for many years. The shores, for miles and miles, are lined with logs, booms and rafts.

An Italian engineer, it is stated, has invented a "locomotive telegraph," by means of which, a train while in motion may not only announce its coming or its position along the whole line, but messages may be sent by the passengers themselves.

Mrs. Prentice Whiting of Uxbridge, a woman over fifty years of age, hung herself with a rope, in the wood-shed near her house. Her mind had been somewhat impaired for the last six months, and she had before attempted self-destruction.

The journeymen printers of Cincinnati have formed themselves into a military company, being the first organization of the craft in the United States. In the Mexican war, numbers of them followed the national colors to battle, to victory and to death.

A man in Knox county, Illinois, found a wolf's den in a hollow stump, from which he extracted eight little sheep stealers. He demands of the county $50 for the litter, that sum being the bounty which was offered by the board of supervisors for eight wolf scalps.

A regiment of Highlanders, the pride of the English army, left Constantinople 800 strong, and after their arrival in the Crimea, received an addition of 350 men. The remains of this regiment, on its return to Constantinople, were reduced by death to fourteen men and five officers.

The captured wild horse of the Cape is being broken in, but he evidently doesn't like it a "bit." He snorts disdainfully and kicks away at a great rate, but we believe he will turn out right at last. His owner, Deacon Snow, has refused large offers for him, and intends taking him to Boston.

A workman at Vierzen gambled, and having lost every article of clothing, staked one of his ears upon the game. He lost it, and his antagonist, like another Shylock, actually proceeded to cut off with a pair of scissors that which had become forfeited to him. The police has arrested him for the inhuman act.

An iron bell boat is anchored near the Graves Ledge in Boston Bay, to warn neighboring vessels of their proximity to the rocks. The bell weighs five hundred pounds. It will be sounded by the action of the sea, is hung twelve feet above the surface of the water, and can be heard a distance of about one mile.

Near Akron, Ohio, Mr. Daniel Terryman killed a rattlesnake six feet eleven inches long, and nine and one-half inches in circumference. The monster pursued the man for quite a distance, and he escaped only by the chance finding of a club, with which he turned upon and knocked off the head of the formidable reptile.

Alfred Nobles was tried in the Superior Court of Burke county, N. C., lately, for the murder of John Davis. The evidence was altogether circumstantial, but, after twelve hours deliberation, the jury found the prisoner guilty. He thereupon confessed his guilt, and implicated the principal witness, Vaughn, who was forthwith arrested.

The New York Evening Post understands that the old North American Hotel, at the corner of Bayard Street and the Bowery, is soon to be demolished. It is owned by George Law, who, it is said, intends to erect handsome stores upon the ground. The Bowery has been much improved within the last few months by the building of a number of large freestone and marble fronted stores.

A Portland paper contains a list of firms who pay taxes to the amount of $100 and over for the present year, which list numbers two hundred and ninety. Hon. John M. Wood pays the highest tax, which is $4233 80. The whole amount to be raised by taxation this year, is $148,935 74, and the ratio is seventy cents on a hundred dollars. The whole number of polls is 3262. The total valuation of property is 20,501,363.

Foreign Items.

Forty-three thousand teachers are employed in the schools of Austria, of whom about half are females.

For the last two years bread has been sold in Paris at less than cost, the difference being made up to the bakers by the government.

Carmichael, the distinguished marine painter, has joined the Baltic fleet, intending to give the public his views respecting the marine operations during the war.

There are, in round numbers, about three millions of dogs in France, which cost in food eighty millions of francs, and communicate hydrophobia to two hundred persons annually.

A copy of Shakspeare's plays, the only own known containing the two leaves which were cancelled in "As You Like It," sold for £163 16s. recently, at a London auction, to an American.

In England no doubt is entertained that the queen, under Lord Palmerston's advice, will extend a full pardon to Smith O'Brien. And, no doubt, that gentleman will also go into parliament again.

Mr. Dickens is writing a new story, and Mr. Thackeray is going to deliver a new series of lectures. His subject is the "Men of the World"—the Rochefoucauld, and Chesterfield, and Selwyn class. Mr. Thackeray was specially created to discuss such a set.

An English subject named Rolfe was recently arrested at Hamburg, on a charge of enlisting men for the British foreign legion. The British government demanded his liberation, and sent the ship-of-war Otter with the request. In the meantime, Rolfe had been liberated and expelled from the city.

The London papers speak of an invention which has just been submitted to the test by the scientific authorities—a leather cement, so strong and adhesive that boots and shoes are made with it, in which not a single stitch is seen or required, and the process of mending is so simple, that every man may be, if not his boot-maker, at least, his boot-mender.

The preparations for the Queen of England's reception at Paris are already far advanced—the choice of furniture, liveries and persons to attend upon her majesty, being already decided upon. The Prefet de la Seine, the Municipal Councillors, and some of the Aides-de-Camp of the Emperor, are to proceed to meet the queen on her landing at Paris.

Sands of Gold.

.... The amity that wisdom knits not, folly may easily untie. —*Shakspeare.*

.... Let friendship creep gently to a height. If it rush to it, it may soon run itself out of breath.—*Fuller.*

.... The extreme pleasure we take in talking of ourselves, should make us fear that we give very little to those who listen to us.—*La Rochefoucauld.*

.... Make not thy friends too cheap to thee, nor thyself to thy friends. Purchase not thy friends by gifts; when thou ceasest to give, such will cease to love.—*Fuller.*

.... There is as much greatness of mind in the owning of a good turn as in the doing of it: and we must no more force a requital, out of season, than be wanting in it.—*Seneca.*

.... Take heed of jesting: many have been ruined by it. It's hard to jest, and not sometimes jeer, too; which oftentimes sinks deeper than was intended, or expected.—*Fuller.*

.... Times of general calamity and confusion have ever been productive of the greatest minds. The purest ore is produced from the hottest furnace, and the brightest thunderbolt is elicited from the darkest storm.—*Lacon.*

.... Some men are very entertaining for a first interview, but after that they are exhausted, and run out; on a second meeting we shall find them very flat and monotonous: like hand-organs, we have heard all their tunes.—*Colton.*

.... He that sees ever so accurately, ever so finely, into the motives of other people's acting, may possibly be entirely ignorant as to his own. It is by the mental as the corporeal eye—the object may be placed too near the sight to be seen truly, as well as too far off; nay, too near to be seen at all.—*Greville.*

.... If to do were as easy as to know what were good to do, chapels had been churches, and poor men's cottages princes' palaces. It is a good divine that follows his own instructions. I can easier teach twenty what were good to be done, than be one of the twenty to follow mine own teaching..—*Shakspeare.*

Joker's Budget.

On one of the rivers in Iowa, the only ferry is a sorrel horse. He crosses three at a time—two on his back, and one fastened to his tail.

"It is well to leave something for those who come after us," as the gentleman said, who threw a barrel in the way of a constable who was chasing him.

We asked a hard case the other day, if he had anything stored up in heaven? "Sartain, sartain," replied he, "I guess they must be laid up there if anywhere, for I aint got any laid up at home."

Don't think of knocking out another person's brains, because he differs in opinion from you. It will be as rational to knock yourself on the head, because you differ from yourself ten years ago.

"Mr. Jones, don't you think marriage is a means of grace?"—"Certainly; anything is a means of grace that breaks up pride and leads to repentance." Scene closes with a broom handle.

Gentility covers up much. Our friend Silkfuzzy lives on five crackers and a cup of lean tea to enable him to sport a ruffle shirt; while Miss Showso boards at a seven shilling house, just for the gentility of appearing on the promenade Sunday afternoon, in satin and flounces.

The following advertisement appeared a few days ago in one of the New York dailies: "Notice.—If the gentleman who keeps a store in Cedar Street with a red head, will return the umbrella he borrowed from a lady with an ivory handle, he will hear of something to his advantage."

Vegetables are so scarce at Sebastopol, that a man with three potatoes in his pocket is such an "object of interest," that he will only dine with Lord Raglan. A fellow with three heads of cabbage has just opened a museum at Balaklava, admission two shillings, sixpence extra if you smell of the stalks.

On board a North River steamboat an old lady said to a very pompous looking gentleman who was talking about a communication: "Pray, sir, what is steam?"—"Steam, ma'am, is—ah! steam is—eh! ah!—steam is steam."—"I knew that chap couldn't tell ye," said a rough-looking fellow standing by, "but steam is a bucket of water in a tremendous perspiration!"

NOTICE TO ADVERTISERS.—*One page only of this paper is devoted to advertisements.* The immense circulation of the PICTORIAL (being *over one hundred thousand copies weekly*) forms a vehicle of advertisement that is rarely offered to the public. Another fact which greatly enhances the value of the PICTORIAL as an advertising medium is, that it is *preserved*, and not destroyed after being read, being regularly bound up every six months, so that each advertisement (all being placed on the *inside* of the paper) becomes a *permanent card of the advertiser's business for years to come.*

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CONSUMPTION, ASTHMA, BRONCHITIS, AND OTHER DISEASES OF THE RESPIRATORY ORGANS, BY MEDICAL INHALATION.

WITH NOTES AND ADDITIONS BY DR CHAS. GREENE.

First American edition, from fifth London edition, where it has had an unprecedented sale.

This is a valuable work, and should be in the hands of all invalids, and the medical profession generally. Forwarded free of charge, by mail, on receipt of *fifty cents;* cloth (gilt), *one dollar.* C. W. VAN HORN & Co.,
No. 92 North Ninth Street, Philadelphia.

We subjoin a few, from many commendatory notices and reviews from the English and American medical and other journals:

We recommend the work to our readers. It will repay, not only a serious consideration, but a patient trial of its merits.—*London Medical Journal, Dec.* 13. 1845.

This is a valuable work, and for the sake of those who suffer from Consumption, Asthma, or Bronchitis, should be brought into extensive circulation.—*Oxford University Herald, Nov.* 7. 1846.

Dr. Maddock is evidently a man of considerable intelligence, and whatever there is good in inhalation of medicated vapor, he seems to have ability to extract. We fear the profession have not given sufficient attention to this mode of alleviating the sufferings of those laboring under this class of diseases.—*New Jersey Medical Reporter, June,* 1855.

[From Prof. James Bryan, editor of the "Philadelphia Medical and Surgical Journal."]

Dr. Maddock's book on inhalation is one of the few which have been issued from the English press on this subject. Its re-publication in this country, with the judicious notes of Dr. Greene, will add to the medical literature of the United States, and, it is hoped, excite some interest in the medical profession on the subject of inhalation, as a means of treating pulmonary affections. With the addition of modern discoveries in physiology, this mode of treating these diseases should have a fair trial, and some atonement made for the long neglect which inhalation has suffered at the hands of medical men.

JAMES BRYAN, M. D.,
Prof. of Surgery in Philadelphia College of Medicine.
july 28

MISS FENIMORE COOPER'S NEW BOOK, NOW READY.

NEW AND CHEAPER EDITION.

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Author of "Rural Hours," etc., beautifully illustrated from designs by Dopler. 1 vol. 12mo. Cloth, $1 50; extra gilt, $2.

*** The publishers forward all their publications *free of postage* to any part of the United States within 3000 miles, on receipt of advertised price.

The work is eminently worthy the author of "Rural Hours"—the talented daughter of our great Novelist.—*New York Daily News.*

Miss Cooper has rendered a service to those who love the beauty of the external world, by collecting in one volume such a mass of poetic thought relating to nature.—*New York Crayon.*

G. P. PUTNAM & Co., *Publishers*,
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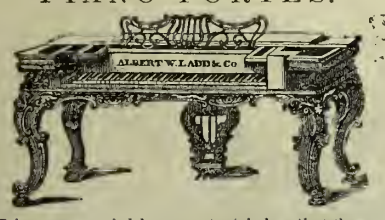

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AND 519 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.
mar 24 (St. Nicholas Hotel.) tf

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DANIEL BURGESS & Co., *Publishers*,
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NATIVITIES calculated, and advice offered, upon any subject whatever, personally or by letter, enclosing a stamp for the answer. A Circular of TERMS, etc., will be sent by addressing PROF. LISTER, 25 LOWELL ST., BOSTON, MASS. *All letters strictly confidential.* apr 28

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This Ink is constantly used on the PICTORIAL and FLAG, and purchasers are referred to its pages as specimens of its color and quality. 1am jan 6

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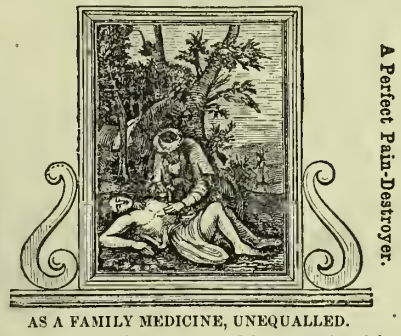

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M. M. BALLOU, {CORNER OF TREMONT AND BROMFIELD STS. BOSTON, SATURDAY, AUGUST 4, 1855. $3,00 PER ANNUM. 6 CENTS SINGLE. } VOL. IX., No. 5.—WHOLE No. 213.

CHANTREY'S STATUE OF WASHINGTON.

Many of our readers will recognize with pleasure the accompanying sketch of Chantrey's statue of Washington, which adorns the lower hall of the State House. The drawing was made expressly for our paper. This statue is seen by many thousands of visitors annually, standing as it does in a place which every stranger is sure to visit. The head is modelled from Stuart's famous portrait, and its expression is dignified and commanding. Yet, as a whole, we do not admire this statue. The costume is a compromise between the classic and historical drapery, and the result is far from satisfactory to our taste. The outer garment is neither a Roman toga, nor a military cloak, nor a collegiate robe, and whatever it is, it always struck us as being clumsily draped and concealing quite too much of the figure. Washington's figure was worthy of being displayed; it was a model for the imitation of art. We always associate his presence with the military or civic garb of the close of the last century, and we prefer to see him represented in one or the other. Whatever be the rules or practice of art, the draping of our Washington is an exceptional case. He should neither be stripped to the skin, like a Roman athlete decked in the trappings of a pro-consul, nor muffled up like an old woman. We prefer to see him in his habit as he lived. But there are many good points about this statue, and it is not unworthy of the hand that wrought it. Chantrey was a man of undoubted genius, and he was no servile follower of particular schools and particular sculptors. He was bold, original and natural, and exerted, in his day, a great influence on the plastic art of his country. He was born, in 1782, in Morton, a little town of Derbyshire, and was destined for the legal profession. At an early age, however, while at school, he gave evidence of ability and tastes for a very different pursuit. He was fond of making models in clay of different objects, which his companions considered triumphs of art. One day, as he passed through the streets of Sheffield, on his way to a school in which he had been entered, his eye chanced to be attracted by some images displayed at the window of a sculptor and gilder, named Ramsay. One glance sufficed to fix his destiny. Firmly resolved to be an artist, he announced his intention to his mother, who was the widow of a wealthy farmer, and was permitted to commence a course of study under Ramsay. For three years he remained at Sheffield, drawing, modelling and studying from nature with unremitting ardor. In 1802, he went to London, and at once produced a sensation by his vigorous and freely-handled bust of Horne Tooke. He then succeeded in obtaining from the city of London an order to execute a statue of George III., which met with general approbation. One of his finest works, and one well known by the medium of engravings, was a monument in Litchfield Cathedral, representing two sisters lying in each other's arms, in the gentle sleep of death. The ease and naturalness of the attitudes, the simplicity and purity of this group, its high sentiment, stamp it with the signet of true genius, and place it among the finest efforts of modern art. Chantrey travelled in France and Italy, to study the works of the great masters of his art, but he never departed from the freedom and force of his own natural style. His busts are admirable productions, and his statues of great men have a certain vigor and grandeur which attest the hand of a master. His bronze statue of Pitt executed for the city of London, is twelve feet high, and is a fine specimen of his manner of treating historical portraiture. Although Chantrey did not possess the prolific faculty of Canova, he did enough to win a name for industry as well as genius.

CHANTREY'S STATUE OF WASHINGTON, AT THE STATE HOUSE, BOSTON.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE DUCAL CORONET:

OR,

THE HEIR AND THE USURPER.

A ROMANCE OF ITALY IN THE 16TH CENTURY.

BY ARTHUR MORTON, A. M.

[CONTINUED.]

CHAPTER X.—(CONTINUED.)

He [illegible] the plot, and [illegible] Montaldo, his squerry.

"Ferrado," said he, "the evil days are upon us."

"I trust not, my liege."

"I will not disguise it. Evils menace the state. Giulio is in my power."

"Your danger is compared thus."

"Like so, in his dungeon. If the news of his arrest and imprisonment take air, they will be swarming about my ears."

"Let them come, we will fight."

"Ferrado, I am no longer young," said the duke. "A rust of arrant would clash my limbs. These latter years of luxury have weakened my courage. I must have a strong arm to lean upon."

"Your grace knows that my arm and life are at your disposal."

"I think so," said the duke. "Ferrado, you must be nearer yet to me. I give you the command of my troops—absolute over them; you will only be responsible to my pleasure."

"I accept the post with gratitude," replied Ferrado.

"That is not all. I must bind you in yet closer bonds."

"The gratitude I owe you is a sufficient pledge of my good conduct," said the squerry.

"Nay," said the duke, "hear me out. My daughter, Margarita, is reported lovely."

"None lovelier in all Parma."

"When she is your bride, Ferrado, you will be as dear to me as herself."

"The princess my bride!" exclaimed Ferrado. "Am I dreaming?"

"You have my full permission to address her."

"My liege, my liege!" cried Ferrado, "you will drive me wild! Never dared I raise my eyes so high as you have bid me look."

"Go, good Ferrado," said the duke, pressing his hand, "marshal our men, and see what effective force we can rely on in case the enemy should suddenly assail us."

Ferrado, after a warm expression of thanks, retired from the presence of the duke. Had he really forgotten Estella?

An usher presented himself, and announced that the vassal of a lady of rank craved an audience with his highness.

"Admit him," said the duke.

CHAPTER XI.

THE MISFORTUNES OF TONIO AND HIS MISTRESS.

The duke's usher, after receiving his orders, withdrew, and immediately afterwards introduced our acquaintance of the villa of Monte Rosa, Tonio the jester. This marvellous individual was attired in a bran new parti-colored suit which he had been reserving for a great occasion. The orange-tawney and scarlet of his garments was absolutely dazzling, in his opinion at least; and he had, moreover, to increase the effect of his presence, bedizened himself with a multitude of ribbons of various hues, which flaunted and fluttered about him as he moved. Such was the extraordinary personage who, not one whit abashed by the frank of the duke, now went through a series of the most grotesque salutations.

"Cease those unmeaning gyrations, fellow," said the duke, angrily. "I need not ask what thou art, I perceive thou art a fool."

"Any fool can see that with half an eye," replied the jester. "You have hit my calling exactly, most serene and transparent highness. I am witty and wise enough to play the fool; it is my profession. But there are so many amateur fools in the world, they are spoiling the business."

"Will you tell me your name?" said the duke, impatiently.

"That will I incontinently, most high-minded, illustrious, and never-to-be-addressed-without-the-utmost-respect potentate."

"What is it, then?"

"Tonio, for default of a better."

"And whose livery do you wear?"

"The livery of folly; hence I am everybody's knave, your Serene Transparency. But most particularly and especially am I affected to the service of a very high, very mighty, very noble, worthy, accomplished, beneficent, refined and amiable prince, who dwelleth on the elevated summit of the hill, monticule or mountain, called by the vulgar, Monte Rosa."

"Giulio Brigaldi!"

"Your immaculate and effulgent excellency has named him."

"And what brought you hither?"

"Marry, your magnanimous highness, these same well-knit and elegantly modelled legs of mine, after which those of the Apollo would have been moulded had I lived a couple of thousand years ago. Not that I am compelled always to go on foot, tremendous sovereign; for in this world folly rides and wisdom walks. But on this occasion, my mule was affected to the use of a lady—and she was a noble beast; I mean the mule, craving your excellency's pardon."

"And pray, sirrah, what is the object of your visit?"

"If I were to tell you it was to see the glories of your illustrious court, I should be telling a falsehood, like your courtiers, my luxurious lords, and should deserve a flogging as they do. We fools in the lady with myself, crave shelter to recover a loss of your high and mighty serenity, a loss that involves the disgrace of two worthy friends of mine—the lady I have been speaking of and her brother, the excellent Signor Giulio."

"He is well cared for," said the duke.

"Your serene highness's information is exceedingly acceptable," said the jester.

"And you shall be lodged as he is," said the duke.

"Your highness is exceedingly polite," said the jester.

"What ho! there! Who waits?" called the duke.

The usher who had introduced the jester, entered. The duke whispered a few words in his ear, the man bowed, retired, and presently a tall, stout fellow of sinister aspect entered.

"Take this fellow to the place you wot of," said the duke. The man nodded with a grim smile.

"This way," said he, laying hold of the jester, and pointing to a door opposite to that by which he had entered.

"No, this way, my unknown friend," said the jester. "Here's a lady without."

"Away with him!" said the duke.

"But your highness—" pleaded the jester.

"Remove the villain from my sight!" cried the duke, waving his hand.

So, in spite of struggles, and of outcries that made the vaulted chamber ring, the unfortunate jester was borne away to durance vile.

During the interview between the duke and the jester, Ferrado Montaldo, in retiring from the audience-room, unexpectedly encountered Estella. He could not but feel flattered by the warm glow of pleasure that lighted up her face as she recognized him. She advanced to meet him as if he had been an old friend; for she lacked the experience which would have taught her to suppress her frank emotions.

"You here, signor!" she exclaimed. "I am glad to find one face I can recognize among all these stranger countenances."

While she was speaking, Ferrado was mentally comparing her attractions with those of the princess, and his heart could not help acknowledging that they far outshone those of the titled lady.

"I care not to ask by what chance we have again met, lady," said the squerry. "Whatever it is, it is a blessed one."

"My errand is a sad one," said Estella. "I came to seek my brother, hurried away from me, by a troop of the duke's men, in the middle of the night."

"I had the pleasure of meeting him here," said the squerry, evasively.

"Why was he brought hither, sir? You can tell me all about him—you belong to the court."

"I am Ferrado Montaldo, late master of the horse, now raised to the command of the troops by the generosity of my prince."

"Then you are in favor with him, sir," exclaimed Estella. "And you will place his sister in the way to aid him."

"I cannot think your brother is in danger, signora."

"In danger, Signor Montaldo! No! What has he done to endanger him? But he may be deprived of his liberty. Perhaps, however, you can procure me an interview with him."

"For that privilege, lady, you must apply to the duke," replied Ferrado.

"But you will be my friend—will you not?" asked Estella, persuasively. "You will not desert the cause of two innocent persons, Signor Montaldo."

"You may rely upon my services when they can be effectively rendered," said Ferrado. And he meant what he said. The impression the beauty and gentleness of Estella had produced upon him at first sight was deepened by the second interview.

"Will you not go before the duke with me now?"

"I regret to say that I cannot. He has just assigned me a duty to perform. As soon as that task is despatched, I will hasten back to the palace to receive your commands. But you need no friend with the duke. Your own beauty and eloquence will be the best advocates of your cause. Adieu, lady—you can rely upon my sympathy and aid."

Estella felt animated and encouraged by this brief interview. She had secured one friend—and a powerful one—at the court of Parma. While she awaited with some anxiety a summons to the presence of the duke, she was startled by the shouts and outcries of Tonio, as he was borne away. Alarmed beyond expression at this occurrence, and unwilling to desert her servant in his hour of need, she suddenly made her way into the presence of the duke, and to her astonishment, found him alone. The drapery which masked the door by which the jester had been carried away had dropped and hung as motionless as if it had never been disturbed.

The duke rose and saluted his visitor.

"If I mistake not," said he, "you are one so near to me in blood, that I should recognize you at the first glance, as my brother's child."

"You see before you, my lord," said the maiden, simply, "Estella—Giulio's sister."

"And is it to see Giulio or myself that you have visited Parma?" asked the duke, with a bland smile.

"Both, your grace," replied Estella, falteringly. "I am aware that it is only through you that I can see my brother."

"Why this anxiety about your brother, maiden? I had an urgent desire to see him—I sent an escort for him and he is here."

"Where, my lord?" inquired Estella, fixing her bright eyes on the sovereign.

"Where he has no longer the power to harm me," replied the duke, sternly.

"Duke of Parma!" said Estella, shaking off her embarrassment at once, and assuming a tone of command. "I demand an explicit answer to my question. What have you done with my brother?"

"He is safe, a prisoner," said the duke.

"Ah! You have not dared to do so!" cried Estella.

"Dared!" resented the duke. "You forget, girl, whom you are addressing. Am I not Duke of Parma?"

"By what right?"

"By the title of my own will—a will that has hitherto broken every obstacle that crossed my path."

"What has my brother done," exclaimed Estella, "that you should treat him in this manner—so unnaturally? He lived quietly at Monte Rosa."

"Ay,—but he lived!" retorted the duke.

"I understand you," said Estella; and though the blood curdled at her heart, she maintained a bold front, and continued to speak with an unfaltering voice. "So long as Giulio was at liberty your fears seemed groundless. I know but little, it is true, of public affairs, but yet my common sense tells me you have made a mistake. Giulio at liberty is less dangerous than Giulio in prison."

"Indeed!" said the duke, sarcastically, raising his eyebrows as he emphasized the exclamation.

"Yes, my lord, a great mistake," continued Estella. "We have friends, my lord, humble as we seem. So long as Giulio was permitted to remain on his estate undisturbed—and I did my best to make him love retirement—those friends remained quiescent. You have deprived him of the dearest blessing of life—liberty, and have thus absolved them from the implied obligation to keep the peace."

"You talk like a politician," said the duke. "These ideas cannot have come to you intuitively. No, no, I see it all. Your brother has canvassed with you all the chances of success—estimated his strength, and prepared for rebellion."

"You wrong him—foully wrong him," cried Estella, warmly. "I have often heard him deny the right of an individual to risk the misery of a people in the convulsion of a civil war, even to regain a throne of which he was wrongfully dispossessed. The peace of Parma was dearer to Giulio than his personal aggrandizement."

"I believe it not," said the duke. "I believe he was secretly concluding measures with the Duke of Milan to strike for the ducal coronet of Parma."

"You have been grossly deceived—or your fears have deceived you," said Estella. "No such thought ever entered Giulio's soul."

"He never allowed you to fathom its dark depths, then," replied the duke. "I am convinced that he was in league with the Duke of Milan."

"O, beware of Milan, my lord!" said Estella. "Her duke is the soul of chivalry—his lances are the best in Italy. When he marches against Parma, the knell of your power is tolled."

"I laugh to scorn the prophecy, girl," was the duke's reply. "I feared but one man—and that man is in my power."

"Set him free, and you are safe," said Estella.

"I accept no counsel from your lips," said the duke.

"Duke of Parma!" cried the maiden. "I came hither to implore my brother's liberation. I now no longer ask it for my sake—I warn you to set him free for yours."

"Were an angel to plead for him, I would spurn the suppliant."

"Then hear me!" said Estella. "Christendom shall know from these lips that you are a false and traitorous sovereign. I will go from court to court and proclaim that Francisco of Parma is a false knight—unworthy of the spurs he wears. I will set up my banner, and summon all true knights to rally round it. These towers may be stormed, for mighty as they seem, while there is justice in Heaven and valor on earth, there is hope for us. My tongue shall become a trumpet to proclaim thy shame and my brother's wrongs."

"Verily you are transformed, maiden!" cried the duke, in a tone of affected admiration. "Minerva—Bellona—what shall I call you?"

"You know not, proud duke, what a woman—a young maiden—may achieve, when stung by a sense of intolerable injury."

"Nay, fair one, I know full well the power of a woman's pleading. I grant that your enmity would prove most formidable. I frankly confess that you might, in a few days, by the influence of your beauty and your admirable eloquence, arouse a mighty host against me. But there is one condition to your success that you have doubtless overlooked."

"Name it!"

"Your liberty."

"I do not understand you."

"When an individual becomes dangerous to the state," pursued the duke, "sex is no longer regarded. Though we may deem the limbs of a woman too delicate to wear chains, yet we may restrain her fury within solid walls."

"You cannot mean—"

"I mean simply—that as your relative, and, consequently, your natural guardian, in the incompetency of your brother—to hold you a prisoner."

"Ah!" cried Estella, perceiving at a glance the position in which she was placed. "Why did I come hither unarmed!"

The duke clapped his hands thrice. Three or four attendants answered the summons.

"Convey this lady to my daughter's apartments," said he. "Place a guard without, and see that she leaves them not, on peril of your lives. Now, maiden," he added, "I think your eloquence will do me little harm."

"False duke!" retorted Estella, "we shall yet be avenged."

With these words on her lips, she was hurried away.

CHAPTER XII.

SUNSHINE IN THE PRISON.

GIULIO, sitting in his lonely cell, a prey to those anxieties and irritations which beset the bravest hearts in the first hours of imprisonment, was roused from his unpleasant reveries, as the shades of evening began to darken, by the heavy footstep of the jailor, which he had already learned to distinguish from that of his fellows. But he could not hear, for it was light as a snow-flake, the footstep of a companion. The heavy iron door was cautiously swung back, the burly figure of the jailor darkened the threshold as it passed it, and the sudden radiance from the lamp he carried in his hand, at first prevented the prisoner from seeing that the man was not alone. As his custodian withdrew, after placing the lamp in a socket attached to one of the stone pillars, Giulio became aware of a tall and slender figure, shrouded in a mantle, that remained behind. Deeming this personage a companion in misfortune, he advanced and said:

"Stranger, I know not your name, but I welcome you to a gloomy lot."

"I am no stranger," said a silvery voice, in reply, and as the veil parted and the mantle fell, Giulio recognized the Princess Margarita.

He bowed coldly.

"Signora," said he, "methinks you might have spared yourself the trouble of coming to witness the triumph of your father's tyranny and of your contrivance."

"My contrivance! Giulio—prince!" cried the duke's daughter, tears succeeding to the passing glow of indignation which had at first tinged her cheeks.

"Are you not my enemy?" asked Giulio, sternly.

"Your enemy?" She could say no more—her heart was too full.

"Was I not arrested in your own apartment, whither you had invited me?"

"True—but I knew not my father's intentions toward you. I was thunderstruck when you were seized—the atrocity of the act paralyzed my powers, and believe me, I experienced the deepest shame, the greatest distress, at this violation of the rites of hospitality and the claims of blood. Were not such my feelings, believe me, prince, I should not be here alone, at this hour. What—who could have induced you to form so unfavorable an opinion of me—to think me so mean, so guilty a wretch?"

Giulio was on the point of replying, "your own page," but he closed his lips ere the words found utterance. Though thoroughly convinced by the manner no less than by the words of the princess, that she had been grossly slandered, he could not in honor surrender the page—guilty of libel though he were—to her legitimate indignation. The boy had undertaken to perform a dangerous and fatiguing service, and that obligation should cancel his other fault, however great.

"Lady," said the prisoner, "I have sinned against you in my thoughts, prompted by appearances which, to the excited mind of a man in my situation, seemed convincing proof. But I blush to have entertained them, even for a moment—to have thought you for a moment other than the angel you are."

"I have ventured hither," said the princess, in a low tone, "using the authority my rank gives me, and abusing the confidence my father reposes in me, in obedience to an uncontrollable impulse, which bade me see you—beg you be of good cheer, and tell you that in the very heart of your enemy's stronghold, you had one powerful friend, devoted to your cause."

"Then I have friends within and without the garrison!" cried Giulio.

"I have other news for you," said the princess. "Your sister is at Parma."

"My sister here!"

"She came hither to seek you, and demand your liberation of the duke."

"Alas! why did she place herself in his power? Why did she not remain at Monte Rosa?"

"She is imprisoned here."

"Estella imprisoned! Her delicate form stretched on the cold floor of a cell!"

"Nay—hear me!" said the princess, with a smile. "The duke is not so hard-hearted as to treat a woman with that severity. She has a gentler jailor than yourself. She is entrusted to my charge and secluded within my apartments."

"I have nothing to fear, then, so long as she is with you. But tell me, signora—my sister came not to Parma alone?"

"No; your faithful servant, the jester, came with her."

"Faithful fellow! We are all then in the power of our enemy."

"I am sorry to tell you that the jester is imprisoned. I could not procure his immediate liberation. But I have ordered Matteo to place him in your cell."

"Thanks—thanks—you are indeed an angel of mercy, and your presence to-night is like a gleam of sunshine in the dark chambers of my heart. Beautiful princess, it was a providence by which we met; you are now my Providence, as you come on your errand of mercy. I lift my eyes to you as a superior being; and yet, in spite of your dazzling attributes, I dare to love you, and confess it."

The princess trembled with emotion. Giulio took her hand and kneeled at her feet.

"O, say not that you deride my suit and are offended at my daring. I cannot control my emotions, I cannot conceal my wishes. There is a wide, wide gulf between yourself and me; but it may be overleaped. Fortune may smile upon me."

"Your fortune would be my father's ruin," said the princess.

"For your dear sake, I would not harm a hair of his head. In any event his life shall be sacred. But you turn away—you are offended."

The princess had concealed her face, but her tears fell upon the hand that grasped hers. Those tears were a revelation.

"Dearest Margarita, you do not hate me; those are not tears of grief and anger."

A gentle pressure of the hand was the reply.

"It is not walls of stone that make a prison!" cried Giulio, joyously, as he clasped the princess in his arms, and dared to imprint a first kiss on her lips. "You have made this cell an Eden; you have given me more than life—you have given me a motive for living."

The princess gently extricated herself from his embrace.

"Giulio," she said, "I have remained here too long. My place is elsewhere. I must be active in your behalf."

"Go then, dearest, since it must be so," said Giulio, "and tell my sister that I am happy. Tell her all; tell her that we love each other. And for my part, whatever may be my fate, this moment of bliss will atone for every pang that tyranny can inflict on me. Good night, sweetest, I must not detain you, though every moment of your presence is a priceless joy."

And so, with one more embrace, the lovers parted. Giulio paced his narrow cell with as light a step as if he were in the enjoyment of full liberty. He forgot the scene. The prison walls crumbled away. The blue sky of Italy was overhead, flowers springing up at his feet, the melody of birds and falling waters in his ears, and she beside him, the charm and joy of his existence. From this paradisiacal dream he was recalled to earth by the grating of his door upon its hinges. A light figure stole to his side. It was the page.

"So soon returned, my Mercury?" said Giulio.

"I returned long ago," said the page, "but I could not come hither before. Indeed, I had not many leagues to ride, for I met the Duke of Milan in arms, and on the march."

"Hither?"

"Ay, my lord."

"Then Heaven be praised. Liberty is not far distant."

"Ere to-morrow's dawn you will hear the trumpets of Milan at the gates."

"Gallant kinsman!" cried Giulio. "Would I were free to share your danger and mount with you to the assault. Boy, you have done me a priceless service; if fortune smile, I will requite you loyally."

"Your words are an ample compensation," said the page. "But if I might crave a boon, I would pray you to bestow on me that little ring I see on your left hand."

"It has no value, it is a simple circlet of gold," said the prince, drawing off the ring.

"Have you not worn it?" asked the page, reproachfully.

"You are sentimental," said the prince, smiling; "but take it, and let it be a token of friendship. And if, intoxicated by freedom and success, Giulio Veroni forget his obligation to you, the sight of that ring will recall it to his mind. But fear not, boy—I shall never forget. I shall not, I think, exhibit the infirmity of princes—ingratitude. And now, good night."

The page kneeled and kissed the prince's hand. His lips were warm and soft, and he shed tears as he performed this act of homage. Giulio smiled, though he was touched at this boyish enthusiasm.

"I have certainly the faculty of making friends," he thought, as the door closed on his retiring visitor.

Some time after this, he was making preparations to retire for the night, when the door again swung open to admit another prisoner, and was then again locked. The new comer rushed forward and threw himself at the prince's feet. It was Tonio, the jester.

"Master! master!" said the faithful fellow, "we have fallen on evil days. Don't blame me. I would have prevented the scoundrels from getting at you in the villa, but they surprised me. I was helpless."

"I do not blame you. I never doubted your fidelity," said the prince, raising him.

"We are all in the power of the tyrant," said the jester, dismally. "Yourself, the signorina and the poor fool. What will become of us? Marry, I fear that they will send the signorina to a convent for life—you will be beheaded, and as for me, they'll make minced meat of me with their chopping knives and toss me to the dogs."

"You talk like a fool," said the prince.

"Then I speak in character," moaned the jester, "and that's a great consolation. It doesn't much matter about me. For I've lived like a fool, and it's a sort of promotion to die like a martyr. But you, my noble young master, the flower of Italy, to be cut off in the prime of life, by the ferocity of an avuncular relative. O, why were uncles ever invented? I am glad I was a foundling, and never troubled with relations. Once I had great expectations—cultivated a red mark on my left shoulder and expected to prove the heir to a title and a principality. But I don't want my relatives to come forward now. I'm afraid of 'em."

"I didn't expect you to be downcast," said the prince.

"O, of course not! It's my duty to be funny under every circumstance. But let me tell you, master of mine, that professional gayety is the least reliable of all resources, and if they were to hang me to-morrow morning, I don't think I should have the least bit of a joke with Jack Ketch. It's your sad dogs that are merry ones in the last of the drama."

"But we haven't got to the *exeunt omnes* yet, my friend," said the prince, smiling. "I have good news for you."

"Not before they're wanted."

"Hear me—if you can be rational one moment."

"I'm all ears, like a donkey," said the jester.

"The Duke of Milan is marching on Parma."

"Good!" cried the jester.

"He will be here to-morrow morning, at the furthest."

"Better!" exclaimed Tonio. "Go on, my lord, this is fine."

"You can conjecture what will happen next."

"Or I were no conjuror," replied the jester. "A demand for the unconditional surrender of the prisoners. Refusal. Slam bang! cut and slash, kick and hack, gunpowder and steel, broken heads, battering rams, lots of smoke—glory and victory. We are free—the usurper falls into our hands. We torture him a little, just by way of pastime, then chop off his head and set it on the city gates as a warning to all such carrion scoundrels."

"No, Tonio, banishment is the heaviest penalty I could find it in my heart to inflict on my worst enemy."

"You are too merciful by half. But are you sure of your intelligence, my lord?"

"As of my life."

"Who informed you?"

"An angel."

"Enough. I doubt no longer. And now, master—let us go to sleep and dream of a glorious awakening on the morrow."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

AN INDIAN LEGEND.

BY MRS. M. E. ROBINSON.

WE paused on the margin of a lake in the valley of the Mississippi. It was near the hour of sunset, and a bright golden tinge fell upon the waters, gilding the glassy surface beautifully.

"Look across in that direction," said my companion.

"I see a precipice of imposing height," I replied.

"There is a singular legend connected with the history of yon pile of jagged rocks; every foot of this soil was once trodden by red men; the original and just owners of this wide and fertile valley," returned my friend. "Yonder was an Indian village, but no mementoes remain to tell us that this romantic place was formerly the home of a powerful tribe. The children of Wapesha sported on these verdant banks, and the maidens bathed in these waters, and listened to love-tales beneath these sylvan shades.

"It chanced that a young hunter became enamored of one of the fairest of the daughters of his tribe. He was brave and handsome. There was none swifter in the chase or more cunning on the war-path. He was successful with the maiden, but not with her parents, for he was without rank; while a notable chief was his rival. Unfortunately, the red men, like the pale faces, have regard to earthly distinctions, and titles have charms for their ears. The untitled suitor was bidden to go his way, and treated with marked harshness and contempt by the relations of the Indian damsel. She was closely watched to prevent stolen interviews, and every artifice was used to keep the lovers apart.

"One day the hunter had the good luck to meet her in the forest, when he again repeated the oft-told tale of devotion, and she renewed her promise to wed him, or never become the wife of warrior or chief. The sharp eyes of the hunter detected a form gliding from tree to tree, and presently he heard the click of a lock, admonishing him of his peril. A timely change of position saved his life; a ball cut the air close to his head, striking an oak beyond.

"'You do well!' cried the hunter, calling the young man by name, 'to come forth to shoot a neighbor as you would kill a pale-face. What is my crime, that I deserve to be hunted like a buck?'

"'You have been told that my sister is promised to a powerful chief, and that you must have no more love-talk with her. You deserve to die for your audacity!' replied the girl's brother.

"The hunter had his gun in his hand, and his knife and tomahawk at his belt.

"'You are in my power!' he proudly replied. 'I can kill you in a moment, but I scorn such wickedness. Besides, your death would distress the maiden I love; depart in safety, unpunished for your treachery, and remember I have given you your life.'

"'I will go, but my sister shall go with me, and you can go to your lodge and weep like a squaw,' retorted the young man.

"'Come, foolish one, your future husband awaits you at the lodge,' added her brother.

"'My future husband is before you, if I am destined to have one on the earth!' she exclaimed. 'I despise the man you name!'

"Her brother laughed contemptuously, and taking her by the arm, led her toward his father's lodge. When she was taken before her relatives, they covered her with reproaches, accusing her of unmaidenly conduct. All her spirit was aroused by their taunts.

"'I see plainly,' she said, 'that you are not my parents. My father and mother and brothers must have died when I was an infant, leaving me to the care and affection of strangers! I will go to seek my relations in the land of shadows. They will be glad to see me, and console me for the misery I have suffered.'

"She hastened from the lodge, stepped into a canoe, and paddled swiftly for yonder cliff. Her friends watched her movements with silent terror, until they saw her touch the shore and climb the jagged height; then they cried out in remorse, and ran to arrest her purpose. But they were too late to reach the spot. They saw her upon the summit, and the words of her death song were borne mournfully to their ears. They shouted their sorrow, they promised in vain; if she heard their wild adjurations, she heeded them not, but scorned their late repentance. She chanted her wrongs, called on the Great Spirit, tossed her arms in the air, and leaped from the dizzy height. The waters of the lake closed over her, and her conscience-stricken relatives saw her no more."

EAST INDIA SILK WORM. BOMBYX CYNTHIA.

We present our readers with an accurate and beautiful representation of the *Bombyx Cynthia*, locally called the *Arrindy Evria*, which produces the silk from which are wrought the famous Indian foulards, so noted for their solidity, as well as furnishing material for the fabrication of the stuff which clothes entire populations in the British East Indies. The engraving represents a branch of the Palma Christi, on which is seen the chenille or silk worm, arrived at that stage where it spins its cocoons. Attached to the branch are two cocoons, and in the upper part of the picture the perfect animal, a magnificent dark butterfly, shaded with brown, yellow and black. In the East Indies this worm produces at least seven crops annually. Its prolific nature and the excellence of the silk it yields, have long rendered it an object of attention to the silk growers of Europe, and various attempts have been made to acclimate it in that continent. It appears that latterly these efforts have been crowned with success. The introduction of this worm was not an easy matter. As it has a number of generations every year, the phases of its life are so short that it was found impossible to transport to Europe eggs or living cocoons, because they hatched out and died on the passage. Two learned gentlemen, Messrs. Baruffi and Bergonzi, who experimented on the subject, annoyed at receiving eggs and cocoons hatched or dead, conceived the idea of abridging the duration of the journey by dividing it into two parts. Governor Reid of Malta, aided them by his efforts, and some eggs having arrived at Malta at the moment of hatching out, the young worms were raised in that island, spun cocoons that produced butterflies, and consequently, eggs. These cocoons and eggs of a first generation arrived safely at Turin. They are now being raised in many parts of Italy, and promise to reward amply the care and attention which has been bestowed on their introduction into Europe. They feed upon the common *ricinus* plant, and may thus be raised in localities where the mulberry tree is unknown. The successful raising of silkworms is quite a complicated and scientific process. Still, when we consider this science at its point of departure, it presents itself in forms of the greatest simplicity. It is well known that the bombyx which produces silk is a native of China. Now in China there are entire provinces where the silk worm is raised by the following process. When the mulberry trees, grafted on dwarf stocks, begin to be clothed with foliage, little open boxes containing the eggs of the silk worm are attached here and there to the branches. In proportion as the heat hatches out the eggs, the worms spread themselves over the foliage of the tree without any other guide than their natural instinct. There they undergo their different transformations and suspend their cocoons. All the trouble of raising them is confined to keeping off the birds, who have a singular fondness for silk worms; then, as the cocoons form they are collected to extract the silk. This is the infancy of sericulture. The eggs of the silk worm are about the size of the head of a small pin, and when just hatched out the worms are barely discernible. When full grown, they are two inches long. In European establishments they are hatched indoors, and artificial heat is generally employed to accelerate their progress. As the worms advance in size their voracity is extraordinary. Where their rations are apportioned to them it is sometimes necessary to feed them six or seven times a day, and the noise they make in consuming their food has been compared to that of a heavy rain falling on thick foliage. When the cocoon is ripe the chrysalis is destroyed by baking, by carbonic or sulphuric acid, camphor or steam, otherwise the butterfly would pierce its envelop, and the silk be lost. Most of our readers will remember the *morus multicaulis* fever a few years since, when everybody was about to make a fortune by raising mulberry trees and silk worms. In some places cities were laid out, to be built up and grow rich on the products of the worm. The first frosts of autumn killed the young mulberry trees, and the bubble burst about as quick as it was inflated. Many a prospective fortune was dissipated into thin air, and hundreds of thousands of dollars were utterly lost by the new speculating mania. It was worse than the hen-fever.

EAST INDIA SILK WORM.

FRESCO PAINTING IN THE CAPITOL.

A correspondent of the Baltimore American says that a very beautiful and interesting fresco painting is now in process of completion, in one of the rooms of the Capitol at Washington. The name of the artist is Constantino Brumidi, and the subject of his painting is the Summons to Cincinnatus—when the voice of his country called him to leave the labors of his farm, to assume the dictatorship of Rome. The work is not an ordinary water color painting, like those we see in our churches and public buildings, but is a genuine fresco painting, executed upon fresh plaster, and is said to be the only one of the kind in the country. The colors, incorporating with the moist lime, and drying with it, become very durable. As much of the plastering is laid on from day to day as the artist can cover with his colors, and if he does not succeed in painting over all which has been laid, the part which is not painted upon is cut away and re-laid again. The scene of the picture is upon the farm of Cincinnatus. In the back-ground, beyond the flowing Tiber, appear the buildings of Rome, and moored in the river floats the galley which conveyed the delegation of conscript-fathers from the "eternal city." The chief of the delegation, clothed in his senatorial robe, with a laurel wreath encircling his brow, is in the act of offering to Cincinnatus his helmet, sword and other military insignia. Around him are other senators, including among them one comparatively youthful face, and near at hand are a group of soldiers bearing the fasces. Cincinnatus, the chief figure of the painting, stands in a dignified attitude, with one hand resting upon his ploughshare, and the other pointing to his breast, apparently half incredulous of the fact that Rome really wished to confer such honors upon himself, a retired citizen. The accessories of the painting, as well as the principal figures, are said to be admirably executed, and a little boy, who is represented in the fore-ground playing with a dog, is said to be a most excellent portrait of a son of Captain Meigs, of the United States Engineers corps, who temporarily occupied the room upon the wall of which the picture is being painted.

A VISIT TO THE CATACOMBS OF PARIS.

The dangers attendant upon a visit to the catacombs of Paris were proved, by frequent and fatal experience, to be so great, that the government resolved, some years past, to close these vast charnel houses. In bygone days it used to be the fashion to make up parties to explore these gloomy cities of the dead, and it frequently happened that some of those who had extended their rambles, unattended by a guide, never discovered their way back, and were therefore compelled to remain in the Court of King Death. It was in consequence of these repeated disasters that the French government ordered the gates to be bricked up. Since that period, many persons of influence and high station have made fruitless applications to obtain permission to enter the gloomy portals of the "*Citta dolente, nel eterno dolore.*" At last, however, the government has yielded to the entreaties of certain public functionaries and members of the corps diplomatique; and a few days ago, the long-sought-for permission was granted to a party consisting of 100 persons. Amongst them was M. Haussmann, the Prefect of the Seine, the Ottoman ambassador, an Armenian bishop, Dr. Paul Gaimard the traveller, a number of *savans*, authors and artists, and some ladies. The party entered by a door in the inner court of the Octroi Office, at the Barriere d'Enfer. Each gentleman carried a long wax candle and a box of matches. After descending a long, narrow, spiral staircase to a depth of more than one hundred feet, the party placed themselves under the direction of the engineers specially attached to the catacombs. They proceeded along a narrow gallery, five or six feet high, neatly cut in the stone. From this gallery others branch off in different directions. The names of the different quarters of Paris and the suburbs, beneath which the main gallery runs, are inscribed on the walls, and on the roof is a black line to indicate the road to be taken; but as this line is interrupted in several places by the branches, any visitor who should trust to it alone, and attempt to proceed unaccompanied by a guide, would be very likely to lose himself. Here and there water penetrates through the roof and sides of the gallery, but not in sufficient quantities to render it impracticable. After half an hour's walk, the visitors arrive at a sort of a large edifice in stone, the entrance to which is by a door kept constantly locked. Above the door are inscribed in large letters, the words, *Memoriæ Majorum*, and on both sides of it are funeral inscriptions in Latin and French. The door being opened, the visitors entered the catacombs, properly so called. The galleries there are wider and the roof higher. The air is sharper, but impregnated with the odor of the dead, and this odor soon becomes fixed upon the clothes, and even the hands and faces of visitors. It is known that all the remains of the dead in the different cemeteries of Paris were at one time conveyed to the catacombs. These remains, which are more or less intact, more or less dark or brown, damp or mouldy, are arranged somewhat like books in a library. The arrangement is effected with a deal of symmetry. The bones, according to their dimensions, are placed one on the other in the form of a cross or lozenge, of two or three feet high, and each cross or lozenge is surmounted by a row of skulls, which serves as a basis for a new structure. Here and there a larger cross has been formed of skulls which present any singularity of form. At intervals, there are stones which divide the bones into categories; and on these stones are inscribed the cemetery from which, and the date at which, the bones were removed. Some categories consist of the remains of entire communities of monks and nuns. In a corner are those of the prisoners massacred in September, 1792, but these bones have not yet become so worn by time as to enable them to be classified. On a table are exposed such skeletons or bones as present any peculiarity, either in conformation, or from the effect which time has had on them—some having become hardened, others mouldy. It is calculated that the catacombs altogether contain the remains of not fewer than from eight to ten millions of human beings; and they are so divided into streets and squares as to form a complete subterranean town. The streets or galleries, run, on the whole, to the length of several leagues.—*London Illustrated News.*

ST. JOHN, N. B.

The engraving below gives a lively idea of this bustling provincial seaport, the trade of which with the United States is very extensive, and which has been largely increased since the passage of the reciprocity treaty. A large proportion of the "Johnnies," as the small British provincial craft are popularly termed, to be seen loading and unloading in our northern seaports, hail from St. John, from which, also, sail many vessels of large tonnage, fine specimens of naval architecture. The point selected by our artist affords the most striking and varied view of this thriving place. To the bold and broken foreground, succeeds a bright expanse of water, enlivened with a quantity of shipping, while beyond rises the town, with its dwelling-houses, churches, spires, stores and warehouses, grouped agreeably and backed by an undulating chain of hills. The British provinces are associated with some of the most stirring incidents in the early annals of American history. To Sebastian Cabot belongs the honor of their discovery. He set sail from Bristol, England, in March, 1495, with a small fleet, and steering for the unknown west, discovered the island, called by his crew, and since known as Newfoundland. Prince Edward Island was next visited, and hence, under the guidance of some of the natives, the adventurers, in July, 1495—more than three centuries and a half ago,—reached the mainland, and effected the first landing of Europeans on the great continent of the West. Cabot's discoveries were not immediately made available by the English, but the French soon resorted to the Gulf of St. Lawrence, to carry on the fishing business, which proved very lucrative. The French expedition, commanded by the Sieur des Monts, in 1604 discovered the Bay of Fundy and the River St. John, which they named thus because it was entered on St. John's Day (June 24), 1604. This band of adventurers founded Annapolis and various fishing stations in the neighborhood. Under a grant of nearly the whole of British America from Charles I.—for European kings were very liberal with American territory in those days,—the grantee, Sir William Alexander, afterwards the Earl of Stirling, made a few unimportant settlements; while French colonists, who had received similar grants from the French crown, also established themselves in the new country. The French and English settlers naturally came into collision, and disputes and bloodshed were frequent, until, in 1667, the whole country was formally ceded to France by treaty. From 1670 to 1688, hostilities broke out between England and France, and the English obtained possession of the territory, which has ever since been maintained. In 1783, considerable numbers of loyalists flocked thither, and landed on the rocky peninsula where the city of St. John now stands. It was then a dense forest, which soon yielded to the labors of the settlers, and the basis of a flourishing town was established. Its population is about 25,000, and its trade is quite extensive.

SOUTH SEA ISLANDERS, AT SYDNEY, NEW SOUTH WALES.

INHABITANTS OF N. S. WALES.

The accompanying engraving represents a group of the natives of New South Wales, who range very low in the scale of humanity. According to Blumenbach's system, the Australian must be classed with the Ethiopian or negro, but Mr. Crawford asserts that "each insular negro is a distinct variety of the human species." Captain Cook's description of this race has been verified by every succeeding observer. "The skin," says he, "is of the color of wood soot, or what is commonly called chocolate color. Their features are far from disagreeable; their noses are not flat, nor are their lips thick; their teeth are white and even, and their hair naturally long and black, it is, however, cropped short; in general it is straight, but sometimes it has a slight curl; we saw none that was not matted and filthy, though without grease, and, to our great astonishment, free from vermin. Their beards were of the same color as their hair, bushy and thick; but they are not suffered to grow long."

VIEW OF ST. JOHN, NEW BRUNSWICK.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

CATHARINE TO HEATHCLIFF.*

BY S. L. SPENCER.

Yes, you may weep, and wring your hands,
And kiss my cheek, and pray,
But you cannot keep me from my home
Within yon churchyard gray.
We've often strayed among those graves,
And braved their ghosts together,
When next we go, you'll lay me down,
And leave me there forever.

My kindred lie within the church,
'Neath sculptured marble fair,
But the church is old, and gloomy, and cold,
And you shall not bury me there.
You shall make my grave on the green hill-side,
In the free and open air,
Where the dews may fall, and the grass may spring,
And the floweret blossom fair.

Yet summer winds may sigh around,
And wild flowers o'er me wave,
But I shall never rest in peace
Within that lonely grave.
You may bury me ten feet under ground,
You may hallow the spot with prayer,
You broke my heart, but I never will rest,
Till you are with me there.

Do you think to forget me when I am gone,
And the sun of my life has set?
The dead are seldom remembered long,
But you shall never forget.
I shall haunt your footsteps wherever you roam,
At your side forever be;
You shall feel my presence in every place,
But my form you shall never see.

My voice will speak in the murmuring brook,
And sigh in the passing breeze,
You shall hear it in spring, when the first south wind
Is rustling the dark fir trees.
You shall hear it and start, I shall seem so near,
And listen, and call in vain;
But I shall be deaf to your prayers and tears,
And answer not again.

You shall hear my voice in the silent night,
And your dreams shall be filled with me,
Till you wake with an eager and straining gaze,
My vanishing form to see.
When you wander abroad on the lonely moor,
You shall think to meet me there,
And when you return, you shall fancy you hear
My feet on the narrow stair.

My spirit will roam through my ancient home,
Though you never will see me there,
You shall feel my presence, and stretch your arms
To clasp but empty air.
My face will start up from the flags at your feet,
My eyes will look down from the wall,
And your spirit will faint, and your brain turn wild,
To think it is a mockery all.

Your nerves shall be racked, and your heart shall be wrung,
With longing, and looking and looking in vain,
Till you long for a rest in the quiet earth,
And never to wake again.
And when you have broken your bonds and fled,
They must make your grave by my side;
In life we were severed and sundered here,
But in death I will be your bride.

* See Wuthering Heights, by Currer Bell.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE SCULPTOR OF VERONA.

BY HARRIET A. DAVISON.

A SHORT distance from the city of Verona, near the banks of the Adige, dwelt Henri Narboni, with his son and niece. Narboni was a sculptor of considerable talent and more industry, and early and late he could be seen bending over his task. The little cottage was small but neat, and almost hidden from sight by vines and orange trees. The day on which my story opens was uncommon sultry and oppressive, and Narboni bent wearily over his work, ever and anon sighing as if oppressed by some sadness.

His beautiful niece, Madeline, had been watching him for some moments, and she now rose and stood beside his chair.

"My dear uncle," she said, gently, "I do not like to have you keep so steadily at work. You look wearied and sigh frequently; lay aside your chisel, and walk with me in the garden."

Narboni looked up sadly at his bright child, but shook his head as he replied:

"Dear Madeline, I am not weary, but in thinking of you I sighed."

"Sigh for me? You must tell me why."

"Have you no longings to go back to my friend Lacour's, at Brescia? He is rich, and his house is a more suitable home for you than this poor cottage, and he loves you like a father, my dear child. It makes me sigh to think, that since we left France, you have been obliged to share all my toil and poverty. It is very hard for you, dear Madeline."

"You must say no more, my uncle," replied Madeline, kissing the old man affectionately. "I was too young when you left France to feel the change, and I am only happy while near you. The visit I made to your friend was pleasant to be sure, but I was longing all the time to get back to you, and fearing you were missing me very much."

"So I did miss you, and the days dragged slowly and wearily by while you were absent, my darling child," and the old man fondly stroked Madeline's bright curls. After a pause, he inquired somewhat anxiously if she had seen his son Julio while there.

Madeline's bright face was overclouded, and she hesitated before she gave the reply, which she knew would cause the old man sorrow and disappointment.

"No, uncle. Julio came to see me but once, and then he seemed abstracted and in haste."

Narboni bent his head lower and sighed heavily, as he remarked more to himself than his companion:

"Much do I fear my son is forgetting his duty."

"Why, uncle?"

"Because, my child, he shrouds his course through life in mystery, and seems unwilling that even his father should know how and where he spends his time and money, and his associates are anything but creditable."

"I pray you may be wrong, uncle," Madeline replied, but her face was averted, and she resumed her seat by the window, and her bright eyes were full of tears, for she felt that the good old man was right. What kind of a son was he? Young and vigorous, he saw his old white-haired father toiling day by day to earn a support, and permitted him to do so. She knew too that Julio rejoiced at all the misfortunes the French met with, as no true hearted Frenchman would do. Madeline and her uncle pursued their separate tasks in silence, each one occupied by their own sad thoughts. While they were thus employed, Julio entered the cottage. He saluted both pleasantly, then throwing himself into a chair, he turned to his father, and asked if he had heard the news. Narboni, without raising his eyes, replied in the negative.

"Listen, then, father, and rejoice. General Bonaparte has passed the Riave, and is engaged in the mountains of Tyrol."

The old man looked up, with his face lighted with joy.

"Blessed news!" he exclaimed. "The undertaking is hazardous, but the general is skilful, and adored by his troops. Without doubt, the French will find in Tyrol a still more glorious name."

"They will find death there! The French will perish to a man in the mountain defiles, and even Bonaparte will find an unconquerable adversary in the Archduke Charles," said Julio, bitterly.

"What do you say, Julio? Have you become an Austrian, that you speak so?"

"No; but I am an enemy to revolutionary hordes."

Narboni made a sign to Madeline to leave the room, which she quietly obeyed. Julio asked his father why he had sent his cousin away.

"Because," replied the old man, with a proud and bitter air, "I did not wish her to lose the little esteem and love she has left for you."

"It is a great crime to hate one's enemies then?" sneeringly asked Julio.

"Whatever are the crimes of the human race in these sad times, France is your country, and I blush with shame to hear you speak of her people as your enemies. I see how you have occupied the time spent away from home. Believe me, Julio, your quarrels with the officers of the garrison have opened my eyes. Do not to your other bad deeds add the crime of hatred of your country."

"I am not conspiring against it, father."

"If not, why are you so frequently absent from Verona? Why did you only make one hurried visit in Brescia while your cousin was there? What do you do? How do you employ your time?"

"My father, I swear—"

"Do not swear, my son, but remember that love of country is a great virtue. Go—leave me now."

Julio rose.

"I obey, father, and rest assured that whatever happens I shall never forget my duty to you." He bowed and left.

Narboni sunk back in his chair, lost in profound thought; after a few minutes he was aroused by a knock at the door. He rose hastily and opened it. Standing before him was a young French soldier.

"Signor Narboni?" he inquired.

"It is me. How can I serve you?"

"I have a billet from the commandant of the garrison," and he presented him a small note.

Narboni opened and read, then turning to the soldier, he said:

"Although this house is one of the poorest in the environs of Verona, your colonel is welcome to its hospitality."

The soldier stepped inside the cottage, and placed a valise he carried upon a chair.

"Here comes my colonel. Allow me, my colonel, to present to you Signor Narboni, master of this house."

Colonel Victor bowed very gracefully, saying:

"I feel sorry that I come, by my forced stay, to add to the care which the war makes sufficiently heavy. I will do all in my power to lighten the burden."

Just then Madeline entered the room; she blushed on first perceiving a stranger, but her embarrassment turned to pleasure as she recognized in him a friend she had met while visiting in Brescia. A few moments passed in conversation, and they left the room to go to dinner. While they are dining, it is as well to record a scene which took place in the garden. Julio entered, accompanied by two Italian friends. One whom we will call Antonio first spoke.

"I have just returned from Venice. Fortune favors our projects. Never was there a better chance to crush the French in Italy. General Bonaparte has been defeated in the Tyrol, and his army entirely destroyed."

"Is it true?" demanded Julio.

"Yes; I saw the despatch from Archduke Charles."

"What are the designs of the council of Ten?"

"I brought with me twenty thousand muskets with which to arm our peasants; everything is ready for the insurrection, and you, Julio, have been chosen by Venice to give the signal."

"Me!"

"Yes, at the head of your band. The rest will be ready to sustain your first movements."

"Where are the proofs?" asked Julio, somewhat doubtingly.

"Here is a letter from the podesta of Brescia, who informs me that the people swear they wait only for the signal, and contains a list of the principal leaders of the conspiracy. Success is inevitable. God blesses our arms."

"Ah, well! let us go," said Julio, with a slight hesitation in his manner.

"No, no!" exclaimed Antonio; "no delay. I have this very afternoon to leave for Venice, and must carry to the senate your adhesion. See, you must sign this list—there, at the head of all."

Julio turned slightly pale, but even if he had wished to, he had gone too far to recede. Seizing the pen and ink Antonio held towards him, he rapidly signed his name. His companions then left him, and Julio slowly entered the house and found himself face to face with Colonel Victor.

"Wretch! you here!" exclaimed the colonel, his eye flashing with anger.

"Silence, sir, in the name of Heaven! I am in my father's house," pleaded Julio.

"That noble old man your father!" exclaimed Victor, with scorn. "It is impossible."

"What I tell you is no lie. I am at your mercy."

"So your father is ignorant that his son has his hands stained with the blood of Frenchmen, and that he escapes only by a miracle the chastisement he deserves."

"O, worse, worse, sir!"

"Do you not fear that you will bring his gray hairs in sorrow to the grave, and sully the honor of his name by cowardly assassinations?"

"Sir?"

"Yes, by cowardly assassinations! I repeat it; for he who glides in the dark, even to the door of his own home, and listens to murderous words, is only a coward."

"Must I bear this!" exclaimed Julio, trembling with rage.

"Listen, wretch! I have sworn that wherever I met you, I would deliver you up to the vengeance of the law; but, for the sake of your father, your family, to save them from the knowledge of your infamy, I spare you."

"Sir?"

"Do not think, however," added Colonel Victor, sternly, "that you will be free to carry out your plans; no, I demand, I *demand*, do you hear? that you swear by the head of your good old father to renounce all guilty projects against us; that you remain perfectly quiet by your fireside, and render me an account, as long as I shall judge proper, of your conduct and actions. Swear to me that, and on that condition only will I promise secrecy."

"I swear it."

"That is well. Now we are strangers to each other, but *forget* not," and with that warning, Victor passed from the room, leaving Julio pacing the room in impatient rage.

"Am I never to be rid of that man? I will hasten and find Antonio, the only one I can safely trust, and tell him how I am bound, and he may rid me of that cursed man. I cannot kill him, for he spared me." So saying, Julio hastened to Verona.

A few days after the foregoing scene, Madeline might be seen sitting at work, and Victor standing by her.

"Always at work, mademoiselle?"

"I must not rest to-day, monsieur, for to-morrow is the second Easter Sunday."

"So it is. I had nearly forgotten it."

"Every year I have been accustomed to go to Verona to perform my devotions, but I fear this year I must relinquish my pious pilgrimage."

"Why?" asked Victor.

"My uncle is too feeble to accompany me; it is a long journey for one of his age, and on the other hand, my cousin pays me so little attention that I do not wish to engage him in my service."

"But if I should obtain permission from your uncle to accompany you?"

"Then, colonel—"

"Then?"

"Frankly then, I should have a pleasant journey," replied Madeline. After a thoughtful pause, Madeline said, in low voice: "The feast of the Passover is still dear among the Italians for one reason in particular. It is a day when all families and friends reunite and renew the ties broken by quarrels and discords, and cement anew their union. I have heard it said it is the same in France, and, doubtless, this moment your absence is deeply regretted by your friends and your family."

"My family!" repeated Victor, with an agitated air.

"Yes, your family, colonel, ought to pray Heaven for your happiness. It is a consolation to pray for those we love."

"But, mademoiselle, I am loved by no one. I have no mother. I left no one to love me in France," said Victor, sadly, and his fine face was overshadowed.

"Frankly, Colonel Victor, you are not communicative. You have been with us fifteen days, and we know neither your name nor your country."

"My country is France. Pardon me Mademoiselle Madeline, but very powerful motives compel me to keep silence; one day, if you do not refuse my love, if I am happy enough to touch your heart, you shall know all."

"You promise me that?"

"It is nearly like making me a promise yourself, which, some day, I shall demand the fulfilment of," replied Victor, with a smile.

Madeline laughed, as she remarked:

"In truth, colonel, you should be all-powerful in war; you know how to profit so skilfully by the faults of your enemies."

"With an enemy like you, Madeline, peace is more pleasant and advantageous than war, and I swear faith and obedience to you always," and he raised her soft hand to his lips.

Just at that moment Julio entered.

"I see with pleasure, my dear cousin, that you know well the duties of hospitality."

"Julio!" exclaimed Madeline, her eyes flashing and her cheeks flushing with indignation.

"Sir!" exclaimed the colonel, his hand instinctively grasping his sword hilt.

"Pardon me, sir," said Julio, bowing haughtily. "It was to my cousin my words were addressed; when she has answered, I may request of you an explanation."

"*Perhaps*, sir; but do not forget that I *demand* the explanation," as haughtily replied the colonel.

"You shall be satisfied, sir."

"I hope so," and Colonel Victor, bowing to Madeline, retired into the garden, and might be seen from the window pacing to and fro.

"What do you wish to know, Julio?" asked Madeline, gently, for she knew her cousin's temper, and hoped to quiet him.

"I wish to know how far she, whom my father calls daughter, and whom I called my betrothed, can forget her duty and her promises."

"This is too much!" exclaimed Madeline, and tears of indignation and wounded feeling filled her eyes; but she felt that Julio's aim was a quarrel with Victor, and while telling the truth she endeavored to calm his anger. "This is too much, and since you have put to me that question, I will tell you without evasion if you have not seen yourself any change in my manners to you that I have changed. There was a time when I entered with joy into the plans formed by my uncle, and would have been happy in that way to have repaid his devoted care; you have taken precaution yourself to destroy the dream; your indifference proved that you cared very little for the realization of his cherished projects, and my heart, wounded in its affections, has returned to me, and can never again entertain any feeling of love for you."

"I cannot compel you to love me, Madeline, but, if my suspicions are correct, it is of that man that I must demand my lost happiness," and Julio prepared to go out.

"Great Heaven! what do you say?" and Madeline sprang from her chair to leave the room.

"Return instantly, Madeline," commanded Julio.

"How, sir?" Madeline questioned, every feature expressing haughty surprise and indignation.

"You must return, dear mademoiselle. My father is not here, and you know it, and, in his absence, you must obey me. Return and be seated." This was said in a cold, sneering tone.

"Has it come to this? God help me!" and with firm step, but pale face, Madeline left the room.

Julio rushed into the garden and confronted Victor, who was standing leaning against a tree.

"I have lost my only valued treasure in the love of Madeline, and your blood alone can atone for the outrage. Draw!"

Victor concealed his fierce rage, and his sword remained sheathed, though his hand played nervously with his sword knot.

"A duel with you! a duel with you, wretch!"

"Take care, sir! Pride will not cover cowardice."

This was too much even for Victor, who had determined to avoid a combat with the son of his host. Eagerly he demanded the time, place and weapons, and, with looks of bitter hatred, they separated, to meet again in two hours with crossed swords.

Just as they separated, Narboni entered. He noticed the angry glances, and instantly comprehended all. Julio passed quickly out of the garden, but Victor remained. When Julio had gone, old Narboni sank upon a seat.

"O, my son! my son!" he sighed, then making an effort he raised himself and turned to Victor, who was regarding him mournfully. "My son has provoked—insulted you, and you intend to fight him. Tell me the truth."

"You are right. I would have avoided this, if I could have done so with honor."

"I was sure. Alas! here in Italy, as well as in France, misfortune follows my family; here I see my son about to strike his friend, as in France, in the chateau Cadenet, I saw my wife assassinated by a man I called friend."

"At the chateau Cadenet! Great heavens! you are then—"

"I am a Frenchman and an exile," said Narboni, mournfully.

"Will you tell me this sad history?"

"I do not think I ought to—"

"Speak, sir, for upon your recital depends the life of your son."

After a moment's undecided pause, Narboni began thus:

"I lived in the chateau Cadenet, with my wife and son, my brother and my niece. When the revolution, which overturned the throne, broke out, my brother and myself hastened to the national convention to offer our swords. We fought side by side upon the frontier in defence of our country, until my brother fell, mortally wounded, at my feet, and commending to me with his last breath his little daughter. I was severely wounded and compelled to return home. I left happiness there, and returned only to find despair and desolation. During my absence, a neighbor and a friend, who had loved my wife, but been rejected, renewed his attentions, and upon being justly treated with scorn and indignation, had, with his own hand, stabbed my beautiful, adored wife."

"Great heavens! But the name of this man?"

"His name was Stephen Bonneville. But what does it signify to you? he is dead."

"Nothing, sir. You are then the Count de St. Prix. I can say nothing to you yet, but rest assured I will never cross swords with your son."

"Is it possible?"

"I swear to you upon the honor of a soldier, this duel shall not take place, no matter what the refusal may cost me."

"Whatever is the reason for your resolution, I thank you, and upon your head will rest the blessing of a father," said Narboni, grasping the young colonel's hand.

Easter Sunday came, and Madeline set out for Verona, accompanied by Colonel Victor. When they reached the public square, in front of the church, the scene which was presented to their eyes was truly brilliant. All the peasants were dressed in bright holiday attire; some were standing talking together in very picturesque groups; others were dancing, while a large number of the men were lounging round the doors of the church, into which many more had entered. Various groups of French soldiers were scattered here and there. Madeline and Victor sauntered slowly across the square, taking notice of the many little scenes passing. Just before Madeline and her companion reached the church, Julio Narboni met them.

"Madeline, here with the colonel!" he exclaimed, sneeringly. "How is it you leave without my father, mademoiselle?"

Madeline held more firmly the colonel's arm, but she said gently to her choleric cousin:

"Each year brings my uncle one infirmity more, you should remember, Julio, and in order to attend the morning mass, I accepted the protection of Colonel Victor."

"A fit protector! He is one who will make a lady respected."

This was said with such bitter scorn that Madeline's suppressed anger burst forth.

"He who spends his time in dissipations and pleasures cannot complain if his family abandon him, and—"

"And place themselves under the protection of a coward! Madeline, you must relinquish his arm and return with me to my father. I cannot suffer you to go farther, guarded only by a coward!"

"Sir!" exclaimed Victor, and his sword flew part way from its scabbard, but was replaced, for Madeline held his arm firmly, and made a step forward, saying to Julio:

"I certainly shall not put myself under the protection of a man who forgets himself so far as to insult his friends. You are impeding our progress. Step aside. My uncle gave his permission, and I shall not return to him until I have attended divine service, or under the protection of any other person, save Colonel Victor."

"Both you and he will rue this, Madeline;" and Julio was lost in the crowd.

Madeline and her companion now bent their way towards the church, but as they were mounting the steps, Pierre, Victor's servant, stopped them and whispered, in an earnest voice:

"Stop! for the love of God, do not enter the church! One step more and you are dead! The church is filled with cowards and assassins!"

"What do you mean, Pierre? Explain."

"For a long while, as you know, the Italians have been very surly and insulting, and to-day they have been impudent, and have kept by themselves, refusing to mingle, as they are wont to do, with us. I had watched many Italians stealthily entering the church, and suspecting mischief, I crept in and hid behind a pillar, and heard an old man, who seemed to be leader, say to the others: 'At the first sound of the tocsin, be ready, that is the signal for the massacre of the French!'"

"Run to the citadel, Pierre, and warn the general to call together all the soldiers at the gates of the city. I will put myself at the head of my men, and we will sell our lives dearly."

"I go, but I shall return, my colonel, to die beside you," and with that Pierre was gone.

"O, sir!" exclaimed Madeline, her face pale with horror. "What have you done? Return to the citadel while there is yet time."

"My place is with my soldiers. If I fly, who will forewarn them? No—I cannot fly like a coward."

"But to remain here is certain death!" pleaded Madeline.

"Of what importance is life?" sadly replied the colonel. "I am loved by none. Nobody, after my death, will shed a tear."

"O, Victor! speak not so; for if you die, I will not live!"

"What do I hear! Is that true, Madeline?"

"Yes! yes!" she replied, frantically. "I love you; but fly!"

His only answer was to fold her to his heart, and as he did so the dreadful sound of the tocsin fell upon their ears with a fatal significance. Madeline struggled from his embrace, white with terror.

"O, hear that! It is the signal! Fly!"

"Impossible, dear Madeline! See, the unfortunate soldiers are already flying before their relentless pursuers. I must to their defence," and in one moment Madeline saw Victor, sword in hand, cheering on his men. She remained motionless, where she stood, for a second, then, with a wild cry, she fled to her home. There she found her uncle preparing to go in search of her, for the noise of the strife had reached him, and filled him with terror. Too well he knew what it meant. He had heard the same sound in his own France.

"Do not go, uncle, for you are old and feeble, and will be instantly killed," and Madeline led the old man back into the house. Just then Pierre rushed in.

"The cowards have assassinated him! My poor colonel!"

Madeline fell forward on to the floor insensible. Her uncle raised her gently, and was about placing her on a couch, when Victor entered, pale and wounded. At the sound of his voice, Madeline recovered her senses. Victor staggered into the room, and they tenderly placed him on a couch, and Madeline bent over him. While they were endeavoring to revive him, for he had fainted from loss of blood, Julio entered. Upon seeing the colonel, he exclaimed:

"The colonel—and living!"

"That is the villain!" exclaimed Pierre, springing forward, with a pistol in his hand.

"Silence!" commanded his colonel.

"My son," said old Narboni. "Unhappy one! You have forgotten that France is your country. You have forgotten that he who strikes his compatriots is a traitor and a coward! Yes—a traitor and a coward even in the eyes of those who profit by his treason. Your conduct is infamous, and he whom you pursue with hatred is more worthy of the esteem of your father and cousin than yourself."

"I care no longer to hide it. I have sought the life of that man because he is the spoiler of all my happiness. You will not be so ready to succor him when you know his name,—when I tell you he is Victor Bonneville, the son of the murderer of my mother!"

"It cannot be! You are mistaken!" gasped Narboni.

Madeline stood pale and speechless with horror.

"Pardon me, sir," faintly spoke Victor. "You are not mistaken. Your son is justified in his hatred. My hope through life has been to find you out in your exile, and by my good deeds atone for my father's crime, and make you in a manner forget the name of Bonneville. But I am punished for my presumption. I will go from your presence," and he strove to rise.

"You are mistaken," said Narboni, gently holding him back upon the couch. "The hatred does not extend to the son."

A great noise in front of the cottage, and cries of "Death to the Frenchman!" "Death to the colonel!" were heard. Julio, turning to his father, said:

"Since a Bonneville finds a place in your heart, one or the other must die. The people demand the death of the Frenchman. They shall be satisfied," and he sprang to the door and flung it wide open. "Here, friends! here he is!"

"Coward!" exclaimed Madeline, springing to the couch and shielding Victor with her body as several Italians rushed in. "Touch him not! He is sacred! He saved my uncle's life and mine! For that good deed he must be spared!"

Narboni had seized a sword, and placed himself beside the brave girl. While this was going on, a party of French soldiers reached the scene, and dispersed the rabble. The Italians were made prisoners, and one officer stood with his sword pointed at Julio's breast.

"Stop!" exclaimed Victor, springing from his couch; "that man saved my life!"

"That man saved your life?" rather doubtingly asked the young officer, for he knew Julio to have been one of the principal movers of the conspiracy.

"Yes. But one instant ago a crowd entered, demanding my life, and Julio Narboni's courage and skill alone saved me."

The officer seized Julio's hand and pressed it warmly, saying:

"The whole regiment will bless you," and retired.

Victor approached Narboni, and knelt before him.

"Will the Count de St. Prix pardon the son of Bonneville?"

The old man raised him, and placing the hand of Madeline in Victor's, said, with emotion:

"I can give you no greater proof of my esteem. Take her, and God's blessing be upon you!"

NOTICES OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

SPENCER'S BOSTON THEATRE.—No 8 of this popular series of acting plays, contains Arnold's popular comedy, "Man and Wife," which has kept the stage for half a century. For sale by W. V. Spencer, 128 Washington Street.

THE ENGLISH ORPHANS: or, *A Home in the New World*. By MRS. MARY J. HOLMES, author of "Tempest and Sunshine, or, Life in Kentucky." New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1855. 12mo. pp. 331.

Only a lady could have sketched female character as truthfully and spiritedly as the author of this interesting volume. Add to this that the narrative is ingenious and well conducted, and you have an idea of a book which will repay the time of reading it more than once.

THE SOAR ANCHOR: or, *The Young Christian Exhorted, Admonished and Encouraged*. By Rev. H. P. ANDREWS. Boston: James French & Co. 1855. 12mo. pp. 216

This little work describes life as a voyage—not an original idea, by the way, but popular, and very well managed by our author. He has succeeded in inculcating excellent principles and good morals, without wearying the attention of the reader.

SPEECHES AND ADDRESSES. By HENRY W HILLIARD. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1855. 8vo. pp. 493.

A collection of congressional and occasional speeches, made after the events which called them forth have passed away, must possess great and intrinsic merits, or the questions discussed must have been of the highest importance, to warrant their re-publication. Both these conditions are fulfilled in the series before us. These are truly eloquent, scholarly and manly speeches, and exhibit great power. The address on the genius and character of Daniel Webster is a noble tribute to the memory of the great New England statesman. The book is for sale by Redding & Co.

MOUNTAINS AND MOLEHILLS: or, *Recollections of a Burnt Journal*. By FRANK MARYATT. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1855. 12mo. pp. 393.

A liberally illustrated book of adventure in the land of gold, written by a man who knows how to see and to describe, and who inherits no small share of the literary talent of his distinguished father, the nautical novelist. It is a nice book for summer reading. For sale by Redding & Co.

WHICH: THE RIGHT OR THE LEFT? New York: Garrett & Co. 1855. 12mo. pp. 536.

This work, just published, has already created a very great sensation, and sells with rapidity. It is written to illustrate the author's idea of true and of false religion, and is remarkably severe upon what he terms the church of society—the church of business, made up of members who profess religion because it pays well, and whose religion begins and ends with outward observances. The book is written in a daring and severe spirit, and its thrusts are those of a sharp and keen-edged weapon. Merely regarded as a story, it is interesting and artistic. For sale by Redding & Co.

LETTERS TO THE RIGHT. REV. JOHN HUGHES, ROMAN CATHOLIC BISHOP OF NEW YORK. BY KIRWAN. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1855. 12mo. pp. 370.

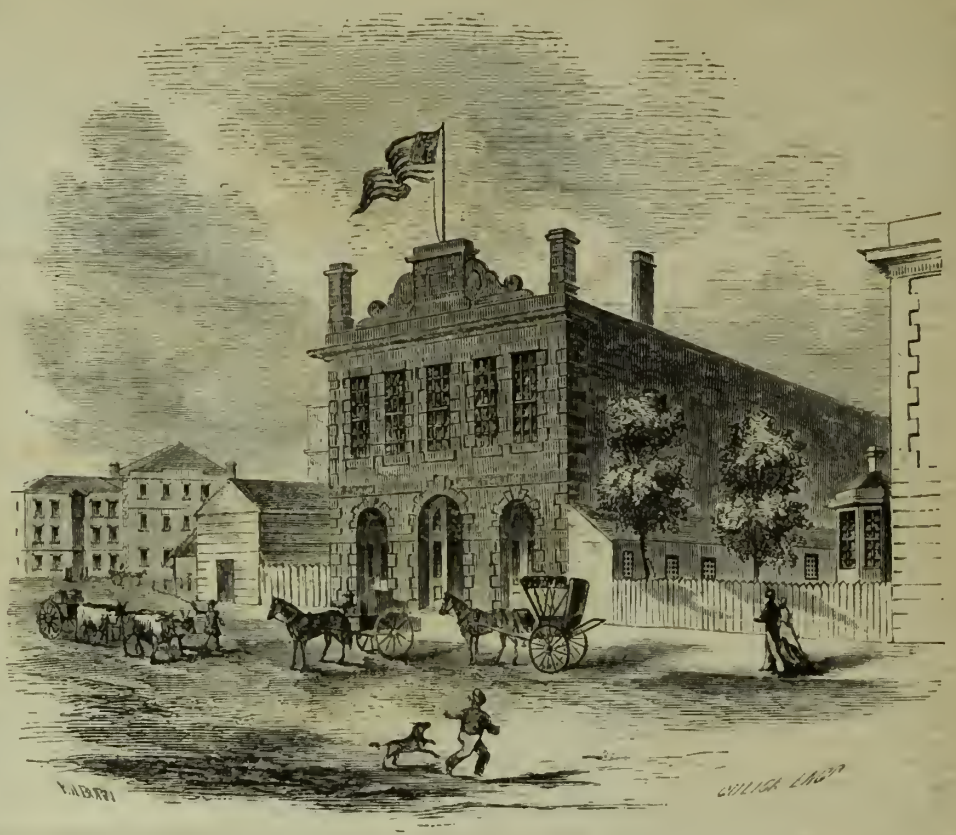
This is a new edition of a work which has had a very great sale. The writer was originally a Roman Catholic, but having embraced Protestantism, turns his arms against the church he has abandoned with the zeal of a convert. For sale by Redding & Co.

TRAIN & CO.'S WAREHOUSE, MELBOURNE, AUSTRALIA.

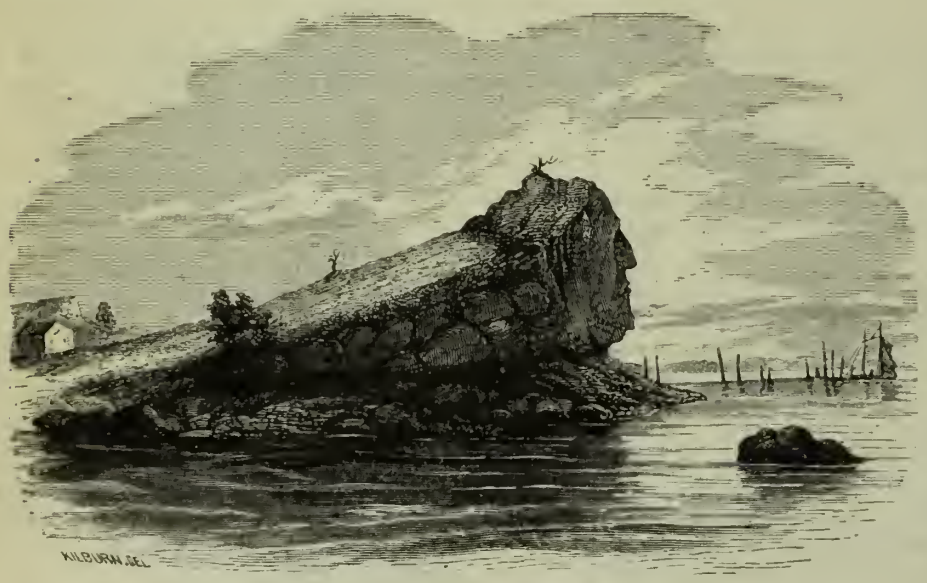
We take great pleasure in laying before our readers an engraving, prepared for us from a drawing made upon the spot, of this splendid stone warehouse, the finest in Australia, erected by a Boston boy, a gentleman of first rate business talent, Mr. George Francis Train, who left his native city for the antipodes a little more than two years ago. The building before us is a tangible proof of Yankee enterprise, and the nationality of its origin is indicated to the natives it astonishes, some sixteen thousand miles away from the United States, by the stars and stripes which are kept floating over it, as shown in the engraving. The warehouse is situated on Flinders Street, near the east corner of Elizabeth Street, opposite the Melbourne and Hobson's Bay Railroad Terminus. It was erected last year, is built throughout of colonial blue granite, and has throughout a number of dwarf walls extending three feet deep, and of a breadth of two feet, upon which rests the lower floor of the structure. The front has a most massive appearance, and the building is entered by means of three large circular-headed doorways, the centre being considerably the largest, over which is the sign "G. F. Train & Co., Commission Merchants, White Star Line of Liverpool Packets." This takes the height of the first floor; above are five large square-headed windows, which light the upper floor, and surmounting these, an imposing stone cornice is flanked at either end by square corniced stone towers, and in the middle by one of broader dimensions, relieved on either side by gracefully disposed ornamental scrolls in stone work. The store-room, on the lower floor, is 125 feet in length. Throughout the lower floor, at easy distances, are disposed massive teak columns, nearly a foot square, which act as supporters to the floor over; the rafters are placed on end in close proximity, and to ensure extra strength, are what is technically called "herring boned," a contrivance which adds considerably to the amount of the weight a floor can sustain. Mr. Train's office, and the clerk's rooms on the second floor, are all fitted with polished colonial cedar. There is a capacious yard attached to the establishment, with stables and hayloft, and a very large water-tank. The length of the entire building is 125 feet; its breadth, 40 feet; in height it is 31 feet; the walls up to the height of the second floor are two feet in thickness; and above this to the roof, one foot six inches. Its capacity is equal to 2700 tons of measurement goods, and full 1600 tons of stone were used in its erection. The architects were Messrs. Knight, Kemp & Kerr, and the builders, Messrs. Sinclair & Sons. The original contract of the entire building was $32,500; and the total cost, with offices, extras, stables, etc., was about $40,000. At the time of its completion, a very full description of the building was published in the "Melbourne Age," a well-conducted and handsomely printed commercial newspaper, to which we are indebted for the above particulars. The editor, in winding up his notice, remarks:—"We will conclude this article with the remark, that Mr. Train seems to have gone the right way to work to construct, in all its departments, a building suited to his extensive business; and if we can judge from so short an observation, he has reduced the matter to such system as to have a place for everything, and everything in its place. An extensive commercial library, containing valuable works of reference, and other details which space alone forbids our mentioning, are among the embellishments of these perfectly unique business premises." The famous "White Star Line" of packets, of which Mr. Train is agent, and which embraces some of the finest American built clippers, has even beaten the steamers. That the "Yankee ships take the passengers and gold" is the grumbling acknowledgment of more than one commander of an English liner; and while Donald McKay continues to build clippers, they are likely to keep the lead they have taken. In noticing the enterprise which furnished us this sketch, we cannot but congratulate Mr. Train on his success. He has troops of friends in this city, who watch his career with interest, and read with pleasure his occasional reports of progress in his correspondence with the Boston Post.

KANZAS, MO.

The representation below, of the city of Kanzas, was drawn for the Pictorial by Mr. Kilburn, the view being taken on the spot, and executed with his accustomed fidelity. The city is in Jackson county, Missouri, and is located on the south bank of the Missouri River, one hundred and thirty miles from Jefferson city. It is a place of considerable business, and embraces all the elements of future greatness. We present it as it appears to-day, but the cities of the West grow out of all recognition in a very few years. In the old world, the view of a town taken to-day would exhibit few changes from one a century old—the little settlements on the Rhine, for instance, are quite stationary—while rapid expansion and perpetual improvement are the features of our settlements, particularly in the great West, which is dotted here and there with foci of life and business, often a marvel even to us of New England, with whom progress and extension are watchwords.



TRAIN & CO.'S FIRE PROOF WAREHOUSE, MELBOURNE, AUSTRALIA.



SQUAW ROCK, AT SQUANTUM, MASS.

SEA OF AZOFF.

What they call the Sea of Azoff is in reality nothing more than a vast pond or gulf, noted for its shallowness, and united to the Black Sea by the Strait of Yenikale. The Sea of Azoff is inaccessible to what would be properly called vessels of war; it is defended on the south by Kertch and Yenikale, and on the north by Taganrog and Azoff. It will be now no longer traversed, as it has hitherto been, by a multitude of small vessels, conveying troops and provisions for Sebastopol, for it is without doubt part of the plan of the allied commanders to send in a number of their own vessels and maintain the command of the whole sea. Kertch is a small town, the chief place of the peninsula of that name. It is remarkable for its commanding position on the Strait of Yenikale. Its roadstead is very fine, and it is celebrated for its fine museum of antiquated medals, sculpture, etc., found in the neighborhood. There are several constructions of enormous size near it, which are known by the name of the House of the Cyclops. Yenikale is a small town, but important on account of its citadel, which commands the strait, and which has always been highly considered by the Russians as a fortress. The distance from Yenikale to Kertch is about nine miles, across a verdant plain. Kertch is completely built of stone, and the houses are handsome. It contains a population of about ten thousand souls. It was a place of only slight importance when it was ceded by the Porte to Russia, in 1774, but it soon after partly recovered its original splendor to the detriment of Theodosia, the ancient Kaffa. All the commerce carried on at Theodosia was removed by the Russian government to Kertch, where all vessels bound to the Sea of Azoff were compelled to undergo a quarantine of four days. The larger vessels had their cargoes brought to them in lighters from Taganrog or from Rostof, but those of lighter draught of water crossed the bar and loaded at Taganrog. On their return they were obliged to transfer half their cargoes at Yenikale into lighters, and to reship it at Kertch, after having passed over the shallows. Notwithstanding these difficulties, the commerce of Kertch, and of the Sea of Azoff, rapidly increased, and in 1851, not fewer than one thousand vessels entered the Sea of Azoff. About forty-six miles from Kertch is Anapa, a post of very considerable importance, both in a military and commercial point of view. The fortifications consist of a long sea-wall, a citadel on a perpendicular calcareous rock, and some bastions on the land side. The town is inhabited by a miscellaneous population of Circassians, Tartars, Greeks, Jews, Armenians, Russians, and others, to the number of five thousand. The tribes in the country in its rear have almost neutralized the great advantages offered by its situation, and prevented its growth. It is as a military post that it has been most prized by Russia, most deplored by Turkey. The fort was built by the Turks in 1784.—*Letter from the Crimea.*

SQUAW ROCK, SQUANTUM.

This locality, sketched for us by Mr. Kilburn, is as well known as any point on our seacoast. It projects into the sea between Dorchester and Quincy Bay, and is in a part of the town of Quincy, called Squantum. It is a bold, rocky promontory, the profile of which stands forth in bold relief, as our engraving shows. The neighborhood of this rock is a place of great resort, at this season, to parties piscatorially and socially inclined, and showing a joyous scene of sport, as it is looked down upon. The "oldest inhabitant," as well as the youngest, is familiar with its features. The whole line of the New England coast abounds in spots possessing similar attraction, and each one can reckon its hundreds of admirers, who make their annual pilgrimage to the shrine during the summer season, carrying away memories of pleasure which endure till the next visit. There is not a rocky headland, nor a silent cove, that is not prolific of pleasant or inspiring associations. And yet there are many unexplored localities, which will doubtless become treasures to a future and more crowded population.

KANZAS CITY.

CITY OF MUSCATINE, IOWA.

This young and thriving city, the illustrative view of which was drawn for us by Mr. W. Mull, takes it name from an island situated just below it. It was incorporated as a town in 1839, and was then called Bloomington. In the year 1849 its name was changed to Muscatine; and in 1851 it was incorporated as a city. The city of Muscatine derives its importance, in a commercial point, mainly from its peculiar location. It is situated on the extreme western bend of the Mississippi River, and is thus thrown into the interior, as it were, of the State. It is the landing point on the river for a large tract of country, and in this respect has the advantage over every other city in Iowa. The Mississippi and Missouri Railroad—being a continuation of the Rock Island and Chicago road, which crosses the Mississippi River at Rock Island, thirty miles above, is located through Muscatine, on its route westward. It is also the terminus of the Muscatine and Cedar Valley Railroad. A railroad is located also from Muscatine to Keokuk. When these roads are completed, Muscatine will have added to her natural advantages greater railroad facilities than any city in Iowa. The number of inhabitants is about 6000, and is increasing rapidly. The trade at this point is immense; far beyond any calculations that would be made by any one not cognizant of the fact. New branches of business are being constantly introduced, and all classes of labor are in demand. A contract has been entered into by the city council to have the city lighted by gas during the present year. There was a very large emigration last year to this portion of Iowa, and from present indications it will be much larger during this year. It would occupy too much space to go into any detailed description of the city or its business. Let it suffice, that she is not behind any of her sisters in Iowa, in her public improvements, her public buildings, the industry and enterprise of her citizens, or in any of the elements of prosperity.

FORT SNELLING, MINNESOTA.

VIEW OF FORT SNELLING, MINNESOTA.

The engraving given above is from an original drawing made for us on the spot by Mr. Kilburn. The scene is strikingly picturesque, with the sweep of water in front, and the strong walls of the fort crowning the natural escarpments of rock which defend the eminence on which it is built. Fort Snelling is the military post of the United States, and is the capital of Dakotah county, Minnesota. It is named after Col. Snelling, a gallant officer of the last war, and father of the late William J. Snelling, the well-known author and editor. The point on which it stands is at the confluence of the Minnesota and Mississippi Rivers. A large village is located within the jurisdiction of the fort, which stands in the midst of some of the very finest scenery of the western country. Minnesota formed a part of the vast territory acquired by our government by its purchase in 1803. The territorial government was established by Congress, March 3, 1849. It comprises an area of 83,000 square miles. In the centre of the territory the face of the country is undulating, about equally divided between prairie and timber land, and intersected by the waters of the Mississippi and Minnesota or St. Peter's Rivers. The vast valley of the Red River on the north is exceedingly fertile. Indeed a large proportion of the soil of Minnesota is admirably adapted to agriculture.

PRINTING FOR THE BLIND.

The benevolent Abbe Hauy, superintendent of the institution for the blind, was the first to whom the idea was suggested, in 1784, of printing raised letters for the blind. It is a merciful dispensation, that with persons deprived of one of their senses, those that are left become doubly sensitive—a fact which, in the case of the blind, is perhaps more observable, their sense of touch being proverbially acute. Observing a proof sheet which had only been printed on one side, on which consequently the letters appeared at the back in considerable relief, Hauy imagined that by some such process the blind might be taught to read. The idea was happily improved upon, and thus an opportunity has been afforded to those so afflicted of becoming acquainted, not only with the ideas and sentiments of those masters of knowledge who had preceded them, but also as well as of those of their companions who were suffering from the same misfortune. Nay, even the blind themselves have been taught the art, and are employed in printing some of their own books. For the purpose of the blind, the letters are cast in an angular form, as being more easily distinguishable. They are also, under the name of fretted letters, formed of a succession of points in printing, with which the paper is almost perforated; the types employed are always large, similar to those used in pulpit Bibles, and are cast in relief. The pupil is taught to read with the first and second fingers of the right hand, whilst he keeps the line he is upon with the forefinger of his left; and his sense of touch is ordinarily so acute, that he is generally able to read after a few lessons, even when the hand is covered with a glove. The pupil acquires a facility truly astonishing, tracing the words with a rapidity one can hardly imagine possible to the mere sense of feeling.—*New York Tribune.*

AN ITALIAN RAMBLE.

I went to Verona and to Mantua, and now I am at Milan—just come up from under ground, and earthy all over, from seeing that extraordinary tomb in which the dead saint lies in an alabaster case, with sparkling jewels all about him to mock his dusty eyes, not to mention the twenty-franc pieces which devout votaries were ringing down upon a sort of skylight in the cathedral pavement above, as if it were the counter of his heavenly shop. You know Verona? You know everything in Italy, *I* know. I am not learned in geography, and it was a great blow to me to find that Romeo was only banished five-and-twenty miles. It was a greater blow to me to see the old house of the Capulets with their cognizance, still carved in stone, over the gateway of the courtyard. It is a most miserable little inn, at this time ankle-deep in dirt; and noisy vetturini and muddy market-carts were disputing possession of the yard with a brood of geese, all splashed and bespattered as if they had their yesterday's white trousers on. There was nothing to connect it with the beautiful story but a very unsentimental middle-aged lady (the Padrona, I suppose) in the doorway, who resembled old Capulet in the one particular of being very great indeed in the family way. The Roman amphitheatre then delighted me beyond expression. I never saw anything so full of solemn, ancient interest. There are four-and-forty rows of seats, as fresh and perfect as if their occupants had vacated them but yesterday; the entrances, passages, dens, rooms, corridors; the numbers over some of the arches. An equestrian troop had been there some days before, and had scooped out a little ring at one end of the arena, and had their performances in that spot. I should like to have seen it, of all things, for its very dreariness. Fancy a handful of people sprinkled over one corner of the great place (the whole population of Verona wouldn't fill it now), and a spangled cavalier bowing to the echoes and the grass-grown walls! I climbed to the topmost seat, and looked at the beautiful view for some minutes; when I turned round and looked down into the theatre again, it had exactly the appearance of an immense straw hat, to which the helmet in the castle of Otranto was a baby—the rows of seats representing the different plaits of straw, and the arena the inside of the crown. I had great expectations of Venice, but they fell immeasurably short of the wonderful reality. The short time I passed there went by me in a dream. I hardly think it possible to exaggerate its beauties, its sources of interest, its uncommon novelty and freshness. Naples disappointed me greatly. The weather was bad during a great part of my stay there. But, if I had not had mud, I should have had dust, and though I had had sun I must still have had the Lazzaroni; and they are so ragged, so dirty, so abject, so full of degradation, that they would make heaven uncomfortable, if they could ever get there. I didn't expect to see a handsome city, but I expected something better than that long, dull line of squalid houses, which stretches from the Chiaja to the quarter of the Capuana; and while I was quite prepared for a miserable populace, I had some dim belief that there were bright rags among them, and dancing legs, and shining sun-brown faces; whereas the honest truth is, that connected with Naples itself I have notone solitary recollection. The country round it charmed me, I need not say Who can forget Herculaneum and Pompeii?—*Charles Dickens.*

CITY OF MUSCATINE, IOWA.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

MOTHER.

BY MRS. R. T. ELDREDGE.

Breathe it gently in a whisper,
'Tis a sweet, a hallowed word,
Saddened hearts swell with emotion,
When the thrilling sound is heard.
Breathe it fondly, very fondly,
Touch a chord in every heart;
Many a voice will grow more tender,
Many a pearly tear will start.

Mother! name that all hearts cherish,
E'en the child of sin and shame
Speaks in accents softer, milder,
When he breathes the hallowed name.
Breathe it gently in a whisper,
Lest some bleeding heart be riven;
There's but one name dearer to us,
And that cherished name is HEAVEN!

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

A REMINISCENCE OF THE LAST WAR.

BY GIDDINGS H. BALLOU.

On a September afternoon in 18—, two men left Eastham in a whaleboat for Boston. The distance to be traversed was some seventy or eighty miles, and the purpose of the voyagers was to evade the cruisers of the enemy, and to procure provisions and needful supplies for their families and friends at home. The weather was not especially threatening at the time of their departure, but as evening set in, the skies began to lower and assume an ominous aspect. At last it came to blow so violently the boat was obliged to take refuge under Billingsgate Point, where it lay until the force of the gale seemed to be spent. After several hours' delay, the adventurers set forth once more, shaping their course toward the western shore of the bay, which would afford them some protection from the southwest gale. But as they got athwart Barnstable Bay, and felt the force of the wind, they nearly repented their undertaking. With a double-reefed foresail the boat dashed over the waves, which seemed every instant about to overwhelm her. Their situation was one of no little danger.

"Skipper Noyes," said young Holmes, to his companion, "if we get through *this* safely, I guess I'll take a pretty good lookout not to be caught again crossing the bay with a whale boat in such a storm as this."

However, after hours of constant struggle with wind and water, they got under the lee of Plymouth, and their voyage was continued in comparative safety. Having arrived at Boston, they fell in with a Scituate man who offered them, at a great bargain, a well built boat of eleven tons, partly decked. It was arranged that they should convey the former owner back to Scituate, where he was to be paid the price agreed upon. They took on board, also, a boy and two or three passengers; ran down the harbor, passed the light, and hugged the shore southward. As they neared Scituate they kept a wary lookout lest some of the Englishmen might be cruising off and on. But they saw nothing to excite their fears. A small fishing schooner lay near the entrance of the harbor, and two or three men were tending their lines.

"Let's run alongside," said Noyes. "Who knows but they've a few 'bloaters' aboard?"

"Schooner, hullo!" he shouted presently. "Got a fresh mackerel or two to spare?"

"Yes;" was the answer. And up started a row of men, who levelled their muskets point-blank at the astonished Yankees.

"Surrender yourselves!" was now the word. And two brass swivels showed their muzzles with a most pressing invitation.

The Yankees were unable to resist such persuasion. Noyes and Holmes were ordered to the schooner, and their places being supplied by the captors, the boat was allowed to follow at leisure.

"This is a pretty scrape, aren't it, Holmes?" said Noyes, to his younger companion. "To be come round in this sort o' way! What do you s'pose the folks 'll say, when we get home!"

"Better wait till we get there," sulkily replied Holmes. "I don't see much chance of that now."

"Hem—how many men do you think you could manage?" said Noyes, cautiously edging away, while his hands were thrust deep into his breeches' pockets, and his face, wearing a most dolorous look, seemed to be regarding the main shrouds abstractedly.

"Don't know;" replied Holmes, in a low voice. "How many can *you?*"

"Wal, two or three."

"*I* can manage as many as *you* can."

"Wal," rejoined Noyes, casting a stealthy glance fore and aft, for they were standing nearly in the waist, "wait a bit till this other chap gets well for'ard. Then you take aft and I'll look out for the forecastle."

The time seemed to them propitious, for most of the men were below, and only five or six were on deck. But in the very second when the two were in their mind's eye swinging their handspikes in action, the officer in command sprang up from the forehatch, where he had been lying with his spy-glass directed to the offing. He stepped lightly aft, his eyes fixed intently on his prisoners. Noyes was vacantly chewing a quid of tobacco, while Holmes was counting the nails in the deck plank. The chance failed them.

The English frigate Endymion, just at this time, lay about fifteen miles from Boston light; and hither the schooner now proceeded with her prisoners. The captain of the frigate, on hearing their story, gave Noyes and Holmes to understand that they might redeem themselves, the boat and its contents, passengers and all, for two hundred dollars.

Holmes was suffered on parole to go in his boat to Boston to procure the ransom. The boy, a half witted youngster, accompanied him. Holmes now bore away for Boston light, and having nearly made his run up the harbor, was overhauled by a boat from the Constitution—"Old Ironsides"—which lay moored in the stream. He was now informed to his great surprise, that he was taken into custody on charge of having been engaged in supplying the enemy. No regard was paid to his protestations. It was about the middle of the afternoon that he was brought alongside, and here he was detained till the following morning, when the boat and its crew were sent in charge of a midshipman, to the navy yard. Holmes was taken to the office of Commodore Bainbridge, at that time commanding at Charlestown. He was in his apartment awaiting them.

"I did not know who he was," said Holmes, "for no one told me; but I supposed he must be some big 'don' or other."

Bainbridge eyed the young man for a moment in silence. Holmes, whose temper had got pretty well aroused by vexation and delay, was the first to speak.

"I would like to know, sir, if you please, by what right I am made a prisoner in this way."

"Silence!" exclaimed the commodore, darting a withering look at his questioner. "You have been supplying the enemy with provisions, you traitorous scoundrel."

"I have not been doing anything of the kind," answered Holmes; and then related his story.

"It is all a lie," replied Bainbridge.

"Well," returned Holmes, now thoroughly exasperated, "it seems to me a hard case that I should be worse treated and worse plundered by my own countrymen than by the enemy."

"You villain," roared Bainbridge, "how dare you talk to me in this style? Do you know who I am?"

"No; nor I don't care, neither. I—"

"Stop!" interrupted Bainbridge, whose face now fairly boiled with rage. "Mr. Johnson, take this fellow off and anchor him at the buoy of the Constitution for twenty-four hours. Perhaps it will cool him down a little and bring him to his reason. And *you*, sir, recollect that you are to be here to-morrow morn, at nine o'clock."

"I will not fail, you may depend," said Holmes, in reply, as he turned to follow the midshipman, who had witnessed his audacious conduct with amazement.

"You *have* made a pretty mess of it, my friend," he said, as they re-entered the yard. "I should not wonder if you were swinging at the yard-arm before to-morrow noon."

At the appointed hour, Holmes was again in attendance at the yard. The commodore had not yet made his appearance; and while Holmes, seated on a post, was awaiting his arrival, he heard the sound of his own name. Turning his head, he saw before him his eldest brother, then residing in Charlestown, to whose ears report had come of his situation.

"What, in the name of Heaven, have you been about, William?" said Alexander, with not a little agitation in his voice.

"About?" returned the other. "Nothing I'm ashamed of."

"I had rather give a thousand dollars, than had this happen."

"Now *I* wouldn't give one cent—so there's the difference."

At this moment Bainbridge was seen to enter his office, and Alexander, desiring his brother to remain where he was for the present, followed the commodore, with whom he had some acquaintance. Holmes was soon after summoned, and going in, found that the representations of his brother had disposed the fiery commodore to a much more placable mood. The latter now went on to say, very considerately, that from what he had just learned, he had no doubt of the truth of Holmes's story. He added, however, that there was no doubt the boat in question had been actively engaged in supplying the enemy up to the time of Holmes coming into possession.

"I have in my desk, a letter from Captain Hull, received but the other day, describing the boat and various facts relative to the business she has been engaged in, and desiring me to seize her on the first opportunity. It seems that you have not actually paid the money for her, either. So you must perceive that there is no alternative. The boat must be condemned. You have leave to take from her everything which is yours, that does not belong to the first property of the boat. I have no desire to harm you, and the more you can get out of her the better."

Meanwhile, Skipper Noyes had been returned as pilot to the fishing schooner in which he had been captured. He bore every appearance of a simple-hearted fisherman, and as such, Mr. Richmond, the midshipman commanding, was glad of his company. The "pink-stern" had not been cruising many hours, when the wind set in stiff from the northeast, with every sign of a storm. Noyes was called into the cabin, where sat Mr. Richmond with a chart before him.

"Master pilot, where shall we make harbor?"

"Either Wellfleet or Plymouth, sir."

"No, no, that wont do. Cannot you anchor somewhere along shore, in an out-of-the-way place? Some creek or other?"

"Why, yes, sir," said Noyes, pointing on the chart to a certain inlet near Plymouth. "I think we might run in there by Brandt Point and anchor."

"Ah!" he used afterwards to say with a chuckle, "I knew what I was about. Knew we couldn't lay there long."

They ran into Brandt Creek and anchored. The gale increased in violence as the night came on, till the schooner lurched and pitched in such a fashion that it was evident she could not long remain as she was.

"This will never do, Master Noyes," said Richmond. "We shall soon go ashore at this rate. We must get away from this."

"I've been thinking that myself this half hour," replied Noyes, with a voice of deep concern. "But the tide is so now that we certainly can't get in anywhere else along shore. I don't know what we shall du. We can't stay here, that's sartin. But the wind's canted a leetle, and I guess we'd better up and run under the lee of Billin'sgate I"int, down there."

They hove up with some difficulty, and in due time got under Billingsgate, where they lay somewhat more at ease. During the last hours, however, Noyes had seized opportunity to prosecute a little discovery in the hold. He had cautiously, also, introduced himself to the arm-chest, from whence he abstracted a chisel, a gimlet, and two good brass pistols. He had carefully started the edges of one or two boards in the partition which separated the forehold, or temporary forecastle, from the mainhold. The men had now gone down into their little den forward, where they lay, wet, tired and grumbling. Noyes seized the first chance to slide down among them.

"O, lud!" he exclaimed, looking round with a piteous air while the little lamp cast just one feeble ray through the steaming damp. "I'm most gi'n out. I don'no what I'd done if it hadn't been for that cask o' rum in the hold."

"Eh, what's that?" said his hearers, roused to sudden animation. "Say that again, old bos'n!"

"Wal, it *is* tu bad," rejoined Noyes. "I'm wet and tired, and so be you. You *ort* tu have some, that's a fact. Tell ye what. The barrel is most chuck agin this here bulk-head on the star-b'rd side. You can start one or two of these boards, and get in; there, I've most done it a'ready, I du believe. They're only jest tacked on. Take my gimlet and help yourselves, but don't let the cap'n catch you, 'cos he'll lather you for it."

The men eagerly proceeded in search of the "ammunition," and Noyes returned on deck. Taking a station close in the bows, he might have appeared from his attitude to be anxiously straining his eyes landward, although one hand was employed sawing away with an old jacknife on the hempen cable. As if satisfied with his scrutiny, he presently walked aft, paced back and forth a few times and then went below. Here his snoring had for some time proclaimed that he had launched away into a sound sleep, when with a jerk and a lurch, the "pinkey" shook fore and aft.

"Hul—lo! She's adrift! she's adrift!" shouted Noyes, springing up. "All hands on deck; O, lud! all hands on deck!"

The windlass was manned, although it would have gone round rather slowly in the then condition of the men, had it not been for Noyes's stout arm. Presently he threw down his handspike and rushing forward put his hand on the cable.

"By the golly!" he exclaimed, "I du believe she's parted."

As the end came through the hawse-hole, he seized it and gave it a vigorous thrash across the night-head to disguise the cut strands, threw it down and stamped his foot with vexation.

"What is to be done now?" inquired the midshipman, in alarm.

"Declare, I don' no. We'll have to let her drive for Barnstable bar, or else we must put her ashore here, somewhere. Ef we *du* let her go for Barnstable, I wouldn't give a copper farden for our lives. We shall have our mouths full o' seaweed afore mornin'. Ef we get her ashore here under the lee of the land, we can save our lives, anyhow."

"Do what you can then," said Richmond. "But here," he added, turning sharply on Noyes, "if you have been playing us a trick, you are a dead man. The instant I find you've been about anything of the kind, slap goes a bullet through your head."

"O, dear!" ejaculated the trembling Noyes. "What have I been duin, cap'n? Ha'n't I done my best? Aint I duin all I can?"

"Pshaw!" replied Richmond, turning away with a contemptuous air. "Nobody wishes to harm you, if you do your duty."

Day was breaking. They drifted over the shoals off Eastham. A sloop lay at anchor not far from the village.

"My good man," said Richmond, "just run us alongside of that sloop. We'll take her anchor and cable, and let her go."

"'T wont du, cap'n," answered Noyes. "We'd have to follow the channel close in shore to get to her; and the folks are pretty wide awake, I can tell you."

The words were hardly out of his mouth, when the schooner struck heavily on the sands. One of the men, unable to preserve his perpendicular, fetched a lee lurch and fell like a log on the deck. The truth flashed with a single glance on the midshipman, as rushing forward, he exclaimed:

"You infernal villain, this is *your* work, you shall suffer for it!"

"Stop!" retorted Noyes, levelling a pistol at the astonished officer. "You are in my power—you are here, hard and fast. The tide's going out. Your men are all drunk; you cannot help yourself, Mr. Richmond. But if you are not satisfied, just take your glass and look up yonder to our town-house. Do you see the men out there, watching us? And do you mind that long pole with that thing flying from it? It's the signal for the militia. They'll be down here in twenty minutes."

"It is too true!" he exclaimed, dashing down his glass. "And such a cursed Yankee trick, too!"

Two men were now seen cautiously approaching the vessel. Noyes shouted to them. They went back, and presently returning with a larger force, the schooner's crew were taken off, and carried to the village, where they were put in safe keeping till the county authorities might take them in charge. Noyes made a pretty speculation of his prize; but the affair in which he had been engaged involved the "Cape" towns in quite a quarrel with the English squadron, as may be seen by reference to some of the histories of the time. I have only to add, that the foregoing narrative was derived from the lips of one of the actors. I have only altered one or two names to avoid occasion of offence

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

I THINK OF THEE.

I think of thee at evening's calm,
And in night's soul-voiced hour—
When all around is softly hushed
As by a spell of power;
When gleams of childhood's joyous days
Come thronging round my heart,
And dreams of love and hope are there,
That will not all depart.

O, oft in memory thrills again,
That witching smile and tone;
Sweet as the wind-harp's,—echoed, aye,
To mine in unison.
I deemed thee not so very dear,
Till thou wert far from me;
But now thou'rt ever in my thoughts,
My dreams are all of thee.

I think of thee at morn, and midst
The world's bewildering throng,
Where Pleasure wakes her every wile,
And Hope her syren song.
And deeming thou art still the same
As once thou wert to me,
My heart from earth's cold mockery,
Exulting, turns to thee.

O, every word or kindly look
Thou e'er to me hast given,
Is on my heart's unvarying page,
As 'twere with diamonds graven.
But thou art changed, the flowers of hope
On life's bleak waste are cast,
And earth has but one joy for me—
The memory of the past.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE UNMEANT REBUKE.

A LIFE LESSON.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

CHARLES NELSON had reached his thirty-fifth year, and at that age he found himself going down hill. He had once been one of the happiest of mortals, and no blessing was wanting to complete the sum of his happiness. He had one of the best of wives, and his children were intelligent and comely. He was a carpenter by trade, and no man could command better wages, or be more sure of work. If any man attempted to build a house, Charles Nelson must boss the job, and for miles around, people sought him to work for them. But a change had come over his life. A demon had met him on his way, and he had turned back with the evil spirit. A new and experienced carpenter had been sent for by those who could no longer depend upon Nelson, and he had settled in the village, and now took Nelson's place.

On a back street, where the great trees threw their green branches over the way, stood a small cottage, which had once been the pride of its inmates. Before it stretched a wide garden, but tall, rank grass grew up among the choking flowers, and the paling of the fence was broken in many places. The house itself had once been white, but it was now dingy and dark. Bright green blinds had once adorned the windows, but now they had been taken off and sold. And the windows themselves bespoke poverty and neglect, for in many places the glass was gone, and shingles, rags and old hats had taken its place. A single look at the house and its accompaniments told the story. It was the drunkard's home!

Within sat a woman yet in the early years of life, and though she was still handsome to look upon, the bloom was gone from her cheek, and the brightness had faded from her eyes. Poor Mary Nelson! Once she had been the happiest among the happy, but now none could be more miserable! Near her sat two children, both girls, and both beautiful in form and feature; but their garbs were all patched and worn, and their feet were shoeless. The eldest was thirteen years of age, and the other two years younger. The mother was hearing them recite a grammar lesson, for she had resolved that her children should not grow up in ignorance. They could not attend the common school, for thoughtless children sneered at them and made them the subject of sport and ridicule; but in this respect they did not suffer, for their mother was well educated, and she devoted such time as she could spare, to their instruction.

For more than two years, Mary Nelson had earned all the money that had been used in that house. People hired her to wash, iron and sew for them, and besides the money paid, they gave her many articles of food and clothing. So she lived on, and the only joys that dwelt with her now were teaching her children and praying to God.

Supper time came, and Charles Nelson came reeling home. He had worked the day before at helping move a building, and thus had earned money enough to find himself in rum for several days. As he stumbled into the house the children crouched close to their mother, and even she shrank away, for sometimes her husband was ugly when thus intoxicated.

O, how that man had changed within two years! Once there was not a finer looking man in the town. In frame he had been tall, stout, compact and perfectly formed, while his face bore the very beau-ideal of manly beauty. But all was changed now. His noble form was bent, his limbs shrunken and tremulous, and his face all bloated and disfigured. He was not the man who had once been the fond husband and doting father. The loving wife had prayed, and wept, and implored, but all to no purpose; the husband was bound to the drinking companions of the bar-room, and he would not break the bonds.

That evening Mary Nelson ate no supper, for of all the food she had in the house there was not more than enough for her husband and children; but when her husband had gone she went out and picked a few berries, and thus kept her vital energy alive. That night the poor woman prayed long and earnestly, and her little ones prayed with her.

On the following morning Charles Nelson sought the bar-room as soon as he arose, but he was sick and faint, and liquor would not revive him, for it would not remain on his stomach. He had drank very deeply the night before, and he felt miserable. At length, however, he managed to keep down a few glasses of hot sling, but the close atmosphere of the bar-room seemed to stifle him, and he went out.

The poor man had sense enough to know that if he could sleep he should feel better, and he had just feeling enough to wish to keep away from home; so he wandered off towards a wood not far from the village, and sank down by the side of a stone wall and was soon buried in a profound slumber. When he awoke, the sun was shining down hot upon him, and raising himself to a sitting posture, he gazed about him. He knew that it was afternoon, for the sun was turning toward the west. He was just upon the point of rising, when his motion was arrested by the sound of voices near at hand. He looked through a chink in the wall, and just upon the other side he saw his two children picking berries, while a little further off were two more girls, the children of the carpenter who had lately moved into the village.

"Come, Katy," said one of these latter girls, to her companion, "let's go away from here, because if any body should see us with those girls they'd think we played with 'em. Come."

"But the berries are thick here," remonstrated the other.

"Never mind—we'll come out some time when those little ragged drunkard's girls aren't here."

So the two favored ones went away hand in hand, and Nelly and Nancy Nelson sat down upon the grass and cried.

"Don't cry, Nancy," said the eldest, throwing her arms around her sister's neck.

"But you are crying, Nelly."

"O, I can't help it," sobbed the stricken one.

"Why do they blame us?" murmured Nancy, gazing up into her sister's face. "O, we are not to blame. We are good and kind, and loving, and we never hurt anybody. O, I wish somebody would love us; I should be so happy."

"But we are loved, Nancy. Only think of our noble mother. Who could love us as she does?"

"I know—I know, Nelly; but that aren't all. Why don't papa love us as he used to do? Don't you remember when he used to kiss us and make us so happy? O, how I wish he could be so good to us once more! He is not—"

"—sh, sissy! don't say anything more. He may be good to us again; if he knew how we loved him I know he would. And then I believe God is good, and surely he will help us sometime, for mother prays to him every day."

"Yes," answered Nancy, "I know she does; and God must be our Father sometime."

"He is our Father now, sissy."

"I know it; but he must be all we shall have by-and-by, for don't you remember that mother told us that she might leave us one of these days? She said a cold finger was upon her heart, and—and—"

"—sh. Don't, don't, Nancy; you'll—"

The words were choked up with sobs and tears, and the sisters wept long together. At length they arose and went away, for they saw more children coming.

As soon as the little ones were out of sight, Charles Nelson started to his feet. His hands were clenched, and his eyes were fixed upon a vacant point with an eager gaze.

"My God!" he gasped, "what a villain I am! Look at me now! What a state I am in, and what have I sacrificed to bring myself to it! And they love me yet, and pray for me!"

He said no more, but for some moments he stood with his hands still clenched, and eyes fixed. At length his gaze was turned upward, and his clasped hands were raised above his head. A moment he remained so, and then his hands dropped by his side, and he started homeward.

When he reached his home he found his wife and children in tears, but he affected to notice it not. He drew a shilling from his pocket—it was his last—and handing it to his wife, he asked her if she would send and get him some milk and flour, and make him some porridge. The wife was startled by the strange tone in which this was spoken, for it sounded just as that voice had sounded in days gone by.

The porridge was made nice and nourishing, and Charles ate it all. He went to bed early, and early on the following morning he was up. He asked his wife if she had milk and flour enough to make him another bowl of porridge.

"Yes, Charles," she said. "We have not touched it."

"Then if you are willing, I should like some more."

The wife moved quickly about the work, and ere long the food was prepared. The husband ate it, and he felt better. He washed and dressed, and would have shaved had his hand been steady enough. He left his home and went at once to a man who had just commenced to frame a house.

"Mr. Manly," he said, addressing the gentleman alluded to, "I have drank the last drop of alcoholic beverage that ever passes my lips. Ask me no more questions, but believe me now while you see me true. Will you give me work?"

"Charles Nelson, are you in earnest?" asked Manly, in surprise.

"So much so, sir, that were death to stand upon my right hand, and yonder bar-room upon my left, I would go with the grim messenger first."

"Then here is my house lying about us in rough timber and boards. I place it all in your hands, and shall look to you to finish it. While I can trust you, you may trust me. Come into my office and you shall have the plan I have drawn."

We will not tell how the stout man wept, nor how his noble friend shed tears to see him thus; but Charles Nelson took the plan, and having studied it for a while, he went out where the men were at work getting the timber together, and Mr. Manly introduced him as their master. That day he worked but little, for he was not strong yet, but he arranged the timber, and gave directions for framing. At night he asked his employer if he dared trust him with a dollar.

"Why, you've earned three," returned Manly.

"And will you pay me three dollars a day?"

"If you are as faithful as you have been to-day, for you will save me money at that."

The poor man could not speak his thanks in words, but his looks spoke for him, and Manly understood them. He received his three dollars, and on his way home he stopped and bought first a basket, then three loaves of bread, a pound of butter, some tea, sugar, and a piece of beef-steak, and he had just one dollar and seventy-five cents left. With this load he went home. It was some time before he could compose himself to enter the house, but at length he went in and set the basket upon the table.

"Come, Mary," he said, "I have brought something home for supper. Here, Nelly you take the pail and run over to Mr. Brown's and get a couple quarts of milk."

He handed the child a shilling as he spoke, and in a half bewildered state she took the money and hurried away.

The wife started when she raised the cover of the basket, but she dared not speak. She moved about like one in a dream, and ever and anon she would cast a furtive glance at her husband. He had not been drinking—she knew it—and yet he had money to buy rum with if he had wanted it. What could it mean? Had her prayers been answered? O, how fervently she prayed then.

Soon Nelly returned with the milk, and Mrs. Nelson set the table out. After supper Charles arose, and said to his wife:

"I must go up to Mr. Manly's office to help him arrange some plans for his new house, but I will be at home early."

A pang shot through the wife's heart as she saw her husband turn away, but still she was far happier than she had been before for a long while. There was something in his manner that assured her, and gave her hope.

Just as the clock struck nine, the well-known footfall was heard, strong and steady. The door opened, and Charles entered. His wife cast a quick, keen glance into his face, and she almost uttered a cry of joy when she saw how he was changed for the better. He had been to the barber's and to the hatter's. Yet nothing was said upon the all-important subject. Charles wished to retire early, and his wife went with him. In the morning the husband arose first and built the fire. Mary had not slept until long after midnight, having been kept awake by the tumultuous emotions that had started up in her bosom, and hence she awoke not so early as usual. But she came out just as the tea-kettle and potatoes began to boil, and breakfast was soon ready.

After the meal was eaten, Charles arose and put on his hat, and then turning to his wife he asked:

"What do you do, to-day?"

"I must wash for Mrs. Bixby."

"Are you willing to obey me once more?"

"O—yes."

"Then work for me to-day. Send Nelly over to tell Mrs. Bixby that you are not well enough to wash, for you are not. Here is a dollar, and you must do with it as you please. Buy something that will keep you busy for yourself or children."

Mr. Nelson turned towards the door, and his hand was upon the latch. He hesitated, and then turned back. He did not speak, but he opened his arms, and his wife sank upon his bosom. He kissed her, and then having gently placed her in a seat, he left the house. When he went to his work that morning he felt well, and very happy. Mr. Manly was by to cheer him, and this he did by talking and acting as though Charles had never been unfortunate at all.

It was Saturday evening, and Nelson had been almost a week without rum. He had earned fifteen dollars, ten of which he now had in his pocket.

"Mary," he said, after the supper-table had been cleared away, "here are ten dollars for you, and I want you to expend it in clothing for yourself and children. I have earned fifteen dollars during the last five days. I am to build Squire Manly's great house, and he pays me three dollars a day. A good job, isn't it?"

Mary looked up, and her lips moved, but she could not speak a word. She struggled a few moments, and then burst into tears. Her husband took her by the arm and drew her upon his lap, and then pressed her to his bosom.

"Mary," he whispered, while the tears ran down his own cheeks, "you are not deceived. I am Charley Nelson once more, and will be while I live. Not by any act of mine shall another cloud cross your brow." And then he told of the words he had heard on the previous Monday, while he lay behind the wall.

"Never before," he said, "did I fully realize how low I had fallen, but the scales dropped from my eyes then as though some one had struck them off with a sledge. My soul started up to a stand-point from which all the tempters of earth cannot move it. Your prayers are answered, my wife."

Time passed on, and the cottage once more assumed its garb of pure white, and its whole windows and green blinds. The roses in the garden smiled, and in every way did the improvement work. Once again was Mary Nelson among the happiest of the happy, and her children chose their own associates now.

CLUB HOUSE, WEST STREET.

This elegant structure, erected for a club of private gentlemen, is one of those tasteful buildings with which the genius of Messrs. Billings Brothers has adorned our city. The view was drawn for us by Mr. Champney, and is a truthful representation, as will be perceived by a glance at the original. The house is very centrally situated, and the interior is furnished with taste and elegance. Clubs have never obtained much in this country, but it is not unlikely that they will. They are of English origin. The last number of the North American Review contains a very interesting article, entitled the "Clubs of London," from which many particulars not generally known, respecting these associations, may be gathered. The two earliest on record were the Mermaid Club, which held its meetings in Friday Street, and Ben. Jonson's Club, which gathered at the Devil Tavern, between Temple Gates and Temple Bar, London. Sir Walter Raleigh is said to have instituted the first, and around him gathered such men as Shakspeare, Ben Jonson, Beaumont, Fletcher and Selden, forming a galaxy of wit and intellect such as the world will never look upon again. These early clubs were simply gatherings at stated times, to enjoy the "feast of reason and the flow of soul," wine and wit being the staples of the entertainment. The revolution, of course, put an end to such convivial meetings, but the clubs again flourished under the restoration. From social meetings, from which politics were rigidly excluded, they became partizan in their character, and were used as machinery to advance the fortunes of factions, as afterwards in Paris. "The club of ancient times," says the Review, "exists no longer, or only among the middle or lower classes. The aristocratic combination of our days, which is so called, is a club in name only, if the word is to be interpreted by what it was used to signify in its origin, and through a long course of years, up to a very recent period. Formerly, as we have just seen, it meant a social meeting of a select few, held at stated intervals, and at some public tavern; whereas now it has lost every one of these attributes. Some of these modern assemblies are exclusively confined to members of the army and navy, others to university men, and others again to travellers, this to conservatives, and that to reformers; but in all, a certain degree of wealth, and a certain *status* in society, seem to be the indispensable condition of admission. Now, too, each club has every accommodation that luxury can demand or invention supply."

CLUB HOUSE, WEST STREET, BOSTON.

SPY POND, WEST CAMBRIDGE.

Our view of Spy Pond was drawn for the Pictorial by an artist familiar with the spot, and noted for the accuracy of his delineations. It shows a portion of the pond beneath the wooded bank on which stands Mr. Taft's fine hotel, a favorite place of resort during the summer, being just a pleasant driving distance from the city. The boats in front indicate one never-failing source of amusement to the visitor, while the fisherman seems to have realized something more substantial than a "glorious nibble" from his investment of bait. Spy Pond is one of the most *delightful* sheets of water in the vicinity of Boston. These ponds—lakes they would be called in Europe—are the peculiar charm of our New England scenery. You cannot ride far, in any direction, without coming to a noble expanse of water, fringed with forest trees, and, when in the vicinity of large settlements, surrounded by pleasant dwelling-houses. The people of West Cambridge have improved this feature of their pretty township. The street which runs from the square to Wellington Hill is lined on both sides with noble mansions and elegant cottages, overlooking the water, while the land is laid out in gardens, planted with trees and cultivated with great liberality and taste. There are some fine market gardens on the borders of the pond. Not the least striking features of the pond scenery are the huge ice-houses, some of which are partially shown in our engraving. It is curious to reflect that the water of this pond, conveyed thousands of miles in a solid state, cools the parched palates of the nabobs and rajahs of Hindostan, and the dons of Havana. The water that now sparkles before us may gleam in the goblet of a British merchant at Canton, or moisten the lip of a Cuban senorita. The ice trade, out of which so many large fortunes have been made, which gives employment to so many hundreds of men, and so many tons of shipping, is a Yankee notion. From time immemorial, hardy mariners have ploughed the deep, but the idea of ploughing ponds in winter was one of which even our ingenious forefathers never dreamed. Yet even winter has its harvest as well as autumn, and the ploughman's whistle, when not cold enough to freeze his breath, is heard in January as erst in spring or fall. The signs of the weather are scanned as narrowly by the ice-farmers as by the hay-farmers, and cold is as ardently wished for by the former as heat by the latter. The rigors of our climate are made to minister to our fortunes.

SPY POND AND TAFT'S HOTEL, WEST CAMBRIDGE.

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL.
THE CHEAPEST WEEKLY PAPER IN THE WORLD.

MATURIN M. BALLOU, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.
FRANCIS A. DURIVAGE, ASSISTANT EDITOR.

MRS. ROSALIE PELBY.

This lady died lately on board the steamship Northern Light, on her return from California, at the age of sixty-four. As the wife of the late William Pelby, she was well known as an actress of great ability. The old play-goers and frequenters of the Federal Street, Tremont, Warren and National theatres well remember her performances. In the heyday of her youth and beauty she was one of the most attractive performers on the stage; and those who were not old enough to remember her in the zenith of her beauty, beheld her image in her daughter, Mrs. Anderson, who died a few years ago. Mrs. Pelby was the original "Cherry," in the spectacle of "Cherry and Fair Star," first produced at the Federal Street Theatre. She afterwards went to the Tremont, when that house was opened under the management of her husband, and was also one of the attractions of the Warren, afterwards National Theatre. During the latter part of her professional career, she played, of course, a different range of characters, and her personation of "Moll Pitcher" and of "Meg Merrilies," will be long remembered, as fine efforts of histrionic art. She was possessed of great ingenuity and industry, and her group of wax statuary representing the "Last Supper," was, for many years, a popular exhibition. In private life she was beloved for her open-handed charity. The Post says that rich and fashionable ladies, who had no money to bestow, were wont to say to needy applicants, "Go to Mrs. Pelby, she will assist you." That sentence contains a volume of eulogy. The death of Mrs. Pelby has elicited many kindly comments on her life, and indeed, such a woman should not be permitted to pass away

"Without the meed of one melodious tear."

TO SUBSCRIBERS.—Those of our patrons who have the interest of the "Pictorial" at heart, and who desire to see us remunerated for the immense outlay expended on our illumined journal, should subscribe for it *to the publisher direct*. Where a paper is purchased transiently, here or there, the publisher reaps but little advantage, as he must wholesale his work at a price that it can be sold again to retailers, who in turn must make *their* profit on the paper. Let all who cherish our laborious and expensive enterprise, therefore, enclose the subscription price to *head-quarters*, and receive the paper with prompt regularity.

BINDING.—We are binding up Volume 8 of the Pictorial, just completed, for our subscribers, at the rate of over six hundred per week. These are completed in one week after the sheets are handed in at our office, and returned elegantly bound in full gilt, with illumined title page and complete index for *one dollar*.

MOUNT AUBURN.—The work on the new chapel is progressing rapidly. The new observatory is daily visited by hundreds of persons. Many new and beautiful monuments have been added this season.

SPLINTERS.

.... The notorious Lola Montez is going to take to the stage again, in Australia and the East Indies.

.... In Sardinia, the national mode of fighting is kicking—a severe and sometimes fatal mode. Brutal!

.... Count de Laporte, well known here as a French scholar and teacher, died, lately, in Iowa. He was a fine man.

.... Lavater thought that the hands had their expression as well as the face. So he told Goethe.

.... "Love and suicide" make a pretty paragraph to all but the parties concerned.

.... Mr. W. W. Story is finishing a marble statue of Beethoven, which French artists and critics praise very highly.

.... The ecclesiastical powers of Chili have substituted direct taxation for the odious system of tithes.

.... R. Ferguson, ship-news collector of the Journal of Commerce, was lately drowned in the harbor of New York.

.... Punch learns that the English people pay foreign princes for marrying British princesses, and *vice versa*.

.... The New York police rejoice in a summer uniform of Panama hat and brown linen garments. Cool.

.... The steamship Hermann, on her way to New York, celebrated the 4th of July with guns, rockets and a dinner.

.... A farmer of Lynn has three quarters of an acre of horse radish, worth two or three hundred dollars.

.... Ripe fruit and fresh vegetables, well cooked, never hurt any body in the summer season.

.. The shore line of the State of New York is 980 miles long, following all the sinuosities.

.... The land sales in Wisconsin are more than double in amount this year to those of last.

.... The Duke of Wellington said that Scott's march to Mexico was the "military miracle of the age."

.... Captain Abel de la Forest, a revolutionary veteran, was well enough to celebrate the 4th of July at Binghampton, N. Y.

The third division of M. V. M. will encamp at West Brookfield, September 12, 13 and 14,—thirty companies strong.

.... An iceberg was lately seen off the Grand Banks, which was 1000 feet long and 150 high. Rather tall, certainly.

.... The British public smoked, chewed and snuffed 20,000,000 pounds of the "vile weed" last year.

LONGEVITY.

Once in a while a newspaper paragraph calls our attention to the fact that some sprightly young lady has departed this life at the immature age of one hundred years, and that a lad of eighty or ninety has been amusing himself by walking thirty or forty miles a day. The momentary wonder these facts excite passes away, and the facts themselves, so worthy of preservation, are lost with the ephemeral media in which they see the light. There are numerous cases of longevity never recorded, from the obscurity and remoteness of the examples. But all such data deserve to be sought out and to receive attention. They serve to show that the life of man may be protracted many years beyond the period usually assigned for its duration. Length of days, provided, of course, that life be properly employed, is a blessed boon. Scriptural authority so regards it. It is the blessing the popular heart craves for its idols, in moments of enthusiasm. The wish for a long life is the shout with which popular gratitude rewards its benefactors. When we reflect that wisdom and prudence, with rare exceptions, come only with years; that, as the dazzling light of imagination fades away with the other glories of youth, the steady effulgence of reason asserts its empire—we perceive that it is not irrational to desire length of days, and that, in this, as in all other questions, the settled popular idea is a correct one.

The question of the duration of man's natural life has recently attracted much attention. Mr. Flourens, a French philosopher, has lately published a book on this question, which we hope to see translated into the English language. He has advanced the old boundaries of existence, and places old age at eighty years, and sets down a century as the complete natural life of man. His theory of life is, that animals live from six to seven times the number of years required to complete their growth, and that, as a horse, which completes his growth in four years, lives from twenty to twenty-four, a man, who takes eighteen years to reach his growth, may live more than a hundred. The duration of life, of course, depends upon the mode of living. A small proportion of horses reach the age of twenty-four, but this fact is directly referable to their usage. Valuable race-horses, withdrawn from the turf, and properly taken care of, reach an advanced age; and if men took as good care of themselves as they do of their horses, there is no reason why almost all men of a sound constitution might not be centenarians—and that, not as burthens to society, but as its most honored and valued members.

The few survivors of the revolution scattered over the country, make us regret that the band of heroes is so small. What might we not expect from their influence, if every village had its living representatives of that glorious era? If men discarded artificial modes of living—and considered temperance, air and exercise as the most reliable physicians, we should not see so few old men leavening the mass of furiously fast and yet feeble young men who crowd our cities with dissipation and dyspepsia. It is impossible, of course, to lay down rules for living applicable to all, beyond certain broad generalities. The gifts of Providence are bountifully spread around us—each man's experience must tell him what and how much he may take of them. The old adage which tells us that "what is one's meat is another's poison," is philosophically true; and if we occupied ourselves more with governing ourselves, than in prescribing for our neighbors, we should be a wiser, a healthier and a longer-lived race.

SUBSTITUTE FOR THE POTATO.—For many years the scientific in Paris have been engaged in ascertaining if some substitute might not be found for the potato, as an article for human sustenance. The cultivation of the Chinese plant, known as the *Dioscorea Japonica*, is the result. This plant, by its size, weight and hardy character, may be rendered truly valuable, as it will serve as an excellent substitute for the potato. Its tubercles, like those of the Jerusalem artichoke, resist, in the open air, the severest winter without receiving injury. The flavor of this vegetable is more delicate than that of the potato. Vegetable food must enter largely into the means of supply, as few nations are able to afford a very extensive diet of animal food. In France, the annual consumption of animal food is about forty pounds to each individual. Inability to obtain sufficient food is the cause of continual strikes and demonstrations in France.

COOLNESS UNDER FIRE.—At the battle of Minden, the corps of French grenadiers, commanded by St. Pern, was exposed to the fire of a battery, which cut down entire files and shook their courage sensibly. The commander, in the meanwhile, walked his horse slowly along the line, snuff-box in hand, saying: "Well, my children, what's the matter—eh? Cannon? Well—well! it kills—it kills! that's all—that's all!"

BUSINESS PROSPECTS.—The strong and increasing prospects of a grand crop all over the Union, together with the manifest certainty that our country is fast attaining a most favorable financial condition, are having a visible effect upon all business relations. Money is plenty, and commercial confidence is fully re-established. All this is well.

RACHEL, THE ACTRESS.—Now that this distinguished performer has determined to come to this country, the French people find out suddenly that she has lost all her talent, and are spitefully praising her rival, Ristori, to fret her.

TROUBLE IN THE CAMP.—The French say that the failure of the attack on the Malakoff was owing to the blundering of British officers, and the British lay the blame on the French. "A very pretty quarrel as it stands."

THE CRIMEAN EXPEDITION.

When a government undertakes a campaign, in time of war, it cannot be too strong—it cannot be too fully informed of the position, strength and defences of the enemy—it cannot be too amply provided against contingencies. The recent report of the Roebuck committee of the British House of Commons is an appalling document, and shows the greatest rashness, the greatest want of provision and prevision that can possibly be conceived. And it must be remembered that this report even does not tell the whole truth; for the committee frankly declared that "the fulness of the investigation has been restricted by considerations of state policy." The result, however, of the partial investigation is really appalling, and throws upon the British government, and particularly on the Duke of Newcastle, minister of war, at the time the expedition was undertaken—a responsibility which is little short of overwhelming. We can understand now how difficult it is, even after the most energetic appeals and ingenious devices, to rouse the popular mind to procure recruits for the war. The information possessed of the strength of the Russians in the Crimea was insufficient to justify the attempt to reduce Sebastopol. Lord Raglan, in his despatch of the 19th of July, states that "the descent on the Crimea is decided upon more in deference to the views of the British government, than to any information in the possession of the naval and military authorities, either as to the extent of the enemy's forces, or to their state of preparation."

The policy of the government in ordering the expedition was a rash one; but if that policy admits of defence, no apology can be admitted for the inadequacy of the preparations. The British cabinet evidently believed that Sebastopol would be taken at a dash; the frustration of this groundless expectation found them totally unprepared for a winter campaign, and hence the fearful sufferings and losses of the army. We repeat that, in the dangerous game of war, too great caution cannot be used; though, theoretically, "thrice is he armed who hath his quarrel just," physical means and appliances are absolutely necessary. Yet the commencement of most wars exhibits a similar want of foresight, as the survivors of our own war of 1812 very well remember. The troops we first brought into the field were a mere handful compared to the force which was actually needed; and our gallant soldiers in Canada suffered from the want of proper equipage and supplies.

MEDICAL NOSTRUMS.—The committee on quack medicines, appointed by the American Pharmaceutical Association, have recommended to the pharmaceutists and druggists of the Union that they wholly refrain from selling medicines of that description, and express the opinion that this course should receive the sanction of physicians as the only one likely to remedy the evil aimed at, "as the tendency to take medicine *ad libitum* is a feature of the Anglo-Saxon race, daily inherited by the American people, which, whatever may be its faults, is as much their nature as is the love of personal and political freedom."

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL.—We give, weekly, notice of this admirable illustrated paper. Fully equal in all respects to its London rival, the Illustrated News, while it is yet furnished for one *quarter* the price of that journal. Surprise is often expressed at the extraordinary circulation of the Pictorial, rising one hundred thousand, but the wonder is that every one does not take what is absolutely the cheapest paper in the world. As near as we can calculate, sixty thousand copies of Mr. Ballou's paper must be sold before he can count the first cent of profit on his edition. Small profits and large sales, however, applies as well to the publishing business as to the dry goods trade, and this liberal principle is now the popular one in Boston.—*Daily Times.*

LEGAL DECISION.—Judge Cowles of New York has decided that a school teacher's watch is exempt from attachment for debt, as much so as the implements of a mechanic, and for the same reason—it is necessary to his profession.

CLOCK-MAKING IN CONNECTICUT.—This branch of business is carried on to great extent. The Jerome Manufacturing Company of New Haven turn out 240,000 a year, or 800 a day, of some fifty different kinds.

MARRIAGES.

In this city, by Rev. Dr. Jackson, Mr. Charles H. Carruth to Miss Mary E. Nourse; by Rev. Mr. Howe, Mr. Benjamin H. Linscott to Miss Sophia A. Fitch; Mr. Joseph E. Chadburn to Miss Elizabeth G. Hatch; by Rev. Mr. Winkley, Mr. David Jones to Miss Antoinette Williams; Mr. Isaac L. Tripp to Miss Sarah J. Peabody; by Rev. Mr. Barnard, Mr. Charles H. Dolbeare to Miss Mary E. Lincoln; by Rev. Mr. Cilley, Mr. Benjamin F. Mann to Miss Deborah Sampson, both of Worcester.—At Chelsea, by Rev. Mr. Mason, Mr. Henry K. Hall to Miss Elizabeth B. Bryant.—At Lowell, by Rev. Mr. Winn, Mr. Charles H. Gay to Miss Mary J. Archibald, both of Boston.—At Marblehead, by Rev. Mr. Richmond, Mr. Richardson Knowland to Miss Joanna Haskell.—At Newburyport, by Rev. Mr. Horton, Mr. Augustus Caldwell to Miss Sarah Clare.—At Worcester, by Rev. Mr. James, Mr. Peleg A. James to Miss Patience S. Page.—At Leominster, by Rev. Mr. Bingham, Mr. J. A. Tyler to Miss Dolly Noyes.—At Franklin, by Rev. Mr. Thayer, Mr. William Rawson, of South Boston, to Miss Mary Frances Grafton.—At New Bedford, by Rev. Mr. Harlow, Mr. James McIntosh to Miss Mary A. Dennison.—At Springfield, by Rev. Mr. Haskell, Mr. George E. Page to Miss Harriet Lee.—At Weston, by Rev. Dr. Field, Mr. John W. Cutting to Miss Hannah H. Maxfield, of Roxbury.—At South Dover, Me., by Rev. Mr. Page, Mr. Thomas A. Keating to Miss Susan B., daughter of the officiating clergyman.

DEATHS.

In this city, Mr. Edmund Weller, 23; Miss Caroline E. Boardman, 18; Miss Betsey A. Wild, 60; Miss Anna Filebrown, 62.—At Roxbury, Mrs. Fausta M. Reed, 21.—At Charlestown, Mrs. Mary Loring, wife Mr. Samuel Raymond.—At Chelsea U. S. Marine Hospital, Capt. Moses Ventress, 71.—At Dorchester, Mrs. Zebiah Royal Dolbear, 89.—At Cambridgeport, Mrs. Caroline E., wife of Mr. Joseph G. Dane, 21.—At Methuen, on his birthday, Mr. Henry Lyman, son of Mr Nathan and Mrs. Eunice C. Currier, 19.—At Medford, Miss Ellen Maria Bailey, 30.—At Brookline, Miss Emma Carrie Spalding, 21.—At Salem, Mr. George Ramsdell, 50.—At Danversport, Mrs. Harriet Newell, wife of Mr. Albert A. Bates, 19.—At Waltham, Mrs. Abigail Shipley, 76.—At Woburn, Mrs. Hannah Plympton, 69.—At Hingham, Mr. Caleb Gill, 81.—At Haverhill, Mr. Trueworthy G. Nichols, 65.—At Lowell, Benjamin F. Holden, Esq., 38.—At Franklin, Miss Laura Nason, 54.—At Burlington, Mr. Eber Lawrence, 81.—At Manchester, Capt. Jacob Woodbury, 51.—At Worcester, Mrs. Marianna Denny, 21.—At North Brookfield, Mr. Pearly Hale, 85.—At Newburyport, Mr. Samuel Cobb, 36; Mrs. Lucinda T. Payson, 38; Miss Margaret E. Emory, 24.—At Upton, Widow Anna L. Chaub, 46.—At New Bedford, Mrs. Nancy, wife of Mr. Silas T. Lawrence, 25.—At Lunenburg, Capt. Joshua Hall, 86.—At Fitchburg, Miss Harriet E. Bradford, 24.—At Ashburnham, Silas Willard, Esq., 87.—At Middlebury, Vt., Hon. Horace Eaton, late Governor of the State.

EDITORIAL MELANGE.

The Secretary of the Treasury has authorized the Collector of New York to issue permits, to the consuls of different nations, for goods remaining in the Crystal Palace belonging to their citizens, when such goods are intended for direct exportation. The collector must take the consul's agreement, in writing, to export the goods. This order will give general satisfaction. —— The best way to preserve hams, during hot weather, is to sow them up in stout cotton bags, cover them with charcoal dust in barrels, and keep them in a dry cool place. —— A man residing near St. Catherines, C. W., recently became angry with his child, about five years old, and gave it a severe shaking, when, sad to relate, he broke its neck, causing death almost instantly. It was a weakly, delicate creature, and the grief of the parent, on beholding the result of his momentary passion, was most heart-rending. —— The University of New York have very justly conferred upon Lowell Mason, Esq., the degree of Doctor of Music. —— The Alta California has seen a letter from Colonel Kinney, from which it appears that the Kinney and Walker expeditions are expected to meet about the centre of Nicaragua, and it is predicted that a flourishing joint colony will be the result. —— The Salem Gazette calls town pumps "apostles of temperance." —— The following sentiment by Colonel Train, at the Dorchester celebration, is very neat: *The ladies*—May they *add* virtue to beauty, *subtract* envy from friendship, *multiply* amiable accomplishments by sweetness of temper, *divide* time by sociability and economy, and *reduce* scandal to its lowest denomination. —— Count Mendem, the Russian minister at Brazil, and appointed to the same post at Washington after the death of Mr. Bodisco, has wholly retired from the diplomatic service on account of bad health. —— A Paris physician has just published a pamphlet with the title of "The Physical and Moral Degeneration of the Human Race caused by Vaccination." The startling theory that Jenner, who, for more than half a century, has enjoyed the reputation of one of the greatest benefactors of humanity that ever existed, was, in fact, the principal author of cholera and a host of modern diseases, has been broached before, but without exciting much attention. Now, however, the Imperial Academy of Medicine has placed the subject on their paper for discussion. —— The Washington Ranger, Texas, complains that beef is five and six cents a pound, whereas in a neighboring place, Anderson, it is only three cents. —— General Quitman has written a note, denying the insinuations of the New York Sun and National Intelligencer, to the effect that he has pocketed the money of the Cuban junta, and then left it. He says the articles referred to "are a tissue of barefaced and gratuitous falsehoods, for which no honorable man will make himself responsible." —— "Lady Litchfield," a Boston horse, won the purse in a trot at Bangor, lately, —best three in five—time 2.31 1-2, 2.34, 2.34. —— An old lady, named Brown, who died in Needham last winter, left a will bequeathing the bulk of her property, between five and six thousand dollars, to be expended in enlarging, beautifying and adorning the graveyard at West Needham. The deceased had been a resident of the town for upwards of seventy-five years. —— The first steamboat ever built on the waters of the Western Missouri was launched at Kansas city, a few weeks since. She is called the "Kansas City," and is intended for the Kansas River trade. —— A dreadful affair took place, recently, in Dominick Street, New York, by the accidental upsetting of a burning fluid lamp, fatally burning a child nine years of age, and terribly burning the hands and arms of her parents, who endeavored to put out the fire. —— Ship-building is brisk in Portsmouth, where eight vessels are now on the stocks. —— The Cincinnati Commercial says that Pocahontas, which recently paced a mile over the Union Course in two minutes seventeen and a half seconds—the quickest time on record—was first discovered in Cincinnati, working in a four-horse mill team, and purchased by Mr. Woodman for $90. —— Thomas Comer will lead the Boston Theatre orchestra next season. —— A shoal of over one hundred large sturgeon made their appearance in the river at Grand Rapids, lately. Spears and all sorts of fire-arms were brought in requisition, and more than half of the shoal were taken captive. —— The project of a line of steamers between New Orleans and Nicaragua has been abandoned. —— Dr. R. G. W. English has been appointed city physician of Springfield, Mass., and has accepted the office.

A GOOD HABIT.—Riding on horseback has become, within the last few years, a favorite recreation with French ladies. Great care and attention is bestowed on the make of the habits, which partake, in their decorations, of the present extravagant style of costume. Many of the riding habits are copied from the portraits in the gallery of Versailles, of the reign of Louis XIII. and Louis XV. But the most distinguished habit is the plain black or dark green, or blue summer cloth, trimmed with *brandenbourys* and buttons. The hat is of felt or beaver, with a black plume thrown backwards.

TRADE CONSPIRACY.—The Journal of Commerce mentions as current in New York city a report that several capitalists and large produce dealers held a meeting in the city of Buffalo, lately, "to devise ways and means to control the present stock of breadstuffs," and thus not only to determine the amount to be forwarded to the seaboard, but also to regulate the prices.

HURLEY'S SARSAPARILLA.—This wonderful specific is winning golden opinions in all directions. Bull, Sands and Townsend are nowhere, the cry being for Hurley alone. His preparation can be had, wholesale or retail, by the case or bottle, at the store of Messrs. Bacon, Hyde & Co.—*St. Louis Evening Mirror.*

WHAT IT REQUIRES.—Twenty-two hundred full grown trees, or the matured crop of forty-four acres of woodland, are required to furnish timber for a single seventy-four gun ship.

Wayside Gatherings.

S. Wells Williams has been appointed Secretary of Legation to China.

The New York Mirror thanks God that New York is *open at the top*, and that water is flowing on both sides.

Edwin Forrest has bought a house in Philadelphia for $33,000, and intends removing into it immediately.

Lieut. George H. Derby, U. S. Topographical Engineers, has been appointed on the staff of General Wool.

A new muskmelon has been introduced into Mobile from Brazil, which is said to be of a superior quality and a prolific bearer.

A horse was attacked by hydrophobia a few days since in Columbus, Pa., having been bitten by a mad dog ninety-three days before.

Count Beangarde, arrested in New York some time since, for recruiting for the British army, was discharged for want of evidence.

John G. Saxe, editor of the Burlington (Vt.) Sentinel, delivered a poem at the recent commencement of Knox College, at Galesburg, Illinois.

Captain Baker, a wealthy planter of Louisiana, who had settled on the Colorado, Texas, to commence farming, was shot and killed by one of his negroes.

The Mississippi papers state as a fact, that showers of brimstone have fallen in that State within the last two weeks. It has been tried and proved to be genuine.

The steamer Northerner arrived at Detroit a few days since, from Lake Superior, bringing 300 barrels of copper, shipped at Ontonagon, by Carson & Close.

A wooden image that can be made to walk and talk has been exhibited in New York. Barnum paid it a visit. The Evening Post thinks there is a man inside of it.

The citizens of Lynn have formed a "Flour and Corn League," on principles similar to the N. E. Protective Union, with which association it contemplates forming a union.

At the last meeting of the grand jury at Danville, Va., they determined, it is said, by a decided vote, to disregard the State law prohibiting the circulation of small notes.

Grasshoppers, in countless hosts, are sweeping over the fields in the Guadalupe and San Antonio valleys, in Texas, but they are followed by immense flocks of birds which feed upon them.

The Globe Iron Works of New York have recently turned out a casting weighing eighty-eight thousand pounds—the largest, it is said, ever effected in a single mass in this country.

A mad dog ran up three flights of stairs at 407 Broadway, New York, and dashed through the window of a daguerrian gallery, falling heavily on the pavement below. He died in a few minutes afterwards.

Mr. Jim Putnam, a respectable and industrious man, sixty years of age, residing in Sutton, committed suicide by hanging, a few days since. He had been in a depressed state of mind for several weeks.

A singular exhibition recently took place at a review of the Turkish army at Eupatoria. Whilst the troops were resting, Omar Pasha, the general commanding, had a race with Sephia Pasha.

The monument to the memory of Henry Clay was inaugurated at Pottsville, Va., on the 4th of July, amid imposing ceremonies. The oration on the occasion was delivered by Hon. Charles Gibbons.

Hon. John P. Hale, in a speech at the New Hampshire State Temperance Convention, approved of Neal Dow's course in the late riots, and said he had not tasted ardent spirits or wine either, for the last twenty years.

A railroad is in contemplation from Superior City, situated at the extreme west of Lake Superior, and a company of engineers have recently left St. Paul for that place, with a view of commencing the road from that point to St. Paul.

The law of libel in Connecticut was materially modified by an act of the recent legislature, by which the defendant may show the intention with which he made the publication, and the plaintiff must prove malice before he can recover damages.

The French papers state that the California nugget of gold, said to be valued at $40,000, sent to the Paris exhibition, is found to be a piece of lead covered with gold, upon which the roughness and unevenness of native gold has been ingeniously imitated.

While President Van Buren was at Nice, he expressed a desire to witness an earthquake, and, sure enough, in a few days there came one more tremendous than that of 1840. It came in the night, and Mr. Van Buren was seen in the park near the hotel, in primitive costume and a high state of excitement.

A shrewd boy in Worthington, lately attached a contrivance, comprising a hammer, wires, spring, etc., to the floor underneath the desk of the school-mistress, with which he, while seated some twenty feet or more distant, by means of a cord, started the school in general, and the teacher in particular, with an exhibition of the "rappings."

The captain of the steamer Golden State, on arriving at Lexington (Mo.), from Council Bluffs and Yellow Stone, reported that the river up in that region was very low—the whole country suffering for want of rain—and that while the boat was at the mouth of the Yellow Stone, the prairie caught fire, and before the fire could be put out, *the river was burnt in two!*

An order having been issued to the men of the razee-frigate Independence, now stationed on the Pacific coast, to work on Sunday while in port, the chaplain spoke against such labors in a sermon. Commodore Mervin thereupon ordered him to desist, and he has not been permitted to preach since. It is understood that the chaplain accordingly will leave his ship and come to Washington to make complaint.

The Cincinnati grand jury have found two new indictments against William Arrison for the murder of the Allisons—the same crime for which he has been tried and convicted—in peril of his life, sentenced, and the day set for the execution. These indictments are in direct violation of the bill of rights, which says—"No man shall be compelled, in any criminal case, to be a witness against himself or be twice put in jeopardy for the same offence."

A model, by Donald McKay, Esq., from which it is proposed to build the pioneer boat of a line of steamers to run between Boston and Liverpool, to be called the "Cradle of Liberty," was lately shown at the Merchants' Exchange. The dimensions are to be as follows: length, 320 feet; breadth, 45 feet; depth, 31 feet; shear, 7 feet. Engines, 85 inch cylinder, 10 feet stroke. It is supposed she will accommodate 250 first class cabin passengers; 50 second class; carry 1000 tons freight, and make the passage in eight days.

Foreign Items.

There is a movement in Dublin to abolish Donnybrook Fair. It seems that the fair may now be bought up from the patentees for £3000.

The Emperor of Russia has turned his cabinet at the winter palace into a kind of observatory, from which, by the aid of a telescope, he can see Cronstadt, the fortifications and a part of the Lysy Nas.

It is fearful to contemplate the number of physicians and surgeons in England, because the deaths must, of course, be proportionate. At the present day they number 10,000, of whom 2000 reside in London.

The King of Naples makes open court to Russia, and longs to welcome the fleets of the czar in the Mediterranean. His Sicilian majesty has conferred the order of St. Ferdinand on a Russian grand duke, and the tone of the court is as Muscovite and anti-English as it well can be.

A poor seamstress in Dundee, Scotland, led away by religious monomania, has resolved to deny herself the comfort of a bed until she has converted the world. She now sleeps regularly upon some grass under a tombstone in "the auld kirkyard of the Munse."

The Countess de Lavalette, daughter of the Marquis de Beauharnais, and cousin-german of Queen Hortense, died in Paris, lately. She was the wife of Count de Lavalette, postmaster-general under the first empire, whom she saved from the scaffold, in 1815, by her energy and presence of mind.

The Austrian government requests the directors of the railways in the empire to plant young trees, of a description indicated, at convenient distances along the lines, intending them to replace eventually the posts upon which telegraph wires are at present affixed.

The Emperor Alexander II. has issued a manifesto providing that in case of his decease, during the minority of his eldest son, the Grand Duke Constantine shall be regent; that in case of the death of the heir, he shall also be regent until his second son shall become of age, and the guardianship of the other imperial children is vested in the Empress Maria Alexandria.

Sands of Gold.

.... The star-light smile of children!—*Epes Sargent.*

.... Voracious learning, often over-fed, digests not into sense her motley meal.—*Young.*

.... A man has generally the good or ill qualities which he attributes to mankind.—*Shenstone.*

.... All our first movements are good, generous, heroical; reflection weakens and kills them.—*Aimé Martin.*

.... This incessant and Sabbathless pursuit of a man's fortune leaveth not that tribute which we owe to God of our time.—*Bacon.*

.... Avarice is the most opposite of all characters to that of God Almighty, whose alone it is to give and not receive.—*Shenstone.*

.... If a man were to set out by calling everything by its right name, he would be knocked down before he got to the corner of the street.—*Lord Halifax.*

.... It is impossible thoroughly to judge of the disposition of any woman, till it has been seen how the passion of love acts upon it.—*Fitz-hugh (Tales of Passion.)*

.... The human soul is like a bird that is born in a cage. Nothing can deprive it of its natural longings, or obliterate the mysterious remembrance of its heritage.—*Epes Sargent.*

.... Small debts are like small shot; they are rattling on every side, and can scarcely be escaped without a wound: great debts are like cannon, of loud noise but little danger.—*Johnson.*

.... Dreams, indeed, are ambition; for the very substance of the ambitious is merely the shadow of a dream. And I hold ambition of so airy and light a quality, that it is but a shadow's shadow.—*Shakspeare.*

.... The last best fruit which comes to late perfection, even in the kindliest soil, is tenderness toward the hard, forbearance toward the unforbearing, warmth of heart toward the cold, philanthropy toward the misanthropic.—*Richter.*

.... The point of aim for our vigilance to hold in view, is to dwell upon the brightest parts in every prospect, to cull off the thoughts when running upon disagreeable objects, and strive to be pleased with the present circumstances surrounding us.—*Tucker.*

Joker's Budget.

Snooks was advised to get his life insured. "Wont do it," said he; "it would be my luck to live forever, if I should."

It is aggravating to see a good looking man wrestling with your wife in a waltz, without having the privilege of going up and tightening his neckerchief.

A young widow was asked why she was going to get married so soon after the death of her first husband. "O, la!" said she, "I do it to prevent fretting myself to death on account of dear Tom."

"Have you any limbhorn bonnets?" inquired a very modest miss of a shop-keeper. "Any what?" "Any limbhorn bonnets?" "Any—you don't mean leghorn?" The young lady was brought to by the proper restoratives.

"I say, milkman, you give your cows too much salt!" "Why—how do you know how much salt I give them?" "I judge from the appearance of the milk you bring us lately. Salt makes the cows dry, and then they drink too much water, and that makes their milk thin, you know."

An old lady, on being examined before a magistrate as to her place of legal settlement, was asked what reason she had for supposing her husband had a legal settlement in that town. The old lady said: "He was born and married there, and they buried him there, and if that isn't settling him there, I don't know what is."

A Frenchman, being hard up for a dinner, stole a pig. He was caught in the act, taken before a magistrate and called upon for his defence, when he thus delivered himself: "O, mon Dieu! I steal ze pig! No, sare! never! Aha! you sall see! I tell ze pig, vill he go wiz me? He says, '*Oui! oui!*' and zen I take him. Is zhat vot you call steal de pig, ven he go vis his own consent?"

The following gem of obituary poetry is from a gravestone in the Wrentham burying-ground:

"A tub of water she fell in,
Not knowing it would take her breath;
But O, alas! the fatal thing
That proved to her a sudden death!"

NOTICE TO ADVERTISERS.—*One page only of this paper is devoted to advertisements.* The immense circulation of the PICTORIAL (being *over one hundred thousand copies weekly*) forms a vehicle of advertisement that is rarely offered to the public. Another fact which greatly enhances the value of the PICTORIAL as an advertising medium is, that it is *preserved*, and not destroyed after being read, being regularly bound up every six months, so that each advertisement (all being placed on the *inside* of the paper) becomes a *permanent card of the advertiser's business for years to come.*

☞ TERMS FOR ADVERTISING.—*Fifty cents per line*, in all cases, without regard to length or continuance.

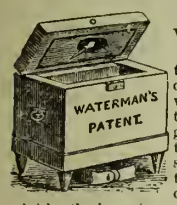
M. M. BALLOU, *Publisher and Proprietor*,
Corner of Tremont and Bromfield Sts., Boston, Mass.

IMPORTANT MUSICAL PUBLICATION.

BAKER'S CHURCH MUSIC.

WE have just issued one of the most valuable collections of Church Music ever published in this country, edited by Prof. B. F. BAKER. It will be the Music Book of the season.

aug 4 3w JOHN P. JEWETT & Co., *Publishers.*



WATERMAN'S PATENT VENTILATED REFRIGERATOR.

In this article all real objections to the old ones have been overcome, so far as they can be without violating the laws of nature, appertaining to the refrigerator and the gases, generated by the decomposition of animal and vegetable substances, the only laws concerning the refrigerator, except the law of cleanliness. For sale (at retail only) by the inventor, at his Kitchen Furnishing Rooms, 83 and 85 Cornhill.

july 7 NATH. WATERMAN.

IMPORTANT TO FAMILIES.

NOAH DAVIS'S CELEBRATED COMBINATION OF MOCHA AND JAVA COFFEE has been used by Hotels, Steamships, and by thousands of families, and acknowledged by all the best flavor and 40 per cent. cheaper than any before used. Families say *one* pound is equal to *two* of any other kind. JOHN C. FERNALD & Co., *Sole Agents*,

aug 4 458 Washington St., Boston.

UNITED STATES CLUB AGENCY.

THE undersigned having made arrangements with the publishers, offer to furnish any two of the following publications for $3, being a discount of *twenty-five per cent.* from the price per single copy:

BOSTON—The American Union, Olive Branch, Weekly Traveller, Weekly Telegraph, Star-Spangled Banner, Yankee Privateer, American Patriot, Know Nothing and American Crusader.

NEW YORK—The Scientific American, Home Journal and the Weekly Tribune.

ROCHESTER, N. Y.—Moore's Rural New Yorker.

PHILADELPHIA—McMakin's Weekly Courier, Saturday Evening Post, Peterson's Ladies' National Magazine, and Arthur's Home Magazine.

Also either of the above, and one copy of either of the following $3 magazines for $3 50:

PHILA.—Godey's Lady's Book, Graham's Magazine.
NEW YORK—Harper's New Monthly.

Any two of the $3 Monthlies for $4.
Any one of the Monthlies and two of the Weeklies, for $5.
Any two of the Monthlies and one of the Weeklies, $5 50.
Any one of the Weeklies, and either of the following $1 publications—Forrester's Boys' and Girls' Magazine, The (Monthly) Schoolmate, The Phreuological Journal, The Water Cure Journal—for $2 25.

Also, Ballou's Weekly Pictorial Drawing-Room Companion, and either of the $2 Weeklies for $3 75, or the Pictorial and one of the Monthlies for $4 25.

Publications will be sent to different addresses and to different post-offices, if desired by those getting up the clubs, and additions to clubs of single subscriptions will be taken at club rates, viz., $2 for the Monthlies, $1 50 for the Weeklies.

Single subscriptions received for the Magazines at $3; and for the papers at $2 per annum—$1 for six months.

We warrant the reception regularly of all publications subscribed for to us.

N. B. All publications will be forwarded from the different offices of publication. Terms—cash in advance.

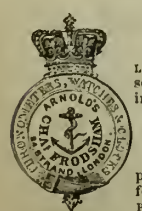
Postage Stamps may be sent for fractional parts of a dollar.

Specimen copies of any of the papers on our list sent, if required

All publications discontinued at the expiration of the time paid for.

Postmasters are respectfully requested to act as agents.

Address E. A. NORRIS & Co.,
aug 4 * Olive Branch Office, Boston.



ARNOLD'S, 84 STRAND, LONDON.

I hereby constitute Mr. SIMON WILLARD, No. 9 Congress Street, Boston, sole agent for the sale of my Watches in the United States of America.

CHARLES FRODSHAM.

April, 15, 1853.

The undersigned having been appointed sole agent in the United States for the sale of CHARLES FRODSHAM'S IMPROVED TIMEKEEPERS, would respectfully call public attention to his extensive and valuable stock of compensated Chronometer Watches made by Charles Frodsham, and styled his "New Series." The great importance of the Improved Watches is a perfect regularity of time under every variety, climate, motion and position. So perfect are the adjustments, that the most violent exercise, such as horseback riding, jumping, etc., produces on them no sensible effect. They are, therefore, peculiarly adapted to railroad purposes. The undersigned is permitted to refer to the following gentlemen, who, among others, have proved the excellence of Frodsham's Watches as timekeepers:

Enoch Train, Esq.,	Wm. Whiting, Esq.,
E. C. Bates, Esq.,	G. M. Thacher, Esq.,
F. W. Thayer, Esq.,	David Dyer, Esq.

SIMON WILLARD,
mar 31 9 Congress St., Boston.

LADIES
ARE RESPECTFULLY
SOLICITED
TO GIVE
DICK'S SPOOL COTTON
A TRIAL.
ASK FOR IT WHEN SHOPPING.

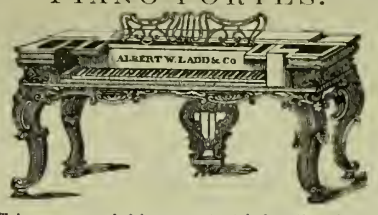
ROBT. LOGAN & Co.,
june 30 3mo 51 DEY ST., NEW YORK CITY.

BOUND VOLUMES OF THE PICTORIAL.—We sell the bound volumes of our illustrated journal to those who wish to sell again at a very low rate, so that a handsome profit is realized by the retailer. Any information given by addressing this office, by letter, post-paid.

jan 6 tf

ASTONISHING effects produced by the use of DYER'S HEALING EMBROCATION, when applied to Cuts, Wounds, Sores, etc. aug 4

A. W. LADD & CO.'S
CELEBRATED GRAND ACTION
PIANO FORTES.



IT is now conceded by competent judges that these are the BEST SQUARE PIANO FORTES MADE IN THE WORLD. For Evenness, Purity and Brilliancy of Tone they stand UNRIVALLED. Among the many improvements which we have made during the past year, is our 7 octave Piano Forte, constructed upon an entire new principle—the base strings being *elevated* above the others, and running *diagonally*, by which we get a longer string, increasing the volume of tone, and combining all the qualities of the Grand Piano, with a beautiful exterior. We were the ONLY BOSTON HOUSE to whom a MEDAL was awarded for superior Pianos exhibited at the

NEW YORK CRYSTAL PALACE,
WAREROOMS, 296 WASHINGTON STREET,
BOSTON,
AND 519 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

mar 24 (St. Nicholas Hotel.) tf

THE
SPORTSMAN'S PORTFOLIO
OF
AMERICAN FIELD SPORTS.

We have just published a valuable book, containing
TWENTY ILLUSTRATIONS,
of large quarto size, on the finest of paper, depicting
GUNNING, FISHING, AND HUNTING,
in this country, and forming an elegant and interesting collection of fine pictures for the centre table, with ample letter-press description, making it of intrinsic value. It will form also an admirable work for those who are studying designing, *to draw from*. That all may be able to possess this PICTORIAL GEM, it will be retailed at the unprecedented low price of

TWENTY-FIVE CENTS!

It can be sent by mail to all who desire it, and any one enclosing twenty-five cents to the office of publication, shall receive a copy at once. It will also be for sale at all of the periodical depots throughout the Union.

TEACHERS desiring to furnish their pupils with this illustrated work, as a Drawing Book, will be supplied at wholesale rates.

Newsmen should send in their orders at once, as this is a work which will sell rapidly on account of its attractive pictorial character and cheapness, and we print but a limited edition. M. M. BALLOU, *Publisher*,
Corner of Tremont and Bromfield Sts., Boston.

HURLEY'S CELEBRATED SARSAPARILLA.
THE ONLY GENUINE AND RELIABLE EXTRACT IN AMERICA, AND SURE CURE FOR

DYSPEPSIA, or Indigestion, Scrofula, or King's Evil, Affections of the Bones, Syphilis, Debility, Habitual Costiveness, Erysipelas, Pulmonary Diseases, Liver Complaint, Piles, Female Irregularities, Fistula, Skin Diseases, Diseased Kidneys, and as a great and powerful Tonic, purifying the Blood, and invigorating the entire system. The medicine, though prepared at great expense, is nevertheless within the reach of poor as well as rich, and looked upon by the community as the greatest blessing ever conferred on mankind.

DR. T. A. HURLEY'S *Manufactory*,
Corner of Seventh and Green Sts., Louisville, Kentucky.

AGENT IN NEW YORK—Messrs. Schieffelin, Brothers & Co., and Druggists generally throughout the United States and Canada. Price, $1 per bottle; six bottles for $5.

may 12 eoply

SWEDISH HAIR CREATOR actually restores or creates the hair where baldness has been of years standing. In cases of loss of hair by fevers or sickness, it has never been known to fail. Testimonials from physicians, and ladies and gentlemen of the highest respectability, can be seen at the depot, where the preparations are applied, and no money received unless the hair is entirely restored. Sent to any part of the United States, upon the receipt of $1. Address your orders to "*Proprietors of Swedish Hair Creator*, 380 Broadway, New York."

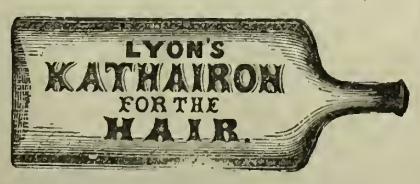
july 7 tf

MONEY MADE QUICKLY.

THERE is great complaint among young men that they cannot get employment that will remunerate them for their services. To such the subscriber would call attention to a safe, pleasant and very profitable business, by which, without any risk, the capital invested can be doubled every three months, and by a little extra exertion every two months. Agents are wanted in every city and town in the Union—you cannot overstock the market, for there is always a ready sale. Circulars containing a full and accurate description of the business, and all matters pertaining thereto, will be sent free of expense to any address, on application by letter or otherwise to

SAMUEL SWAN,
june 16 3m Atlanta, Ga., or Montgomery, Ala.

"The immense demand for it is almost fabulous."



SOLD by all Druggists and Fancy Goods Dealers, for only 25 cents. HEATH, WYNKOOP & Co., Proprietors, 63 Liberty St., New York. eop4t july 7

JOHN DICK & SONS' SPOOL COTTON.

Buyers, please note it can be had in

NEW YORK, of.....ROBERT LOGAN & Co., 51 Dey St.
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june 9 3m

IF you wish to learn to play in the shortest time possible, buy RICHARDSON'S
MODERN SCHOOL FOR THE PIANO-FORTE,
which is acknowledged by the most eminent musicians of Europe and America to be the BEST Instruction Book that has ever been published. Price, $3. Published at Musical Exchange, Boston, and sold at all Music Stores.

may 5 eop6m

PHILOSOPHICAL INSTRUMENTS.

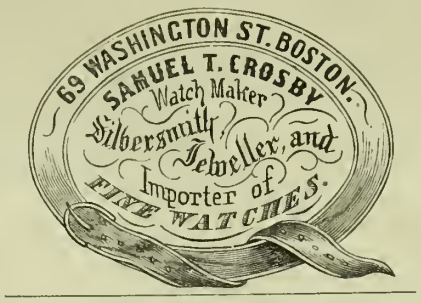
N. B. CHAMBERLAIN, 280 WASHINGTON STREET, BOSTON. tf june 16

THE HAIR AND COMPLEXION.

BOGLE'S CELEBRATED HYPERION FLUID is the Great American Tonic for the growth of the hair, moustache, etc. BOGLE'S AMERICAN ELECTRIC HAIR DYE is the greatest wonder of the age, and BOGLE'S HEBEAIONA, or *Balm of Cythera*, stands unrivalled for beautifying the complexion. These articles are all warranted to be the very best in the world. For sale by the proprietor, WM. BOGLE, Boston. A. B. & D. Sands, New York; J. Wright & Co., New Orleans; W. Lyman & Co., Montreal, Canada; R. Hovendon, 20 King Street, Regent St., London; J. Woolley, Manchester, England, and chemists and perfumers throughout the world. eoptf jun 13

WOOD ENGRAVING.

JOHN ANDREW, DRAUGHTSMAN AND ENGRAVER UPON WOOD, continues to execute all commissions in his best style, promptly and at moderate prices. No. 129 Washington Street, Boston. Reference—Ballou's Pictorial. eoptf may 5



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By addressing a line, post-paid, to the publisher, and enclosing *one dollar*, the book, containing an accurate likeness of the subject, will be sent, free of postage, to any part of the United States. For sale, wholesale and retail, by the publisher, A. TOMPKINS
feb 14 38 Cornhill, Boston.

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☞ Any person enclosing the price of the book will receive the same by return of mail, *free of postage*. Price, in paper, 50 cents; in cloth, 75 cents. Illustrated.

PHILLIPS, SAMPSON & CO., *Publishers*,
jan 13 tf BOSTON, MASS.

WILSON'S
PERFECTED DYSENTERY POWDERS.

AFTER using these POWDERS in his practice for over five years, never in a single case failing to give instant relief to his patients, DR. WILSON, at the solicitation of friends and others, who feel that to this remedy they are indebted for their lives, has at length been induced to offer them to the public as an infallible cure for

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AND OTHER BOWEL COMPLAINTS.

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An elegant, moral and refined *Miscellaneous Family Journal*, devoted to polite literature, wit and humor, prose and poetic gems, and original tales, written expressly for the paper. In politics, and on all sectarian questions, it is strictly neutral; therefore making it emphatically A PAPER FOR THE MILLION, and a welcome visitor to the home circle.

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Corner of Tremont and Bromfield Sts., Boston.

FOR SALE.—A few wood cuts at this office, on reasonable terms. Parties at a distance, by designating what engraving is desired, will be answered by return of mail, and the price at once given tf jan 6

FOR SALE.—A ton of fine box-wood, large logs and clear—a very nice article; price, *one hundred and ten dollars*. A good chance for engravers and designers to supply themselves. Address A. B., this office. 3t j 20

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This paper presents, in the most elegant and available form, a weekly literary melange of notable events of the day. Its columns are devoted to original tales, sketches and poems, by the BEST AMERICAN AUTHORS, and the cream of the domestic and foreign news; the whole well spiced with wit and humor. Each paper is *beautifully illustrated* with numerous accurate engravings, by eminent artists, of notable objects, current events in all parts of the world, and of men and manners, altogether making a paper entirely original in this country. Its pages contain views of every populous city in the known world, of all buildings of note in the eastern or western hemisphere, of all the principal ships and steamers of the navy and merchant service, with fine and accurate portraits of every noted character in the world, both male and female.

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This elegant weekly journal is doing much for art in this country.—*Boston Daily Atlas.*

A copy should grace every drawing-room table.—*Albany Atlas, N. Y.*

It is the cheapest paper in the world.—*Pawtucket Directory, R. I.*

The Pictorial merits the prodigious patronage it receives —*Washington (D. C.) Union.*

We take great pleasure in commending this matchless weekly journal.—*Wisconsin Pinery, Stevens Point, Wis.*

One of the most moral, entertaining and instructive family newspapers of the day.—*Nantucket (Ms.) Inquirer.*

The standard of its literature becomes continually elevated, while its profusion of illustrations are finely executed, and of endless variety.—*Westchester (N. Y.) Herald.*

Those who have been pleased with the past conduct and contents of this illustrated sheet, cannot but be delighted with the improvements under its new proprietorship.—*The Burr Oak, Juneau, Wisconsin.*

Is said to excel by far any illustrated journal published in England or on the continent.—*Age, Belfast, Me.*

This is the most beautiful Pictorial in the world, has obtained an unprecedented popularity, and has constantly been undergoing improvement, until further improvement seems impossible.—*Democrat, Canton, N. Y.*

A weekly panorama, in fine wood cuts, of places and buildings throughout our country, accompanied by explanatory notes, tales, etc. When bound, it makes an ornamental and highly entertaining book.—*Courier, Newcastle, Ind.*

The Pictorial is the only weekly illustrated paper of any character published in this country, and is second to none in the world. It ought to be generously sustained by our people.—*Herald, Springville, N. Y.*

A first rate, instructive, entertaining and beautifully illustrated weekly paper, filled with the best wood cuts ever executed.—*Republican, Charlotte, Mich*

WHOLESALE AGENTS.—S. French, 121 Nassau St., New York; A. Winch, 116 Chestnut St., Philadelphia; Henry Taylor, 111 Baltimore St., Baltimore; A. C. Bugley, corner of 4th and Sycamore Sts., Cincinnati; J. A. Roys, 43 Woodward Avenue, Detroit; E. K. Woodward, corner of 4th and Chesnut Sts., St. Louis; Mellen & Co., 75 Dearborn St., Chicago, Illinois; Samuel Ringgold, Louisville, Kentucky; Trubner & Co., 12 Paternoster Row, London, Agents for Great Britain and Europe generally.

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THE CHEAPEST MAGAZINE IN THE WORLD!
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Since its commencement, on January 1, 1855, this popular Monthly has run up to an unprecedented circulation, being positively

A MIRACLE OF CHEAPNESS,

containing *one hundred* pages of reading matter in each number, being more than any of the $3 magazines, and forming two volumes a year of six hundred pages each, or *twelve hundred* pages of reading matter per annum, for

ONE DOLLAR!

BALLOU'S DOLLAR MONTHLY is printed with new type, upon fine white paper, and its matter is carefully compiled and arranged by the hands of the editor and proprietor, who has been known to the public as connected with the Boston press for nearly fifteen years. Its pages contain

NEWS,
TALES,
POEMS,
SKETCHES,
MISCELLANY,
ADVENTURES,
BIOGRAPHIES,
WIT AND HUMOR,

from the best and most popular writers in the country. It is also spiced with a record of the notable events of the times, of peace and war, of discoveries and improvements occurring in either hemisphere, forming an agreeable companion for a leisure moment or hour, anywhere, at home or abroad, each number being complete in itself.

Any person enclosing *one dollar* to the proprietor, as below, shall receive the Magazine for one year; or any person sending us *sixteen* subscribers shall receive the *seventeenth* copy gratis.

M. M. BALLOU, *Publisher and Proprietor*,
Corner of Tremont and Bromfield Sts., Boston.

VIEW NEAR THE CHURCH OF NOSSA SENHORA DO MONTE, FUNCHAL, MADEIRA.

SCENES IN MADEIRA.

Madeira is not only celebrated for its wines, but for the salubrity of its climate, and invalids afflicted with pulmonary complaints have found a relief for their sufferings here which no other locality afforded. The island belongs to Portugal. Of late years, it has excited the painful interest of the world by the sufferings of the inhabitants from a failure of the grape crop, their principal dependence. Our first engraving presents a view near the Church of Nossa Senhora do Monte, Funchal, which stands in one of the most romantic places that the imagination can conceive. The covered bridge spanning the wild and sweeping torrent, the luxuriant vegetation that crowns the hills and borders the paths, make a place in which the day-dreamer loves to linger. Our second engraving shows the gubernatorial residence at Funchal. The administration is vested in the hands of a governor and council, who seem to possess unlimited power, the Junta and Camera, elective representative bodies, having about as much real power as the senatorial puppets of Louis Napoleon.

PALACE OF THE GOVERNOR, AT FUNCHAL, MADEIRA.

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL

M. M. BALLOU, { CORNER OF TREMONT AND BROMFIELD STS. BOSTON, SATURDAY, AUGUST 11, 1855. $3,00 PER ANNUM. 6 CENTS SINGLE. } VOL. IX., No. 6.—WHOLE No. 214.

VIEW OF FRANKLIN STREET, BOSTON.

The accompanying engraving, from a drawing made expressly for our paper, conveys an accurate idea of Franklin Street, in this city, as it appears to a spectator from a point of view near Washington Street. The form of this lower part of Franklin Street is that of a crescent, and there is a small enclosure in the centre, planted with trees, one of the few "breathing holes" of this densely populated city which has thus far escaped the hand of "improvement," and the exigencies of commerce. The houses on each side of this crescent are occupied by some of our wealthiest citizens, and the street is one of the most airy and agreeable within the limits of Boston. In the distance is seen the spire of the church where Dr. Channing for many years preached to a large and appreciative congregation. The church, the front of which is presented to the spectator, is the Cathedral of the Holy Cross, for many years the only Catholic church in the city, and for many years, it may be added, insufficient for the exigencies of the communicants of the Roman Catholic creed. The lot of land next below the cathedral was for a long time occupied by a sisterhood of nuns, but, it being found that the location was not airy enough for the sisterhood, their quarters were changed many years ago to Mount Benedict, in Charlestown, where their house was burned down by a mob, the particulars of whose doings are doubtless familiar to most of our readers. Next to the nunnery, with the entrance on Federal Street, was the estate, occupied, until recently, as the residence of the Catholic bishop of the diocese. On the other side, bounded by Franklin and Federal Streets, but hidden from view in our engraving, stood the old Federal Street Theatre, so dear to the memories of our old play-goers. On the boards of this theatre Cooke performed and Kean achieved his triumphs, and here it was that occurred that great riot, occasioned by Kean's disrespect to our countrymen, which drove him from the stage in Boston. The whole story will be found by those curious in such matters, in Mr. Clapp's "Records of the Boston Stage." The house was packed with people determined that Kean should be ostracised. The play, if we remember rightly, was Richard III., but not an act of it was permitted to be played out. The whole house was in an uproar, and Kean narrowly escaped personal violence. Here Dickson, and Bernard, and Mrs. Darley (mother of Darley, the artist), and Thwaits and Cooper "fretted their brief hour" on the boards. Here Kilner delighted the audience as Captain Copp, and Finn convulsed them as Paul Pry, and J. Mills Brown drew down the thunders of the audience in his inimitable personations of provincial rustics. Here "Gentleman George" Barrett played "Corinthian Tom," to the entire acceptance of the audience, and here Mrs. George Barrett, then Mrs. Henry, and the wife of an actor named Drummond, bewildered the Bostonians by an exhibition of a grace, a lady-like elegance of deportment, a fascination of manner, which we vainly hope to see re-produced on the American stage. Here, too, other beauties bloomed and waned. When the theatre was closed, it was refitted and re-opened for lectures and concerts, under the name of the Odeon, but commerce, more imperative than the fine arts, laid hands upon it, and its site is now occupied by crowded warehouses, attesting the commercial prosperity of our city. In the centre of the little tree-shaded enclosure of Franklin Street an urn is erected, a sort of cenotaph commemorative of Benjamin Franklin, who was born in the vicinity. It would be a very pretty locality for a public fountain. Ere many years Franklin Street will doubtless be filled with warehouses.

VIEW OF FRANKLIN STREET, BOSTON.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE DUCAL CORONET:

—OR,—

THE HEIR AND THE USURPER.

A ROMANCE OF ITALY IN THE 16TH CENTURY.

BY ARTHUR MORTON, A. M.

[CONTINUED.]

CHAPTER XIII.

THE MYSTERIOUS VISITOR.

The Lady Estella sat alone in the private apartment of the princess, in which the lamps had not been lighted. The soft starlight, however, and the beams of a young moon detached her light and graceful figure, as she leaned upon the marble window seat, from the shadowy back-ground of the apartment. Sad enough she was at heart, but she exhibited no external trace of emotion. She had passed through the phases of indignation and passionate grief; words of defiance were hushed, tears of passionate sorrow dried. Reverently, prayerfully had she bowed her spirit, and from her commune with the sole Power that could aid her in her distress, she had risen in a better frame, though still despondent. From her stirless position she was aroused by a bustle in the ante-room, and presently, the door opening, a female figure entered and moved towards her.

"Estella?" said a gentle voice.

"I recognize you by the tone, lady," said Estella, "for I cannot distinguish your features. None but the Princess Margarita could speak so gently to a lonely prisoner."

"Call me sister," said the princess, in the same sweet voice.

"Nay, lady," replied Estella, "I cannot—must not—forget the distance which separates you, the titled lady, from me, the humble maiden."

"Speak not of my rank," said the princess, sadly. "It reminds me of our shame. Alas! I am no longer ignorant that my father and myself are decked in borrowed plumes—that the splendor that surrounds us is not ours of right—and that one wave of the stern hand of justice may dissolve this stately pageant that environs me."

"No blame attaches to yourself, lady, in the course of events that placed your father on the throne."

"Whatever tarnishes his name is a brand upon my brow," replied the princess. "But let me do my part in mitigating the severity of his decrees at least. You are given to my charge—but your prison house shall be my arms. Believe me, I shall not be a cruel jailer. If you will await me here one moment, I will summon the attendants with lights."

"Do you not prefer the twilight glimmer of the moon and stars?" asked Estella.

"If you prefer them—certainly," replied the princess.

She came and sat down beside Estella, and took her hand.

"You declined just now to call me sister—you would not hesitate if you knew what had recently occurred."

"Indeed, lady!"

"Yes—something to draw us near to each other, Estella. I have lately seen your brother."

"Giulio? In his prison?"

"He is in confinement, but he is not treated with unusual severity. His limbs are free—my father has not dared to add chains to imprisonment."

"Thank Heaven for that."

"He learned from me that you were here."

"Thanks—thanks!"

"And that you were given to my charge; and he bade me be the messenger of his love to you."

"Was it with that you left him?"

"Nay—sister—" faltered the princess. "He told me that he loved me—and I—"

"You checked his aspirations?"

"I confessed my love for him."

"Ah! we are sisters then in heart!" cried the young girl, throwing herself into the arms of the princess, and weeping for joy.

"But why am I thus elated?" exclaimed Estella, suddenly checking her expressions of delight. "I forget the actual circumstances in which we are placed—Giulio regarded as an enemy by your father, and in prison. There is an insurmountable barrier between him and yourself."

"His life is safe," cried the princess, "while my life is spared. My father loves me tenderly. With all his faults there is that brilliant ray of sunshine in the darkness of his nature. Much may be hoped from that."

Estella shook her head.

"Love of power, fear of a rival," she said, "are motives strong enough to stifle even his love for you. Were that our sole reliance, Giulio might linger his life out in a dungeon, or perish there by the hand of violence."

"You appal me!" said the princess.

"Let me be a comforter in turn," said Estella. "Giulio has powerful friends without, who may demand his liberation in a manner not to be refused."

"But how will they learn his position?"

"They cannot long remain in ignorance. The deserted villa—the abduction of Giulio known to the peasantry will soon tell the tale. If Giulio is saved from immediate violence, something may be hoped."

"Then we will be of good cheer," replied the princess. "For my life shall be the guaranty of Giulio's safety. But the night is wearing on, dearest—both of us, shaken by emotion, have need of repose. I presume," she added, smiling, "my duty to my father requires that my charge shall not go out of my sight. You will, therefore, share my couch to-night. Shall I summon my attendants to disrobe you?"

"I am used to perform that service for myself," replied Estella. "And if you will permit me to be your handmaiden, I think you will not regret the absence of hirelings."

"Willingly, dearest," replied the princess. "I am weary of the forms of state. The attendants of the great are spies—their attachment only mercenary. Come, then, to my chamber."

The princess and her guest passed then to an inner apartment. Long after they had retired, they talked of their innocent hopes and wishes, until, wearied out at last, they breathed their holy prayers to Heaven, and sunk to repose in a sisterly embrace. So sound was their first sleep that neither of them was awakened by the shrill blast of a trumpet piercing the ear of night, and borne on the breeze through the open windows of the palace. Whatever this sound portended, it soon subsided. But the slumbers of Margarita were broken by a different cause. An ice-cold hand laid upon her warm cheek awoke her instantly.

"Hush! no noise!" said a voice, "or you will rouse your companion."

The princess, much perturbed, passed her hand over her brow in the effort to collect her scattered senses, and gently disengaged herself from the arms of Estella. By her bedside stood, dimly illuminated by the moonlight, a graceful female figure, clad in Persian or Turkish costume. From the dim countenance eyes of fiery lustre shone forth like stars in the night, and seemed to gaze into the very soul of the princess.

"Who are you? whence come you?" asked Margarita.

"No matter who I am, or whence I come. My purpose is sufficient. Arise and follow me to the next room, or you will awake yon sleeper. There is no time to be lost. Deny me, and you will ever regret it."

"But how did you obtain admission into my private apartment?"

"No place is sacred to my footsteps when I will," replied the stranger. "But arise quickly—I command you."

Margarita was not exempt from the superstitions of the age. She scarcely doubted that the being before her belonged to the world of spirits, and obeying a will stronger than her own, she rose from her couch, and followed the visitor into the next room, where she sank upon a seat and breathlessly awaited the promised communication.

"I disturbed a dream of fantastic bliss," said the stranger. "Start not—I can read your very soul. You were dreaming of Giulio Brigaldi."

"Alas! what unhallowed power do you possess?" cried the princess.

"There are no secrets from me," replied the mysterious visitor. "This night you saw him in his dungeon."

"It is useless to deny it."

"He told you that he loved you, and you confessed your love to him."

The princess suffered her head to sink upon her breast. She was appalled and abashed.

"The sooner," pursued the visitor, "that you dismiss this fantastic dream from your mind, the better for your repose. Giulio loves another."

"It is false!" said the princess, shaking off the fear which had enthralled her. "Whoever you are, mortal or spirit—woman or fiend—I spurn the false assertion."

The strange lady smiled, and extended her left hand.

"Do you recognize this ring?" she asked, triumphantly.

The moonbeam fell upon the fair hand of the mysterious visitant, and illumined the little circlet of gold to which the princess's attention was directed, and which was of a peculiar construction. She was confounded as she recognized it.

"I saw it," she faltered, "this evening on Giulio's hand; how came you in possession of it?"

"It is a precious family heir-loom," replied the stranger. "Dying, Giulio's mother bestowed it on him, with the injunction to wear it until he plighted his love, and then to bestow it on the object of his affections. To you, he gave no pledge—to me, his mother's gift. You are warned. Profit by the warning."

"But this is dreadful!" said the princess, wringing her hands. "But come what may," she added, starting up, "you shall not leave this apartment till I know who you are. I will summon my attendants."

"Silence!" said the stranger. "You are completely in my power. Your attendants, drugged with medicated wine, sleep a leaden sleep most like to death. You are helpless, while I am armed. Advance one step toward me—utter a word above your breath, and your doom is sealed!"

As these words were uttered in a tone of determination, an unsheathed poignard suddenly gleamed in the woman's right hand. The princess was powerless as a child.

"Back to your chamber!" said the stranger, in a commanding tone. "Know that there are those who laugh to scorn the power of duke and princess here in Parma. Back to your couch and ponder on my warning. It was for your peace I came to you to-night. Do not make me repent my condescension."

Disheartened, distressed, appalled, the princess obeyed without a murmur, and retired, closing the door behind her.

"May this stratagem rid me of a rival, and turn her love to hate!" said Zelie, the astrologer's daughter, when she was left alone. "Next—to poison *his* mind—and then to win him by those arts that I am mistress of, when his liberty is secured. He shall love me, or he shall die by steel or poison. But I—" she murmured, shuddering at the images her imagination conjured up, "I shall not survive him."

Lifting the velvet hanging, and pressing the spring of a secret panel, she glided away like a spectre, and was soon in the suite of apartments occupied by her father.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE SUMMONS AND THE ANSWER.

The sound of the trumpet, which failed to awaken the sleeping princess and her companion, roused the troops that manned the walls, as it broke on the silence of the night. A subaltern officer who held command at one of the gates, on looking, beheld a horseman in armor, bearing a flag of truce depending from his lance, and accompanying a mounted herald who had blown the shrill summons to the garrison.

As the herald refused to communicate his business to an inferior officer, Ferrado was sent for, and speedily made his appearance on the summit of a bastion, clad from head to heel in plate armor, beautifully inlaid with gold, while a towering plume of snow-white feathers tossed upon his crest, and the spurs of knighthood glittered on his heels.

"Behold," said he, "Ferrado Montaldo, commandant of the garrison of Parma, by the grace of his kinsman, the duke. And now, who are ye, who thus come in the dead of night, to break the slumbers of a peaceful city?"

The herald raised his visor, while the man-at-arms beside him lifted a torch he bore in his left hand, so as to throw its full ruddy light on the face of his companion.

"Sir commandant," said the herald, "in me you behold the herald king-at-arms to his grace, the Duke of Milan, who is close at hand. My noble master has learned that his grace of Parma hath caused to be seized, in the dead of night, in his peaceful residence at Monte Rosa, the person of Giulio, son to the late Duke of Parma, and kin to his grace of Milan; that he brought him into his city like a criminal, and that he has, without a shadow of cause, without trial, without hearing, deprived him of his liberty and shut him up, like a felon, in a dungeon."

"And if this were true," replied Ferrado, haughtily, "is not his grace of Parma as sovereign within his own state, as your master in Milan? Giulio was his vassal, over whom he has power of life and limb."

"It is true, then, that he is a prisoner?"

"I do not seek to deny it," answered Ferrado.

"Then listen to the remainder of my message, sir knight. His grace of Milan saith as follows. He is here present with a powerful army, outnumbering, ten to one, that of Parma, whose weak walls can ill support an onset. If, saith my master, by sunrise to-morrow, the Prince Giulio be set free and delivered to his hand, all is well; my master will depart in peace, and the friendly relations of Milan and Parma will not be disturbed; but if, blind to his own interests and a sense of honor, the Duke of Parma neglects to comply with this just demand, that his grace of Milan will proceed against him as against a foul traitor, a dishonored knight and a deadly enemy. He will advance to the assault of these walls, and in two hours will be master of Parma."

"These are boastful words," replied Montaldo, "and ere I report them to my master, I must be satisfied that Milan has power to make them good. I doubt the force he brings against us."

"You shall be satisfied of that, sir knight," replied the herald.

Wheeling his horse about he took the torch from his attendant, and waving it three times over his head, threw it high into the air. It was instantly answered by the sudden blaze of a beacon fire in the midst of the dusky plain that stretched away before the walls, and then, as if by magic, thousands of torches were instantly kindled, and the whole country was a-blaze. It appeared to the astonished eyes of Montaldo, as if daylight had suddenly dawned; but what was his surprise when he saw that each torch was held by a man-at-arms, perfectly equipped in steel. There were clouds of archers with long-bows and cross-bows—there were masses of splendidly mounted cavalry, and dense columns of infantry, their armor shining like black water in the torchlight, while the fierce blaze was reflected by the polished tubes of an immense park of artillery. Suddenly every torch was extinguished and the splendidly appointed and formidable host was swallowed up in a darkness that seemed Cimmerian, from its contrast with the recent effulgence, though the night was by no means dark, and after a while, Montaldo, now that he knew their position, could still descry the frowning masses of the enemy.

"I will repeat your message to his grace," he said calmly, "if you will await my return."

Descending from the walls, he mounted his horse and rode in hot haste to the palace, where he was instantly admitted to the presence of the duke, whom he found pacing his apartment with feverish impatience.

"Well, Montaldo, what is it—this summons?"

"Milan is at the gates."

"As I surmised and feared."

"He has sent a herald to say that the Duke of Milan has word of the imprisonment of Giulio."

"You denied the fact," said the duke.

"I could not deny it."

"It matters not—what next?"

"The Duke of Milan demands that Giulio be given up to him to-morrow morning at sunrise."

"What if I decline compliance with this arrogant demand?"

"He threatens to storm the city."

"Does he come in force?"

"He has force enough, my lord, to carry the city by assault."

"How know you that?" asked the duke.

"At a signal from the herald, the camp was suddenly lighted up by thousands of torches, and I beheld with my own eyes the entire strength of the enemy. On the word of a soldier, my liege, a better appointed army never took the field."

"The sight has terrified you, Ferrado," said the duke, though his own cheek was blanched with dismay, and his lip quivered even as he taunted his officer.

"Not so, my liege. I am ready to defend the city to the last gasp."

The duke remained for a few moments silent, and plunged in deep and painful thought. At last he raised his head, and said;

"Ferrado, I will accede to the demand."

"Shall I so notify the herald?"

"Yes—tell him that by sunrise to-morrow morning, the Prince Giulio shall be escorted to the camp of Milan with a guard of honor befitting his birth."

A gleam of satisfaction lighted up the face of the commander, as this decision was communicated to him.

"I am glad of this, my liege," he said, heartily. "You have not only saved your city, but your honor. Open to Prince Giulio an honorable career elsewhere, and he will never disturb your peace."

"You are a profound politician, my Ferrado," said the duke, with a crafty smile. "You must lay aside your plume and armor, and be my minister of state."

"I had rather deal hard blows than pore over parchments," replied Ferrado.

"There are no more hard blows to deal henceforth, my fair kinsman," said the duke. "We have arranged all that. Milan will be a faster ally than before, and if a hand be raised against us, Giulio, grateful for his liberty, will strike it down. Do you not think so?"

"I do sincerely, my lord," replied Ferrado, frankly.

"Then go to the wall with your message, and send back yon herald to his master. He must be tired by this time of a chill seat in the saddle."

Ferrado made his obeisance and hastened to perform his errand.

"Fool! idiot!" muttered the duke. "A boy could hoodwink him. But they shall have Giulio, and I wish them joy of their acquisition."

Leaving the duke, let us return to the chamber of the Princess Margarita. After her interview with her mysterious visitant, she found it impossible to sleep. An irresistible desire to communicate with Giulio took possession of her. She could not credit the tale of his duplicity. Her generous nature told her that it was impossible that he could be guilty of deception, and the idea of some dark plot against his happiness as well as hers, took possession of her mind. She resolved, therefore, to see him at all hazards.

Hastily dressing herself, she left her suite of apartments with a noiseless step, and traversing the passages that communicated with the prison, every door of which was open to her at all hours, for her father had commanded all his vassals to pay her the same obedience as to himself, she found and roused up the jailer from his sleep on a bench. Matteo rubbed his eyes and gazed with astonishment upon her.

"Has morning broke so soon?" he asked, growlingly.

"No," replied the princess. "I have disturbed your slumbers, but you can resume them when you have accomplished my will."

"And what is it, lady?"

"I command you to bring hither the prisoner, Prince Giulio, committed to your charge yesterday."

The jailer hesitated.

"Did his grace, the duke, command it?" he asked.

"Vassal! your duty is obedience," said the princess, haughtily. "Know you this signet ring with the ducal coronet?"

She extended her hand as she spoke, and the man, after gazing on the token, hesitated no longer. Clashing his bunch of heavy keys, he shuffled away down the long, dark corridor, and in a few moments returned with Prince Giulio.

"Now leave us," said the princess, "and return hither in ten minutes."

The jailer bowed and retired.

"Giulio," said the princess, taking his hand, "answer me one question. Where is the ring you wore upon this finger when we parted to-day?"

"I have bestowed it as a gift," replied the prince, no less astonished at the question than at her appearance in the prison at the dead of night.

"A gift!" said the princess, falteringly, "to whom?"

"To your page—Selim—as a token that I would not be unmindful of the service he had rendered me."

"What service?"

"Know you not? But I forgot; you cannot know anything about it. For my sake, braving every peril, he rode forth to-day and communicated my situation to my kinsman of Milan."

"He breathed not a word to me about this errand."

"Doubtless he questioned your interest in my fate. In fact, he suspects you of being my enemy."

"I! *your* enemy, Giulio!"

"Do not blame him. He naturally thought that you would take your father's side."

"He knew me better. O, Giulio, I fear that boy is an enemy of both. I fear, I know not what—that some dark intrigue is weaving round—that your life is in peril. Prompt action alone can save you. You must fly."

"Fly? You mock my situation, dearest—a prisoner."

"But I possess power equal to my father, at least for a while. In a few hours my privileges may—nay, doubtless will be, withdrawn. But I to-night possess my father's signet ring. It will give you liberty."

"But you will share my flight?"

"Nay; I cannot leave my father, guilty though he is. And I must remain to cover your retreat, and to protect your sister."

"But must I leave my poor, faithful Tonio?"

"No harm can come to him. His low estate protects him from danger, and I will guarantee him from persecution. Follow me; I will be your guide through these labyrinthine passages. You will soon be at liberty; but, O, Giulio, if you advance in arms against your native city, forget not that the poor inhabitants have done you no harm, and, if you are tempted to punish my poor father, remember it was his daughter set you free."

"I will never forget that he is your father, my guardian angel; my benefactress; my own true love!" cried the prince, passionately.

At this moment, the jailer returned.

"The time has expired," said he, looking doubtfully at Giulio and Margarita. "The prince must return to his cell."

"The prince does not return to his cell," said the princess, firmly. "He goes with me."

"But I dare not—" faltered the man.

"I dare assume the responsibility," said the princess. "And you dare not gainsay my authority. Have I not the signet ring? Only say nothing of this event. If the duke himself inquire respecting the prisoner, say that he is safe. To-morrow, early, I will place you beyond all reach of danger—and here, here," she tore off her priceless jewels and thrust them into his hand. "Here is an earnest of what I will do for you."

The sight of this unhoped for wealth vanquished all the scruples of the sordid jailer, with whom unsatisfied avarice had been a gnawing passion.

"Enough," he growled; "away with you—I will trust your promises—and my luck."

With a light and swift step the princess led away her ransomed lover, while the jailer, thrusting her gifts into his bosom, lay down again upon his bench coiled up like a dog. But he was not destined that night to enjoy the sweet boon of sleep. He had hardly closed his eyes again and begun to dream of the mines of Golconda, when a shake of the shoulder roused him to his feet. To his horror the Duke of Parma stood before him.

"Matteo," he asked, in a hoarse whisper. "How is the prisoner?"

"When I went my rounds last, he was fast asleep," said the jailer, trembling lest the duke had come to visit him in person.

"It is well," said the duke. "Now hear me. The prisoner must never see the sun rise."

"Am I to get the block and axe ready?"

"No. He dies by a swifter and surer means. Take this phial," and the duke handed the jailer the potion he had received from the astrologer. "Put a few drops of this on every article of his food and in his wine—and serve him his meal at the gray of dawn. He eats well?"

"Freely, my lord."

"Ten minutes after he has partaken of his food, he will be a livid corpse."

The jailer listened attentively.

"In the meantime I have given orders for a suit of knightly armor to be prepared wherein to dress the corpse, and a coffin to enclose the remains. Now hear me—accomplish your mission faithfully, and I will make you rich—fail in it, and your head shall answer for your remissness."

"My lord," said the jailer, "your will shall be accomplished."

"Enough," replied the duke. "I know that I can trust you."

And, ghastly pale at the thought of the deed he had commanded, the duke retired to his palace, leaving the jailer overwhelmed with the responsibility that rested on him.

CHAPTER XV.

THE ESCAPE—THE JAILER'S PROJECT.

GIULIO, guided by Margarita, was conducted safely through the corridors of the prison into the palace, where there was less vigilance and less danger of observation. Yet she trembled every moment at the idea of a chance of detection. In passing from the prison to the palace, Giulio paused once. Hanging within reach on the wall of a narrow passage a sword was suspended. He detached it and felt a thrill of pleasure as he grasped the hilt of the familiar weapon. He could not resist drawing it and trying its temper. The blade was of Toledo workmanship—while it could be coiled up like a snake, the moment the compression ceased, it shot forth straight and true as an Indian arrow. Giulio glanced at the motto on the blade. It was the old Spanish one: "Never draw me without cause, nor sheathe me with dishonor."

"Dearest," said he, to the princess, "I will make bold to appropriate this weapon."

"Take it," said the princess. "Never could it be in better hands."

"I shall not be unmindful of the device on the blade," said the prince. "This steel may be reddened with blood—alas! but it shall not be crimsoned with shame."

"Hasten, prince! our time is precious."

Giulio checked her with one word.

"Estella!"

"I will inform her of your safety."

"I must see my sister, dearest, ere I leave these walls. I must have her parting kiss as well as thine, for a talisman."

"It is hazardous."

"I will not answer so much the better, for that were bravado, but I will say that I am willing to incur the risk."

The princess, then, not without some trepidation at the thought of the delay, ushered Giulio into a small room, the door of which was provided with bolt and bar, and having recommended him to fasten it, and agreed upon a signal by which she might make herself known on her return, hastened to her own apartment, where she found Estella buried in a tranquil sleep.

"Hist, Estella," she said, touching her lightly.

The sleeper stirred.

"Giulio!" she murmured.

"It is of Giulio I wish to speak!" said the princess, arousing her.

"Is he safe? is he well?" asked Estella, starting up.

"Safe and well. But are you thoroughly awake?"

"Perfectly."

"And able to understand what I say!"

"I am broad awake, dear princess."

"Then rise, my love; wrap yourself in a cloak, and follow me quickly and silently."

Estella, who placed implicit confidence in her new friend, obeyed, and was soon prepared to accompany her.

The two lovely young women traversed the suite of apartments with rapid steps and soon stood before the door of the apartment in which Giulio was awaiting them. The princess clapped her hands thrice—the preconcerted signal; the door was opened, and Estella, with her friend, stood in the presence of her brother.

"Brother! dearest brother!" said Estella, as she rushed into his arms, "how happens it that you are free?"

"My liberator stands beside you," said the prince.

The embrace of the warm-hearted young girl was transferred to the princess, who blushed with pleasure and embarrassment as she received the tokens of gratitude.

"You meet but to part, Estella," she said, after a brief pause. "I must separate you."

"Separate us?"

"Yes—Giulio must fly."

"O, brother! take me with you!" cried Estella, clinging to his arm.

"Nay, dearest, I have dangers and perils to encounter."

"No matter."

"You would but impede my flight."

"Then indeed, I must remain," said Estella, with a sigh.

"You must; but we shall meet again shortly. I am sure of it," said the prince earnestly. "Heaven has smiled upon me, and sent me a guardian angel in the midst of my enemies. I shall return, ere many hours, perhaps—I feel it—conquering and to conquer. My banner shall float gloriously on these very walls. Fear nothing. Now that I have seen you, dear sister, received your embrace, and felt the pressure of your lips, I go forth with a light heart."

"Farewell, then, dear brother, and may Heaven prosper you," said Estella.

"Remain here till my return," whispered the princess.

Once more, then, Giulio and his brave and gentle guide sallied forth. She took him to the confines of the palace yard, and opened a wicket for him to pass forth. She whispered in his ear the word that would carry him past the sentinels, minutely described the path that he must take, and then, as a last gift, bestowed upon him the duplicate ducal signet-ring she wore, only enjoining it on him not to use it, except in the most urgent need. A hurried expression of gratitude, fervent and sincere, though brief, a warm and close embrace, and the lovers parted—Giulio to try his fortune, and the princess to return with Estella to her chamber and await the progress of events.

But what has become of Matteo, the jailer, whom we left confounded by the parting injunctions of the duke? He sat on the bench holding the phial in his hand and racking his brain with perplexing questions and projects.

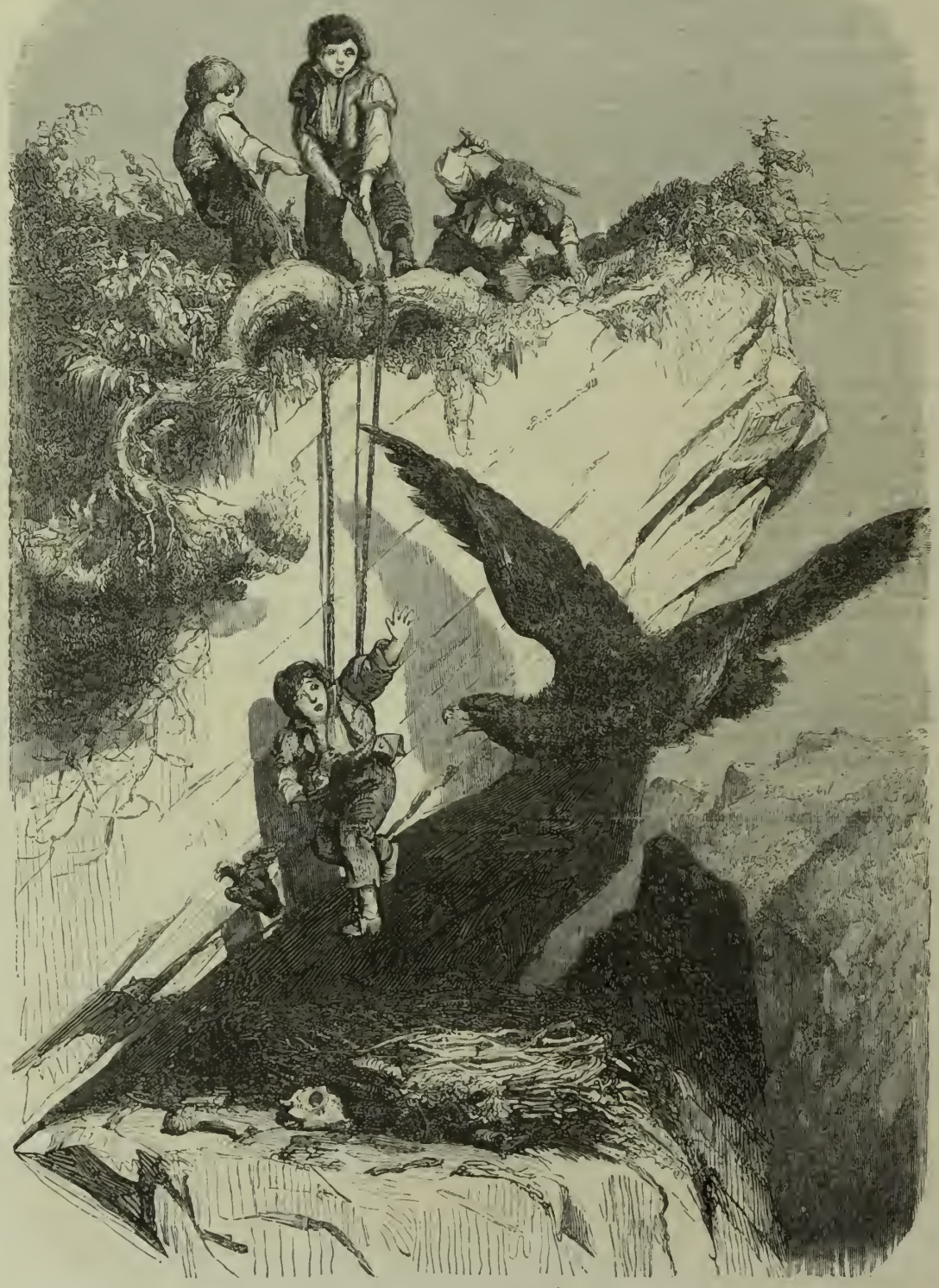
"What," thus ran the current of his thoughts, "what am I to do? I fear me I have run my neck into a halter, and thrust my hand into an iron glove too far to draw it back again. The princess has bestowed almost a fortune on me in these gems. What if I were to pitch these keys into the well and leave the prison to take care of itself? Impossible—I am forbidden to leave my post without a written order. I should be sent back; suspicion would be awakened; the whole would come out, and then the halter or the axe would be my reward. I must think of something better than that. Ha! I have it!" he thought, after a giant effort of his intellect. "There is one chance to avoid detection, and only one. It is a forlorn hope, but it may succeed. The jester shall take the place of the prince. The duke said that Giulio must die before sunrise; therefore there must be great haste required in whatever scheme he is concocting. The body may be huddled into the grave without an examination or verification of identity. I am ready to swear to anything, and perhaps nothing more than my oath will be required. To be sure, I have nothing against the poor fool—but a man must live—and I can't afford to be made a head shorter for him. It shall be done."

With these words the ruffian arose, and went to his apartment, where he prepared the materials for a substantial breakfast. Unsealing a flask of wine, he poured several drops from the phial into it and then re-sealed it. A cold fowl was sprinkled with the liquid; several slices of bread were thus prepared—bunches of grapes and some dried figs also received the potion. Setting them out on a tray, he mingled with them a flask of unadulterated wine, and some bread and fruit, carefully marked so that he could identify the articles, and thus prepared sought the cell of the jester.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

BOYS ROBBING AN EAGLE'S NEST.

The spirited engraving on this page is designed to illustrate a thrilling adventure, of which some young boys are the heroes. A daring urchin has been lowered by his companions to a ledge where an eagle has built his nest, and he is being hoisted up with his feathered booty, when one of the old birds, exasperated by the loss of its offspring, is attacking him with fury. The whole scene possesses a powerful dramatic interest. That it is no fancy sketch will be perceived from the following deeply interesting narrative of a French naturalist, translated expressly for the Pictorial:—"A few friends and myself were returning, one fine evening in February, from an unsuccessful fishing excursion, with empty nets. We were skirting abrupt precipices, the first steps of the Alps on the side of Dauphiné, when, remarking along the perpendicular rocks, a quantity of long whitish tracks, I stopped, endeavoring to imagine from what bird of prey such chalky traces might proceed. 'What nests of owls have you there?' I asked of one of my companions. 'A naturalist like you ought to know better,' replied one of them, who lived about a league from the spot. 'These are the lammer-geyers, who have built their eyrie in the rocks. I have seen these noted plunderers more than once, but, unluckily, out of gunshot.' I had not, at that time, in my collection any of these gigantic bearded eagles, these vultures which the Abyssinians have named Father Long-Beards, and the Swiss Lammer-geyers, and no opportunity of observing their manners and habits had presented itself. Resolved to profit by this occasion, I induced my friends to halt, and we passed what appeared to me a long time concealed in a cavity of the rock. Independently of the anxiety of waiting, my impatience was excited by the incessant gossip of my neighbor, a sworn enemy of the terrible species, the terror of Helvetic imaginations. It was impossible to impose silence on him while he poured into the tympanum of my ear all his complaints, not only against the plumed inhabitants of this particular rock, who levied more than a tythe upon his game, but against their entire race. He had heard from his grandfather that, in his time, the child of a Tyrolese peasant, a stout and hearty little fellow, three years old, suddenly seized in the claws of a lammer-geyer, only owed his safety to the difficulty these great birds experience in taking wing from a plane surface. While the rapacious bird was balancing his prey, the father, summoned by the piercing shrieks of his offspring, fell, staff in hand, upon the ravisher. Compelled to let go his prey to defend himself, the bird fought obstinately to the last, and was killed upon the spot. 'Hush! the slightest murmur startles them. They see and hear from a great distance. Let us hide and keep quiet.' 'O, the enemy is not yet there; we should hear the noise of his wings. Hold! no later than last week, I read in my paper that at Gratz, in Styria, in the environs of Waiz—do you know where Waiz is? Is it in the Tyrol or Styria?' 'It is of no consequence. Be silent.' 'O, don't be afraid; I'm keeping a sharp look out, and when need be, I shall be mute as a fish. I told you the neighborhood of Waiz; perhaps the writer meant Waitzen?' I put my hand on his mouth; a sharp hissing was heard, very high, upon a jut of rock. Two eaglets, with vibrating wings, had climbed to the edge of the rock to receive their food, and their funereal cries of joy announced beforehand the arrival of their father, a black speck which appeared almost immediately in the deep blue sky, and which increased rapidly. It was not a vulture. The formidable bird, which I had leisure to observe as, clinging to the edge of the rock, he suffered his half-expanded wings to hang down, like the swallows of the river bank, seemed to be a new species of eagle, smaller than the lammer-geyer, but more nervous, with more formidable claws, and a dark beak garnished at the base with the yellowish membrane called wax, instead of the little bunch of fine feathers, like threads of silk, which adorns that of the vulture; neither did he have the little beard under the throat, and appeared to be of a darker and richer color than the lammer-geyer. On the other hand, the eaglets, already feathered to the talons, were clothed in a much brighter livery, and as I advanced my head to see them better, the female, a third larger than the male, suddenly appeared in the air. Her piercing eye discovered us at the same moment, and uttering a fearful cry, she dropped the large fish she was carrying. Suddenly the young ones disappeared in a cleft of the rock; the male rose, beating the air with his vigorous wings, and the irritated couple sailed over our heads, uttering almost terrific cries of menace. We did not leave the spot without promising to return with arms the next morning; but a tremendous wind and rain storm confined us to the house, and we had no opportunity to undertake the expedition till the third day. We went in force, carrying guns, ropes and all the appliances for scaling. Some of us took post at the foot of the rocks, and others mounted to the platform above; but the whole passed without discovering the beautiful and strong birds on which I had founded so many scientific hopes. Their sagacity had made good use of their time, and baffled plunderers by assigning new lodgings to their eaglets. My regrets were the greater, since, during an exploration of the country, and for three years passed in ornithological excursions and researches, I did not find again the variety to which I proposed assigning a name. Meanwhile, I had occasion to convince myself more and more of the confusion produced in all classifications by the diversity of plumage which is manifested in birds of the same species, according to age, sex and the changes of the season, and I thought I should render a greater service to science by studying and determining these variations, than in adding one or two subjects more to collections already so rich. The task was difficult. It was necessary to discover and observe the nests; now the invisible foresight which brings food to the little ones, has taken care to hide their cradle. The plumage of the females, which cover their nests for a long time, blends with the foliage, the soil, the trunks of the trees, or the rocks to which they are attached; most of them are mute, and I was led, in my researches, to admire the prodigies of their instinct, and often to elevate my thoughts to Him who distributes His gifts in proportion to the wants of His creatures. In pursuing this study, which involves that of the life and habits of the winged race, I frequently visited the north, whence descend those immense shoals of fishes, the inexhaustible food of whole flocks, whole squadrons of birds that follow them. I went over those islands, magazines scattered on the ocean, where armies of rapacious and web-footed birds find refuge and build their nests. One place has left behind it the sweetest memories, and my mind reverts to it, as that of the traveller, wandering afar off, returns to the hearth where his friends await him. This little unknown island is situated off the right shore of Argyle county, and gives its name (Garveloch) to a small group of islets, of which it is the most considerable. A rolling sea, constantly in ebullition, and dangerous reefs, separate the continent from this little nook of earth, where, in the humble hut of a fisherman, I found rest and peace of soul, and whence I brought away a young and dear friend who will never leave me more. When I asked shelter—it is now some years since—in the little cabin, the only dwelling in sight on the barren coast, where I had been landed by a vessel which the heavy weather prevented from keeping at sea, I had my arm in a scarf, and I was sick, in consequence of a fall made in scaling steep rocks, in pursuit of birds' nests, the constant object of my researches. I was attended, with intelligent, firm and gentle solicitude, by the young woman of the house, a tall masculine creature, thin, dried and swarthy, who, at twenty, seemed to be forty years of age at the least, and had no feminine charms but the penetrating mildness of her expression and the sweetness of her songs, inarticulate and melodious murmurs, which reminded me of the voice of the bird when lulling her young to sleep. Ella—that was her name—had lost her mother; her father, infirm and old, scarcely ever left his peat fire, and she herself went fishing with the two oldest of her brothers, all three of whom she had brought up. She supported the whole family, and bore the burthens of the day and those of the evening, satisfied with being the providence of the narrow circle which surrounded her. The eldest of the young boys might have been about eighteen years old; the youngest whose birth had cost his mother her life, and who seemed hardly nine, was in reality thirteen; this strange little creature was Ella's Benjamin. Inapt to the affairs of life, the hard and laborious work of fishing and field culture, he never dug, in the little enclosure the barley of which furnished the cakes, the only bread used by the family; but there he gathered and wove flowers, did little jobs and made bird-calls of reeds, rendered supple by immersing them in water. He did not use the spade or cut the blocks of turf, but in those prepared by his brothers, he discovered little bits of jet with which he made necklaces for his sister; he did not gather the seaweed to burn it and extract the potash, but, seated for whole hours on a reef, at the base of the inaccessible pyramidal rock called the Storr, and separated from the island by a narrow sand-bank covered twice a-day by the tide, he gazed upon the current which boils round the wrinkled face of the rock, sweeps round the rear, and subsides upon the most accessible shore of Garveloch, at the very door of the cabin. Armed with a stick, in his sport, he proceeded to collect the various kinds of sea-weed, which the stormy waves of these latitudes incessantly tear from the heart of the sea and hurry towards the shore. The little cargo of marine plants, arranged like a fleet by the 'Innocent'—so he was called by the few dwellers on the island,—followed the direction of the current, turned and doubled the rock with it, and were heaped up at the foot of Ella's cot, when she and her brothers had only to gather them in. But to work assiduously for a living, to earn money, to sell and to buy, all these complicated ideas could not find room in the boy's weak brain. He lived with the birds of heaven and the fishes of the deep in amicable communication, played with them, and with a nature affectionate and good as one can be with an imperfect understanding, he was dear to those to whom his almost complete want of memory and perseverance, rendered him, in nearly all other respects, entirely useless. But if the internal sense, which supports consciousness, were wanting, to make up for it, he had, in a great degree, that marvellous instinct which we admire in the animals, and which seems to have in it a particular sort of intelligence. From the first he had taken a liking to me, though, in his timid and wild nature, he was always startled by the appearance of every stranger. A few boxes of stuffed birds, brought with my baggage, contributed to render our relations more intimate. Whenever bad weather kept him in the house, he gazed with much interest on my collections, and looked on, while I was arranging them, with infantine admiration. He soon assisted me, and when I was able to go out, he became not only my constant companion, but an exceedingly useful guide. I then discovered that he possessed valuable talents; he knew intimately the various haunts of the birds; climbed like a cat over and to the tops of abrupt rocks, which seemed perpendicular, and laid hands on the penguin, crouched in its egg, without driving it away. Where I had made war, he had formed friendships. Early in the morning, when the sun peeped above the mountains of Lorn, Archie (the affectionate diminutive of Archibald) had already climbed to the high top of Storr. If I chanced to issue from the cabin early, I saw him standing on the very summit of crests which I should have thought it utterly impossible to reach, watching, in their morning flight to the south, the long files of boobies which lay but one egg, but lay three times when the eggs are hidden. He came back from his excursions bringing a bonnet full of eggs, his pockets stuffed with down, and often carrying birds hidden under his plaid. When he perceived me at the foot of his immense pedestal, he would leap, utter sharp cries of delight, toss his bonnet in the air, and wave his arms over his head, while crowds of sea-birds, uttering their peculiar notes, whirled round him like dead leaves in autumn. I often expressed in his presence the desire I had to obtain young birds of prey, among others the young of the fishing eagles. He would then raise his brows, fix his wild eyes on me, turn them away suddenly and assume a certain cunning look, exceedingly rare with him, but which I had sometimes noticed. I was finally sufficiently restored to undertake excursions on the island, when, one morning, very early, wishing to profit by a fine



BOYS ROBBING AN EAGLE'S NEST.

day, and take a long tramp, I asked for my little companion. No Archie—neither about the cabin nor near the reef where he commonly watched for seaweed, and it was in vain that I directed my spy-glass to the crest of Storr. Resolved, since I could do no better, on a solitary walk, I threw a gun across my long-suffering shoulder, but I had not taken twenty steps before I became sensible what a loss Archie was to me. Accustomed to see him spring from one reef to another, to go and come like a young dog, to chase the wild bird as other children do the butterfly, my eyes were constantly looking for him. Discouraged, I suffered from my loneliness; but continuing my walk, I traversed thickets and mournful and marshy wastes, and, strangely enough, as if, in separating from my young guide, I had entirely quitted the region of birds, I did not see one within gunshot. At last I bent my steps towards a group of oddly shaped rocks which approached the sea, and trying to recover my sportsman's footing, I practised climbing, being unwilling to lose, by want of practice, my former intrepidity. Suddenly the silence of these solitudes was broken by a lamentable cry, a sort of furious utterance, at once sharp and plaintive, which reminded me of that of the Alpine eagle whose nest I had formerly missed. I rapidly turned a salient angle, and stood transfixed with the spectacle before me. At the end of a rope twisted twice round the crooked trunk of an old tree, little Archie was hanging over the abyss, while a formidable eagle, his cutting talons bent under him, his sharp bill half open, his wings extended, his eye red and savage, menaced the child who was swinging at the end of the cord. At first I did not even perceive three other little islanders, the accomplices of Archie's temerity, two of whom were trying to pull the boy up to the shelf of rocks, while the boldest, with his stick, threatened the eagle, but from too great a distance. Afraid to fire for fear of hitting Archie, I was without motion or breath. Under his arm he held two eaglets, those eaglets he knew I coveted so much. Poor child! the eagle's beak was about to rend his face, when he decided to drop one. The eagle stooped to stop his young one in its fluttering fall. I breathed again—the two little boys pulled their best. Archie neared the brink. Swift as lightning the eagle re-appeared. At the aspect of that frightful beak opening again, Archie dropped the second bird and landed on the rock. A few seconds later, I clasped the rash little hunter in my arms. Need I say that afterwards we returned to the rock with a firmer apparatus and with stronger auxiliaries well armed. I myself descended into the crevice between two rocks, which Archie had discovered, and was able to examine the eyrie at leisure. It was nearly flat, formed by successive layers of sticks, reeds and brambles, then reeds again; it was five or six feet in diameter, and was a perfect charnel, covered with bleached bones. I had to stuff an entire family of rapacious birds, in which I studied at my leisure the numerous differences found existing between the garb of the adults, that of the male and female, and between their dark plumage and the tawny down of the little ones. Better than all, I had an assistant and friend in the little plunderer of eagles. The innocent had found his vocation, and his worthy sister consented to entrust him to me, on condition that, at least, once in two years, we should visit the eagles and gannets of Gaveloch Island." A late number of the American Agriculturist contains the following account of the robbing of an American bald eagle's nest, which is an appropriate pendant to Archie's adventure, and shows the rapacity of the bird. "The writer once had an adventure of this latter kind, and as it was, in its results, somewhat of an adventure, we shall record it. When about eighteen years old, spending some time in the vicinity of one of the great lakes, one fine May morning we went with a companion down to the shore where a fisherman had put up a shanty, and with his wife and an infant child had taken up their summer residence. On our way down, and about a hundred rods from the water, in the topmost branches of an enormous oak, we spied an eagle's nest, and, as the old eagles were wheeling about it, we concluded that the nest had either eggs or young ones within it, and which of the two we soon determined to ascertain. As our companion was a middle-aged man, and had no special taste for climbing, the adventure was left to me alone. The tree on which the nest was built had no limbs for thirty feet or more from the ground, but fortunately, a smaller tree near it had been felled, and its top lodged midway up among the branches of the oak. Ascending the fallen tree, I soon reached the oak, and catching the huge limbs above me, I swung up on one after another, until I stood on one a few feet below the trio of branches on which the nest lay. During my ascent one of the eagles, with vociferous cries, often wheeled within a dozen feet of my head; but, like other youngsters, as I had at the time quite as much courage as conceit, I stood in little fear of an attack. Well posted on a strong limb, with a near branch to hold on by, I looked into the nest. It was built of strong, heavy sticks, laid crossways, perhaps two feet in thickness from bottom to top, and four or five feet wide on the surface, covered with long dry grass and leaves. About midway on the nest lay two eaglets, one somewhat larger than the other, about the size of half grown goslings, and covered with the same sort of down, in color and appearance. Close by them lay two or three dead fish, half covered with blue-bottle flies, and giving off an intolerable stench. With a stick, which I drew out of the lower part of the nest, I tried to poke one of the young eaglets toward me; but they turned up their claws in defiance, with a sort of hiss, and edged further away. During this time one of the old eagles had left the premises altogether, while the other still kept wheeling and diving around, but approached no nearer than within a few feet of me, as before. After a while, my continued poking at the young ones so exasperated one of them, that he seized my stick so firmly with his claws that I drew him within reach. Determined to hold divided empire with the old eagles in the possession of their young, the next process was to get the bird to the ground without damage, as I had no sack or basket in which to deposit and let him safely down; but, like other youngsters, who are seldom at a loss for expedients in mischief, a plan was soon invented. Taking off my hat, coat and vest, and laying them on the adjacent limb, my shirt was rapidly drawn over my head, the sleeves tied together at the wristbands, and thrown over my neck, the skirts bound into a knot, thus making a sack, and the open collar and bosom forming its mouth. Into this *con amore* receptacle our bellicose "Young America" was rapidly thrust, my outer garments replaced, and, flushed with victory, I made a rapid descent down the tree. I took the eaglet to the fisherman's hut and being unable to take care of it, gave it to the owner of the cabin. I saw nothing of the eaglet for some weeks, when, visiting the place, I found him an enormous bird, grown stout and saucy from his most liberal diet. The next report heard from the young savage, a few weeks after, was near being a tragic one. The wife of the fisherman having occasion one day to go to the shore, a few rods distant, after a bucket of water, while there she heard a scream from her child, which, in her caution she had placed upon the bed when she left the room. Rushing back, she found the child prostrate on the floor, screaming with terror and agony, the eagle on its breast, with one claw transfixed into its face, and the other, as she approached, turned up, with open beak, in defiance at the mother. With the quick energy of a woman in extremity, she struck the eagle off with her foot, and caught up the child, its face badly cut and bleeding, and deposited it at once in a place of safety. This done, an axe lay at the door, and that eagle *died*, probably as sudden a death as ever malefactor did on execution of any sort whatever. The little sufferer, after a few weeks' careful attention, recovered of its wound, but with a lasting scar on its temple."

A SHEPHERD OF THE ALPS.

THE GOATHERD OF THE ALPS.

The accompanying engraving illustrates the wild scenery of the Alps, and the goatherd, who is entrusted with the care of his flock. The youth is blowing his horn, and the reply from a neighboring mountain will show him that he is not alone in the world, a circumstance that a man is apt to lose sight of who leads the solitary life of these mountaineers. The slopes of the Alps are covered with grass, which grows at too great an elevation and is too difficult of access to allow it to be cut and dried, so that it is pastured to animals during the summer season. In certain cantons in Switzerland, the proprietors combine together and send their cows to the mountains, under the charge of a herdsman, who passes some months on these heights in a lonely *chalet*, solely occupied with the care of his cattle, and with milking them and making cheese. In other cases the people of the plains let out their cattle to the mountaineers, who pay them in money or produce. This latter method is generally adopted in the Canton de Vaud, where the cows are let for the season to the shepherds of La Gruyere. It happens sometimes that rich proprietors buy or lease an Alpine pasturage, to which they send their cows with some of their domestics, or else members of their families. In the loftiest chalets of the cantons of Berne and Fribourg you sometimes meet with girls of eighteen, to whom the care of a herd and the superintendence of a cowboy have been committed. On the arid heights, where cows would be too much exposed on the steep slopes, only flocks of goats are placed, and they are in the same way committed to the charge of a goatherd who milks and makes cheese. The life of these goatherds is yet harder and more solitary than that of the herdsmen. They not only inhabit wilder heights, but stay longer, their gains are less considerable, and their resources more limited. The chalets frequented by the cowherds have a certain relative comfort; they can sometimes cultivate, in the rear of their huts, a few vegetables, which serve to vary the shepherd's fare. Water reaches them through wooden pipes, carefully kept in repair, and in the Canton de Vaud, the herdsman never goes to his Alp without carrying his keg of wine slung at his side. The goatherd, on the contrary, lives in a cabin perched on the most inaccessible peaks; the soil around him is rebellious to all culture, and the mountaineers who confide their goats to him, only furnish him with bread several months old, sour milk and a few quarters of smoked kid, which he eats without any other preparation. Still, this life of privation and labor does not injure his moral and intellectual development. Far from becoming brutalized by isolation, the goatherd of the Alps seems to inform himself by reflection. When chance brings a stranger to his cabin, he questions him with a curious pertinacity, full of adroitness, which usually results in eliciting from the visitor his country, profession and even his name. He generally talks better and more fluently than the man of the plain. Fed by the reading of the Bible—his whole library on these heights—from it he constantly seeks diversion or encouragement, its study furnishes him with an imagery and boldness of expression nowhere else to be found. When the last rays of the sun gild the summit of the Alps, the shepherd who dwells highest on the mountain takes his horn, which is like a speaking trumpet, and is used to convey sounds to a great distance, and calls aloud, "Praised be the Lord." As soon as he is heard, the neighboring shepherds leave their huts and repeat the words. The sound lasts many minutes, every echo of the mountains and grotto of the rocks, repeating the name of God. To tell the truth, however, these types of herdsmen are daily disappearing. The custody of cattle in the Alps tends insensibly to become a less permanent and exclusive profession; the young people follow it for a few years, and then resign it to the succeeding generation. Hence will come the extinction of a peculiar race, which lived and grew gray amid solitude, and was familiar with all its mysteries. Moreover, civilization daily scales some new rampart, and the time is not far distant when in the highest chalets we shall find comforts and resources, unknown a century ago to the people of the plain themselves.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

SADLY, SINCE I DARE NOT HOPE.

BY WILLIE E. PABOR.

As, upon the seashore, watchers
  See the white-winged ships go by—
Wafted onward in their passage
  By the ariels of the sky,—
So I, on the shores of sorrow,
  See the swift-winged moments go
In their passage from the present
  To the past, on time's quick flow.

But the white-winged ships are laden
  With some spice or produce rare,
From some distant tropic country
  Full as fruitful as 'tis fair;
While my moments hasten onward
  With a record dim with tears,
For the hopes that buoyed up childhood,
  Have been outlived by my years.

Yesterday I saw a rainbow
  Lighting up the eastern sky;
But it brought grief to my spirit,
  And a tear unto my eye.
For I thought—and thought was laden
  So my very soul was bowed—
How the sky of my existence
  Had no rainbow with its cloud.

I am like those Orientals,
  Who, mid ancient ruins grope;
Slowly, for the darkness round me,
  Sadly, since I dare not hope!
Going into gloom-land further
  Than the dead go in their grave;
O for some enchanted Lethe,
  To engulf me in its wave.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE ROBBER OF THE TYROL.

BY M. V. ST. LEON.

It was toward the close of a summer's afternoon that a young traveller, among the Tyrolean Alps, discovered that he had lost his way. Led on by the beauty of the scenery, he had wandered "far and wide," from the little inn where he had proposed spending the night. In vain he looked around for a human habitation; the surrounding landscape was wild in the extreme, and the young man had before him the agreeable alternative of passing the night in the lonely mountains, or attempting to retrace his steps, which would probably result in a deeper entanglement. While meditating upon the agreeable prospects before him, the traveller suddenly turned the sharp angle of a rock, which jutted out so as nearly to obstruct the passage, when a most welcome sight, and one rich in beauty, burst upon his gaze. Before him, on the right hand, was a succession of sloping, irregular terraces, clothed with verdure, or composed of different slates, and at their foot spread out a level lawn, reaching to a high ledge of cliffs on the left hand, while a thick, dark forest, sweeping in a semi-circle, connected the cliffs on the left hand with the terraces on the right, and closed the vista. About half way up the steep terrace, stood a Swiss chalet, long and low, with overhanging roof and veranda. The whole scene was wild and romantic in the highest degree, and our traveller would have made little ceremony in approaching the chalet but for one circumstance not under his control.

Directly at his feet, and between him and the beautiful lawn, lay a chasm, steep and dark, and nearly seven feet in width. Had it been four, or even five, the young man would have attempted to leap the distance, but although young, lithe and agile, the thing was not to be thought of for a moment, and seeing no means for crossing provided, he concluded the chalet was uninhabited, "for surely," thought he, "if any one dwelt here, they would construct a bridge, however rude."

While he thus meditated, a young voice rang out high and clear, waking the echoes of the surrounding solitude with a gay melody. The young man started and gazed around, but no human form met his eye. A chamois, startled by the sudden outburst of song, sprang from crag to crag, and was out of sight in an instant, and the next, on lifting his eyes, far above him, the traveller beheld, with a thrill of horror, the form of a young girl in the Tyrolese costume, standing on the highest peak of the rugged cliffs, and apparently waving her gipsy hat to some one at a distance beyond the cliffs, in the valley below.

The young man shouted and waved his handkerchief, hoping to attract her attention and cause her to descend from her perilous situation, where, however, she seemed perfectly at ease and at home. The moment the young girl perceived him, she replied by a clear, ringing cry, which the young man had in vain attempted to imitate from the Swiss mountaineers. Raising her hand to her lips, she woke the echoes with a redoubled force: "Hilli ho-o-o!" and then springing down from her place, she was lost to sight.

A moment of intense anxiety succeeded on the part of the young man, but in a few seconds the light-footed sprite came leaping gracefully down over the rocks, which, to the traveller's inexperienced eye, seemed dangerous footing for even the chamois. As her agile step lessened the distance between them, the traveller perceived she was a young and surpassingly beautiful young girl, of about fifteen or sixteen, with a slight elegant figure and air of native grace, which many a belle would have given anything to possess. In five minutes she was standing on the opposite brink.

"May I venture to inquire if I address a mountain sprite, or a human being?" said the stranger.

"Tell me whom you wish to see first. If you seek a fairy, my answer will be according, but if you come to speak with Magda Ernstein, I am at your service," and the maiden dropped a courtesy.

Enchanted with the naiveete of the young girl, the traveller replied:

"Ah, well! I seek Magda Ernstein, for I wish to tell her that I have lost my way among the mountains, and know not how to find it again. I set out from the hamlet of B——, intending to return by evening, but I fear I have wandered a great way."

"I fear you have, too, and I hardly think you will return tonight, for the sun is just setting, so I believe you will be obliged to put up for once with Dame Haspinger's chalet and its accommodations."

As she spoke, she had produced a plank from behind a niche in the rocks, and now placed it across the chasm. The traveller felt a slight dizziness at the idea of crossing on a thin narrow board, but he would not betray this to the young gipsy opposite, so he stepped his foot firmly upon it, and reached the other side in safety. His companion drew up the rude bridge, and then bade him follow her. The stranger now observed that his conductress was a model of form and feature, with a complexion of the most firm and delicate texture; a luxuriant mass of dark hair was wreathed about her head, and all her features were exquisite; but the greatest charm lay in her eye—clear, lustrous and sparkling, of a dark soft shade of gray, and shaded by most delicately-pencilled lashes and brows. She was of the middle height, and dressed in a coquettish costume, with her hat swung on her rounded arm.

"How dared you stand in that perilous situation!" the traveller asked, as they proceeded across the lawn.

"O, that is the last place that sees the sun, and I always bid him good-night, besides, there is a beautiful prospect from thence; one can see all the surrounding country, for even this table-land is very elevated, but the cliffs and forest shut in the view. But see," she continued, "you do not notice our gem of the mountains."

The young man looked around, and lovely though the scene had appeared at the narrow entrance, an exclamation burst from his lips at the increased beauty of the whole. The lawn was completely girdled by cliff, mountain and forest, and the entrance was so small as to be quite overlooked. But the most beautiful object which met his eye had been hitherto concealed by his position; this was a little waterfall, which leaped, laughing and flashing, down the ledge that completed the circle on the side by which the traveller had approached this enchanting place. The water flowed into a small basin, which, with the house, was the only artificial thing in the landscape. The traveller expressed surprise and delight enough to satisfy even the enthusiastic Magda.

When near the house, a little girl, about six years old, ran towards them, and took Magda by the hand. She was a pretty child, but not like the young girl, although she called her sister.

"Where is Dame Haspinger?" Magda inquired.

"She is gone to the dairy," the child replied, "and is it true that Claude is not coming home for a week?"

"Hush, Liza! you talk too much; run on and open the door."

The child obeyed, and they entered the chalet. Everything was still and quiet; a small fire burned in the huge fire-place, and two tall fir trees waved their branches against the windows, through which the young moon was peering. Lighting a lamp, the young girl proceeded to prepare a supper, and the famished traveller was just about to apply himself to the pleasant task of appropriating a comfortable share to himself, when the door opened, and a bronzed, hard-featured, matronly woman, of about forty-five, entered, and cast an inquiring glance at the group before her. Magda explained matters, and during the evening, they discovered that the traveller was a Parisian, on a journey for pleasure, by name Clarence d'Epinay, while his dress, manner and conversation plainly showed he was used to all the luxuries of life. In speaking of the scenery, he observed that weeks would not suffice to discover all the hidden beauties, and intimated a wish to change his uncomfortable quarters at the little inn below, for the romantic seclusion of Dame Haspinger's chalet.

The woman seemed not averse to this proposition, but on glancing at Magda, what was D'Epinay's surprise to see the most unequivocal signs of disapprobation and uneasiness, which Dame Haspinger perceiving, ceased to favor the idea. What could the matter be? thought our traveller. He could not compel himself to be ignorant that he was handsome, and universally sought for his society; besides, Magda had appeared so cordial and friendly that it was rather surprising she should frown upon so delightful an arrangement, for only half an hour previous, the young girl had been charmed with D'Epinay's descriptions of the different countries he had visited, and declared she should never tire of hearing about them.

Shortly after, the matron rose, and the lovely Magda showed D'Epinay to his apartment, which was in the front of the house; as she was departing she suppressed a sentence that she was just about to speak, and bidding him good-night, tripped lightly away.

The next morning, when D'Epinay awoke, the sun was shining brightly in at the window, and rising, he made a somewhat elaborate toilet, and then gazed out on the lawn. But early as it was, some one had been before him, for by the waterfall stood Magda, her long, glossy hair unbound, and sparkling in the sunlight, as she showered the pearly drops upon it, and proceeded to braid the tresses with nimble fingers, humming softly to herself a wild, sweet mountain air. Beside her lay her gipsy hat, filled with bright, gay flowers. Hastily descending from his chamber, D'Epinay joined the young girl, who looked up with a sunny smile, saying:

"*Bon jour, monsieur!*"

"Good-morning, my fairy," responded D'Epinay. "I judge you are an early riser."

"You judge rightly too; see these beautiful flowers,—these wild roses from the plain, and these iris branches too, these little white and yellow flowers, and the beautiful Linnæa borealis, came from the topmost crag yonder," and Magda pointed to the spot where D'Epinay had first seen her standing, apparently in mid air.

"Daring child!" he exclaimed; "when I am more familiar with the place, I will try and climb there too."

A cloud came over Magda's sunny face, and after a moment's reflection, she said:

"Do not think me rude or inhospitable, if I urge you to leave us as soon as possible; I do not consider it safe for you to linger, for my brother may return in a few days, and I am doubtful of the reception you might meet;" and blushing deeply, the young girl turned to leave D'Epinay. But his curiosity was excited to know what reason the said brother could possibly have for dislike toward him, and he requested an explanation.

Magda hesitated before she answered, and then the substance of what she said was confused and vague, but D'Epinay gathered that the dreaded individual was jealous of strangers, and had built this chalet for the purpose of ridding himself of intruders; so our hero resolved to depart the next morning, as four or five days would still intervene until her brother's arrival.

The day passed swiftly on; night came, and the little group were seated by the dying embers, listening to D'Epinay's narrative of a very interesting event, when suddenly a sharp, shrill whistle rang through their ears, and was loudly echoed from cliff to cliff, and the next instant the door was thrown open, admitting a fierce-looking man, of about twenty-five, in the full Tyrolean costume, and behind him, by the glare of a torch which he carried, were visible the faces of nearly a dozen men of different ages, similarly attired, though in less costly materials. Struck with surprise apparently, the stranger paused on the threshold in silence; the old woman rose to her feet; Magda uttered a shriek of terror, and D'Epinay gazed alternately at both parties; little Liza was the only unconcerned member of them all, but jumping from her chair, she ran to the stranger and took his hand, expressing great delight at his unexpected appearance.

The sound of her voice seemed to break the spell of silence, and advancing to the trembling Magda, the stranger inquired:

"What does this mean?"

"Dear Claude, it is a gentleman who lost his way among the mountains, and seeing our house, requested admittance."

"Ha! this is an unexpected piece of luck," the stranger replied; then turning to the men who had followed him into the apartment, he exclaimed: "Seize him, and keep him in close confinement until he is ransomed!"

Two stout fellows, with evil countenances, sprang forward to execute this order, and D'Epinay, seeing resistance useless, suffered them to fulfil their design; but Magda, recovering the use of her faculties, sprang forward, exclaiming:

"Claude! Claude! this is shameful!—it is cowardly! A stranger seeks protection, and claims our hospitality for a few hours, and under cover of granting him shelter, he is decoyed into a prison! Release him instantly, if you have a spark of honor."

"Silence, Magda! You are raving; one would think you had never seen a man in safe keeping, waiting to be ransomed. You are beside yourself!"

A blush of mortification rose to her cheek at this allusion to the disgraceful occupation and outrages which her brother so freely avowed; but she continued to grasp his arm, while the rich braids escaped their fastenings, and fell around her like a veil.

"I implore you to grant my request, and show yourself noble-hearted. Do not disgrace the name you bear still deeper with this basest, most dastardly action, or dearly as I have loved you, I shall regard you with horror and loathing, and never again shall the name of brother pass my lips, for Claude Ernstein will be dead to me, and his place usurped by a monster in human form."

The chieftain of the band seemed to hesitate, but he gazed piercingly at Magda, as he replied:

"You could not plead more eloquently if the gentleman was your sworn lover; if you are indeed in love with him, to you shall be assigned the charge of jailor."

A burning flush crimsoned the face, neck and arms of the poor girl, for it may be the taunt was not wholly untrue, and D'Epinay rejoiced in the indication of its probability; but bursting into tears, she replied:

"For shame, Claude, to insult me so openly! I had believed till now that you indeed loved me;" and covering her face, she turned to leave the room, sobbing bitterly at the hopeless turn of affairs.

But the robber was not quite hardened, and he truly loved his sister, almost to idolatry; the distress of the young girl, the consciousness that he had caused it, and, it may be, a mixture of shame at violating the rules of hospitality so grossly, all had the desired effect, and quite subdued, the young man hurriedly crossed the room, and flinging his arm around her waist, he exclaimed:

"Magda! my own darling sister! forgive me for wounding you so thoughtlessly. I will do all you wish; the prisoner shall be set at liberty, and free to depart any moment he chooses, under the protection of a guide. So dry up those tears, and reward me by a kiss."

Magda flung her arms around her brother's neck, and then hurriedly left the apartment.

D'Epinay did not see her again that night, and Dame Haspinger prepared the supper, and waited upon the band. Just before retiring, D'Epinay called little Liza to him, and giving her a note for Magda, whispered in her ear to bring him back an answer, if there was one, without any one's knowledge. The little girl promised, and departed on her errand, but did not return, much to our hero's vexation, for the contents of the billet were an offer

of his hand, and an urgent entreaty for its acceptance; but the next day, Liza asked what there was in the paper he sent Magda, for she cried a great deal over it, and laid it under her pillow at night. D'Epinay was delighted, but to his surprise, in reply to another note which he sent by Liza, a little billet, in a beautiful feminine hand-writing, was brought him from Magda, containing only half a dozen lines, and those not of the character he had expected. They consisted of an earnest request that he would leave the place, stating she would not step from her chamber until his departure, and forbade him ever to attempt seeing her again.

Convinced by the deep, earnest tone of the note, and the artless simplicity of the young girl's character, that all efforts to move her determination would be vain, D'Epinay prepared to leave this little paradise with a heavy heart; for a true and deep love had sprung up toward his noble-hearted benefactress, and he would gladly have rescued her from a situation so little in accordance with her gentle, refined nature. D'Epinay happened to have around his neck a miniature likeness of himself, and a lock of his mother's hair was at the back of it, which was the reason he valued the ornament so highly; but taking the tress from its place, he inserted one of his own chestnut curls, and bade Liza give the locket to Magda.

Two hours afterward, D'Epinay left the place, and as he wound round the mountain path, close by the tall cliff, he involuntarily looked upward. It was sunset, and his heart beat quickly as he saw, standing on the steep summit, the form of Magda, holding Liza by one hand, while with the other she shaded her eyes from the sun, which bathed her light garments with a rosy flood, and by the reflection of the rays, D'Epinay discovered the locket flashing on her fair neck. Instantly he raised his hat to her, and Magda waved her hand to him in return; as he turned an angle of the path, she was lost to sight, but his memory ever retained the tableau of the lovely girl, standing on the topmost cliff in mid air, against the background of golden fire.

D'Epinay returned to Paris, but although as much a favorite as ever, and as warmly welcomed by the fair ones, there were none who had the power to even dim the bright picture of his loved Magda, and he had solemnly said he should never marry. But all things have an end, even firm resolutions, and D'Epinay's time was come. Our hero had an old aunt who was very wealthy, and one day an invitation to visit her reached D'Epinay, who, like a dutiful nephew, hastened to obey the summons; for, five years having past since his separation from Magda, Clarence had recovered a certain degree of relish for the pleasures of this world, of which, for some time after his return to Paris, he had resolutely refused to partake; but Madame Didier was never without a house full of company, and guests usually found it convenient to accept a second invitation.

For a wonder, on D'Epinay's arrival, the good old lady was solitary, although company was shortly expected, and madame expatiated largely on the beauty of a certain niece, Elenora d'Aubin, whom Clarence had never seen; but the old lady so completely and incessantly rang in his ears the young lady's genealogy that he was sure he should dislike her above all things.

The next day Miss d'Aubin arrived; but D'Epinay had taken pains to absent himself about the time of her arrival, and it was not until her entrance into the drawing-room, before dinner, that Clarence caught a glimpse of her features. But looking up, as the footman opened the door, he saw the portly frame of his aunt enter, and the next moment heard the words: "Miss d'Aubin, allow me to present to you my nephew, Clarence D'Epinay."

Our hero heard no more, for there before him, radiant as ever, unchanged by the five years of separation, stood Magda Ernstein, but Magda, the robber's sister, no longer. With a cry of amazement, D'Epinay sprang forward, and before either of the ladies was aware of his intention, clasped the young girl in his arms.

"Stop, nephew! Do you mean to run away with Elenora?" cried the old lady, in great delight at the success of her pleasant surprise (for which, by the way, she had a great fondness, and in which she as generally failed). "Stop first, and find out who she is."

D'Epinay resumed his seat, and desired an immediate explanation of this strange affair. Madame then began a narration which we will cut short, giving the substance as follows:

Monsieur d'Aubin was the brother of Madame Didier, and with his wife and infant daughter was travelling in Germany, when they were attacked by robbers and murdered; the infant, Elenora, was adopted by the chief of the band, and brought up with his son Claude, then a very young boy. As the child grew up, the robber removed to Switzerland, and discovering the valley in the mountains, built the chalet, and a few years afterward died. The secret of Magda's birth was then known only to Dame Haspinger, who, on her death-bed, two years after D'Epinay's meeting with the young girl, revealed the facts, and placed in Magda's hands the papers and several ornaments which had belonged to her parents. But not knowing her connexion with the family of D'Epinay, Magda had never thought to make any use of the articles in finding out her relations. Several months afterward, her brother (by adoption) was killed in an affray with a party of travellers, and then Magda placed the documents in the hands of the village pastor, who succeeded in finding her friends, and on writing to them, received directions to send the young girl to Paris. When Madame Didier discovered that the one whom Elenora still loved was her own nephew, she formed the plan of uniting them at once.

How our readers can reconcile the inconstancy of Clarence d'Epinay, we do not know, but he did prefer a daughter of his own high-born family to the robber chieftain's sister, although he has bought the chalet, where he frequently spends the summer months, and next to his own "belle France," he still loves Switzerland zealously.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

BE HONEST AND BE KIND.

The man of years before me sat, the man of silvery hair,
His brow was noble, though his face betrayed the work of care,
His easy grace and winning way my heart completely took,
In converse sweet we talked of life till day the earth forsook;
Said I, "Old friend, how can you feel, thus at the ebb of life,
That flow of spirit, which with age seems holding kindly strife?"
"Young man."—he paused—"in youth and age I ever kept in mind
This maxim—grave it on your heart—*be honest and be kind.*
The frame must yield to nature's laws, and then to earth return;
But generous deeds and kindly words, than marble shaft or urn,
Will better show thy worth to mind, and heart, and noble souls,
Who pity station, pride of birth, and him who wealth extols;
These hapless mortals but too oft reveal their empty joys,
They lose the talent God has given, by chasing after toys."
The truth the aged man has told—my head, assenting, bowed,
And oft that truth revisits me in life's tumultuous crowd.
As some fine painting meets the eye, of old familiar haunts,
Makes man forget increasing years, with all their numerous wants;
So thus, among the shifting scenes, that lure or mar the sight,
Kind Memory comes, with faithful Hope, and paints that picture bright;
That beauteous vision, change, or chance, or time, can ne'er efface;
The old man's wisdom in my heart has sure abiding place.

F. W. J. S.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE ANGEL CHILD.

BY MRS. H. F. N. BROWN.

The autumn wind sighed mournfully through the oaks and elms in Longwood, and the heavy rain beat solemnly against the windows of the Longwood mansion. To the wind and the rain Mrs. Long listened as to a dirge of her day dream of bliss. She called back the spring flowers of love that perished in blooming; the green leaves of hope that grew sere before autumn; and the dearest gem in memory's casket—her bud of promise—and one by one she consecrated them with tears, and sepulchred them in the dark recess of her soul.

Mrs. Long had looked over the evening papers, examined the last fashion plates, and read for the third time the contents of a richly embossed envelope, and now she had sunk into an easy chair to commune with the past, and with the phantoms that heralded a cloudy future.

"Midnight, and no husband yet," soliloquized Mrs. Long, as the bells tolled the hour of twelve. "I wish I had an engagement every night, where I could pass the time and forget my wretchedness. What an intolerable life I am leading! My home of poverty, with the rags I wore, was a paradise to this mansion, with all its gilding. How people mistake who dream that beauty can purchase love, and riches content! Willie married me thinking I should be an addition to his establishment; and I him, supposing his money would purchase happiness. But my fate is a life of fashionable wretchedness—false to myself, and false to the world. Willie seeks enjoyment in wine and billiards, and the world calls us happy; the poor envy, and half the rich despise us."

A violent ringing of the door-bell aroused Mrs. Long from her reverie. "Willie has come at last," she thought. But, instead of the husband, the porter handed in a huge basket.

"It is for you, ma'am," said James, depositing it at the feet of Mrs. Long. "'Tis a baby, upon my word—a living, sleeping baby!" exclaimed James, lifting the cover from the basket.

"A baby, James—a baby! Take it to the alms-house directly," said Mrs. Long, going into hysterics.

"And surely, ma'am, you would not be after sending the darling out in a night like this!" said Biddy, who had come at a summons from James.

"Yes, I will send it out. Shall I be more humane than its mother?"

"O, it may be the mother knew how dearly you loved your own sweet one, so thought you might love hers, too."

Biddy's appeal to the mother's soul was enough. She remembered the darling she had cradled for the last time and laid to sleep in the sepulchre.

"It does storm furiously, Biddy; perhaps we had better keep it till morning," said Mrs. Long, wiping the tears from her eyes.

"Blessing on you for that same," replied Biddy, as she lifted the child from its basket-bed. "See, ma'am, how swately the darling smiles. It has just the softest blue eyes and dearest face in all the world."

The child turned wonderingly its eyes from Biddy to Mrs. Long, from Mrs. Long to Biddy. At length it extended its fair, soft arms to Mrs. Long and began to exhibit its infant prattle and childish glee.

"It calls you mother, and is laughing to see you in such a fine house," said Biddy.

The icy nature of Mrs. Long gave way, and the pent-up streams of love and tenderness flowed forth as freshly as in days of yore. She took to her heart the little stranger, and made of it a welcome guest. While she was gathering up broken fragments of baby-songs to lure it into sleeping, the door-bell announced the coming of Mr. Long. Mrs. Long thrust the child into the arms of Biddy, and relapsed into her moody state. When Mr. Long entered, he cast a glance to the baby, then to the wife.

"What does that child mean, Anna?" Mr. Long asked, in a tone that savored but little of mildness.

"That is just what I want *you* to tell *me*," replied Mr. Long.

"How should I know, Anna?"

"And how should I know?" was the response.

"Biddy, how came that child here?"

"And it's meself, sir, that doesn't know; but I'm after thinking it is your own angel child come back from heaven."

Mrs. Long's soul was softened by another allusion to her child, and so she told its brief history.

"Look among its clothes," said Mr. Long. "You may find some clue to its mysterious appearance."

In a bundle a note was found reading thus: "In Heaven's name I charge you to love and protect my orphan child. I am in a strange land, an alien from home and friends; my other treasure lies buried in the deep sea. To escape the phantom, starvation, I give my child to you, and go to join that loved one across the sea of death. May my child be to you a joy and a blessing."

"Pshaw! who believes that story? The child belongs to some woman who wants to go respectably to her home. I'll take the note and find out the inhuman mother." And Mr. Long folded the paper, and put it in his note book.

Next morning, Biddy neatly dressed the baby and took it to the breakfast room, hoping its helplessness and loveliness would win for it a place in the hearts of Mr. and Mrs. Long. As soon as the little stranger saw Mrs. Long, it commenced its carolling, and extended its arms so beseechingly, she could not turn it away. A voice that could not be hushed pleaded for a place for the outcast in the soul of Mrs. Long.

"'Tis a pretty child, Willie," said Mrs. Long. "Read that note again, possibly we may find the mother. It is such a pity to send it to the alms-house."

"Shall you keep that child to-day, wife?" questioned Mr. Long, as he prepared to go to his office.

"If Biddy thinks it is not too much trouble, I may."

"*Trouble*, ma'am! Why, I can do twice the work; the darling will keep the house so alive with music and sunshine."

"Well, then, Biddy, see that you take good care of it." And bidding his wife an affectionate good morning—the first loving word that had escaped his lips for weeks—Mr. Long left the house.

That day the coroner was called to hold an inquest upon the body of a genteel looking young woman, who was found in a cellar in the city. The corpse was turned carelessly over, "suicide" written, and then it was sent in a rough box to the "Potters' Field." A paragraph, containing some ill-natured remarks as to the probable character of the woman, and cause of the suicide, was given to the public through the daily journals, and then the pall of oblivion fell over the fate of one whose early life, perhaps, had been as joyous and promising as any of fortune's children have been.

Mr. Long came home unusually early that night, and, to his surprise, found his wife singing lullaby to the baby.

"How happens it, Anna, that you are not at the levee?" said Mr. Long.

"I did not care to go," she replied.

The next day, and the next was fixed upon for the departure of the child, still it was their guest. At length a crib and willow wagon were brought out, a nursery fitted up, and Biddy installed its happy mistress. A bundle of dry goods, consisting of flannel, linen, etc., was sent home, and Mrs. Long set about making baby-clothes in good earnest.

"Let us give the baby a name, wife; we have called it angel child long enough. What shall it be?"

"Call her Willianna—a union of our names."

"That's capital, wife. It may be typical of a union of hearts—our hearts."

"She is, indeed, an angel-child, if she proves a link uniting our souls," rejoined Mrs. Long.

The bloom came back to the cheek of Mrs. Long, the lovelight to her eye, and the spring time freshness to her heart. Operas and balls were exchanged for the joys of home. Mr. Long gave up billiards and brandy for the more enduring pleasures of domestic life.

Years came and went, bringing bloom and beauty to the angel-child—peace and hope to its benefactors. Its childish prattle brought back the remembrance of their innocent years; its dependence awakened in them the necessity of caring for the poor and outcast. Other angel children needed care and protection; other mothers might be famishing. Not a few were fed and clothed and raised from degradation by the generous hands and gentle hearts of Mr. and Mrs. Long. But as fades and perishes the early spring buds, so faded and died Willianna.

"Her mission is ended, love," said Mrs. Long, as she put back the ringlets to kiss the icy brow of her child. "She has been to us an angel-child, indeed; taught us how to live and how to die."

"Then, wife, let us in thankfulness give her back to heaven, with the hope of joining her there in God's good time."

THE USE OF SNOW.

The last severe winter in its effects on plants has furnished some striking proofs of the protection afforded by snow. Several specimens of the tree box (some of them seven or eight feet high), are as brown as dead grass above the snow line, while all below is as green as emerald. The Japan quince, usually regarded as very hardy, although not destroyed by the extreme cold, was so injured and checked in its growth, that while the flowers below the snow are an inch and a half in diameter, and in dense and brilliant clusters, the exposed portion of the shrub is thinly furnished with pale red or pink flowers, not one fifth the size of the former. The only blossoms of the peach that have appeared have been a few that were covered by snow drifts; and the strong contrast in the color of the wood of the trees where exposed or protected, has been sufficient to show the precise depth of the snow in any part of our peach orchards. Observations made at the Royal Gardens at Kew, in England (where the winter has also been very severe), showed a difference of nineteen degrees immediately above and below the snow.—*Country Gentleman.*

Public opinion changes. Once rich dresses, luxury, extravagant fashions, elegant furniture and costly buildings were considered sinful signs of pride. Now, on the contrary, all these things are deemed necessary accompaniments of honor, virtue and respectability.—*Kozlay.*

DEPARTURE OF THE PILGRIMS, AT DELFT HAVEN, A. D.

WIER'S GREAT PAINTING, IN THE ROTUNDA OF THE CAPITOL, AT WASHINGTON.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

SONG OF SUMMER'S YOUNG LEAVES.

BY ESTHER B. STRATTON.

What is this new feeling, so tenderly stealing
Along the wee nerves of our band,
This mystic revealing, this inner life, weaving
A form which we slowly expand?
What is this soft pressing, this gentle caressing,
That waves us with winning unrest,
With murmurs confessing, how sweet is the blessing
That lulls us to sleep on its breast?

What is this bright shining, so carefully twining
Around us its silvery rays,
Our soft leaves lining—refreshing, refining,
And making us quiver with praise?
And why this strange changing, this magic arranging
Of shrouds concealing you blue,
So oft disengaging the drops they are caging,
That we may all sip of the dew.

When the day is sleeping, whence come those eyes, peeping
Through those shadowy folds above?
Their silent watch keeping, while their soft light, leaping,
Twines o'er us, and lulls us with love.
Whence comes, every morning, this emerald adorning,
This robe of so beauteous a hue,
And whence this longing, these new hopes thronging,
That so woo our praises anew?

And close mid our trimming, so gracefully clinging,
What nestles so tenderly here,
With bright colors brimming, so modestly flinging
An incense so strange, yet so dear?
A balm that entrances winged elfs to our branches,
With harps in their tiny breasts,
So tuned with sweet fancies, our bliss enhances,
As we cradle their wings to rest.

Whose care is thus weaving the bliss we're receiving,
Refilling with life's warm glow,
And tenderly sheathing, as slowly unweaving,
In strength and in beauty we grow?
There's a something, hiding, yet ever abiding
Around us, within us inwove,
A power we confide in—trust firm in its guiding,
'Tis God—the great Spirit of Love!

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

LUCY TOMPKINS.

BY FREDERICK WARD SAUNDERS.

Miss Lucy Tompkins was a young lady of some twenty-seven or eight years, rather tall, quite thin, extremely sentimental and still disengaged—although, to do her justice, the misfortune arose from no lack of perseverance on her part. In vain had she attended balls and parties without number; in vain had been her incredible exertions in getting up and superintending fancy fairs for the benefit of the interesting but benighted natives of the Hopenpopenjingo Islands, who still, in this age of enlightenment—in this nineteenth century—perversely refuse to be clothed in good Christian breeches; and equally in vain had she exhibited her five feet seven of charms behind a square table at the before-mentioned fairs, to each and every one of the loyal citizens of this glorious republic, who chose to pay the very insignificant sum of two York shillings per head.

It is not to be supposed that Miss Lucy Tompkins had arrived at the somewhat mature age of twenty-eight without having had what is vulgarly called a beau. On the contrary, quite a number of young gentlemen had at various times escorted her to and from places of amusement and the like—two or three even going so far as to call of an evening, but for some inexplicable cause they soon ceased their attentions, and left her in "maiden meditation fancy free."

True, there was John Spriggins, a man well to do in the world, and the favorite of her father, had repeatedly offered himself. But what sympathy could there be between a refined and exquisitely sentimental spirit like hers, and such a soul as inhabited the short and somewhat corpulent earthly tabernacle of Spruggins. True, indeed—a man who did business at Brighton, and was profanely versed in the quality of two-year olds, and whose impious knowledge extended so far that he could tell the value of a drove of pigs to a bristle—what right had such a man to aspire to the hand of a divinity like Lucy Tompkins?

Ah, no!—the lover who could win her affections must be a very different being from this. In her inmost soul, she longed for one who could make love in the semi-atheistical, demoniac style of Lara or Manfred; one upon whom fate had set its seal; one who scorned the world, and only consented to remain for a few days longer on her own special account. She longed to feel the melancholy, the misery, the madness, the desolation of love, as described by her favorite poets. But, alas, for the partiality of destiny, the infernal scoundrels, who appear to have been the intimate acquaintances of L. E. L. and Felicia Hemans, do not fall to the lot of every young lady; and she was forced to "waste her sweetness on the desert air" of respectable everyday people.

Sometimes in her hours of despondency, she would wonder when her lover *would* appear, or whether she was destined, by a special interposition of Providence, never to have any lover at all. At such times, in running over in her mind the list of criminals who, in common with most romantic young ladies, she considered especially deserving of affection, she would come to the conclusion that, as a *dernier resort*, a man who had done nothing worse than having been engaged in the slave trade (provided he was *very handsome*), was by no means to be sneezed at.

But a corsair! How she pictured to herself some dark-complexioned young gentleman, with black eyes, black hair, black moustache, and still blacker character, who had been compelled, by the force of a series of impossible circumstances, to become a sea rover, and who now, smitten by her charms, laid his piratical heart at her feet; the thought was transporting—to be loved with the intensity of affection, popularly supposed to be a characteristic of pirates, was bliss unutterable. But, alas, among the whole circle of her acquaintances, she could not point out even one who had been so much as suspected of petty larceny.

But, as she sat one pleasant afternoon with a melancholy smile upon her countenance, the sorrows of Werter in her lap, and her thoughts dwelling upon the sad and undeserved fate of "Tonga the Betrayed," whose thrilling history she had just been rending, a ringing of the bell announced a visitor; and as she raised her eyes from the charming piece of embroidery—representing a red dog with a green head reposing in a somewhat constrained, not to say unnatural attitude upon a plat of brown worsted grass—upon which she was and had been engaged for the preceding five years, and which, in the event of its being finished, was destined to cover the top of a little knock-kneed footstool—as she raised her eyes, I say, from this work of art, the door opened and admitted a young lady, who advanced towards the place where she was sitting with that uncertain see-saw kind of step, which some young ladies seem to think so fascinating, and which leaves the bewildered spectator in doubt whether the young lady is trying to assume the graceful, or has an organic weakness of the knee joints.

"My dear Lucy," gasped the young lady, out of breath with excitement and rapid walking, as she seated herself by the side of Miss Tompkins, "*such* an adventure as I've had—you can't imagine—it was *so* delightful! I shall never forget it in my life, never! How I do wish you had been with me—the most *elegant* young man—and *so much* sentiment! I declare I never was so much excited in my life. I've run all the way here to tell you about it." And the young lady began nervously fanning her flushed countenance with an elaborate pocket handkerchief measuring about five inches by four and three quarters.

"What is it, dear? Do tell me all about it!" exclaimed Miss Tompkins, with considerable earnestness; for the words "elegant young man," "sentiment," and so forth, had struck a sympathetic chord.

"Well, dear," resumed the young lady, in a confidential tone, "you must know, in the first place, that as it was such a beautiful afternoon, I decided to walk into the city, instead of getting into that horrid omnibus. When I had got as far as the bridge, I found they had been digging up the sidewalk for some purpose or other, and the only means of crossing to the other side of the deep hole they had left, was by a little narrow plank, which shook and trembled so when I put my foot on it, that I didn't dare to cross; and the street, too, was so muddy that, without going back for some distance, I couldn't pass to the other side. As I stood hesitating whether to return or venture upon the plank, an elegant looking young gentleman came up, and with a most graceful bow, asked, in the politest manner imaginable, if he could assist me; and before I had time to answer a word, he placed his arm around my waist, lifted me gently from the ground, and in an instant I was upon the other side.

"It was so unexpected, and I was so confused, that I didn't know whether to thank him or pretend to be angry, though I wasn't a bit. But he gave me no opportunity to do either, for he at once commenced talking in such a delightful manner, that before I was aware of it, I found myself conversing with him as familiarly as if I had known him all my life; and then he conversed so charmingly—you've no idea—all poetry and sentiment; then he had such a military sort of air, that I was quite fascinated, I assure you. We walked very slowly over the bridge, and when we came to the other end, I forgot all about the shopping I had intended to do in the city, so we turned and walked back again to the place where I had met him. Before leaving me, he said he hoped to have the pleasure of meeting me again, which, if I was in the habit of walking upon the bridge, he probably should, as he usually took a walk in that direction every Wednesday afternoon. And then he gave me his card—and such a romantic name, isn't it, dear?" And the young lady produced a large sized glazed card, elaborately embossed with a profusion of Cupids, sweet briers and lilies, in the centre of which was engraved, in exceedingly diminutive letters, "Augustus Fitz Edward Mortimer, Esq."

"Now, what I want you to do," continued the young lady, after Miss Tompkins had satisfied her curiosity in regard to the card, which, if the truth must be told, she contemplated with feelings closely allied to envy, "what I want you to do is this. It wouldn't be exactly proper, you know, for me to go upon the bridge next Wednesday afternoon alone, so I want you to go with me. You will, wont you?—there's a dear!"

The "dear," after some little show of hesitation, acceded to the request—the more readily, as she was burning with impatience to behold the interesting unknown, and judge of his powers of fascination by actual experiment.

It was accordingly arranged that upon the following Wednesday she should accompany her dear friend to the place appointed, whereupon the young lady rose to depart, being, of course, followed to the door by Miss Tompkins. And then and there took place that mysterious and unaccountable performance, half pantomime, half whisper, which every observing young gentleman must have so often noticed between young lady friends about to separate for the interminable period of half a day.

The momentous Wednesday at length arrived, and Miss Lucy Tompkins, attired in a white crape shawl, blue silk dress, blue silk bonnet, and holding in her hand a ditto ditto parasol, accompanied by her friend—to whom the same description will apply by merely substituting the word pink in the place of blue—repaired to the Cambridge end of Charles River Bridge.

"I wonder if he'll be here," queried Miss Tompkins's friend, as they came in sight of the eventful and never-to-be-forgotten hole, over which she had been so delightfully lifted.

"I'm sure I hope not," replied Miss Tompkins, with as innocent an expression of countenance, as if she were really speaking the truth. "I'm sure I hope not, for I don't half like the idea of going to meet a gentleman to whom one has never been introduced."

"Poh! what of that!" responded her friend. "You might know he is a *gentleman* by his name, if nothing more. And what's the great difference, pray, whether a person is introduced or not?—But, la! there he is, I declare!" And the young lady's face became very much the color of her pink bonnet. The usual amount of giggling, and a hurried consultation as to whether it were best to keep on or return, which resulted in their deciding with great unanimity that it would be infinitely better to go forward, in pursuance of which decision, they continued to walk straight forward towards the adorable object which had occupied so much of their thoughts for the preceding week.

Reclining, or rather leaning in an easy attitude upon the railing of the bridge, some two or three hundred yards in advance of our friends, was a figure encased in a black frock coat rather white in the seams, and buttoned closely from the waist to the chin, after the style of military gentlemen. Supporting this was a pair of rather feeble looking legs enveloped in splendidly illustrated pantaloons, which concealed from view a pair of well-blacked boots that had done the state some service, and which a careful observer would be led to infer were of decidedly radical tendencies from the fact of the heels being altogether upon one side. These garments were surmounted by a slightly venerable white hat, around which was fastened, in a very artistic and somewhat jaunty manner, a broad band of black crape. And the whole enclosed the form and figure of Augustus Fitz Edward Mortimer, Esq., who, with a countenance expressive of the most intense melancholy, was pensively regarding a couple of very small and extremely dirty boys, who, with their pantaloons stripped up, thereby displaying a profusion of little blue legs, were paddling about in the shallow water which covered the flats.

So absorbed was he in his own gloomy reflections that he pretended not to notice the approach of our friends until they were close upon him, when, turning suddenly, with a start and an exclamation of surprise, he saluted them with a bow so low that the ladies began to entertain serious fears that his head would go on descending until he would finally shut up like a jack-knife; but their fears were groundless, for he righted himself with consummate skill, and gracefully opened the conversation.

"My dear Miss Persimmon," he began, "I am truly enchanted at once more beholding you this heavenly afternoon. I—"

"Mr. Mortimer," interrupted Lucy's friend, "shall I make you acquainted with my friend, Miss Tompkins?"

The gallant Mortimer retreated a step, and, hat in hand, once more doubled himself up, but this time with less effect than on the previous occasion, for the ladies having once witnessed the successful accomplishment of the feat, were not disposed to be surprised at any display of agility with which he might favor them.

Having addressed a profusion of florid compliments to the ladies, Mr. Mortimer, much to the chagrin of the lovely Persimmon, attached himself almost exclusively to Miss Tompkins, for with the quick perception of a poetical and romantic soul, he recognized a kindred spirit.

"How delightful," said the interesting Augustus, as with a lofty and martial air he walked beside her on the bridge, "how delightful, how heavenly it is to retire from the strife and trouble of a heartless and unfeeling world, and beneath the blue vault of heaven, with the cool breath of ocean fanning our brows—" and the eloquent Mortimer with a theatrical flourish pointed to the extensive mud flats—it was low tide—which covered the classic expanse of Back Bay; "how ecstatic," he continued, "to pass those moments, brief and fleeting though they are, in the society of those, I may say of one," and he looked feelingly at Lucy, "who, with a soul above the common herd, can appreciate and enjoy the sublime inspirations of poetic genius, and revel in the celestial land of romance. But what am I saying? what have I—I—to do with sentiments like these?—I, an outcast and friendless!" and the unhappy Augustus slapped his forehead like a man bent upon the annihilation of a musquito.

What feelings! what sentiments! thought Lucy, as with a languishing air she responded in a strain equally exalted.

But were I to record all that was said and done at that and subsequent interviews, my tale—as the cat said to the monkey—would extend to too great a length. I could, however, go on and tell how Miss Lucy's dear friend finding herself completely "cut out," went no more to the bridge, and instigated by envy and jealousy, wondered how any lady, with a proper regard for decency, *could* continue to meet a gentleman of whom she knew nothing; and how, not content with this, she circulated reports touching and concerning the character of Miss Lucy Tompkins; and how Miss Lucy Tompkins treated said reports with sovereign contempt, and intimated that it made little difference what such a creature as that Persimmon said, for all the world knew what she was; and how Miss Tompkins and her dear friend became sworn enemies, notwithstanding which she continued to meet her beloved Augustus upon the bridge.

All these things, I repeat, I *could* tell, and more, if I felt so disposed, but with that characteristic delicacy and regard for the feelings of others for which I am noted, and which has won for me the respect and esteem of all who know me, I refrain.

'Twas evening; the placid surface of Charles River, unruffled by the slightest zephyr, lay calm and mirror-like, reflecting in long

lines the towers and spires of the city, which seemed to rise from its bosom. The busy swallows darted hither and thither in quest of their tiny prey, and the sun, as if wearied with the march of a long summer's day, sank slowly behind the western hills, tinging the heavens with gorgeous hues of crimson and gold, while along the line of the western horizon clouds piled one above another in undulating masses, catching the last glance of the departing day-god, as he looked back upon the path he had all day long so steadily pursued, became of a brilliant purple, growing deeper and deeper as the light faded, until they assumed a blood-red hue.

It was on such an evening that Lucy Tompkins quitted her father's house, and carefully shutting the little yellow picket gate, proceeded towards the bridge, her thoughts in the clouds, and her gaiter boots in the mud—it had been raining violently the day previous, and the street in which she resided, as I thoughtlessly have neglected to state before, was unpaved.

As she approached the appointed spot, the beloved frock-coat was seen in its usual attitude, its well-known tails fluttering gracefully in the evening breeze.

"Beloved Lucy," ejaculated Augustus, when they had been some moments in conversation, "only say, dearest, that you will be mine; never, never will I leave this spot, until the agony, the misery, the torture of suspense is removed. Say, dearest, that I may presume to be permitted to hope—say that you will be mine."

"I will," murmured the blushing Lucy.

"And when?"

Now these two words, "and when," form a very simple, and, as a general thing, easily answered question; but in the present instance they struck rather harshly upon the ear of Lucy Tompkins—the idea of marrying and giving herself up entirely to the care and guidance of the man before her, had never seriously entered into her thoughts, and the little spark of good sense she yet retained caused her to hesitate.

The kind of books from which she had derived her ideas of life and happiness had not been of that class of modern novels which may very properly be denominated mathematical works, from the arithmetical certainty with which the *denouement* may be arrived at—a sort of rule of three plot, in which two lovers are given, to find a priest, and in which search they are invariably successful, and "live happy ever after." Her idea of happiness was based upon the despairing and soul harrowing love as described by poets, and which, like the poets themselves, never amounts to anything. But this was by no means the kind of love which the soul of Augustus Fitz Edward Mortimer pined for—no; however satisfactory such love may be to the poets aforesaid, he, like a sensible man—and for which I honor him—yearned for the real and tangible, and consequently repeated the question.

"And when?—you hesitate, Lucy," he continued, with a melodramatic air. "Am I then doomed to this bitter disappointment; but hear me—on my knees I swear never to survive this dreadful—this terrible—this—this—"

The almost certainty that he would at once adopt the romantic expedient of committing suicide, to escape from the terrible torture which her hesitation occasioned him, induced Lucy to murmur some inarticulate words, which he at once took as a consent to his earnest entreaties, that the ceremony should take place at the earliest opportunity. With this belief he rose to his feet, the contortions of his interesting features indicating his happiness, and the expression of gloom and despondency which had gathered upon his countenance, vanished like oyster soup at a free lunch.

"Beloved Lucy," he began, and would have continued, but for the approach of a gentleman with a star upon his breast, and a countenance most unromantically indicative of good strong common sense, who had been regarding the pair quite attentively for some minutes, and now advanced rapidly towards them.

"Hello, Jim Larkin!" he exclaimed; "so I've found you at last—up to your old tricks, eh—come along, my fine fellow, I want you;" and he made a grab at the unfortunate Augustus. Mortimer was too quick for him, and eluding his grasp with the agility which might have been expected of him, he skittled across the bridge at a speed which defied pursuit.

Lucy Tompkins was thunderstruck. "What!" she exclaimed, starting back in horror. "Who is this man? isn't he Augustus Fitz Edward Mortimer—younger son of Sir Comfortable Competence?"

"Why, really, ma'am," returned he of the star, "you couldn't expect me to say positively *whose son* he is; but his name is James Larkin, and he has been a supernumerary in one of the theatres, but what with cutting up such shines as these, and mistaking other people's property for his own, he's got to be as well known at the police court as any of the justices."

Lucy Tompkins returned to her father's house a wiser and a better woman. From that hour her visions of romance faded, and to her honor be it said, that since she has become Mrs. Spruggins, she carefully banishes from her house all books of a dangerous tendency, and the only thing resembling a poem which she will allow to be placed in the hands of the two little cherubs—who look very like Spruggins senior as seen through a reversed opera-glass—is the vision of judgment by my late friend George Byron, and others of a similar humorous character.

Mrs. Spruggins has also so far overcome the aversion which she formerly entertained for her husband's profession, that she has in fact rather come to like it—a mammoth ox being a matter of no little weight to her mind, and an early shad, as she now views it, a gem of the first water.

If any of my innumerable young lady friends think that the cap here presented will fit them, let them by all means place it upon their dear little heads; for, although there is nothing artistic or showy in the making up, they will find it useful and serviceable in the moral that a sensible mind will deduce.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THERE IS SOUL-LIGHT ABOVE.

BY H. RICE.

Why do we mourn? There is much to be glad for;
Earth may grow dark, but there's soul-light above;
There's a thread of delight in the web of care ever,
There's something to hope for, a great deal to love—
Why do we mourn?

Why do we pine for the summer's fled roses?
Like us they are borne up, and built by the soil;
Knowest thou, doubter—hast felt not the blessing—
How the breath of a flower can sweeten life's toil?
Why do we pine?

Why do we hope? Disappointment will fret us,
And laugh at our dreams ere our waking's begun.
Why look to the future? That will not forget us—
If something is lost, there is more to be won—
Why do we hope?

Why do we work? There is greatness in labor;
War fashions heroes, but we give them bread;
Thrones cannot buy what the peasant hath, priceless—
Health and free air—not a thorn in his bed;
Why do we work?

Ought we to mourn? There is much to be glad for;
Earth may grow dark, but there's soul-light above,
There's a thread of delight through the web of care woven,
There's the heaven we hope for, and something to love—
Ought we to mourn?

THE BOOK OF FATE.

A CLASSICAL LEGEND.

IMITATED FROM THE FRENCH.

BY FRANCIS A. DURIVAGE.

It was holyday in high Olympus. Jupiter, father of gods and men, with the ox-eyed Juno on his right, and on his left the laughing Venus, attired, not in the Bloomer costume, but in the primitive garb of Adam's Eve and Powers's Greek Slave, presided at the table, which was furnished by the voluntary contributions of the gods and goddesses. Vulcan had furnished a few *links* of sausages; Pomona, a capital *desert;* Themis, a *paté a foie gras;* Apollo, a dish of *perdreaux aux truffes;* Bacchus, several baskets of Champagne and Burgundy; Juno, the tarts; Cupid, confectionary kisses; Esculapius, sweetmeats; Neptune, a fine salmon—in a word, the feast was at once sumptuous and elegant.

But those gods were sad dogs. They had no temperance society, and were continually setting the very worst examples to their human worshippers. After the cloth had been removed the wine circulated freely. Apollo was called upon for a song, and gave "Shinbone Alley," followed by "Dearest May," accompanied by himself on the banjo, all the immortals joining in chorus.

Minerva launched into a long-winded eulogy of Ralph Waldo Emerson and Theodore Parker, but nobody listened to her. Mars and Venus slipped away unseen, and Bacchus, after an insane attempt to light his pipe at a decanter stopper, fell under the table, where he lay like a log. Mercury absconded with the silver spoons, and Jupiter walked off to bed.

After a nap of several hours, the "cloud-compeller" awoke and collected his scattered senses. The first thing he did was to hunt for his book of fate, that dread volume which contained the destiny of the human race, and which he distinctly remembered tucking under his arm for safe keeping, when he retired from the company of his illustrious guests. Alas! it had slipped from his unconscious grasp, and had fallen to the earth.

The first mortals who chanced to discover the book were a band of robbers, and the captain seized it as a valuable prize. He was hastily turning over the leaves in the hope of finding a bank note or two tucked away among its pages, when his attention was arrested by seeing his own name staring him in the face in large capitals, accompanied by the following startling announcement: "As the penalty of a new crime by thee committed, in eight days thou shalt be hanged." With a long whistle he handed the book to his lieutenant, who read for himself a similar destiny. The book passed from hand to hand throughout the troop, and very long and lugubrious faces were produced by the perusal.

"Diavolo!" said the brigand chieftain, "this will never do. The effect of this sort of literature appears to be to disgust honest gentlemen with their profession. We must sell it to our friend, the usurer."

And without more ado, the "honest gentlemen" sought out an equally honest Israelite, with whom they maintained the most amicable relations.

"Here, Isaac," said the bandit chieftain, "is a book for you."

"I am not fond of reading, thank you," said the Jew.

"But this book teaches you how to live."

"I understand that very well—the secret lies in one word—money."

"But just look at the binding. It's magnificent."

"All sham—sheepskin and Dutch metal."

But finally the bargain was struck, and the Jew had the book for a song.

"Holy father Abraham!" he exclaimed, when he was alone. "This is a prize, indeed. The book of fate—the knowledge of the future! That means the arts of the Cabala—the philosopher's stone—the art of transmuting all metals into gold. But let's see, in the first place, what destiny has in store for me."

With trembling hands he searched, and read: "Thou shalt die in prison."

"Lying book!" exclaimed Isaac, the Jew. "Was it for this I paid away my hard-earned coin? I must sell thee at any rate. The lord of the manor, my next neighbor, is rich; he shall give a hundred zecchins for thee, and so I shall make a reasonable profit after all."

The old Jew repaired to the lord or the manor, and after expatiating on the wonderful virtues of his commodity, modestly demanded a thousand zecchins for the volume, but finally contented himself with a hundred, wherewith he took his departure, leaving it in the hands of its new possessor.

The lord of the manor lost no time in consulting the oracle. After finding his name, he read: "Thou art rich and powerful today; but thou art a debauchee, and thou shalt die in a gutter."

"Impertinent oracle!" he exclaimed, casting the book from him. "What ho, my vassals! Run after this rascal Jew and give him a hundred lashes, with my compliments. And do you, Joseph, take this book and throw it in the fire."

Joseph took the book, but instead of obeying his master, traded it away with a travelling mountebank, for a pair of lace ruffles.

The mountebank mounted his little stage, and assembled his audience by sound of trumpet, announcing that he had the art of foretelling the future, and, for a certain sum, would read each man his destiny. He soon realized an immense fortune; all his predictions became true, but the populace finally rose against him, and prepared to burn him for a wizard; he ran no danger of this fate until he began to tell the truth. Whereupon our man of science, employing the better part of valor, ran away, and during his retreat, made a present of the book to an old man who lived retired from the world, in a hermitage.

While these events were passing on the earth, all Olympus was in an uproar. The thunder-launching Jupiter was kicking up a tremendous row. Every hole and corner was searched for the missing volume, but to no purpose. So, at last,

"Great Jove in his chair,
Of the sky Lord Mayor,"

summoned his light-footed (and light-fingered) messenger Mercury to his side.

"Mercury, my boy," said the cloud-compeller, "that book must be found; it is either in heaven or on earth. It is not here, that's certain."

"Perhaps it's neither here nor there."

"It's there, most likely."

"How on earth am I to find it?"

"By looking for it, booby! Away! and don't stay gaping here. If you come back without the book, look out for thunder!"

Mercury departed on his mission. After having ransacked the globe, he ascertained that it was in the possession of the old hermit, whom he found quietly sleeping on his bench.

"My dear sir," said the celestial messenger, "excuse me for disturbing your nap. But the fact is, I come in search of yonder book, which is the property of the gods. It contains the decrees of Fate."

Ah! indeed!" said the sage, smiling. "Well, I have not read it."

"Really? not a page of it?"

"Not a line—not a word. Do you think if I had read it I could have slept quietly?"

"What shall I give you for the book?" asked Mercury, fumbling in his pockets.

"Nothing. I resign it willingly. The knowledge of futurity would be a fatal gift to mortals. Let us enjoy the present, cherish the memory of our brief moments of pure joy, and shut our eyes on all the rest. This, it strikes me, is the true spirit of philosophy, and the art of being happy."

"Old man, you are wise."

"Young man, I am old. This book, in my estimation, is not worth a farthing. Take it, and return to heaven."

The old man fell asleep again, and Mercury, returning to Olympus, delivered the volume, and reported that he had found one wise man on the earth.

NOTICES OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

The Note Book of an English Opium-Eater. By Thomas de Quincey. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 18mo. pp. 294.

Among all the brilliant essayists of the 19th century, none is more thoroughly original than Thomas de Quincey. Nor has he been surpassed in the faculty of enchaining the attention of his readers, even in the most metaphysical of his essays. Brilliant and profound thoughts abound on every page, and reward a frequent perusal. The publishers deserve the highest credit for the admirable style in which they have issued the works of this remarkable man. The volume before us contains some of his most striking essays.

Female Life among the Mormons. A Narrative of Many Years' Personal Experience. By the Wife of a Mormon Elder, recently from Utah. New York: J. C. Derby. 1855. 12mo. pp. 449.

This book, which reads like a romance, purports to be a faithful and truthful narrative of the experience of the wife of a Mormon elder. It is deeply interesting, and though the story hinges on the peculiarities of the marriage relations of the Mormons, there is nothing indelicate in the treatment of the subject. Some of the "situations," as a dramatist would say, growing out of these relations are handled with considerable power, and the whole book is deeply interesting, and will enjoy the widest circulation. For sale by Phillips, Sampson & Co.

My Confession. The Story of a Woman's Life, and other Tales. New York: J. C. Derby. 1855. 12mo. pp. 306.

A series of stories from a feminine pen, written with a good deal of dramatic power and well-constructed. The book is quite readable, and will doubtless have a run. For sale by Phillips, Sampson & Co.

Doesticks—What he Says. Illustrated. New York: Ed. Livermore. 1855. 12mo. pp. 330.

The hearty laugh provoked by these quaint and extravagant sketches when they first appeared in the newspapers, will be echoed and re-echoed now that Doesticks's book unmasks its battery of fun. In a style of audacious eccentricity, the author has bound together a host of startling truths; and underlying the surface is a series of pictures of New York life which will be keenly relished by the initiated. Among the best things in the book are "Niagara," "City Target Excursion," "Running with the Mashees," and "A Night in the Bowery." There are thirty-six sketches, all abounding in humor. For sale by Brown, Bazin & Co., and by Ketridge & Co.

North American Review. No. CLXVIII.

The July number of this valuable publication is unusually interesting. It contains ten articles—among the most popular of which will be the "Clubs of London," "American Society," and "Gymnastics." "The Persistence of Physical Laws" is an essay characterized by deep thought and great learning. For sale by Crosby, Nichols & Co., Boston.

KARASU-BAZAR, CRIMEA.

The scene presented below in our accurate engraving is emphatically oriental in its character. The half-ruined fountain, with its graceful pillars and arches on the left, the camels grouped in the foreground, the line of mosques and minarets, and gardens and private dwellings, backed by stern mountains, that occupies the middle distance; all these features could only be found in combination in the East. Karasu-Bazar is the second town in the Crimea, and contains about 15,000 inhabitants, including Russians, Greeks, Tartars, Armenians and Jews. It is an interesting field of study for the antiquarian, as it contains many ruins and monuments of antiquity. The Russians have almost entirely rebuilt it since their conquest of the Crimean peninsula, and it is now one of the cheapest and best marts in the Crimea, its principal articles of trade being leather (chiefly morocco), pottery, hardware, tallow, soap, fruits, corn and vegetables. "The streets of Karasu-Bazar," says a recent traveller, "are filthy and ill-paved; and the shops on each side, defended from the heat of the sun by rude verandahs on wooden pillars, are much more picturesque than elegant. Here, as in most Eastern towns, separate districts are allotted to the different kinds of merchandise: in one place the shops are full of whips, belts, slippers and pouches, made of embroidered bright red and yellow morocco; further on nothing is visible but woollen goods; to which succeed stores of coarse earthen ware; which again give place to cooks and bakers—each having his own peculiar district. Karasu-Bazar possesses the largest corn market in the Crimea; and the price of wheat, corn and barley all over the country depends much upon the weekly returns of the current price in this town." In the suburbs of Karasu-Bazar stands one of those splendid villas which mark the progress of the Empress Catherine II. through her newly-acquired province, and which sprang up, as if by magic, at every place where she halted. Every town which she intended to honor with her presence was duly informed of that important event; and the inhabitants—not out of love for their conqueror, but out of fear for the Russian general, who had secretly ordered it to be done—worked like galley-slaves night and day till they had erected a splendid mansion for her reception. Several of these palaces were destroyed after the departure of the empress; but others, like that of Karasu-Bazar (which now belongs to a wealthy Greek), were preserved as memorials of the imperial visit. They usually consisted of a state bedroom, with a bath adjoining, a chapel, a ball-room, reception rooms, and apartments for her suite. In the neighborhood stands a mountain of a curious shape, with steep precipices on either side, and a table-land on top, accessible only from one direction. Here the Tartar chiefs and population were accustomed to meet in council during important crises. The surrounding country is picturesque, and is watered by the river Karasu, or Black River, which gives name to the town. Indeed, most of the country bears this character, and the southern part of the Crimea is one of the most fertile and delightful countries in the world, producing all sorts of fruits and grain, wine, silk, and tobacco abundantly.

UNITED STATES COURT HOUSE, BOWDOIN SQUARE, BOSTON.

U. S. COURT HOUSE, BOWDOIN SQUARE.

The house represented above will be readily recognized by our readers. It was sketched by our artist on the spot, and is an accurate delineation. It is depicted as seen looking from the Revere House. It was originally erected for a private residence, and has many of the characteristics of an old family mansion of the past century. It is only recently that it has been occupied as a Temple of Themis, the United States having only occupied rooms in the city court house by sufferance; the accommodations there being inadequate, and various inconveniences attending the holding of federal and local courts under the same roof, the transfer was made some months since. On the right of the spectator is seen a portion of the granite church, which is so ornamental an object in the general view of the square. It is quite a relief after driving or walking through the narrow limits of Court, Green, or Cambridge Streets, to emerge into an opening like this square. These spaces are so few and far between in this city, that even a limited triangle, like the area of Bowdoin Square, is a great comfort.

HISTORY OF THE PLAGUE.

The editor of the Albany Knickerbocker has been industrious enough to collate from a stray volume published some years since by Conner & Cooke, the annexed outline history of the Plague:—Among the earliest plagues mentioned by historians, is the one referred to by Thucydides, which, in the third year of the Peloponnesian war (four hundred and thirty years before Christ), ravaged Athens, then besieged by the Spartans. The plague in Jerusalem (A. D. 27), when it was besieged by the Romans, is described by Josephus. In Rome, the plague existed (A. D. 77) in the reign of Vespasian; of Marcus Aurelius (170), when it raged over almost all Europe and Asia; of Commodus (in 189), and particularly of Gallienus, (in 262), when five thousand persons are said to have died daily in Rome. From that time, the plague has always continued to exist in Italy, Greece, Asia and Africa, and raged particularly in the populous cities, for instance, in Constantinople, in the reign of Justinian, in 544, when one thousand grave-diggers are said to have been insufficient for the interment of the dead. This terrible plague continued its ravages for fifty years, with but short intervals. In 565, it appeared under the name of *pestis inguinaria*, in Treves; in 588, in Marseilles. In the seventh century, it was in Saxony. In 823, it prevailed all over Germany, and, from 875 to 877, was particularly malignant in Saxony and Misnia, as was also the case in 964. In the seventh century it broke out in Germany at least six times, mostly after or during a famine, and raged with so much violence that it was believed all mankind was doomed to be swept away by it. This unfortunate belief prevented the taking of effectual means to check it; and apathy in suffering was considered an act of piety. In some cases, however, the Jews were suspected of having poisoned the wells, as, in our own times, the Hungarian peasantry suspected the nobility, when the cholera morbus swept away so many of the poorer classes; in fact, the ignorant of all ages have been inclined to ascribe general and far-spreading diseases, whose true causes are unknown, or disbelieved by them, to poisoned wells. Thus, when the ophthalmia broke out in the Prussian army, in 1813, many believed the French had poisoned the wells. Similar notions were entertained by many French soldiers during the prevalence of the plague which swept them off in Egypt. In the twelfth century, it was brought into Europe by the crusaders. From 1347 to 1350, it traversed all Europe, and was then called the *black death*. Since that time it has never raged with so much violence. Boccaccio, in the introduction to his *Decameron*, has given a lively description of its physical and moral effects in Florence, in 1348. In the latter half of the fifteenth century, it raged in all Europe, accompanied with the most terrible sufferings. The historians of that time give the most horrible picture of distress.

TOWN OF KARASU-BAZAR, CRIMEA.

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL.
THE CHEAPEST WEEKLY PAPER IN THE WORLD.

MATURIN M. BALLOU, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.
FRANCIS A. DURIVAGE, ASSISTANT EDITOR.

AMERICAN OFFICERS IN EUROPE.

It will be remembered by our readers, that three officers of the United States army left this country some time since for the purpose of visiting the military establishments of Europe, but more particularly the works and the siege operations at Sebastopol. It has been the custom of our government to detail, from time to time, regular officers to investigate the condition and progress of military science in Europe. Thus, General John E. Wool, if we remember rightly, was present at the siege of Antwerp, in 1830. In pursuance with this practice, Major Delafield and Captains Mordecai and McLellan left this country in a steamer some time since, and soon after their arrival reports reached us that they had been coldly received by the English and French governments, who would not allow them to visit the allied camp, and that they were also denied by the Russian emperor the necessary authority to inspect the progress of the war from the Russian lines. It appears now that these accounts were but partially true. It seems that our officers did not receive those attentions in France and England which they had a right to expect, but that, on the contrary, they have been treated with the highest consideration by the Russian officials. At Warsaw, Prince Paskiewitch ordered a grand review of the troops under his command expressly for the gratification of his American visitors, and afterwards they were offered their choice of a visit first to St. Petersburg, or an immediate escort to the Crimea. They preferred the former, doubtless, concluding that Sebastopol would hold out long enough to permit them to see the Russian capital and the siege operations besides. The tales of their neglect by the Russian officials were doubtless manufactured by the French and English, as we have had occasion more than once to notice how the existence of a state of war has so excited the passions of the belligerents, that they are ready to deny manliness, courtesy, every good quality, to their opponents. In the eyes of the French and English, the Russians are all unmitigated savages, and doubtless they return the compliment. It is one of the evils of war, that it perverts every generous sentiment.

CALIFORNIA.—This is still the land of gold to some theatrical speculators, although to many it has proved less a land of performance than of promise. In four months Miss Davenport cleared $15,000 over and above all expenses—a sum that used to be considered a little fortune, when people were not quite so extravagant as they are now-a-days.

HOT WEATHER.—Our good friends of New Orleans crow over us when strawberries and green peas appear in their market, but we have our revenge in the dog-days. What would the "Can't-get-away club" give for a touch at Nahant?

TEXAS.—It is estimated that the present number of inhabitants in Texas is 600,000. The population is increasing more rapidly than that of any other Southern State.

SPLINTERS.

.... Mr. Edge, of New Jersey, has invented a new war rocket, which requires no stick, and which carries four miles.

.... An artificial composition, made to resemble perfectly the finest marble, is now sold for table-tops and other articles.

.... American iron is said to be more durable than Scotch or English. It is preferred for the manufacture of car-wheels.

.... Charles Dickens's speech on English legislative reform was the keenest, wittiest and most humorous ever delivered.

.... At Williamsburg, N. Y., they manufacture plate glass through which the finest print can be read without spectacles.

.... Newspaper postage was entirely abolished in Canada on the third of July. We shall see what effect it will have.

.... Mr. Dodge, our new minister to Spain, is feted and made much of by the foreign ambassadors at Madrid.

.... Sergeant Morrow, in Fort McHenry, is on trial for having whipped one Louis Loupe, a drunken soldier, to death.

.... Jane Boswell, a gipsy, who cheated Mr. Mixon out of $6000, is awaiting trial at Philadelphia.

.... The grasshoppers have destroyed the wheat at Utah, and the "saints" are quarrelling among themselves.

.... A New York alderman charges one of his associates with not stealing himself, nor allowing others to steal. Melancholy.

.... Some of the "brave volunteers" for the East, at Liverpool, N. S., don't want to be shot in the Crimea.

.... Two parties have been fighting *vi et armis* for the possession of a Presbyterian church at Gallipolis, Ohio.

.... A Kentucky doctor calls cholera a "manifestation of the dying phenomena of scorbutus." Very intelligible!

.... Vestvali, the great Italian singer and actress, is on her way to South America, to astonish the natives.

.... They have had a fine agricultural season in Nebraska this year; so have we. Who will emigrate?

.... Mr. Burdick, a practical builder, of New York, has invented an iron wall as a substitute for brick.

.... Painted pails are said to impregnate the water they contain injuriously. We never found it so.

... The glow-worms were numerous, in one place on Milton Hill, this year, and suddenly disappeared.

.... If hypocrisy is the tribute paid by vice to virtue, what taxes some people are saddled with.

THE PILGRIM FATHERS.

We have placed on pages 88 and 89 a fine large engraving from an accurate drawing of Wier's great picture, entitled the "Embarkation of the Pilgrims at Delft-Haven, in 1620," which now fills one of the panels of the rotunda of the capitol. The outline and grouping of the figures is well rendered in our engraving, but, of course, no hint can be conveyed of the rich color of the original. We remember seeing it when it was exhibited in this city, a few years since, and being favorably impressed with its merit as a work of art. The subject is one of absorbing interest. The "poor, persecuted flock of Christ," who had been driven from their pleasant English homes by the hard and bloody hand of religious persecution, and had found liberty of conscience, but little else, in Holland, are on the eve of departure for a western wilderness, peopled by savages, but secure from a more ferocious civilization. In them we behold the unconscious founders of a great empire. Little do Carver, Bradford and Winslow think that, in a little more than two centuries, hundred of thousands of freemen, scattered over a heritage as fair as ever fell to the lot of man, will trace their descent with pride to the pilgrim band, will rise up and call them blessed. The great and indispensable element of success—union—existed in full force in the pilgrim community. "We are knit together," wrote Robinson and Brewster, in 1617, "as a body, in a most sacred covenant of the Lord, of the violation whereof we made great conscience, and by virtue whereof we hold ourselves straitly tied to all care of each other's good, and of the whole. It is not with us as with men whom small things can discourage."

A company of English merchants supplied the capital requisite for the accomplishment of the pilgrim scheme of western emigration, and two vessels—the Speedwell of sixty, and the Mayflower of one hundred and eighty tons—were provided for their accommodation. Of these vessels—both of which could accommodate but a small portion of the colony at Leyden,—it will be remembered that the Speedwell never accomplished her voyage, and that, finally, the Mayflower took over only one hundred souls. Wier's picture does not represent the final departure, but that from Delft-Haven. Edward Winslow describes, in simple and touching language, the parting of the brethren. "When the ship was ready to carry us away," he writes, "the brethren that stayed at Leyden, having again solemnly sought the Lord with us and for us, feasted us that were to go, at our pastor's house, being large, where we refreshed ourselves, after tears, with singing of psalms, making joyful melody in our hearts, as well as with the voice, there being many of the congregation very expert in music; and, indeed, it was the sweetest melody that ever mine ears heard. After this, they accompanied us to Delft-Haven, where we went to embark, and there feasted us again; and, after prayer, performed by our pastor, where a flood of tears was poured out, they accompanied us to the ship, but were not able to speak one to another for the abundance of sorrow to part. But we only, going aboard, gave them a volley of small shot and three pieces of ordnance; and so, lifting up our hands to each other, and our hearts for each other, to the Lord our God, we departed."

The personages represented in Wier's painting are, Rev. Mr. Robinson, making the parting prayer; Elder Brewster, holding the open Bible; Governor Carver, Mr. Bradford, and their wives, forming the central group. On the right is Miles Standish, with his wife Rose. On the left are Mr. and Mrs. White, the parents of Peregrine, the first child born in the colony. Other figures are Capt. Reynolds, in the background, Mr. and Mrs. Winslow, a bridegroom and bride, the latter dressed with a richness which contrasts with the severe custom of the Puritans. In the foreground lies the screw, the use of which probably saved the vessel, with various arms of the period grouped together. The whole scene carries us back to the epoch represented, and the design is certainly a highly creditable production of American art.

BOSTON ENTERPRISE.—It seems to be conceded that we shall have a line of steamships from Boston to Liverpool, and no one can doubt the success and the profits of the enterprise. About $2,000,000 will be required to build four first-class ocean steamships, and it is calculated that the passage will be made from port to port in eight days. We are one day's sail nearer to Europe than New York.

LORD RAGLAN.—This distinguished officer, whose portrait we lately published in the Pictorial, has sunk under disease in the Crimea. He was sixty-seven years of age when he undertook the command. He exhibited throughout the campaign unwavering courage and coolness. He was a tory of the Wellington school of politics, but much beloved by his troops.

JENNY LIND.—This distinguished singer has never appeared in Paris. When she does, we fancy the French critics will be severe on her singing, out of revenge for her neglect of the great capital, which regards its approbation as necessary to the complete fame of every public celebrity.

FIRE.—It will take some time for the city of Manchester, N. H., to recover from the effects of the late disastrous fire there. But the business men are energetic, courageous, and have abundant resources, and the old fable of the Phœnix will be repeated in their case.

LABOR.—Out west the cry of the farmers still is that they can't find hands enough to meet their wants, even at high wages. Why will so many able-bodied men starve on our Atlantic seaboard, when there is such a demand for them in the West?

NATURAL HISTORY.—BIRDS.

The last illustration of the present number is a full page engraving of several striking specimens of the feathered race, from the pencil of the same artist who has drawn all the splendid sheets of our natural history series. These engravings are executed expressly for our Pictorial, and at great cost. No. 1, of the page referred to, is the White Pelican, an inhabitant of Africa, India and the greater part of the southeast of Europe. Its peculiarity is the membranous pouch which, when distended, will contain two gallons of water, and serves as a net to scoop up the fish on which the Pelican feeds. When not in use, the bird contracts it so that it can scarcely be discerned. No. 2 is the Gannet or Solan Goose, found in great numbers on the coast of Scotland. It feeds almost entirely on herrings. No. 3, the Albatross, is a huge bird, found in the southern seas, where it will keep close to vessels for the sake of the refuse thrown overboard. In the largest specimens, the expanse of wing is fourteen feet. No. 4, the Eider Duck, is found in the north of Europe, Iceland and the Hebrides. It furnishes the down in so much use for pillows and beds, and which the female plucks from her breast to line her nest. No. 5, the Stork, is found extensively throughout Europe, Asia and Africa. In Holland, they are encouraged to build in the towns by the inhabitants, who build a sort of false chimney for their accommodation. They feed on rats, mice and frogs, and are not indifferent to cats. No. 6, the Bernicle Goose, inhabits the northern parts of Europe and America, but resorts to the shores of Great Britain in winter. It is extremely shy and difficult of approach. No. 7, the Great Auk, is an inhabitant of the Arctic circle, but sometimes seen in the northern islands of Scotland. Its home is on the seashore, it never being found inland. The wings, from their diminutive size, are almost useless, and the position of the feet gives the bird a perfectly erect attitude when sitting. It is nearly three feet long. No. 8, the Black Swan—once believed to be a myth,—is an actual inhabitant of Australia. It is a graceful bird, with jet black plumage, excepting that the quill feathers are white. They have been domesticated in England. No. 9, the mute Swan, large numbers of which have been domesticated as an ornament to the pleasure-grounds of English noblemen and gentlemen, is a native of eastern Europe and Asia. Afloat it is the most graceful of birds, but it has an awkward gait on the land. No. 10, the Teal, is the smallest of our wild ducks. It flies with great rapidity, and is a difficult bird to shoot. Its flesh is remarkably delicate, and much sought after.

SOMNAMBULISM.—It is proverbial that sleep-walkers achieve feats which they would not dare to attempt, and would certainly fail to accomplish, when in possession of their waking senses. A traveller in Worcester, Mass., lately got up in his sleep, and sprang through an open window across a court into another window, landing safely. A most perilous leap.

EX-PRESIDENTS.—The British people were astonished at the simplicity of our ex-presidents Fillmore and Van Buren. That men who had stood at the head of the greatest nation of the earth should be devoid of ostentation, and treated as equals by their fellow-countrymen, appeared to them inexplicable.

HIGH LIFE IN PARIS.—The boudoir of the Empress Eugenie at the exhibition palace in Paris, is said to be a perfect gem of elegance and luxury. We are glad that the French people like the empress, for they are heavily taxed to pay the expenses of the imperial establishment.

FEMALE MEDICAL STUDENTS.—The corner stone of a new homœopathic college was lately laid in Cleveland, Ohio. A department for female students is to be attached to the institution, to have lectures and demonstrators of their own sex.

MARRIAGES.

In this city, by Rev. Mr. Wines, Mr. Jonathan Hatch, Jr. to Miss Maria L. Ring; by Rev. Mr. Cilley, Mr. Freeman A. Lombard to Miss Sarah J. A. Paine, both of Truro; by Rev. Mr. Sweazy, Mr. P. Taylor to Mrs. S. B. Foster; by Rev. Mr. Randall, Mr. Josiah Ellery Daniell to Miss Frances E. Wilkinson; by Rev. Mr. Clark, Mr. Alexander Taylor to Miss Sarah Y. Dunbar; by Rev. Dr. Adams, Mr. William F. Stetson to Miss Susan Emily Dunbar; by Rev. Mr. Miner, Mr. Joseph Lamson, Jr. to Miss Nancy A. Taplin.—At Dorchester, by Rev. Mr. Cox, Mr. Jerome T. P. Beal, of Newton, to Miss Caroline T. Blake.—At Lawrence, by Rev. Mr. Williams, Mr. George Mitchell to Miss Elizabeth Richardson.—At Plymouth, by Rev. Dr. Kendall, Mr. Andrew J. Bradford to Miss Sarah E. Cambell.—At Fairhaven, by Rev. Mr. Gould, Mr. Edwin Evans, of Needham, to Miss Martha P., daughter of the officiating clergyman.—At Fall River, by Rev. Mr. Waite, Mr. Stanley Gore, of Boston, to Miss Deborah S. Hathorn.—At Worcester, by Rev. Mr. Bushnell, Mr. C. C. Greenwood to Miss Annie N. Foskett.—At Newburyport, by Rev. Mr. Dwight, Mr. George W. Pike to Miss Caroline Augusta Smith.—At New Bedford, by Rev. Mr. How, Mr. Charles W. Pass to Miss Eliza A. Cornell.—At Springfield, by Rev. Mr. Cone, Mr. Donald Cameron to Miss Agnes Nixon.—At Lowell, by Rev. Mr. Winn, Mr. H. S. Woodward to Miss Clarinda A. Bond.—At Salisbury Point, by Rev. Mr. Bacon, Mr. William H. Ames, of Haverhill, to Miss Dolly C. Bagley.—At Gloucester, Mr. Peter Sexton to Miss Amanda F. Goodnow.—At Walpole, N.H., by Rev. Mr. Worcester, of Boston, Mr. Thomas Hitchcock, of New York, to Miss Maria Louisa Centre.

DEATHS.

In this city, Mr. Amasa Bartlett, Jr., 21; Mr. Mathew Dalton, of Laikin, Longford county, Ireland, 32; Mrs. Caroline F., wife of Mr. Abel Wheelock, 42.—Miss Sarah P. Winchester, formerly of Dorchester, 52.—At South Boston, Dr. John Colby York, 26; John Tillson, Esq., 53.—Mrs. Alice S., wife of Mr. George Palmer.—At Charlestown, Mrs. Maria, wife of Mr. Theodore Savage, 26; Miss Susan J. B. Sucker, 18.—At Roxbury, Miss Sarah H. Spofford, 39; Dr. Charles Marsh, 40.—At Cambridge, Mrs. Susanna Peirce, 76.—At Somerville, Mr. John N. Welch, 75.—At Salem, Miss Mary Casey, 20; Mrs. Hannah Lane, late of Chichester, N.H., 79.—At South Danvers, Mr. Justus Jones, 62.—At Danvers, Mr. James P. Felton, 26.—At Essex, Miss Lucretia A. R. Burnham, 17.—At Gloucester, Capt. Edward Daniels, 63.—At Methuen, Joseph W. Carleton, Esq.—At Canton, Mr. Thomas Hill, 32.—At Newburyport, Miss Fanny Greenough, 84; Mrs. Lydia Lovejoy Cooper, 48.—At Newbury, Mr. John L. Tilton, 68.—At Worcester, Mr. Calvin Ayres, 64; Mrs. Nancy Stone, 69; Mr. Azariah A. Mixer, 34.—At Northampton, Mr. Jonathon Strong, 82.—At Springfield, Mr. John Phelan, 70; Mr. James Martin, 22.—At Sterling, Mr. Stephen Sargent, 84.—At Hyannis, Mr. Joseph Bassett, a revolutionary pensioner, 93.—At Plymouth, Widow Rhoda Perry, 80.—At Manchester, N. H., Hon. Noyes Poor, 60.—At Portsmouth, N. H., Hon. James Pickering, 54.—At Windham, N. H., Mr. Caleb Low Bradley, formerly of Lowell, 42.—At Lockport, N. Y., Widow Asenath Wicker, formerly of Northampton, Mass., 83.—At Calcutta, March 6, Mr. Melcher Crawford Ellms, of Charlestown, 20.

EDITORIAL MELANGE.

The Troy Times says that Miss Martha Rockwood died in Lansingburg, recently, from the effects of poison contained in some maple sugar of which she had partaken. It is supposed the poison was imparted to the sugar by boiling it in a brass kettle,—a fact which should operate as a warning to others. —— A few days since, a man went to the depot in Holyoke, just as the cars were starting, and took the shoes off an infant's feet, as part pay for a debt its mother owed him. —— The Japanese call the deified souls of ancient heroes their "*camis*" (spirits or ghosts). These defunct heroes are supposed still to interest themselves in the welfare of the people whom they commanded when living on the earth. The Japanese venerate their *camis;* they answer to the heroes in the ancient Greek and Roman mythology. We have read somewhere that the islands of Japan swarm with them. —— A complaint has been preferred against the sexton of the new cemetery at Dundas, C. W., for "dunning" the mourners for his pay while the funeral was actually going on! —— Sir David Brewster is of the opinion that the moon may have streams, or even rivers, that lose themselves, as some of our own do, either in the dry ground, or in subterranean cavities; also, that there may be springs too, and wells sufficient for the use of men; and yet the evaporation from the water thus diffused may be insufficient for the formation of clouds, and consequently for the production of rain. The air, he thinks, may be charged to such a small extent with aqueous vapor that it descends only in gentle dew. —— The Knickerbocker Mutual Insurance Company, of Waterford, N. Y., has been declared by the comptroller of the State to be a fraudulent concern. —— A battered specimen of humanity appeared before the New Orleans recorder, recently, and stated that he wanted to make an affidavit against a man named Eagan, who struck him in the face with a slung shot, and cut him in the breast with a knife, while Eagan's wife bent him over the head with a pewter mug, and their son shot him in the side, the ball passing round and out of his back. We should think the case of assault was pretty well made out. —— The attendance at the Connecticut Normal School during the year has been 20 per cent. more than in any former year, there being now 295 pupils. —— Assuming the nebular theory of Laplace to be true, Professor Loomis supposes that the outermost planet of our system was first fitted for the reception of man; but at present he supposes it to be eighty degrees below zero, and that humanity has long since ceased to exist there. The temperature of Mars he supposed to be ten degrees below zero, and in Venus he supposed that the polar regions were the only fit place for the abode of human beings. —— By an act of the Portuguese government, the following articles are made free of duties in American bottoms, when imported into the Cape Verde Islands:—corn, corn meal, beans and rice. —— Colonel Mann died at his residence in New York, recently, in the 46th year of his age. He was widely known throughout the country, and was very popular. He gained a handsome property in the vocation of circus proprietor, all of which he sunk in the Broadway Theatre. For two years he had been afflicted with the dropsy. —— The Illinois Central Railroad Company have discovered a large bed of coal on their lands, which is said to be of an excellent quality. —— The stone foundations of an ancient church, forty by sixty feet, have been found several feet below the surface of the ground at Ypsilanti, Michigan. The corroded and encrusted remains of a church bell were also found. Centrally situated within the foundation walls, were ashes and mason work, where fires were probably kindled. The remains are regarded as those of an ancient civilization, though they may have been the work of the early French missionaries. —— According to the Norfolk Herald, the spring crop of sweet potatoes has turned out uncommonly well, and immense quantities are being shipped to the Northern cities. —— The New York papers are rejoicing that the Battery is lighted with gas. The loafers who sleep there will not be equally joyful over the circumstance.

A Miser.—A prisoner, seventy-three years of age, in the Indiana penitentiary at Jeffersonville, died lately, leaving property to the amount of $200,000. He was at the time undergoing a sentence of two years confinement for having committed forgery to the amount of twenty-five dollars. It is said that at the time of his arrest, he was tendered counsel who promised to clear him of the charge for a fee of $500. The characteristic reply was, that, "if convicted, the sentence would only be for two years, and he didn't think he could make his expenses and two hundred and fifty dollars a year out of the penitentiary, and it would cost him nothing to live there, and he would save that much anyhow!"

Government Offices.—A movement is on foot in London for obtaining the permission of government to close their offices at one o'clock on Saturday, to give the clerks in their service advantages similar to those accorded by most of the leading merchants in London. The practice has for some time past prevailed in the audit office, and been found to be productive of no inconvenience or delay to public business. Here the government increases the number of hours work.

The World.—"Two laws govern the world," said a celebrated jurist, "the law of the strongest and the law of the shrewdest." This reminds us of the aphorism attributed to Talleyrand: "Society is divided into two classes—the shearers and the sheared. We must always take sides with the former against the latter."

Broken up.—It is said that the renowned marrying establishment, Gretna Hall, at Gretna Green, is about to be demolished.

Population of New York City.—The census marshals report the population of the city proper at 750,000.

Wayside Gatherings.

Rhode Island has raised the salary of her governor from $400 to the more respectable sum of $1000.

The New England city of New Bedford is said to be the richest in the world in the ratio of its population.

A new moral drama, written by Louisa Reeder, has been successfully played at Cleveland; the authoress is said to be a niece of Governor Reeder, of Kansas.

A man was lately arrested in St. Louis for stealing goods at a fire. On examination before a magistrate, he confessed the act, but urged, in palliation of the offence, that he had been only a month in the country, and didn't know the rules.

The Chicago Journal, alluding to the fact that Mr. Fillmore had been "smiled upon" by the Queen of England, says:—"We know an American queen, the mother of ten sons, all living, all laboring and all honest men, whose smiles would be worth winning."

Theodore F. Denniston pleaded guilty to stealing letters from the post-office at Chicago, and is in jail on $5000 bail. The U. S. attorney *nol. pros'd* all but one indictment. His sentence will be imprisonment for ten years.

Powers, the sculptor, has invented a file, for which he has taken out patents in Europe and America. The English cutlers pronounce it admirable, and say that a "royalty" of half a farthing on all sold in that kingdom will make a handsome fortune.

The Albany Knickerbocker says:—"A first class Shanghai cock will eat as much corn as a horse. In consequence of this, it is not profitable to grow Shanghais, unless you can buy oats for ten cents a bushel, or sell eggs for four shillings apiece."

The government of Rome has made an annual appropriation of $10,000 for the encouragement of tree planting in the Papal States. Premiums are offered to all who will plant trees on their own property, under the inspection of the officers in their district.

The shrivelled up dead body of an unknown female was lately found in the trunk of a tree that was being cut down by a Mr. Cozzens, who resides in the southern part of Campbell County, Ky. Great consternation prevailed throughout the neighborhood.

The Shelby (Ky.) News says that recently a chicken was hatched out on the premises of Mr. James Buford, in that county, with three legs, all of natural length and perfect in form. The chicken was alive and doing well at last accounts.

The Robbins and Lawrence Company, at Windsor, Vt., have a contract with the British government for machinery for making arms to the amount of one hundred thousand dollars, and another with individuals, for twenty-five thousand Minié rifles.

The census marshal in Macedon, Wayne Co., reports that he found there a woman, twenty-three years old, mother of four children, the oldest one of which is twelve years, next eight, third three, last, one. The eldest was of course born when the mother was *twelve* years old.

There were 6853 deaths in New Jersey last year, of which over one thousand were by consumption. The number of those who died under five years of age was 2667; and there were 355 between 70 and 80; 208 between 80 and 90; 57 between 90 and 100, and three over 100.

Barnum's latest scheme is an exhibition of daguerreotypes of handsome ladies, which he invites from all parts of the United States. Visitors at his museum will vote on the hundred most beautiful, who will have rewards, and the ten handsomest will be painted for the Paris Book of Beauty.

Rev. Isaac Braman, of Georgetown, who has reached the advanced age of 85 years, preached lately, and took part in the communion service. He was ordained on June 7, 1797. He was, in July, seen in his shirt sleeves busily engaged in putting up his hay in the old Puritan style of hay-making.

In North China the people smoke arsenic mixed in small quantities with their tobacco. These people are said to be strong, healthy and ruddy. Dr. Londe, of Paris, an accomplished physician, asserts that the use of arsenic in this manner—smoking—is a remedy for tubercular consumption.

A young couple recently ran away near St. Louis, Mo., and going up to Alton, Ill., were married. The father of the young lady, after a diligent but unsuccessful search for her, met the father of the bridegroom, and thereupon beat that gentleman most unmercifully.

Most of the cars in the Pennsylvania coal-trade have wooden springs. These are simply two pieces of ash, say eight feet long and six by two inches wide, bolted together, and supporting the boxes. As the result of three years' experience, it has been found that the first cost of the wooden springs is but one-third that of steel, and the cost of maintenance less than one-half.

A petition for relief has been forwarded to President Pierce, by a party of Germans now imprisoned at Melville Island, Nova Scotia. They state that they were hired in New York to go to that place to work, but that on arriving there they were offered the alternative of enlisting for the Crimea war, or imprisonment, and that they chose the latter.

A little girl in Gilmanton, N. H., has been detected in the practice of going a short distance from her home to play with black snakes. She was found with a large one coiled by her side, and another in her lap. Her fascination is so complete that she told her friends if they killed these reptiles she knew of others that she could play with.

The Albany Register says Mr. James McKinney, baggage-man on the Utica accommodation train of the Central Railroad, has been in the employ of the company upwards of eighteen years, and has all that time been "on a train." He has ridden, during those eighteen years, but little less than *seven hundred thousand miles!*

Edward E. Powers, of Columbus, Ga., died suddenly at Chicago, Ill., lately, aged 62. Mr. Powers was a native of Bernardston, Mass., and has given the town of Bernardston the munificent donation of $10,000, the income of which is forever to be used for the purpose of schooling. Mr. Powers also gave $10,000 to the Female Orphan Asylum at Columbus, Ga.

At the Florence exhibition there was a singular specimen of modern invention—a petrified human hand! A Florentine physician and naturalist named Gergarto, who accompanied Champollion on the Egyptian expedition, soon after his return produced specimens of petrified flesh, and thus preserved the bust of a young female so beautifully and perfectly as to resemble strikingly the flesh of one just dead.

Andrew Haymaker, of Charleston, S. C., who has been blind in one eye for fifty-four years, in consequence of a film growing over it, was standing on the steps of the court house, in that place, while a number of men and boys were playing ball. The ball, projected with great force, struck him in the blind eye, completely removing the film and restoring sight. Considerable inflammation followed, but it subsided, and the sight is good.

Foreign Items.

The typhus fever is making fearful ravages amongst the Russian army in Poland.

As it is feared there will be a deficiency of water at Liverpool this year, it has been resolved to water the streets with sea water.

There is among diplomatists abroad a growing feeling that there will soon be war between France and Austria. This idea prevails extensively.

A French *savant* ascribes the unusual rains and atmospherical disturbances over a great part of Europe, to the prolonged and terrible cannonade in the Crimea.

In the province of Pegu, recently added to the territory of the East India Company, *twenty-five hundred* Karens have during the year past been added to the churches.

A society for enabling liberated convicts to emigrate to America was formed two years ago at Dramman, in Norway, and it has already sent out thirty-two persons, all of whom are doing well.

The capture of the Mamelon, on the 7th of June, cost the French more than either of the great battles of Marengo, Austerlitz or Jena; and yet it was but a single out-work of a besieged fortress.

A loan is to be contracted by the Western Powers, on account of Turkey, to the extent of £4,000,000. The general impression is that one-half of this will be raised in London under the guarantee of the English government, and the other half in Paris by the French government.

Russia is said to be getting sick, and at St. Petersburg public feeling is becoming more depressed, and Sebastopol is considered as good as lost. The resources of the empire are beginning to feel the drain of war to a greater extent than hitherto expected, and discontent, it is admitted, is spreading in the capital, as provisions are high and trade stagnant.

A French officer near Sebastopol, was knocked down by the wind of a cannon ball, the shock being so severe as to cause a paralysis of his tongue, so that he could not speak. He returned to Marseilles and placed himself under electric treatment; after a few shocks he could move his tongue, and at length, after an unusually powerful shock, his speech was restored, and he fully recovered.

Sands of Gold.

.... What is time worth? Ask death-beds; they can tell.—*Young.*

.... All history is but a romance, unless it is studied as an example.—*Rev. G. Croly.*

.... Unless your cask is perfectly clean, whatever you pour into it turns sour.—*Horace.*

.... The scorpion, falsehood, coils round in its perplexity, and fixes its sting in its own head.—*Coleridge.*

.... The best notion that we can conceive of God may be, that he is to the creation what the soul is to the body.—*Shenstone.*

.... Sound logic is the sinews of eloquence. Without solid argument, oratory is empty noise, and the orator is a declaimer or a sophist.—*Barrow.*

.... I am convinced how easily the mind may be overturned; our reason is like gunpowder, easily inflamed, and but requiring a spark for its explosion.—*Casanova.*

.... I am very sure that any man of common understanding may, by culture, care, attention and labor, make himself whatever he pleases, except a great poet.—*Chesterfield.*

.... Be not surprised if the progress of intellect is so often useless for virtue; nothing is more easily explained—namely, that virtue arises from another source.—*Aimé Martin.*

.... Without art, a nation is a soulless body; without science a straying wanderer. Without warmth and light, nature cannot thrive, nor humanity increase: the light and warmth of humanity is "art and science."—*Kozlay.*

... A good ear for music, and a taste for music, are two very different things which are often confounded: and so is comprehending and enjoying every object of sense and sentiment.—*Greville.*

.... To gain knowledge and money, to always join these two powers for the purpose of producing more and more, in order that we may more and more consume; is the motto of this century. Where is glory and virtue, I ask!—*Kozlay.*

Joker's Budget.

"Every vice fights against nature." What a battle must be eternally going on, then.

A young gent in Schenectady, suffering from too strong sensation of the more tender feelings, defines his complaint as an attack of *lass*-itude.

An old offender was recently introduced to a new county justice as John Simmons, alias Jones, alias Smith. "I'll try the two women first; bring in Alice Jones."

A facetious fellow at Newport asserted that they never took snuff in his State; "for," said he, "half a dozen sneezes would be equal to an earthquake in such a small compass."

In Arkansas, after asking your name, the natives are in the habit of saying, in a confidential tone, "Wall, now, what war yer name afore ye moved inter them parts?" It is a way they have.

At Hull, a few days since, a gentleman said he should like to see a boat full of ladies adrift on the ocean, to see which way they would steer. "O," said a lady, "that's easily answered—they would steer to the Isle of Man, to be sure."

At the battle of Spires, a regiment had orders not to grant any quarter; and an unhappy enemy, wounded and disarmed, begged hard for his life from one of its officers. Touched with his situation, the other replied, "I pity your misfortune, and—ask anything else but that, and upon my honor I will grant your request."

The witty Sidney Smith, being visited by Jeffrey, who came riding a young donkey, thus hailed the latter:

Witty as Horatius Flaccus,
As great a Jacobin as Gracchus;
Short, though not so fat, as Bacchus,
Riding on a little jackass.

Fond mother (showing off her son to the parson)—"Would you believe it, sir? he can read fluently in any part of the Bible, repeat the whole of the catechism and can weed onions as well as his father!" Hopeful son—"Yes, sir-ee, and yesterday I licked Ned Rawson, throwed the cat in the well, and stole old Smith's gimlet."

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MEMORIES OF A GRANDMOTHER. By a Lady of Massachusetts.

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july 7 tf

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ORNITHOLOGICAL ILLUSTRATIONS OF NATURAL HISTORY.

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL

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BOSTON MARKET HOUSES.

If the good people of Boston die of starvation, it will not be certainly for lack of well supplied market-houses. Mr. Kilburn, the artist, has very tastefully grouped together a set of accurate sketches of our principal market-houses, with emblematic flower, fish, fruit and game pieces, thus presenting at one view our prominent sources of supply. In the centre, surmounted by a prize ox, is that noble structure, Quincy Market, which, bounded by Merchants' Row, South and North Market and Commercial Streets, extends over an area of about 535 feet in length by 50 in breadth. This fine building, the material of which is granite, was erected during the mayoralty of the Hon. Josiah Quincy, senior, and will remain an honorable monument of his administration. Prior to the completion of this building, the lower story of Faneuil Hall was occupied as a market-house, and the adjoining square was crowded with country carts, loaded with farm produce. This market was the great resort of the citizens from all parts of the town, though Boylston Market (seen in the upper right hand corner of our engraving) principally supplied the residents of the South End. At that time there were fewer provision stores than at present, but the business of peddling out meat, fish and country produce was quite extensive. The main entrance to Quincy Market is from the west front, opposite Faneuil Hall; the east front on Commercial Street is finished in the same style of architecture, with a row of solid granite columns. From a very early hour in the morning the streets on either side are densely packed with country carts, from which the retailers purchase their supplies. Butchers' stalls occupy the greater part of the interior, but fruit, butter, cheese and vegetables are sold there in abundance. The fish market occupies the easterly extremity. The South Market, shown in the upper left hand corner of the engraving, is a neat and commodious building situated on Beach, between Lincoln and South Streets. The Williams' Market, depicted in the lower left hand corner, is at the corner of Washington and Dover Streets, and the Gerrish Market, on the other side, a noble brick building, stands at the corner of Portland and Sudbury Streets.

PUBLIC MARKET HOUSES IN BOSTON.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE DUCAL CORONET:

—OR,—

THE HEIR AND THE USURPER.

A ROMANCE OF ITALY IN THE 16TH CENTURY.

BY ARTHUR MORTON, A. M.

[CONTINUED.]

CHAPTER XV.—[CONTINUED.]

Tonio was buried in a profound sleep. Roused by a rough shake of the shoulder, he started up, and his eyes encountered the face of the jailer bending over him, and rendered more hideous by the ferocious grin he assumed in token of good fellowship.

"Come," said the jailer, "are you going to sleep all day? It's high time to be up and stirring."

"One never knows the difference between daylight and dark in this black hole," said the jester, obeying the summons. "But where is the prince?"

"O, he has been liberated," said the jailer, with what was intended to be a pleasant smile. "And I suppose you'll be sent for before long—for the duke, Heaven bless him!—told me to get you the best breakfast I could provide. And so I have brought you a regale fit for a prince of the blood. Bread as white as the snow on the Appenines; wine too, you varlet—genuine Lachryma Christi—and such grapes! My own mouth waters; and 'i faith! I have e'en invited myself to breakfast with you."

"It must be a consoling reflection to you, my friend," said the jester, "to think, when you design a visit to any of your friends here, that you are sure to find them at home."

"Ho! ho! good! an excellent jest, 'i faith," said the jailer.

"Jesting is my trade, friend," said Tonio, "as yours is turning the key on better men than thyself."

"Come now, my employment is not quite so monotonous," said the jailer, "for I'm a favorite with my noble master, and sometimes when the prisoner is to be tortured, I'm allowed my turn at the rack; and when the headsman is indisposed, I take his place on the scaffold. I've learned to handle the axe quite dexterously. And, my dear fellow, if your affairs should take an unlucky turn, I should solicit the pleasure of putting you out of your misery."

"Thank you," said the jester. "But I'd much rather breakfast at your expense, than have you take a chop at mine."

"Well, here's your breakfast all ready on this table," said Matteo. "Draw your stool close and I'll sit by you. I'm used to carving. What part of this fowl do you prefer?"

"I prefer the legs and wings, the breast, back and thigh, if you please," said the jester. "In a word, give me the whole bird."

"I'm glad you've so good an appetite," said the jailer.

"It's a chronic complaint with me," answered Tonio. "This is a capital chicken. Try some."

"I can't eat so early in the morning," said the jailer, excusing himself. "Here's a morsel of biscuit will serve my turn."

"This bread and fowl make me thirsty," said the jester, after eating heartily.

"Here's a bottle of capital wine, returned the jailer, breaking the seal and drawing the cork. "It has been in the duke's cellar for forty years."

"Fill up a cup for your trouble," said the jester.

"Thank ye—but I brought a brace of bottles of the same sort," replied the jailer. "There's one a-piece. Each to his flagon. Good luck to you."

"The same to you."

"Here's trade!" shouted the jailer.

"Ahem!" said the jester. "I can hardly drink to yours."

"Then here's wit and humor, and may they ever bring fortune to their possessor!" said the jailer, filling his glass.

"Jailer!" said the jester, growing suddenly affectionate, "you're an honest fellow—you've feasted me like a prince."

"Don't thank me for your entertainment," said the jailer, modestly, "but the duke, my master."

"Here's his good health!" cried the jester. "Faith! his breakfast has improved my opinion of him amazingly. I can't think he means to play me a knavish trick."

"He! bless you—he means well enough by you. He means to send you away this very morning."

"I could find it in my heart to hug you for your news!" said the jester, languidly and yawningly, for sleep had begun to creep over him. "But, my dear fellow," he added, speaking with difficulty, "you woke me up too early. I hadn't had half sleep enough. I'm not an early riser; you mistook my habits."

"Why not go to bed again?" asked the jailer.

"Excellent—advice—jailer. I am—very—sleepy—and your wine—was confoundedly strong."

His eyes closed and he fell back in his chair.

"So soon!" muttered the jailer. "It is wonderful!"

After his eyes were closed and his lips mute, there were one or two slight convulsive motions of Tonio's frame, after which all evidence of life was absent. As the jailer was contemplating this strange spectacle, he was startled by three heavy knocks at the cell-door. Rushing precipitately into the corridor to prevent, if possible, the entrance of the duke, he was relieved to find that the summons was not from his master. Two or three men in sad-colored liveries were there, who had brought a complete suit of plate armor, with the offensive weapons appertaining to the armament of a cavalier of rank, and a banner blazoned with the arms of Parma and shrouded with crape. They had also brought a coffin, which was now resting on a bier covered by a black pall.

The spokesman of this group of servitors now approached Matteo and asked him if he required any assistance.

"No; I have plenty of my own," replied Matteo.

"The duke wishes to know how soon you will be ready."

"In half an hour," replied the jailer.

The attendants retired.

"I breathe freer," said the jailer. "I am saved. The duke will not discover the trick I put upon him till I am beyond the reach of danger."

CHAPTER XVI.

STRANGE SCENES AT THE GATE.

WE left Giulio parting from the princess, who had furnished him with every facility for making good his escape. Yet the desire of liberty was less imperative in his bosom than his passion for the lovely daughter of his enemy. To linger near her, even though fate reckoned the moments of life—to forget danger in the intoxication of her presence; these were follies his heart would have prompted him to enact, if his reason had not checked the impulse. Tightening his belt, then grasping the handle of his sword and satisfying himself that the blade played freely in the scabbard, so that it would leap forth to his touch on the occurrence of an emergency, he made his way to the city gates, through which his signet-ring and the assertion that he was a messenger of the duke, readily passed him. Striking into a little wood that crowned a little eminence within a few feet of the city walls, he paused for reflection, and deliberated whether he should immediately repair to the camp of the Milanese army, or remain where he was and reconnoitre the city.

He was inclined to think, that by adopting the latter course, he might discover some circumstance which might be turned to the advantage of his friends. He occupied a position from which he could look down on the ramparts of Parma, while, at the same time, he could, by changing his point of view, have a fair sight of the camp, the lines of which his practised eye could discover, beneath the gradually brightening sky, stretching their dark array across the adjacent plain.

In the city an extraordinary activity reigned. He could hear the clash of weapons and the heavy tread of men-at-arms, as bodies of men were moved from point to point. Dark groups appeared on the walls, and now and then a torch moved along the line of the defenders, as if an officer of rank were making a tour of inspection. Meanwhile the sky grew gradually brighter—dawn was breaking in the east. Its chill gray gave place, by degrees, to a warmer hue, betokening the approach of the sun, and finally, bright, horizontal bars of gold along the horizon announced the immediate rising of the orb of day. As its disk shot above the horizon, the ducal banner of Parma was unfolded on the wall, its gorgeously emblazoned folds flashing back the sunbeams that sparkled on its surface. At this moment the shout of "Long live Parma!" broke from the soldiery on the walls.

At the same time the camp of the Milanese army exhibited similar tokens of activity. Lances and steel armor glittered all over the plain. Mounted knights galloped here and there, distributing orders, and the ground shook as ponderous pieces of clumsy artillery, each drawn by many horses, were moved to the front. Before the splendid tent which Giulio recognized as the head-quarters of the Duke of Milan, from a lofty standard staff, the ducal banner was flung out, as that of Parma had been upon the ramparts, while the exultant shout that greeted it, betokened the presence of a very formidable host.

And now the swarming masses of the Milanese begin to concentrate themselves and assume a military regularity of form. They were drawn up in three long lines, occupying the entire width of the plain, with heavy cannon at the intervals, and a broad passage through the centre of the lines. Through this passage there now swept as glorious a cavalcade as ever the sun shone down upon. First came a herald, attired in the splendid habiliments of his calling, surrounded by a band of trumpeters; then rode forth the Duke of Milan, mounted on a milk-white charger, and clad from head to heel in silver armor inlaid with gold, wearing golden spurs, and a splendid baldric glittering with precious stones. Beside him rode a standard bearer, carrying his banner, and he was followed by a large array of knights magnificently mounted and armed, and attended by their squires and pages. The road taken by the cavalcade led directly past the spot where Giulio had taken post. A few steps would have brought him to the feet of his kinsman, but he preferred to remain concealed and await for awhile the progress of events.

The glittering procession advanced to a short distance of the walls, halted, and then the herald, riding out from the foremost group, a parley was sounded on the trumpets. It was answered by a flourish from the ramparts.

The herald then, in the name of the Duke of Milan, asked for an interview with the Duke of Parma.

Ferrado Montaldo, presenting himself as the representative of the duke, answered that his master was unwell and unable to appear, and had commissioned him to parley and treat with the duke.

"There is little need of parley," replied the Duke of Milan, riding to the front. "Last night we sent an ultimatum to your master, viz., that at sunrise this morning, our kinsman should be delivered into our hands. We received the assurance, and from your lips, that the request should be complied with. We have not hurried your preparations. Not till the sun had appeared above the horizon did we leave our lines. We now await the redemption of your promise."

"Alas, my lord!" replied Ferrado,, "I am deeply pained—inexpressibly grieved to be the messenger of evil tidings. A heavy misfortune hath befallen us. The ways of Providence are inscrutable—in the midst of life we are in death."

"Out on thy paltering delays, sirrah!" shouted the duke. "Cease prating like a shaveling monk, and tell us at once, like a man and a soldier, what hath chanced."

At this point Giulio listened with the intensest curiosity, anxious to learn what story the Duke of Parma had conjured up to beguile the ear of Milan. What was his astonishment when he heard Ferrado's reply.

"My lord," faltered Montaldo, "it is my painful duty to inform you that the Prince Giulio is no more."

"Giulio no more!" cried the duke. "My kinsman dead! By Heaven, I believe it not. Men die not in their youth and health so suddenly, save in battle, unless foul play is wrought them. Go back to your master, and tell him that Conrado d' Este, Duke of Milan, proclaims him a liar, flouts the tale of his kinsman's decease, and defies him to mortal combat."

"My lord," said Montaldo, "were not allowance to be made for grief and disappointment, this conference should break off here. But I know what you feel. I loved Prince Giulio; all loved who knew him, and the intelligence of his death nearly unmanned me when it was communicated to me this morning. You even doubt the story of my friend's death, and I acknowledge that it needs confirmation. Alas! at this moment the proof is approaching."

Giulio listened and gazed in astonishment. He acquitted Ferrado of all intention of deception, and regarded him as the dupe of the Duke of Parma. But how this imposition was to be carried out to the end baffled his imagination. As he gazed from his hiding-place, however, he beheld the city gates opening, and forth, with the waving of the banners of the church, with monks walking bareheaded and barefooted, chanting a funeral dirge, with trumpets wailing low and mournfully, with soldiers marching with trailed arms, came forth a dismal procession escorting a coffin placed upon a velvet covered bier. Over it waved the ducal banner of Parma, shrouded with crape, and beside it walked Ferrado Montaldo, who had descended from the wall to do honor to the obsequies.

The procession advanced to the Duke of Milan, where it halted and set down the bier at the foot of his charger. Dismounting, the duke knelt beside the coffin and burst into a flood of tears.

"O, heavy day!" said he. "Giulio! Giulio! would that you could hear me. Would that you could hear me accuse myself of my long inaction and indifference to your cause. Proud eaglet of a royal race, thou shouldst have filled the eyrie where a foul kite now holds his state. But thou shalt not fill the grave unavenged."

Starting to his feet, he exclaimed:

"This is not a deed of Providence. It is a foul murder."

"And who is the murderer, my lord?" asked Ferrado.

"Thy master!" shouted the duke.

"I must not listen to this language," said Ferrado.

"Thou must bear it to thy master from me," said the duke. And tearing off his mailed gauntlet, he flung it at the feet of the equerry. "And with it," added the duke, "this my defiance and challenge to mortal combat."

Montaldo took up the gauntlet.

"I could not have chosen a fitter messenger," said the duke, "for thou art his accomplice in guilt."

"Thou shalt answer that charge at the sword's point," retorted Montaldo.

"What! fight with thee, vassal!" exclaimed the duke. "Only with his equals does Conrado d' Este deign to cross swords."

"I shall soon be thy equal, proud duke," answered Montaldo, "for know that I am to wed the Princess of Parma."

"When thou art wed will be time enough to bandy words with me," said the indignant duke.

Without uttering another word, Montaldo, accompanied by the funeral escort, retired within the walls of the city, the gates of which were secured behind him.

"Giulio hath been foully dealt with," said the duke. "Quickly—an armorer here! and a skilful medicaner. We must examine the body on the spot."

At the summons, a surgeon and an armorer stepped forth. The latter, at a word from the duke, removed the coffin lid, while the former proceeded to an examination of the body.

"He is not dead, my lord! He lives!" said the leech, after a hasty examination.

"Raise him up! give him air!" cried the duke, rushing forward. "Remove the visor of his helmet."

His orders were promptly obeyed, and the removal of the casque gave to view the bewildered countenance of the jester.

"Tonio!" exclaimed the duke. "How came the fool there?"

"That is precisely the question the fool was about to ask your grace," said the jester. "I go to bed in my fool's motley, after a hearty breakfast in a prisoner's cell, and I wake up, changed into a knight, and about to be buried alive, for aught I know. A very pleasant fellow, that same jailer of his grace of Parma, my lord, but his wine is confounded strong."

The Duke of Milan stamped his foot, while his cheek and brow burned crimson with rage.

"This is a deadly affront!" he exclaimed. "To pledge me the return of my kinsman, and then not only to break his word, but to insult me with this farce! Dearly shall the traitor duke rue his insolence."

Meanwhile Tonio had been assisted from his uncomfortable resting-place and stood upon his feet. Whether the astrologer had made a mistake in compounding his potion, or whether, as is more likely, the wine and food the jester had swallowed had some qualities that neutralized its potency, certain it is that the

effects of the narcotic were much more transitory than had been anticipated. The jester yawned, rubbed his eyes, stretched himself as well as his unwonted apparel would admit, and then he appeared almost perfectly recovered.

"Where is your master, knave?" said the duke, sternly, for he visited some of his displeasure on the unconscious instrument of the deception which had been practised upon him.

"That I know not, noble duke," replied the jester. "I was placed in his cell and fell asleep beside him. In the morning, when the jailer awoke me, he assured me that the prince had been set at liberty; and furthermore your deponent knoweth not."

"I have heard enough," cried the duke. "Return with me to the camp, and prepare for the assault. If harm hath chanced to one hair of my kinsman's head, I will not leave one stone upon another of this accursed city. The very ground shall be ploughed up and salt sown thereon, so that not a blade of grass shall mark its utter loneliness and ruin."

He sprang upon his charger, the trumpets rang out a bold defiance to the city, and the glittering *cortege* returned at a sharp trot to the camp.

CHAPTER XVII.

EXPLANATIONS.—A HOSTILE MEETING.

Descending from the outer wall of the city, without waiting for the opening of the coffin, which indeed, as it took place surrounded by the suite of the Duke of Milan, was witnessed only by himself and followers, and by Giulio from his hiding place, and was invisible to the officers and troops of the town, Ferrado Montaldo mounted his horse, rode directly to the palace and was admitted to the presence of the duke, who was awaiting his return with great anxiety—an anxiety by no means dispelled by the stern and severe expression of the commandant's countenance.

"Well, Ferrado, what news?" asked the duke.

"I surrendered the body of the unfortunate prince to his kinsman," replied Ferrado, "with an honorable escort befitting his rank; with holy priests walking beside his remains, with cross and banner displayed, and soldiers marching with reversed arms beside one, who, if living, would bravely have led them forth to battle."

"Enough of this eulogy," said the duke, impatiently. "What said our cousin of Milan? He was overwhelmed with grief and astonishment?"

"He manifested less of either than indignation," replied Ferrado. "He accused you of foul play, as I myself did this morning, until you pledged your word as a sovereign and a knight, that Giulio had died a natural death, and that your physician stood ready to testify to the fact."

"You so assured his grace of Milan?" said the duke.

"He gave me no opportunity," replied Ferrado, "but flung defiance in my face. He threw down his gauntlet, defying you to mortal combat—I took up the gage of battle and here it is."

With these words, Ferrado laid the mailed gauntlet on the marble table beside the duke.

"You should have let it lie where he flung it," said the duke.

"I am a soldier, sire," replied Ferrado, briefly, "though I have yet my spurs to win. But," he added, "opportunity enough will soon be afforded me."

"How so?" inquired the duke.

"How so? The whirlwind you have provoked is now rising. See if you can lull its fury. You rejected my counsel; now reap the benefit of your own."

"You assume a lofty tone, Ferrado."

"I speak frankly and bluntly. If my manner displeases you, you can command me to lay down my commission and resign my sword."

"Nay, nay, Ferrado, I like your frankness," hurriedly replied the duke. "Resign! you are my sole reliance. Beat back these minions of Milan, and the half of all my treasure is yours."

"I am no mercenary," replied Ferrado. "I will fight because they come as enemies to my country, and because, in so doing, you have assured me, nay, have sworn, that I am not upholding *crime*."

"I have so sworn," said the duke, faintly. "Now, go to my daughter. Take your leave of her; she loves you—a parting word from her will nerve your arm in battle."

Ferrado bowed, and, availing himself of the permission, or rather command of the duke, passed to the apartments of the princess to which he was readily admitted. As he entered her presence, her attendants, on a sign from her, retired.

"Beauteous lady," said Ferrado, "I come from your father."

"I have but lately returned from an interview with him," replied the princess, blushing deeply, and trembling as she spoke.

"Lady," said the knight, "I come armed with his permission to address you."

"My father's commands are my law," said the princess. "To every wish of his, duty compels me to yield obedience."

Ferrado bowed, yet as he made no reply, the princess continued:

"But there are exceptions to this rule of obedience. I recognize no power in my father to jeopardize the happiness of my entire future. He can claim my love, my service as a daughter, but he cannot mortgage for me the wealth of my young heart's affections. He cannot bid me bind myself at the altar to link my fate forever to one to whom my heart is not surrendered. Ah, signor, the lot of a peasant girl is happier far than that of us high-born ladies. Few have the courage to protest against the tyranny of custom, as I have done. Ferrado Montaldo—I esteem and respect you, but brave and worthy as you are, I cannot love you."

"Princess of Parma," replied Ferrado, looking up in her eyes, "I know of none lovelier than thou in this fair land of Italy—and would maintain the assertion at my lance-point. In your service I would do all that a knight may dare, but truth compels me to declare that my heart is given to another."

"We are friends then," said the princess, joyously, "and here is my hand in pledge of it."

Ferrado raised the fair hand of the princess to his bearded lip and kissed it respectfully.

"Let there be no secrets between us," said the princess, "for we must be fast allies. The love I denied to you, I have bestowed upon another; I blush not to confess it—our kinsman, the Prince Giulio."

"Prince Giulio!" exclaimed Ferrado. "And yet I behold you joyous and exultant."

"Why not? He is no longer a prisoner. Hark in thine ear, Ferrado. I will give thee the highest proof of my confidence. Last night I set the prisoner free; gave to him a passport that ensures his safety, and he is now far removed from danger."

"Then whose body was it," exclaimed Ferrado, "that I this morn, by order of the duke, surrendered to his grace of Milan?"

"What is this you say, Ferrado?" cried the princess, turning pale.

"This morning a coffin with the arms of Parma was brought me from the prison. I was told that Prince Giulio had died suddenly during the night; your father swore by the visitation of God and not by violence—and that body I surrendered to the Milanese."

"It was some other unfortunate," said the princess.

"Yet your father believes it was the prince."

"Ha!" said the lady, after a moment's reflection. "I begin to see through this mystery. Matteo, the jailer, whose connivance I was compelled to purchase, contrived this deception to ensure his own safety."

"It must be so," said Ferrado. "Thank Heaven and thee, lady, that Giulio is safe. I can do my duty as a soldier with a clear conscience. Farewell, signora; I must to the walls."

"But not before you bid farewell to one to whose heart you are dearer than a brother."

The princess vanished as she spoke, but in her place stood the radiant figure of Estella.

Ferrado threw himself at her feet.

"Lady," said he, "these may be my last words. I go to repel an assault upon the city; if I fall in the storm, let me at least have the consciousness that I told you that I loved you and that you did not rebuke the boldness."

"Dear, dear Ferrado," murmured Estella.

The mailed warrior sprang to his feet and clasped her in his arms.

"Now," he exclaimed, "I care not what chances. If I fall, at least I have been happy, if even for a moment; and that moment an eternity of bliss."

At that moment the loud blast of a trumpet echoed through the vaulted apartment.

"I must be gone," said the soldier.

"Farewell," said the weeping maiden. "May Heaven protect you! Should you meet with Giulio, forget not that he is my brother."

Ferrado sprang from her presence and descended to the street. Ere we follow him it will be necessary to return to Prince Giulio, whom we left astounded and indignant at the series of events he had witnessed from his hiding-place. But for one thing he would have gone down and made himself known to his kinsman, and joined the ranks of his friends. That one consideration was the assertion, extorted from Ferrado by the taunt of the Duke of Milan, that he was to wed the Princess of Parma, and thus become the equal of his opponent in rank. We have just seen how little real foundation there was for Giulio's jealousy; but it must be confessed that lighter words have stung a lover's soul to madness. Therefore, instead of joining his friends, and taking his chance of entering the city by assault, he determined to avail himself of the power of entering at his will bestowed upon him by the princess. It is true that he might have introduced followers by the same means, but his noble nature scorned to stoop to such a perversion of the princess's generosity; and he resolved, alone, to go back to the midst of his enemies, and to try to learn the exact relations of Ferrado and the lady of his heart. Therefore, after the train of the duke had retired, he emerged from his retreat and making a long circuit, approached the city by one of the side entrances, and without difficulty secured a passage by the exhibition of his signet-ring.

Once within the walls he was able to proceed without notice, for the attention of the inhabitants was too much taken up with the alarm of an attack to allow it to be diverted by the appearance of a single and plainly attired individual. Men were parting from their wives and children; soldiers moving along in squads; mounted knights galloping to and fro, and bugles ringing in every direction.

As Giulio pressed forward towards the palace, regardless of his personal danger, and thinking only of the princess and her supposed lover, he suddenly encountered Selim, the page.

"You here!" she exclaimed. "I thought you were beyond danger; for I wrung from Matteo the secret of your evasion. Yet you were the man of all others I could have wished to meet. Step aside with me into the shadow of this archway. I have that to impart which you must learn at once."

Giulio followed the page, his heart beating with vague and inexplicable fears.

"Whence come you, Selim?" he asked, with a faltering voice.

"From the princess's apartment," replied Zelic.

"Where you have been playing the eaves-dropper?"

Giulio's remark was made at random. Zelic blushed deeply.

"It was from a good motive," she murmured.

"And what heard you?" he asked; for jealousy craves for its food, no matter how obtained.

"I saw and heard Ferrado press his suit. I heard him tell her that he came to her with the sanction of her father. To which the princess made reply—the very words dwell in my memory—'My father's commands are law: to every wish of his, duty compels me to yield obedience.' I heard no more. It was enough for me, and I left them together alone to plight their mutual vows."

"Swear that thou hast spoken the truth," said Giulio, in a hoarse voice.

"I will not swear by the cross," said Zelic, as Giulio offered the cross-hilt of his sword to her lips, "for that oath were not binding on my conscience. It is not the symbol of my faith."

"What oath then *is* binding on your conscience?" asked Giulio, startled by this bold avowal of infidelity.

"An oath in the name of the prophet of Allah," replied the pretended page. "By my hopes of earthly bliss, of heaven hereafter, by all that man holds dear and holy, I swear that I have faithfully reported to you the meeting and the words of the princess and Montaldo."

"Then hear me swear that I will be avenged on one or both of them," said the prince.

"Be it so," said the page. "But whither are you going?"

"To the palace."

"To certain death!" cried the page.

"I care not—so that it leads to my revenge."

"I can aid you to secure vengeance," said the page, slowly. "But you need not throw away your life. Await my return in this spot, where you are safe. If I come not back in twenty minutes, follow your own plans."

Zelic raised the prince's hand to her lips and kissed it; then vanished with a light footstep.

Half of the appointed time had passed away, when Giulio, listening eagerly for every sound, heard a heavy footstep. Looking forth from the archway in which he was ensconced, he beheld Ferrado alone and moving forward with as rapid a step as his armor would permit.

"Ferrado Montaldo!" cried Giulio, in a voice so changed with passion, that the equerry did not recognize it, "halt!"

"Who calls me?" cried Montaldo. "I am in haste."

"Giulio Veroni," was the reply.

"The Prince Giulio! here!" exclaimed Montaldo, hurrying into the archway. "By what chance—"

"I exchange no words with traitors," interrupted Giulio. "Draw, villain, and defend thyself."

"The names of villain and Montaldo were never coupled yet," replied the young soldier. "But from you I hear them without anger. In what have I offended you?"

"A coward as well as a traitor!" cried Giulio. "Will nothing move you?" and the prince struck Ferrado a furious blow with the flat of his sword.

Ferrado's weapon quickly flashed in the air, and a fierce combat instantly ensued—unequal, because Ferrado was equipped at all points, while the prince wore no defensive armor. A moment, however, served to cool the passion of the former—he remembered in time with whom he was engaged, and disarming his antagonist, held him completely at his mercy.

"Finish your work now, and slay me," said the prince. "I have no desire to live."

"Live—noble prince," said Ferrado, generously. "Live to repent the wrong you have done my honor. I would fain linger and explain whatever appearances may be against me—but time presses—the troops are clamorous for my presence. Adieu! we shall meet again."

With these words Montaldo continued the course this incident had interrupted, while Giulio, picking up his dishonored sword, and resolved to wait no longer for the page, made the best of his way to the palace.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE LAKELETS IN MICHIGAN.

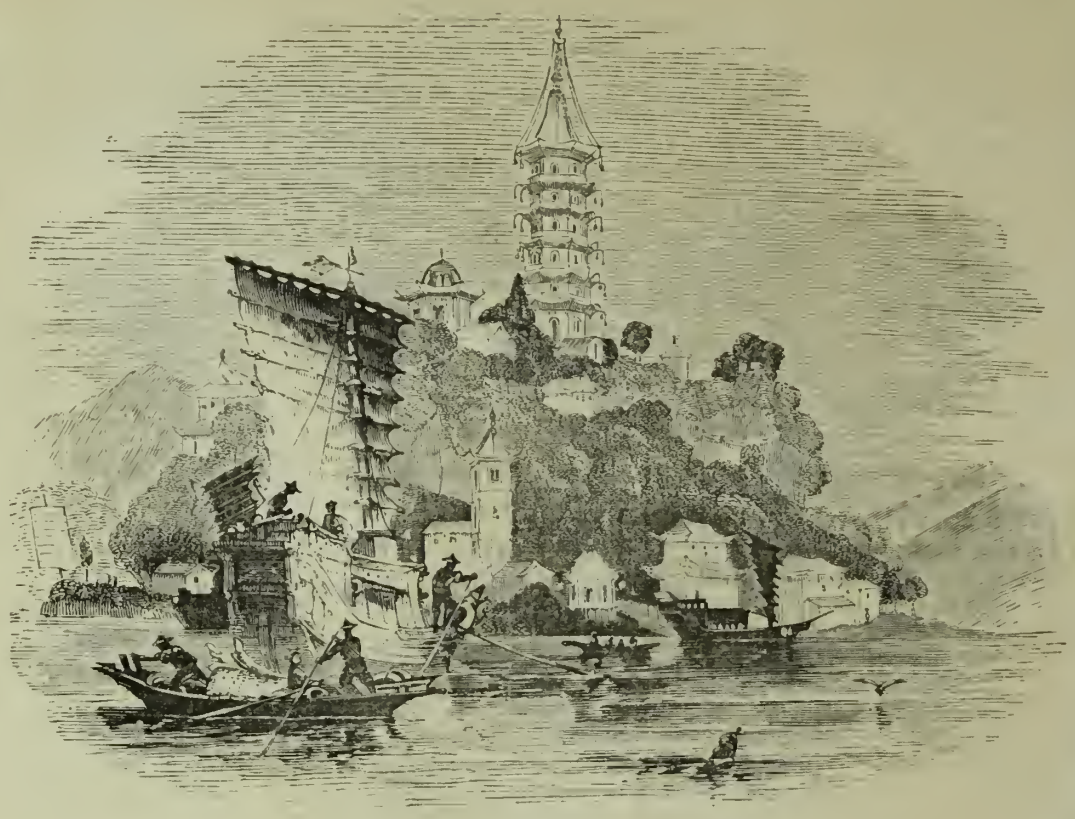
The lakelets in this State are worthy the attention of the naturalist. Recently, a man by the name of Briggs, while washing sheep in one of a series of three in the township of Scio, was drowned. He had swam across it some forty rods, and on returning was probably seized with cramps, and sank near the middle. All efforts to recover the body being fruitless, Messrs. Harrington and Phillips were sent for, to search with their submarine armor. Accordingly they made numerous descents at various depths, discovering most singular irregularities of bottom and curiosities of formation. In some places the plummet will strike bottom in a short distance. A few feet distant and down it goes to an almost unfathomable depth. Sometimes, on arriving at what seems to be the bottom, the diver's feet rest on nothing, and down he goes into impenetrable darkness and a soft mass of mingled water and sediment, until prudence warns him against further progress. Down sixty-five feet went Mr. Harrington, in the vain search for solid bottom, and still his lead sank through "deep obscure." At one time the plummet will show a current which carries the line rapidly away from the perpendicular, and again it swings around, indicating a whirling eddy. This lake, or rather pool, has hitherto been little known, many old residents never having heard of its existence. A man present among the spectators of the diving operations, said that on his first discovery of it, a short time since, it abounded with the fish common to our streams, of a large size, and so little alarmed at the sight of man that they were to be caught by the simplest means—when within reach, almost by hand. As there is no inlet by which they could have entered the lake, how came they there?—*Michigan Herald.*

True courage consists not in a stupid contempt of danger, but in preserving on the most dangerous occasions the calm use of our reason, with a determination to act up to its dictates.—*Robertson.*

THE BATTLE OF CULLODEN.

A. D. 1746.

This memorable battle, the result of which crushed the last hopes of the Stuarts, is sketched with spirit on the following page. The central figure is Prince Charles Edward, the Pretender, as he was called by the Hanoverians. He was at the time of this attempt a gallant and brave young gentleman, handsome and fascinating in his manners, the very beau ideal of a romantic prince. His portrait in "Waverly," the first of Scott's novels, is delineated with a master-hand. The history of his adventures in Scotland is, of itself, a romance from the landing at Moidart to his final departure, after he had wandered for weeks a fugitive in the wildest regions of Scotland, after wanting for bread, but never for devoted friends, and bearing up against his misfortunes with a courage and cheerfulness that did him the highest honor. In 1745 he landed at Moidart, on the western coast of Scotland, with only seven followers, and as prince regent of the three kingdoms which the follies and vices of his ancestor had forever lost, set up the standard of revolt to which the clansmen rushed with heroic devotion. Gathering strength as he advanced, the "young chevalier," as he was called, marched to Perth, the English army under Sir John Cope, stupidly neglecting to check his career in the outset. The adhesion of the Duke of Perth and Lord George Murray, "high-minded Moray," brought great strength to his banner. Begirt with his gallant claymores and sweeping all before him, the prince marched upon Edinburgh, and took possession of Holyrood palace, the scene of so many past glories and of so many historical tragedies. Here he issued a proclamation, of which the following is one striking paragraph: "I, with my own money, hired a small vessel, ill supplied with money, arms or friends; I arrived in Scotland, attended by seven persons; I publish the king, my father's, declaration, and proclaim his title, with pardon in one hand, and in the other liberty of conscience and the most solemn promises to grant whatever a free parliament shall propose for the happiness of a people. I have, I confess, the greatest reason to adore the goodness of Almighty God, who has, in so remarkable a manner protected me and my small army through the many dangers to which we were at first exposed, and who has led me in the way to victory and to the capital of this ancient kingdom, amidst the acclamations of the king my father's subjects." It really seemed, at this time, as if success was destined to crown the hopes of the Jacobites. A brilliant little court was speedily improvised at Holyrood. Gallant gentlemen and lovely ladies thronged around the prince. Every one was charmed with his manner. He fascinated equally the lowland laird and the Highland chieftain—the gray-haired veteran and the blooming belle. But this little holiday was of brief duration. The royal troops under Cope, menaced Edinburgh, and the prince resolved to risk his fortunes in a general engagement. He marched forth at the head of his gallant little army, encountered the enemy at Preston Pans, and routed them utterly in an engagement of the briefest duration. Never before, perhaps, had English troops behaved so badly. Intoxicated with this victory, the rebels resolved to march into England—a fatal decision. With an army of 2960 Highlanders, 2850 lowland infantry and a mere handful, 260, of lowland horse, Prince Charles crossed the border. This wild foray carried them to Derby, within one hundred and twenty-seven miles of London, but the approach of three powerful English armies which had taken the field, compelled them to retreat back towards the Highlands. A Parthian engagement at Falkirk showed that their courage was unshaken by misfortune. Lord George Murray conducted the retreat in a masterly manner. The battle of Culloden, however, destroyed and scattered the prince's force to the winds, and reduced him to the fortunes of a fugitive. The plain on which this engagement was fought lies eastward of Inverness, in the direction of Nairn, and south of the Murray Frith. It was fought on the 16th of April, 1746, old style. The Highlanders commenced the engagement by an ineffective fire of artillery, which, about one o'clock, was responded to by the batteries of the royal artillery, which tore ghastly gaps through the ranks of the insurgents. "Meanwhile," says Chambers (History of the Rebellion in Scotland in 1745-46), "the Duke of Cumberland rode about calling upon his men to be firm in their ranks. He also ordered Wolfe's regiment to form at the extremity of the left wing, so as to be ready to fall in and enclose the Highlanders, as soon as they should attack that division of his army. He also ordered two regiments of the rear line, or reserve, to advance to the second. Finally he himself took his position between the first and second lines, opposite to the centre of Howard's regiment, and of course a little nearer the left than the right wing. Prince Charles, before the commencement of the battle, had ridden along the lines of his little army, endeavoring, by the animation of his gestures, countenance and language, to excite the Highlanders to their highest pitch of courage. He then again retired to the eminence which he originally occupied, and prepared with an anxious mind to await the fortune of the day. It was not till the cannonade had continued nearly half an hour that Charles ordered a charge. The aide-de-camp entrusted to carry this message to the lieutenant-general, a youth of the name of Maclauchlan, was killed by a cannon ball before he reached the first line; but the general sentiment of the army, as reported to Lord George Murray, supplied the want, and that general took it upon him to order an attack without Charles's permission having been communicated. Lord George scarcely determined upon ordering a general movement, when the Mackintoshes, unable longer to brook the unavenged slaughter made by the cannon, broke from the centre of the line, and rushed forward through smoke and snow to mingle with the enemy. The Atholemen, Camerons, Stuarts, Frasers and Macleans then also went on, Lord George Murray heading them with rash bravery. Thus in the course of one or two minutes, the charge was general along the whole line, except at the left extremity, where the Macdonalds, dissatisfied with their position, hesitated to engage. Notwithstanding that the three files of the front rank of the English poured forth their incessant fire of musketry, notwithstanding that the cannon, now loaded with grape-shot, swept the field as with a hailstorm, notwithstanding the flank fire of Wolfe's regiment, onward, onward went the headlong Highlanders, flinging themselves into, rather than rushing upon, the lines of the enemy, which, indeed, they did not see for the smoke, till involved among their weapons. All that courage, all that despair could do, was done. It was a moment of agonizing suspense; but only a moment, for the whirlwind does not reap the forest with greater rapidity than the Highlanders cleared the line. Nevertheless, almost every man of their front rank, chief and gentleman, fell before the deadly weapons which they had braved; and although the enemy gave way, it was not till every bayonet was bent and bloody with the strife. When the first line had been thus swept aside, the assailants continued their impetuous advance till they came near the second, when, being almost annihilated by a profuse and well-directed fire, the shattered remains of what had been, but an hour before, a numerous and confident force, began to give way. Still a few rushed on, resolved rather to die than forfeit their well-acquired and dearly-estimated honor. They rushed on, but not a man ever came in contact with the enemy. The last survivor perished as he reached the points of the bayonets. The persevering and desperate valor displayed by the Highlanders on this occasion is proved by the circumstance, that at one part of the plain, where a very vigorous attack had been made, their bodies were afterwards found in layers three or four deep; so many, it would appear, having in succession mounted over a prostrate friend, to share in the same inevitable fate. The slaughter was particularly great among the brave Mackintoshes; insomuch that the heroic lady who sent them to the field, afterwards told the party by which she was taken prisoner, that only three of her officers had escaped." Charles endeavored to make head against the enemy with his lowland and foreign troops, but the tide of victory could not be stemmed. The sabres of the English dragoons completed the bloody work the bayonet and ball had nearly achieved. Charles's army, dividing into two bodies, fled precipitately, pursued by the dragoons and sabred without mercy. The battle lasted only forty minutes, and the rout and ruin were complete. The young chevalier, after enduring incredible hardships, effected his escape to France, and finally died in Florence, Italy, January 30th, 1788, the fatal anniversary of the decapitation of his great-grandfather, Charles I. The latter part of his life was stained by profligacy and intemperance.



KIN SHUN, OR THE GOLDEN ISLAND.

RUINED BRIDGE OVER THE AVON, ENGLAND.

This exquisite scene, represented below, lies in the vicinity of Warwick castle, and, in fact, was sketched from one of the windows of the great hall of that renowned fortress. From this point the spectator beholds a rich expanse of lovely scenery spread out before him, but his eye will rest with peculiar pleasure on the soft and classic Avon, Shakspeare's native stream, which, falling with a soothing sound in a cascade one hundred feet below the spectator, washes the foundation of the building, and continues its tranquil course to the right through an extensive and richly timbered park, sheep and cattle grazing in peaceful security upon its banks, the varied foliage of forest trees of every clime intermingling with the solemn masses of the cedar; the verdant lawns, the gay parterres where nature and art embrace each other; the broken and undulating surfaces of portions of the grounds, combining to form a picture of noble and abiding beauty. To the left is the ruined bridge we have delineated, with its broken arches all overgrown with wild shrubs and plants. Just beyond, on the left hand, is shown a glimpse of the new bridge, which springs with a graceful span across the lovely and classical river, adding variety to the beautiful rural scenery which everywhere strikes the eye of the beholder, and all together affording a fine example of English taste.

RUINED BRIDGE OVER THE RIVER AVON.

THE GOLDEN ISLAND.

Kin Shun, or the Golden Island, represented above, is a lovely spot in the immediate vicinity of Quatchow, China, and is principally devoted to bonze houses and temples for worship, while a magnificent pagoda crowns its most elevated part. Many of the temples have been erected by the disciples of Confucius, Laokin and Fo. This sunny island has been described by every traveller who has visited it, as a scene of loveliness surpassing the wildest dreams of the imagination. The landscape and views are everywhere lovely, while the flowers and foliage are brilliant and luxuriant. Its peculiar sanctity and the fame of its natural charms are known in every part of the Celestial Empire. There are quite a number of lakes in China, the principal of which is the Tunting-hoo, 220 miles in circumference. This lake is surrounded by picturesque and finely wooded hills. Indeed, its scenery is so much admired, that its shores are the favorite spot where Chinese poets muse and write their versified prose. It is, however, subject to sudden tempests, which render its navigation dangerous. The environs of Tai-hoo lake, near the east coast, are even more picturesque than those of the Po-yang, having gained the name of the "Chinese Arcadia." All the lakes are well stocked with fish. China contains several smaller lakes, but the whole do not occupy any great proportion of the immense extent of her territory.

THE BATTLE OF CULLODEN, A. D., 1746.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

STANZAS.

BY H. D. NEAL.

"Wilt love me ever, as thou sayest now?"—
Thus spoke a lover 'neath the greenwood tree,
Long years ago, when youth was on his brow,
To a fair maiden beautiful to see.
Her rosy cheeks blushed o'er with beauty bright,
Her head bowed low, with trembling ecstacy,
Her sparkling eyes swam with intense delight,
As she replied: "Death, ere my heart leave thee."

If they could then have hidden from this world,
In some sweet vale, far from all troublous wars,
This bud might in sweet blossom been unfurled,
Nor woe have met them with its hundred scars.
But they were parted, as two laughing streams,
That leave one spring and never meet again,
And she forgot in years the early gleams
Of love's young glancing, with its rapturous pain.

She's not as beaming, as when years ago
She loved with wild, enthusiastic truth,
And her cheeks glowed, and neck shone like the snow,
And flaming vows, breathed to her lover youth;
And he that spoke, "beneath the greenwood tree."
Is sun-browned, rough and gnarry. Sick at heart,
And burdened with sad thoughts, he seems to be,
As lonely through this life he "acts his part."

'Tis ever thus with youth—too quick to act,
Too rash, when we could ne'er be over-wise;
When Time so stern deals but with solid fact,
And shows no quarter as he tearless flies;
Yes, time will test the heart of sterling truth,
And sternly, too, if thou canst live to see.
Beware too soon to love in early youth,
And pledge *no* maiden "'neath the greenwood tree."

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

UNCLE JOHN'S STORY.

BY MRS. CAROLINE ORNE.

MANY years ago—said my Uncle John, after having seated himself in comfortable proximity to the fire, in his large arm-chair,—many years ago, when I was only a few months over twenty-one, I set out on a journey to the West. I intended, if I found a place that pleased me, to purchase a tract of land, and there make my home. I travelled on horseback, and, one day, for the last five or six hours, the road, for the most part, was merely a rough, imperfect track, cut through a forest, without sign of habitation. The sun was getting low, and I was, therefore, agreeably surprised when, on emerging from the woods, I saw, at a little distance, a two-story frame house, much handsomer and more commodious than was generally found in those wild and lonely regions. From the limb of a large hickory swung a sign, on which, when I approached nearer, I read "The Traveller's Rest." A little further on, was a sheet of water, of nearly a circular form, and about six or eight miles in circumference. As I drew up in front of the inn, the sun, which had shed a golden glory over the bosom of the lake, sunk below the horizon. A lad of sixteen, who was lying on the grass, beneath the hickory tree, rose at my approach, and said he would lead my horse to the stable. The lad appeared stupid, and as I imagined, not more than half witted.

"You see," said he, taking my horse by the bridle, and, at the same time, casting an upward look at the sign, "that this is called the traveller's rest."

"Yes," I replied.

"You make the third that will rest here to-night," said he; "but I'm thinkin' your rest will be sounder the next night," he muttered, in a half audible voice, as he led away the horse.

"Stop," said I; "what do you mean by saying that?"

"What did I say?" said he, fixing his eyes upon me, with a dull, vacant look.

"Don't you know?" I asked.

He stood for a few moments, as if trying to collect his thoughts, and then slowly shook his head.

"They say I've a bad memory," said he, looking up with a smile, which appeared to me to partake more of shrewdness than idiocy.

I gave him directions respecting my horse, and told him that I should be at the stable myself before long, to see if they had been properly attended to. I then took my portmanteau and went into the house, without having seen a single person, except the boy already mentioned. A door at my right hand being slightly ajar, I pushed it open, and beheld a large, well-furnished parlor; but seeing that it was already occupied by a gentleman and lady, I was about to withdraw, when the gentleman said:

"Walk in, sir, if you please."

"Shall I not intrude?" said I, glancing at the lady.

"Not in the least," he replied. "If we wish for solitude, we can retire to our respective apartments, for I apprehend that this room is the common property of all travellers who may chance to stop here."

A certain resemblance which the lady, whom I took to be about eighteen, bore to the gentleman gave me reason to suppose that she was his daughter, a supposition which I soon found to be correct. My impression was that she was very beautiful. Afterward, when the bewildering effect of her presence had in a measure subsided, I found that not a single feature, strictly speaking, was modelled according to the severe standard of classic beauty, and imagined that their departure from it rendered them a thousand times more enchanting. Her deep, hazel eyes, large, liquid and lustrous, and full of intellectual expression, would of themselves render a plain face attractive.

The gentleman, whose name was Markham, was somewhat of an invalid, and it having been recommended by his physician to take a journey on horseback, he had concluded, in company with his daughter, to visit his only brother, who lived about forty miles in a south-westerly direction from the house where we then were. They had already been on the road three days, but their route had been through a part of the country better cultivated than that by which I had come, and where houses were generally found at intervals of a few miles. For the last twenty miles, however, they had not seen a single human habitation, not even a log-cabin of the humblest description. The situation of the place where we now were, was so uncommonly beautiful that they had concluded to remain two or three days.

As yet, though an hour after my arrival, besides Mr. Markham and his daughter, and the boy I found beneath the tree, the only person I had seen was a woman, to whom, as I had not dined, I gave some directions respecting the evening meal. When, at last, supper was announced, we found, besides plenty of wild fowl prepared in various ways, and the usual *et ceterus*, some fish, which proved to be of a delicious flavor.

"Was this caught in the lake about half a mile distant?" I asked of a woman—the same I had already seen—who stood at a side-table, pouring out the tea.

She said that it was.

"Are they easily caught?" said I.

She replied that they were, though, as they liked deep water, a boat was necessary. They had several, she said, kept expressly for the purpose, and everything else that was necessary for the accommodation of those who might like to try their skill.

"I must try mine to-morrow," said I.

"And Clara and I will go with you," said Mr. Markham, "that is, if you would like to go," he said, turning to his daughter.

"I should like an excursion on the lake," she replied.

"The young lady would always be sorry, if she concluded not to go," said the woman.

"But if we do decide to go, who is there to go with us to pull at the oars? for I object, decidedly, to a sail-boat, nothing, to my mind, can be more dangerous," said Mr. Markham.

"The men will be at home to-night," the woman replied.

They arrived in a few minutes after we returned to the parlor. There were three of them, but the evening shadows had fallen so darkly they could not be distinctly seen. As they dismounted from their horses, one of them called to the boy, who came shuffling forward from some obscure corner, to take his horse to the stable.

"What have you been about, Jem?" said the man who had called him. "Has anybody come while we've been gone?"

"Yes, three."

"Who are they?"

"Two men and a woman."

The man said no more, and while the two others led away their horses, he disappeared round a corner of the house.

After they were gone, Clara asked her father if he had noticed the woman who waited on the table.

"Not particularly," he replied. "Why do you ask?"

"There was something in her appearance that struck me unpleasantly."

"I can hardly account for that," said Mr. Markham, "for though, as I said, I didn't particularly notice her, I have the impression that she is rather handsome."

"So she is," said Clara; "but I minded she had a way of casting stealthy and wavering glances at all three of us, when she imagined she wasn't observed, which I thought peculiarly disagreeable."

"An impression," said I, "which the snaky glitter of her eyes had no tendency to diminish."

"Now, this will never do," said Mr. Markham. "Because the poor woman, with a full share of the curiosity attributed to her sex, was rather bashful, and too civil to stare us out of countenance for the sake of gratifying it, you take it for granted that she has something malignant about her."

"I should be sorry to be uncharitable," said Clara, "and will do my best to think favorably of her."

The subject was now dropped, and we passed a pleasant hour previously to separating for the night.

I rose early. It was one of the most glorious mornings I ever beheld. On one side was the green wood, in all its dewy freshness, waving to the breeze, and with its flowery glades all a-glow with the rising sunlight, which turned each dewdrop to a gem; while before me, in the midst of the verdant undulations of the open country, reposed the lake, blue and serene as the sky above it, except that now and then, where it looked the smoothest and stillest, it would suddenly catch a breath of air, and break into thousands of bright and joyous sparkles. The clear, elastic air imparted a corresponding buoyancy to my spirits, as I stood with my eyes fixed on the lake and thought of my contemplated excursion in company with Mr. Markham and Clara. I was startled a little, for I heard no footstep, by some one saying, close to my elbow:

"It looks like a piece of the blue sky dropt down."

I turned and saw the boy whom I had heard one of the men call Jem.

"You mean the lake?" said I.

"Yes."

"The fine fish we had for supper, last night, were caught there, I am told."

"You mean to try your luck at catching some of 'em, I s'pose. Most everybody does that stops here."

"Yes, I think of it."

"And the other gentleman and the young lady will go too?"

"Yes."

"You may as well listen to the advice of half-witted Jem, and keep away from the lake, and you'd better try to keep them away too."

"I can see no reason why I should do either."

"That lake, calm as it looks, is a dangerous place. Keep away from it."

This was said, not only with much earnestness, but with a tone of command suited to the words, while not the least vestige of anything like fatuity was manifest in his countenance, or in any way whatever. I had already commenced asking him the reason of what appeared to me his strange warning and prohibition, when, with a quick movement, he placed his finger on his lips in token for me to be silent, while, as if by magic, the same limp, shiftless-looking figure I had seen at the moment of my arrival, stood before me. The mystery of this sudden metamorphosis was quickly explained. By a slight change in my position, I could, by a side-long glance, see that a man was approaching the spot where we stood.

"Halloo, Jem!" he cried, as he drew near. "What are you sauntering about here for? Go and lead the horses to drink."

"May I ride Silvermane?" said Jem, as he commenced shuffling along in the direction of the stable.

"You may, for all what I care; but if you have any value for your neck, I think you'd best not."

"My neck is in less danger than some others I know of," Jem muttered to himself.

By this time the man had arrived at the place where I stood. He bid me good-morning, and said that he believed I was one of the gentlemen who arrived at his house, the day before, during his absence. By this, and some other remarks, I found that he was the landlord of the inn, or hotel, as he termed it. I did not like his looks any better than Clara Markham had liked those of the woman who had waited on the table, although if she, as Mr. Markham had said, was rather handsome, he was decidedly so. I had seldom seen features of a more perfect contour; but passions, fierce and dark, had traced around them their own peculiar and unmistakable lines, and had shed over them a baleful light which no art could fully conceal. His figure was slight, though well knit and sinewy, as could be inferred from his lithe and agile movements. His low-crowned hat was set jauntily on one side of his head, so as to display an exuberant mass of short, wiry curls, and his garments, without being of the most fashionable make, were of a fine texture, and well fitted to his form.

"What was that knave or fool about? I hardly know which to call him," said he, eyeing me rather keenly.

"I am unable to tell," I replied, "unless, like me, he was taking a stroll for the sake of air and exercise. He has the appearance of being rather weak-minded. Has he relations who live in this vicinity?"

"No, and I know no more about him than you do. He came here several months ago, one stormy night; said he lost his way, and begged to be allowed to sleep in the stable. He has hung round here ever since, and as he can more than earn his living, I've suffered him to stay."

"This is so charming a place," said I, "that I don't know but I shall be tempted to remain a few days."

A smile of very singular expression passed over his features as I made this remark. As I walked on, he kept by my side, and soon afterward I mentioned that Mr. Markham, his daughter and myself had concluded that, sometime during the day, we would take a sail on the lake.

"You had better go directly after breakfast," said he. "The morning is so fine that any change in the weather must necessarily be for the worse."

I agreed with him, and in a few minutes he left me, first telling me that the sound of a gong would tell me when breakfast was ready. In half an hour I heard its deep notes, which blended oddly enough with the rural sounds which filled the air. When I entered the room where breakfast was to be served, I found Mr. Markham and his daughter already there. They were both in excellent spirits, and Clara said that she had found herself singing the "Bonny Boat" half a dozen times, during the morning, her thoughts were so full of our anticipated sail on the lake.

Fifteen minutes after we rose from the table, Mr. Markham's horse and Clara's were at the door, ready to take them to the shore of the lake. I preferred to walk. The landlord, whose name I had learned was Skevington, and a man whom he called Bagnall, I found were going with us. The woman likewise, who had waited on the table, was, somewhat to my surprise, to be of the party. I think that I inadvertently manifested the surprise I felt, for Skevington said:

"My sister generally goes with us, as she is a more skilful angler than either I or Bagnall."

Jem was to accompany us to the shore of the lake, to take back the horses, and just before we were ready to start, at a moment when I stood at a little distance from the rest, he passed near me, and by some means—intentionally I half suspected—stumbled when close at my side. As he rose slowly and awkwardly from the ground, he said to me:

"Take your pistols with you, and see that they are loaded."

I hardly knew whether to pay any attention to him or not, but after a moment's reflection, I made some plausible excuse to return to my room where I had left them. I had carefully loaded them the morning previous, as I knew that most of my way would be through an uninhabited part of the country, which, on account of several travellers, known to have passed that way, never having been subsequently heard of, had, for some time, sustained a bad

reputation. I was, therefore, not a little startled when I found that the charge had been withdrawn from each of them, and, at the same time, felt disposed to attach more serious importance to what Jem had said relative to the danger of the lake. I re-loaded them with all possible expedition, and, concealing them about my person, returned, without apparently having been missed either by Skevington or Bagnall; but the woman cast towards me a quick, furtive glance, though, as I felt satisfied, without detecting anything in my air or countenance to excite her suspicion.

That danger, in some shape, menaced Mr. Markham, Clara and myself, I was now fully convinced, and had it been possible to invent any seemingly fair pretext for the sudden relinquishment of our proposed excursion, I would have abandoned it myself and attempted to induce them to follow my example. As nothing available presented itself to my mind, the only alternative was to be watchful and vigilant,—to let no word or movement of Skevington, his sister or Bagnall to escape me, and, if possible, to put Mr. Markham and Clara on their guard. On our way to the lake, Jem rather avoided me, as I thought. When arrived there, as soon as I had assisted Clara to alight, he came and took hold of the bridle to lead the horse away.

"The middle of the lake is the place," said he, "where a small island will come between the boat and the house."

"The place for what?" inquired Clara.

"To fish. The water is deepest there, and the best fish are sometimes found in deep water. They find plenty to eat there, I guess."

There was no opportunity to say anything more, nor could I find a chance to speak a word to Mr. Markham or Clara before we stepped aboard the boat. As soon as we were a little way from the shore, Mr. Markham took one of the jointed fishing-rods, and as he opened it, he asked me if I were not going to try my skill at angling.

"Not at present," I replied. "The scenery is so enchanting that I must first take a view of that."

Skevington's sister having instructed Mr. Markham, who proved to be a novice in the "gentle science," relative to the best method of securing an artificial fly to the hook, took one of the poles, and for a few minutes, to all appearance, was wholly absorbed in her employment. But if, as her brother had represented her, she was a skilful angler, her mood, at the present time, was not patient enough to make her skill available. She soon became nervous, and her attention was often directed towards Clara and myself. At last, hastily drawing in her line, she said that she should have no luck till we had got within the shade of the trees which grew on the island. It was the same that Jem had mentioned, and was of such limited extent that some twenty or thirty elms and maples so completely overshadowed it that they had the appearance of rising from the water. The men again took their oars, and we rapidly approached it. In the meantime, I saw the woman's hand slide down the side of her dress, and disappear, as I supposed, in a pocket. She did not remove it, and I placed my own hand so that, in a moment's warning, I could draw one of my pistols from its place of concealment. A few more strokes of the oars, and the boat was brought close to the edge of the island, where the shade of the trees fell darkest. The house could not be seen from the place where we had stopped, which made me recal to mind the words of Jem.

"Now, gentlemen, is your time," said Skevington, "if you would like to catch some of the largest fish in the lake;" and taking one of the jointed poles, he opened it, handed it to me, and then took one himself.

As he busied himself in placing an artificial fly on the hook, I followed his example, though I did not for a moment forget to keep a strict watch over him and his two companions. I professed to be more ignorant than I really was, and while Skevington, at my request, was giving me a lesson, showing that I must not sink my fly too deep, but move it gently near the surface, I was, on account of his attention being engaged, enabled to watch the others more closely. Bagnall seemed less cautious than the other two, for I saw him take a pistol from one of his pockets without manifesting any particular care to conceal it. The woman, at a moment when I was obliged to attend to Skevington, had withdrawn her hand from her pocket, which now rested on her lap, beneath the folds of a large silk handkerchief. Skevington having observed me a moment, told me I should do very well, and turned away. As he did so, I felt that the decisive moment was near at hand. Though my pulses throbbed wildly, I had the nerve to keep my hand steady, and to outwardly appear composed. The moment Skevington turned away, he drew a pistol, and said, in a loud, emphatic voice: "Now!" But, quick as he was, I was ready for him. He saw my pistol aimed at his head, yet this did not alarm him, for he had himself drawn the charge thence only a short time since. He, therefore, paused an instant, that he might be sure that his aim was true. The delay was fatal to him. As he fell, I heard a shriek; it was Clara's voice, and then the sharp report of another pistol. Mr. Markham or Clara was the victim—I felt sure of that. As I turned, I saw Skevington's sister throw her arms wildly into the air, and then fall forward on to her face in the bottom of the boat.

"There's an end to the she-wolf!" said Bagnall.

He afterward told me that, at the moment her brother pronounced the word "now," she raised her pistol, which had been concealed beneath her handkerchief, and pointed it at the head of Clara, whose attention was attracted towards Skevington; but her hand trembled and swerved, and while making an effort to get the better of her agitation, Bagnall, instead of accomplishing his assigned task, which was to make sure of Mr. Markham, saved the life of him and his daughter by sacrificing one who, as I afterward found, had already stained her hands with blood.

Bagnall, who was much excited, told us that, at the time he engaged to work for Skevington, the worst he knew of him was, that he had been a noted gambler. It was not long before an incident, trifling of itself, gave him reason to suspect that he had been guilty of robbery and even murder. Soon the suspicion was confirmed. A traveller, who arrived, one day, about noon, was so indiscreet as to make some allusion by which it was found that he had in charge a large sum of money. The weather was fine, and a little after sunset, he walked out in the direction of the lake. Bagnall, screened by some bushes, saw him walking leisurely along, when he heard the sharp report of a rifle, and the man fell. He was at his side in less than half a minute, and raising him from the ground, supported him in his arms. A slight examination showed him that a bullet had passed through his brain. Bagnall soon heard hurried footsteps, and looking up he saw Skevington and his sister. They accused him of the murder, and pointed to a rifle that lay near. The rifle was his, and they both could give oath, they said, that they saw him fire it. He saw that he was in their power, and after many high words on both sides, he was induced, in order to ensure his own safety, to promise to let the matter rest; they very kindly promising in return, if he would assist in concealing the body by sinking it in the lake, that they would not inform against him.

He had, he said, done his best to find an opportunity to warn Mr. Markham or me, but found he was too strictly watched to make the attempt. His orders had been, previously to going out on the lake, to secure Mr. Markham, and not trouble himself about the other two, who would, as he was told, be taken care of. He feigned compliance, though he secretly determined to try to save us.

His plan had been to shoot Skevington, and wrest the pistol from the woman's hands. From doing the first, I had saved him, while in attempting the latter, the pistol she held in her hand accidentally went off, and, by mortally wounding her, saved her from a public expiation of her guilt.

Bagnall was not aware that Jem knew anything respecting the fate of the traveller who was shot; but, while lying near the shore of the lake, he had seen the body conveyed aboard the boat, which, being rowed to the centre of the lake, was sunk near the island. As Bagnall was present, he imagined him to be a participator in the murder. This knowledge, together with some conversation he had overheard between Skevington and his sister, was turned to good account, as far as I was concerned; for had he not warned me to take my pistols, and see that they were loaded, I might have lost my life, notwithstanding the good intentions of Bagnall. When ready to resume our journey, at Mr. Markham's earnest request, I rode in company as far as his brother's.

"And did you ever see them again?" asked a boy of twelve, who had been listening to his father's story.

"Yes, a great many times," replied my Uncle John, smiling, and looking at my aunt. "There sits the Clara of my story, and if you wish to see him I have called Mr. Markham, wait till he leaves his room, where he is, at this very time, engaged in writing a letter to his brother James, whom he and your mother were going to visit when we met at the inn called 'The Traveller's Rest.'"

A RAILROAD INCIDENT.

BY THE OLD 'UN.

It is a very trying thing for a quiet old gentleman, who lives a retired life, and has accomplished the few journeyings he ever undertook, by means of the old-fashioned stage-coach, or in a carryall drawn by a steady old horse with a good character of twenty years' standing, to embark for the first time in a railroad car, particularly if he happens, as quiet old gentlemen generally are, to be a reader of the newspapers. Because our worthy editor keeps the public so posted up on all the abuses, casualties, and dangers of the railroad system, that he who reads the paper is sure to "sup full of horrors." Such a traveller as we above describe reaches a station in a nervous tremor, his imagination peopled with possible and impossible horrors. He resigns his trunks to the baggage-master with a strong suspicion that he shall never set his eyes upon their venerable forms again, but seeing the blind confidence of other people, and feeling that he is "in for it," he cannot do otherwise than follow their example. When told that the "cars are ready," he steps on board with the fortitude of a Christian martyr, deeming his chance for escape from a cruel death about as good as that of any of the thousands offered, in the old days of Rome, to the lions and tigers of the Coliseum. The conductor may be a perfect gentleman, and yet to the eye of our aged friend, there will be something truculent and designing in his expression. He will carefully scrutinize the face of the engineer, as he stands beside and ready to mount his iron horse, searching it for token of ferocity and recklessness. At length the bell rings and he "screws his courage to the sticking point," as one makes up his mind to submit to some inevitable surgical operation.

An old friend of ours of this stamp recently came on to this city in the evening train from New York, and it was pleasant to hear him relate his experience. It seems they had an accident. They were bowling along at about thirty knots, when suddenly the fierce scream of the whistle was heard—short, piercing, terrible, and startling the "still ear of night." The blood curdled in the veins of our old friend, and his very pigtail stood erect.

This was followed by the grating jar of the brakes as they yielded to the frenzied pulls of the conductor and his assistants. A heavy concussion—and then the train stopped. It was at the crossing of a county road, and the passengers immediately precipitated themselves from the cars.

It seems that the engine had run into a countryman's cart, loaded with muck, and knocked it into "eternal smash." The horses had gone off with the front wheels. The passengers now began, with heavy hearts, to search the wreck for the body of the driver. Every fragment of wood and every shovel-full of muck was turned over, but nothing living or slain was discovered. Some men mounted the banks at the roadside, and holding lanterns aloft, endeavored to penetrate into the surrounding darkness. The conductor thought he espied something in the distance, and hailed it with stentorian lungs: "Hullo-a!"

"Hello yourself," replied a voice, the rich nasal twang of its intonations mellowed by the distance.

"Are you much hurt?" bawled the conductor.

"Not much hurt—but pretty well skeered and considerably bruised, I thank you," replied the distant spokesman.

"Very well, then,—come here and give an account of yourself."

"Wait till I've hitched my horses."

"Well—make haste then."

Presently, a countryman, the driver of the team, appeared.

"How came you on the track?" asked the conductor.

"Well, I see you was a comin' along—I heerd your whistle and the bell—but I thought I'd have time to cut across. 'Pears to me you must have been lettin' her out, squire. These here ingines aint so dreadful slow as some of our folks tells about, arter all. Wall—I put the braid onto the critters—but one on 'em is dreadfle lazy, 'taint no more use lickin' him than singin' Yankee Doodle to a deef 'un. They didn't start up—and fust thing I know'd—slam! bang! and there I was runnin' after my horses not much hurt, but pooty well skeered, and considerably bruised, as I remarked before."

"Well, turn round and show yourself, anyhow," said the conductor, holding up a lantern.

"Expect I'm better lookin' before than behind," said the countryman, turning, however, like a statue on Canova's revolving pedestal. "Don't know what's got inter me, but I feel hot and cold, like I'd got the fever'n ager both to once."

The cause of this peculiar sensation was soon explained. The poor fellow's clothes were completely torn off his back, and hung in rags and tatters from his neck to his heels. His ragamuffin appearance, so soon as it was ascertained that he was not hurt, excited roars of laughter among the passengers, in which our untravelled old gentleman could not help joining.

"Funny, aint it?" said the victim, "all except the 'considerably bruised!' Expect I can come on the corporation for damages—ought to get a new waggin and a suit of clothes out on it. Wall, now we've done laffin', all on us, I expect we'd better go to work, all on us, and pick up the pieces."

"All aboard!" shouted the conductor, and the passengers sprang into the cars.

"Hold on!" said the Yankee. "Expect somebody'll hev to hold a light here."

The train began to move.

"Come back here! some of you!" yelled the victim. "Hangnation! can't ye hold a lantern for a fellur, reduced from a state of respectability to be a livin' picture of destruction."

Still the train moved on.

"I'll sue ye for damages," roared the irate agriculturist. "I'll put ye in the pound—you shan't cross lots ag'in, I tell ye!"

Then, finding menace and remonstrance vain, he added:

"Go to thunder with yer old machine! 'Taint so tarnal swift and hossy, arter all—and I can get along without ye well enough, I reckon."

Poor fellow! the train hurried on and "left him alone in his glory."

NOTICES OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

BAKER'S CHURCH MUSIC. Boston: John P. Jewett & Co. 1855.

An admirable collection of hymn tunes, chants, sentences and anthems, from the works of ancient and modern masters, with some original compositions, carefully arranged by B. F. Baker. It is intended particularly for the use of church choirs, but is well adapted for the use of musical students, as it contains much elementary practice. The typography is a fine specimen of musical type printing.

THE PROPHETS: or, *Mormonism Unveiled*. Illustrated. Philadelphia: Wm. White Smith. 1855. 12mo. pp. 412.

Last week we noticed a work designed to expose the iniquities of the social life of the Mormons, and here is another written with the same purpose. It is quite as vigorous as "Female Life among the Mormons," but more direct and less polished in its attack. The "Prophets" may be styled an historical romance, Joe Smith being the principal hero. For sale by James Munroe & Co. and Redding & Co.

THE ARABIAN NIGHTS' ENTERTAINMENT. Philadelphia: Lippincott, Grambo & Co. 1855. 8vo. pp. 716.

It is quite too late in the day to utter even a line of praise in behalf of this magnificent collection of oriental romances, which have formed the delight of several generations of English readers. They will still be the literary charm of many succeeding generations. Our enterprising Philadelphia publishers have now given them in a cheap but handsome volume unabridged, and liberally illustrated from the text of Ed. William Lane, which is elegant and reliable. It makes an admirable gift-book for all seasons.

LIGHTS AND SHADOWS OF ENGLISH LIFE. A Novel by the Authoress of "Clara Cameron." 2 vols 12mo. Philadelphia: Lippincott, Grambo & Co. 1855.

Neither the "lights" nor the "shadows" of English life have been exhausted by the able pennen who have sketched its broad field, as appears by the spirited story before us, in which original characters and new combinations are happily presented and delineated. The interest of the story is admirably sustained throughout, and the characters have the vividness of actual portraits.

TRANSACTIONS OF THE CONNECTICUT STATE AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY FOR 1854.

These transactions, together with the annual reports of the county societies, form a very handsome 8vo. volume, highly creditable to the press of Messrs. Case, Tiffany & Co. They exhibit a very flourishing condition of agriculture in our sister State, and a healthy state of public feeling with regard to the great farming interest. We are indebted for our copy to Wm. R. Lawrence, Esq.

ART-HINTS, ARCHITECTURE, SCULPTURE AND PAINTING. By JAMES JACKSON JARVES. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1855. 12mo. pp. 398.

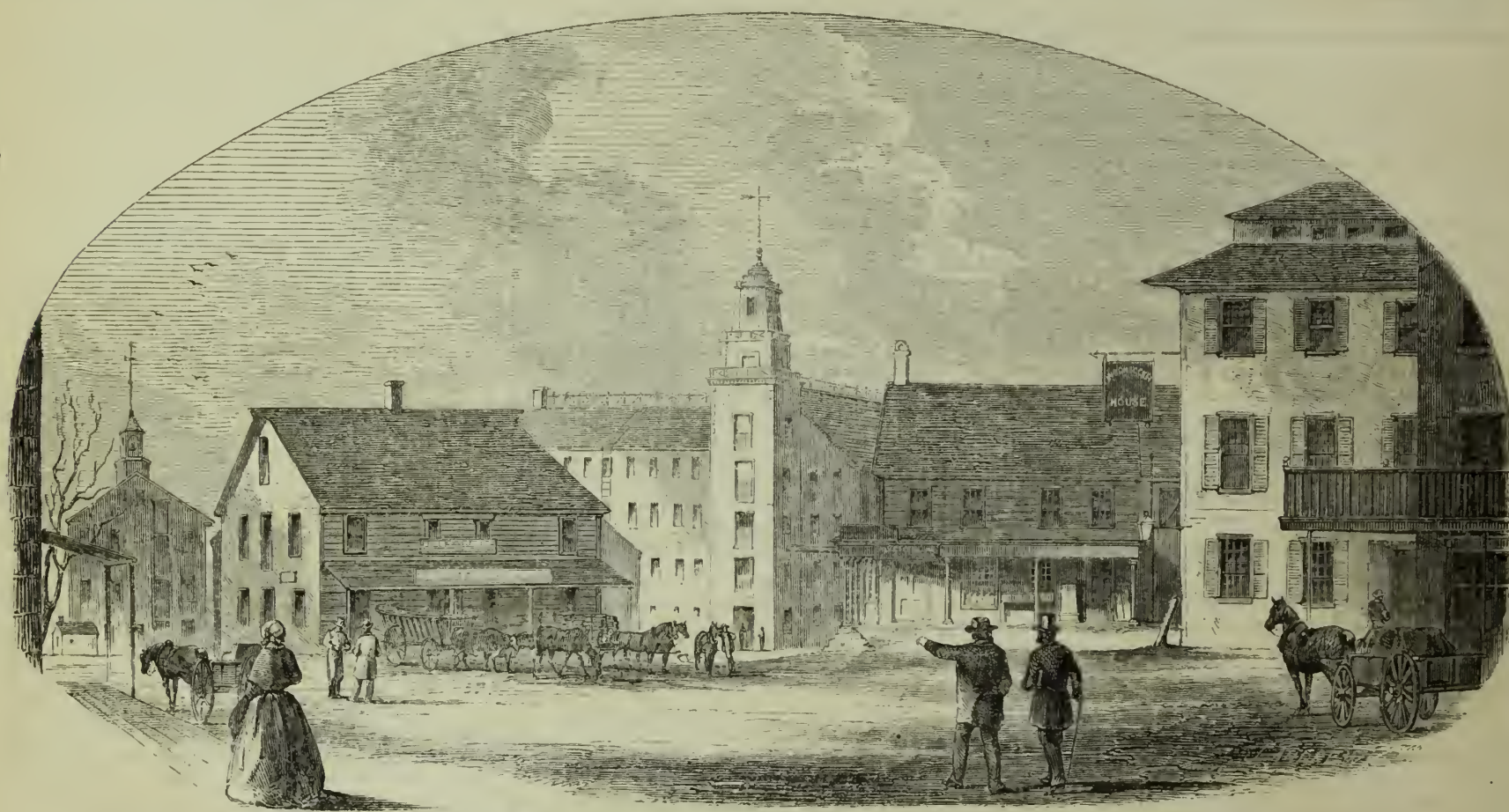
The production of a scholar and a man of exquisite taste and noble views—alike removed in manner from the professional technicality of artist-authors (who, with the one exception of Reynolds, have written wretchedly about art), and the ignorance of most non-professional critics. The book was written with a view to furnish "both the abstract principles and rules of art, with an outline of its historic progress and social relations." It is a work which will give Mr. Jarves a permanent reputation. He is already very favorably known by his "History of the Sandwich Islands," and "Parisian Sights and French Principles," the latter one of the cleverest books on Paris we have ever met with. For sale by Redding & Co.

WOONSOCKET, R. I.

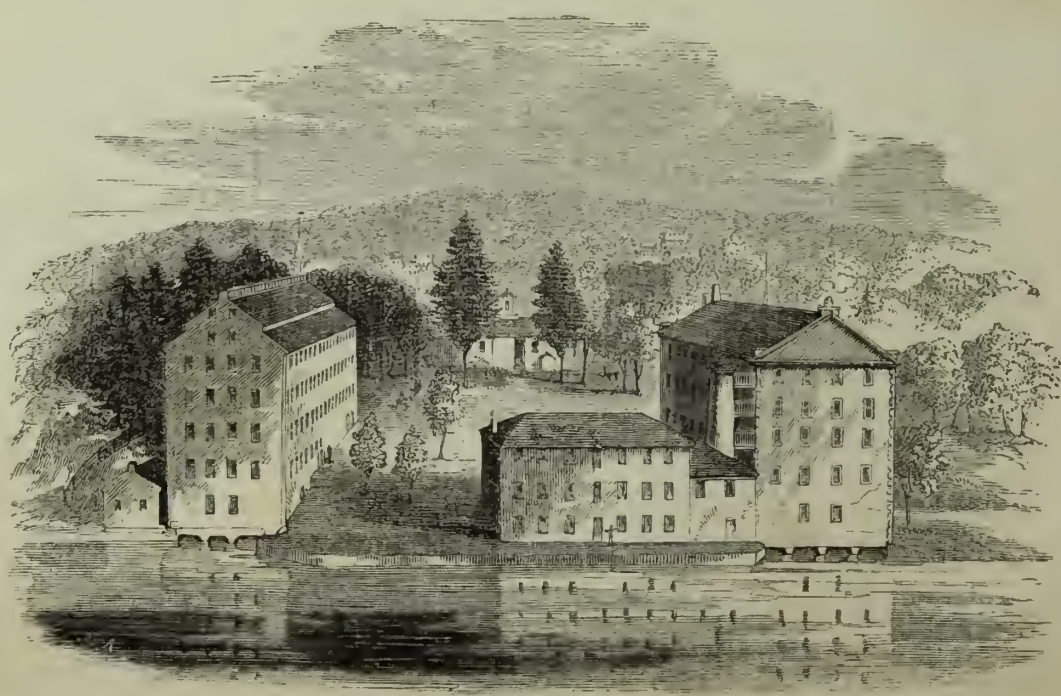
M. M. Ballou, Esq.:

Dear Sir,—I arrived in Woonsocket on Wednesday morning, the 4th of April, after a very pleasant ride over the Providence and Worcester Railroad, and through a most delightful country. There are few things, outside the home circle, which, to me, yield greater pleasure or more true enjoyment than the survey of nature in all her various changes and transformations. And where nature and art combine to form such picturesque and beautiful landscapes as the scenery of the New England States presents to the eye, there is a feeling awakened in my soul which struggles for expression, and yet is inexpressible; a desire to give utterance to my thoughts, which are unutterable; a longing for companions, and yet under such circumstances I am the most taciturn of mortals. I confess to some such feelings as I was whirled by the iron horse toward my destination on that bright morning in April, for, although the rapidity of the fleeting train is not conducive to a proper appreciation of the beauties of a landscape, and the month of April is not the most attractive season of the year to judge of its appearance, nature at that period being somewhat *en dishabille*, yet there is ever such a succession of beauties presented to the eye by the first, and the face of the country is so varied, and art is *forced* into such picturesque positions, that New England scenery can never be monotonous or otherwise than interesting, to me at least. What wonder, then, that the book upon my knee lay unnoticed, as we sped through this delightful valley of the Blackstone, and that my attention was entirely absorbed by the bright panorama, whose shifting scenes were so rapidly passing before my eyes. The train enters Woonsocket over a trestle bridge, built on solid stone piers, and discharges its passengers into a plain but substantial depot, a portion of which is represented in the small engraving at the head of this page. Leaving the depot by a long platform, partly erected on piles to give it the proper level, the entire view presented to the eye is embraced by the three smaller drawings representing "Part of Main Street," "The Clinton Mills," etc., and the "Depot." It being my first appearance in Woonsocket, I own to feeling somewhat "like a cat in a strange garret," but assuming all the self-confidence which I could summon to my aid, I called upon S. S. Foss, Esq., of the "Patriot," to whom I had been recommended by my kind friend the editor of the Pawtucket Chronicle, and to whom I introduced myself and stated the object of my visit. This was a sufficient passport to his favor, and although it was election day, and, of course, a busy time with him, yet he generously devoted almost the entire day to me, in visiting prominent points of interest in and about the place. I am greatly indebted to his kindness for introductions to other prominent citizens of the place, and I could not have fallen in better hands. In fact, I found such a high appreciation of the merits of the Pictorial among the residents that I was almost besieged by strangers to me, all endeavoring to aid, by suggestions, in the improvement of my time. Mr. Foss first accompanied me to the Woonsocket House, kept by O. D. Ballou, where I deposited my carpet-bag, and then sallied out in quest of subjects. The falls were the first attraction, and we turned our steps in that direction. Passing around the large mill shown in the engraving, we came upon a bridge, which spans the stream, and from which we had a comprehensive view of both sheets, as they fall over artificial dams, and running, whirling and tumbling over their rocky beds, unite again in one unbroken stream, just below the bridge. Art has aided nature in producing, here, one of the sweetest little scenes to be found in her repertory. The great advantage of the pictorial art lies in the fact that the pencil exhibits to the eye at once a counterfeit presentation of a scene which the pen is incapable of delineating, and as I have endeavored to give a faithful view of this beautiful spot in the engraving, I shall not attempt to describe it, leaving each of your readers to judge, by his own criterion, of its beauties. Crossing the stream, we walked round to the Bernon side, and clambering up the side of an elevated piece of ground, covered with a dense underbrush, we at length emerged upon a somewhat level field, from whence we had a fine and extended view of the whole of Woonsocket and the adjacent villages, which seemed to lie at our very feet. Let us from this elevated position, while gazing over the entire landscape, embracing Woonsocket, Bernon, Globe village, Hamlet, Jenicksville, etc., glance at the history of the vicinity, whose beauties we are now admiring. Woonsocket proper is on the north side of the Blackstone River, between the bridge which joins the Globe, and that which joins Jenicksville; but the villages called Bernon, Globe, Hamlet and Jenicksville are so nearly connected—simply by crossing a bridge—that they are most generally embraced in the title Woonsocket. I find in a little pamphlet, published at the Patriot office, and written by S. C. Newman, Esq., so many valuable facts regarding the history and topography of the place, that I am induced to make copious extracts therefrom. Regarding the name, he says:—"To give an exact etymology, definition and history of the word Woonsocket, or that from which it has been modernized, would, perhaps, be a difficult task; yet an approximation towards it (not, however, without some degree of doubt or hesitancy), may be fairly made. In the absence of all mills and works of art, instead of the water flowing in a regular sheet over a level dam, as it now does, it was supplied with a sort of natural dam of rock, which discharged all the waters at a single spot or notch. This large column of water falling into a deep hole, made so by its own action, produced a grave, deep-toned noise, resembling thunder, which, in the stillness of primeval solitude, might be heard at a considerable distance. The falling of this heavy column of water also produced a spray or mist, which, under peculiar states of the atmosphere, better understood at the present day than by the 'poor untutored Indian,' would be an object of attention, and served them as superstitious prognostics of the weather. A word by which they expressed one of their ideas of thunder was *Woone*, and a mist was expressed by the term *suckete*. A simple union of these terms would produce the word *Woone-suckete*. If, therefore, an Indian, residing at Woonesuckete, and capable of speaking the English as well as his native tongue, had visited a white family at Providence, and been asked from

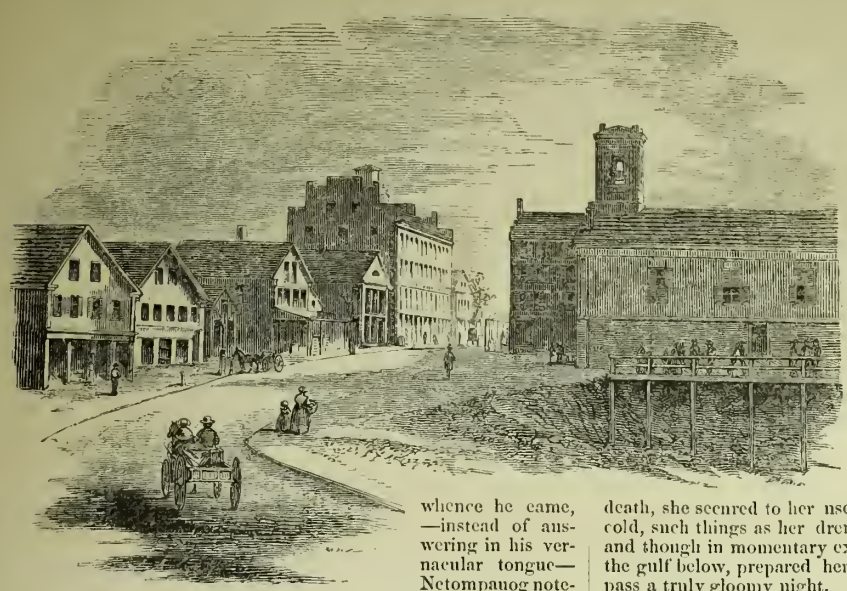
RAILROAD DEPOT, WOONSOCKET, R. I.



POST-OFFICE SQUARE, CENTRAL PART OF WOONSOCKET, RHODE ISLAND.

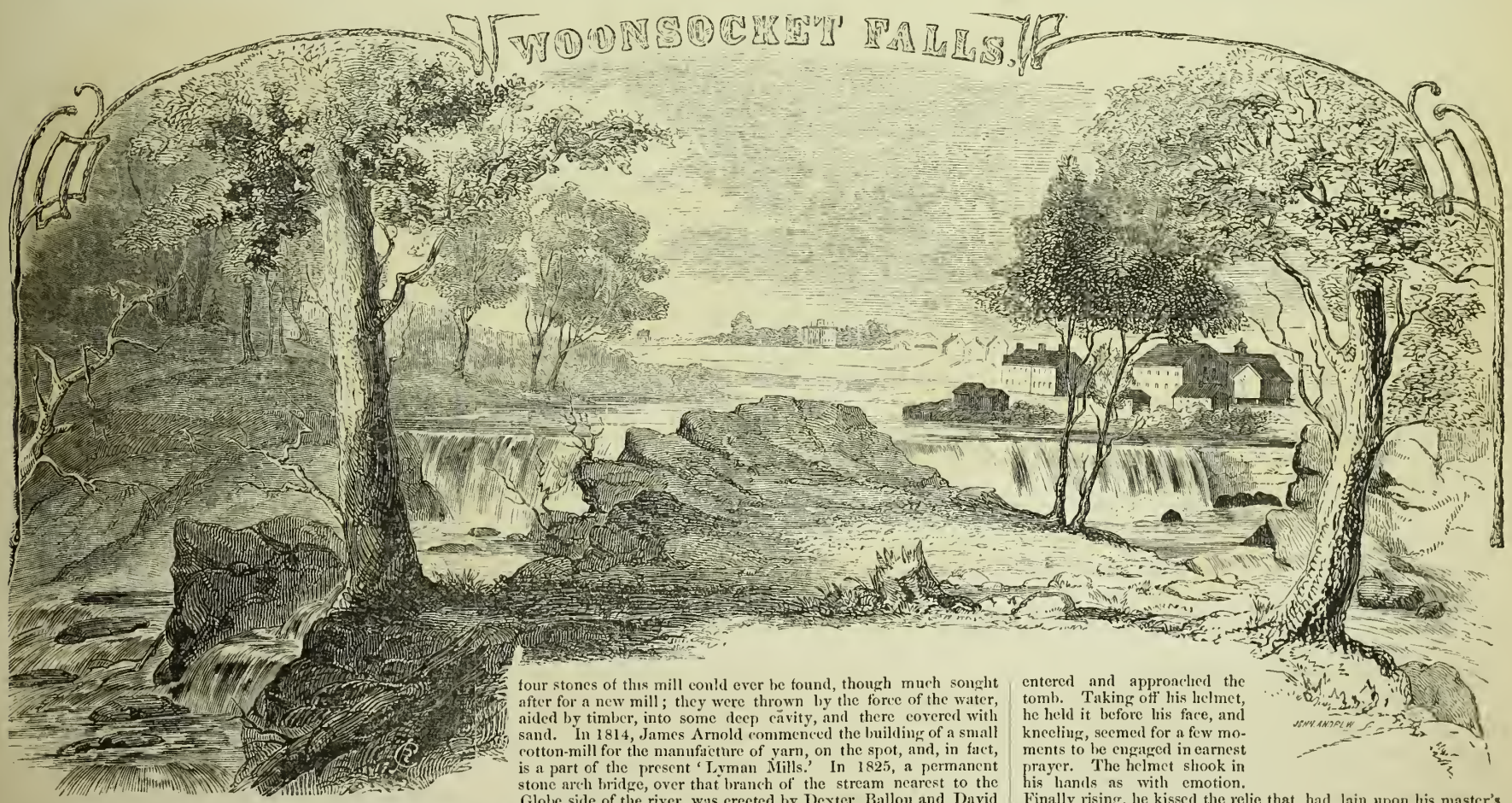


WOONSOCKET COMPANY'S MILL.



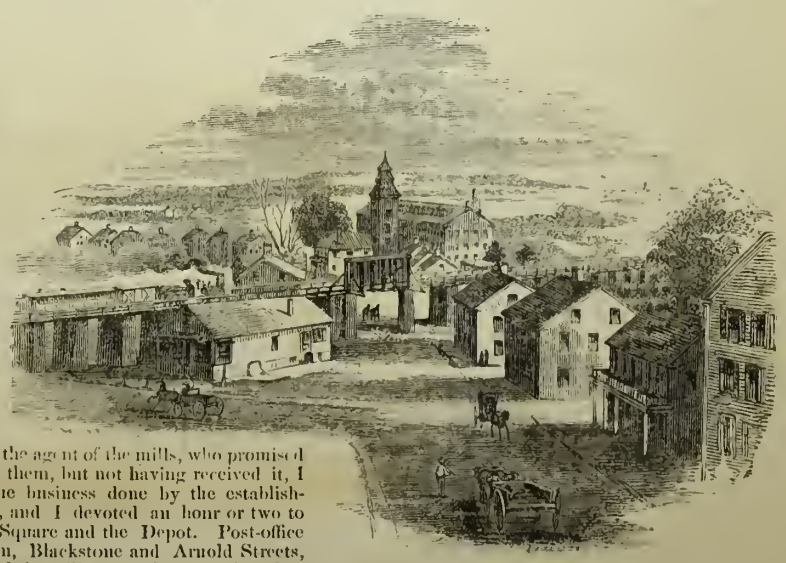
PART OF MAIN STREET, WOONSOCKET.

whence he came, —instead of answering in his vernacular tongue—Netompanog noteshem wuttotanick peemayagat shea steip Woone-suckete, he would say: Friends, I came from a place, a little way up the river, called *Thunder-mist*. (At first, by the whites, *barbarized* into *Winsokeit*, and next modernized into its present form—Woonsocket.) It does not appear that any permanent residence was established here till about twenty-five years after the death of that wonderful and extraordinary man, William Blackstone, who died in 1675, near the present village of Lonsdale. In 1695, Mr. John Arnold, born (probably at Providence) in 1672, at 23 years of age, came and settled near this place. His claims to this location appear to be founded, somewhat like Blackstone's, upon the principle of pre-occupancy, or because nobody else wanted it. He lived here till his death, and his tombstone bears date 1756, aged 84 years. He might, with no small degree of propriety, be styled the Patriarch of Woonsocket. In 1730, thirty-five years after he commenced living here, he conveyed the territory of Woonsocket, by quit-claim deed, to his two sons, John and Joseph. This is believed to be the first deed having any relation to Woonsocket. A record of it is in the ancient archives of Providence. We might here mention the fact that nearly or quite all the succeeding deeds for a long course of years, though there were not many in all, were quit-claim deeds; and all the real estate now in Woonsocket originally rests upon this form of a title, though, under all the circumstances, probably as good as any other. This conveyance took place sixteen years before Cumberland was erected into a town. The twenty-seven square miles, now called after the English Duke of Cumberland, was then known by the name of 'Attleborough Gore.' But to return to the two sons. Joseph appears to have followed his father in agricultural pursuits; but John immediately commenced operations with water-power. He made improvements upon the natural dam by adding wood-work, and erected the first grist-mill. This was not particularly wanted here, for there were but two families; but it was the best location, and supplied the wants of the thinly scattered inhabitants for a circle of considerable extent. A few years after, a Mr. Balkham came here and erected a forge, near where the dye-house was burned in 1845. A saw-mill also existed here for many years, and these were all the mills in operation till about 1816. There are but few incidents transmitted to us, that seem to merit even a passing notice, from the erection of the mills to the commencement of the present century. It was very thinly inhabited, and no event seems to have occurred to mar its still and gentle progress. About 1781, there was a remarkable drought, which cut off nearly all the products of agriculture, and as an instance of the extent and durability of the river, it may be mentioned that people came here to mill to get corn ground from a distance of fifty miles, and often made a week or ten days' journey of it. In 1807, a new grist-mill, with two run of stones, was erected in place of the old one; but it was hardly put in operation when a violent flood assailed it, involving the bridge, the dam and the mills in one general ruin. In the small house adjacent to the mills above alluded to, there resided an old colored woman, probably as a cook, or for the performance of some service connected with the mill or forge. Everything was dashed away but this little house, and she was in it. By one of those singular aberrations of mind arising from great fear, she resolutely rejected all offers of assistance, and she was finally given over by the beholders as beyond the reach of preservation. Hers was a calm, not a frantic fear, for in the face of this threatening death, she secured to her use, to prevent her from perishing with cold, such things as her drenched and flooded house contained, and though in momentary expectation of being swept away into the gulf below, prepared herself, in the best manner she could, to pass a truly gloomy night. At day-break in the morning, what few inhabitants there were, presented themselves upon the shore, and, to the astonishment of all, the house still remained, and the woman, though still in constant jeopardy, was yet unharmed. The water had considerably subsided during the night, and left the house above its foaming surface, with its foundation so washed away that it rested upon a single stone much after the form of a pivot. By the interposition of the united ingenuity and efforts of those who came to her relief, she was rescued unharmed from this perilous condition; directly after which, the house lost its balance, fell into the foaming current and disappeared. Not one of the four stones of this mill could ever be found, though much sought after for a new mill; they were thrown by the force of the water, aided by timber, into some deep cavity, and there covered with sand. In 1814, James Arnold commenced the building of a small cotton-mill for the manufacture of yarn, on the spot, and, in fact, is a part of the present 'Lyman Mills.' In 1825, a permanent stone arch bridge, over that branch of the stream nearest to the Globe side of the river, was erected by Dexter Ballou and David Wilkinson. The middle arch was erected, in 1833, by Aaron Rathbun and Cephas Holbrook, and another, on the Cumberland side, was erected, in 1843, by Eugene Martin, thus forming a permanent line of bridges over this long venerated and highly useful stream, which will probably remain as a durable specimen of mechanical skill, long after their builders have departed. From 1825 to 1830, the place, though small, exhibited signs of becoming a place of business and activity." From our elevated point of observation, we descended into the village of Bernon, a neat and pleasant little place, containing about one thousand inhabitants, and visited the Bernon or Woonsocket Company's Mills, shown on the opposite page. I have seldom, if ever, seen a mill which struck me with such a favorable impression as this. No pains or expense seems to have been spared to make it attractive to the operatives, and every modern improvement has been introduced to facilitate the operations, and add to the beauty and strength of the fabrics manufactured. The buildings are of stone, built in the most substantial manner, and are perfectly fire-proof. The mill on the right of the picture is certainly the finest and best arranged structure for the purpose that I ever saw, and is a source of pride to the company. I was introduced to Mr. Green, the agent of the mills, who promised me some statistical information in regard to them, but not having received it, I am unable to enlighten your readers as to the business done by the establishment. From Bernon, we crossed the river, and I devoted an hour or two to making sketches of the Falls, Post office Square and the Depot. Post-office Square is formed by the intersection of Main, Blackstone and Arnold Streets, and is the centre of the business portion of the village. The view is taken from Main Street, and embraces—commencing on the left—the corner of the post-office building; the old Lyman mill (in the distance), which is the oldest in the place; in the centre, the auction rooms of A. Hixon; George E. Ballou's mill; Sylvester Lake's store; the Woonsocket House, kept by O. D. Ballou, and Coe's building, on the corner of Main Street. After dinner, I called upon Mr. H. R. Stratford, daguerrean artist, in company with Mr. Foss. Mr. Stratford had a beautiful iodine picture of the Clinton Mills, which he very kindly loaned me, and in the course of the afternoon took several very fine pictures of objects of interest, which he very kindly presented to me, to obviate the necessity of further sketching. I cannot express my gratitude to this gentleman for his kindness. By his generous aid, I was enabled to get through my business and leave the same afternoon, thus saving me a day's time. Mr. Stratford has his office directly opposite the Patriot establishment, in the vicinity of the depot. The small view of Main Street, from the depot, embraces these buildings and the Baptist church. In the view of the depot, is shown the tower of the Methodist and the spire of the Universalist churches. The other small view represents the Clinton mills; Metcalf machine-shop, and a portion of the village as seen from the depot. Having completed my business and said farewell to friends, I departed, at six o'clock, in the train for Providence, where I arrived in time for tea, highly pleased with my trip. And in return for the many attentions received, I can only say that the gentlemen whose acquaintance I formed, in Woonsocket, will be ever held in grateful remembrance by your artist. NEUTRAL TINT.



THE TOMB OF NICHOLAS.

An American, sojourning at St. Petersburg, writes to the Boston Transcript an account of his visit to the tomb of the late emperor. He says:—"Around one of the sarcophagi I saw a dense crowd, and approaching it, found it that of Nicholas. The cloth was new, and no dust had settled upon the ermine border. His initial letter was embroidered in amaranth, and a candle burns night and day upon the tomb. The little relic that was placed upon his breast, while he lay in state in the palace, lies upon the middle of the sarcophagus. It is surrounded by a wreath of immortals. Every one who approached the spot seemed touched with real sorrow, and all spoke in whispers around the grave of the great man. As I stood there watching the crowd, the gates were suddenly thrown open, and an old general, in full uniform, entered and approached the tomb. Taking off his helmet, he held it before his face, and kneeling, seemed for a few moments to be engaged in earnest prayer. The helmet shook in his hands as with emotion. Finally rising, he kissed the relic that had lain upon his master's breast, and then crossing the aisle, kissed Alexander's tomb in the same way. He had served under both emperors, and this his daily tribute to their memories was most touching. He is the commander of the fortress of St. Petersburg, and one of the last acts in the life of Nicholas was to thank him for his public services. The czar sent him the imperial portrait, enriched with diamonds."



CLINTON MILLS, WOONSOCKET.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

NOT YET.

BY JENNY A. STONE.

O, summon me not from my earth-home now,
Ere the finger of care has touched my brow,
For the skies are bright, and the world is fair,
There's music quivering in the air,
My heart still clings to idols of clay,
Not yet! not yet!
O, take me not yet from the world away.

Bid me not part from my dear ones now,
My lips have just breathed love's holiest vow;
They circle me round, and I cannot depart,
And lessen their hold on my trembling heart,
My hopes are still fixed on this beautiful dream;
Not yet, not yet,
Can I see through the shadows one glimmering beam.

O, bid me not float on a boundless sea,
While this beautiful world is so lovely to me;
For the wine of life gushes redly up,
Bright flowers are twining its crystal cup,
My loved ones' hands are holding me back;
Not yet! not yet!
For my spirit shrinks from that gloomy track.

Forgive me, O Father, my selfish fears,
This clinging to earth and these bitter tears;
I have loved them well, but I turn from them now;
Let a ray from heaven but fall on my brow,
And my lips shall breathe, as new strength is given,
Thy will, thy will,
Be done on earth as it is in heaven.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

AN INCIDENT ON THE MISSISSIPPI.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

For six mortal days had our boat been ploughing through the turbid waters of the great river on the down passage since I came on board. It was early in the morning when we stopped at Natchez, where we took on board some twenty passengers, who came dropping along, two and three or four at a time, during the hour of our stop. Once more we were off with the current, and shortly afterwards the breakfast bell rung.

The day passed away pretty much as days generally do on board the Mississippi steamers, and when evening came, the cabins were alive with fun and sentiment. Towards nine o'clock my attention was called to a table at which four men were playing "twenty-deck poker." The chief player was a young man, not over six or eight-and-twenty, who handled the cards with a professional air, and whose face betrayed the libertine and sensualist. He was, in some physical respects, handsome, but the reckless villain was so plainly stamped upon his countenance, that no gentleman could look upon him but with pity and disgust. He was a slightly built man, and dressed gaudily. I had not stood by the table ten minutes before the other three players rose and the youth was left alone.

"Who'll take a hand?" he asked, casting his dark eyes around upon the crowd. "Come, gentlemen, I've a few thousands to lose. Who wants it?"

"Look here, stranger, I've got a little money that's no use to me. What say ye?"

The new speaker formed a striking contrast with the player already at the table. He was a powerfully built fellow, dark and gloomy in expression, and standing over six feet high. His darkness was from exposure, and his gloom was surely from some recent cause, for it was plain to be seen that his bold, open features had not yet become used to it. His hair hung in light colored ringlets about his neck, and his sharp gray eyes were full of strange fire. His dress was mostly composed of panther skins, and his cap was of the same, with the tail hanging behind. When he sat down to the table, I saw that he did it with a recklessness which was not natural to him; and from that moment I became deeply interested in him, for I felt sure that he was at heart a noble, bold, generous man.

"Make your own game," said the young man, shuffling the cards adroitly.

"Go ahead," responded the other. "A man don't hunt wild varmints for a lifetime to be afeard of a quarter pack of cards. Go ahead, and let's have 'em."

"Ante up ten."

The hunter put up a ten-dollar bill, and the youth did the same, the cards were dealt, and the betting commenced. The latter gazed sharply into his stout antagonist's face as the bets were made, but he could read nothing there. He seemed disappointed at this, and "called" the hunter's hand at the fourth bet, and won five hundred dollars.

The hunter smiled, and the youth dealt again. This time the betting was commenced in earnest by the dealer, but the other was not moved by it. The young man put up a thousand dollar note, but its appearance seemed to have no effect upon his antagonist. Those open features did not change in expression, nor did the keen gray eye grow more bright or dim. He covered the note and "called." He had won.

After this the luck ran evenly for some time. I watched the young man—I call him the young man, because he was surely younger than the hunter, though not much, for the latter individual was yet in the prime of early manhood—but, as I was remarking, I watched the more experienced gamester, and I saw him several times make the attempt to perform some of his tricks, but those two gray eyes were fixed too keenly upon him. At length the hunter began to win rapidly, but not a single ray of satisfaction could be seen upon his face. I was puzzled, for it really seemed to me that he would rather lose than win.

But my thoughts were soon called from the players to the play. I saw the young man shuffle the cards, and I knew he had "stocked" them. I slipped around behind him, and saw that he held four kings and a jack. He had meant to have held four kings and an ace, but a double cut by his opponent had hurt him. I knew that trick, and I saw what the gambler did not see. *He* was sure that one of the aces was at the bottom of the pack, and that his opponent had the other three with a pair of queens, while I saw that in cutting, the fourth ace was left upon the top of the pack, instead of upon the bottom.

"Here's a thousand," said the younger of the players, promptly.

"Here's that, and a thousand better," was the response.

"I see that, and go a thousand better."

"Here's that thousand, and two thousand better," said the hunter.

The blackleg looked at his "pile" very anxiously. He counted it, and found just a thousand dollars. It was all he had. His antagonist had already won twelve thousand dollars from him. He looked at his cards once more, and a look of assurance dwelt upon his face. He looked next upon the pack, and he *knew* that the fourth ace was there.

"Look ye," he said, "I have but a thousand dollars in money, but I've another piece of property I'll put up for the extra thousand. I've got one of the handsomest gals ye ever saw—young, pretty and sound—only nineteen or twenty years old."

"That's poor property for me, stranger."

"Poor property! Why, bless your soul, man, I paid nineteen hundred dollars for her this very morning!"

"This morning!" repeated the hunter, with a slight start.

"Yes, just above here, in Natchez; here's the bill of sale. 'One girl, Ianthe, nineteen hundred—'"

"Let's see." The hunter took the bill, and for a single instant I could detect a strange spark in his eye, and a quivering of the nether lip; but it was gone on the moment.

"Make me out a bill of sale of your gal," he said, "and put it up with your thousand dollars, and I'll put up nine hundred more. That's a fair thing. I can afford to lose it."

A blank was procured, and the bill filled out and duly signed, and, at the hunter's request, witnessed. The young man then placed it with his money, and pushed the whole toward the centre of the table.

"There's your twenty-nine hundred, and—now what have you got?"

"You dealt yourself," remarked the hunter, as he spread his cards out upon the table, and showed *four aces!* "I think the gal is mine."

"Broke—dead!" gasped the gambler.

"All gone?" asked the other.

"Every pie."

"Then take your thousand dollars back."

"Give me back the gal."

"*No, sir!*" thundered the stout man. As he spoke, he drew the bill of sale towards him and clutched it nervously, and then pushed a thousand dollars towards his antagonist. "Now show me the gal."

The young man led the way towards the forward part of the next deck, and having unlocked the door of a low, narrow stateroom, he called for its inmate to come out. I had followed them up, and I watched with more than ordinary interest to see the finale of this curious transaction. A large lamp hung directly opposite the door of the dingy room, and when the girl came out I saw her face plainly. I was startled, for I think I never saw a more beautiful female. She was a quadroon, and not over twenty years of age—of medium size, with dark waving hair, and a face as fair as human face can be.

"Well, Ianthe," said the young gamester, "you're gone. I've sold ye."

The girl started and looked up. There was a frightened expression upon her face, and as she saw how many men were gazing upon her, the rich blood mounted to her face, which had before been pale as death.

"You're my gal, now," spoke the hunter.

She started again, and looked into the face of the speaker, and on the next moment both her hands were pressed hard upon her brow.

"*Yours!*" she faintly gasped.

"Yes, you're mine; and there aren't a power this side of heaven that can tear you from me. Keep still, now, and don't ye speak a word—not a single word. Go back, go back, now, and I'll keep your key myself."

As he spoke he pushed the girl into the room again, and relocked the door. Then he turned away, and I was sure I saw a big tear in his eye.

Half an hour afterwards the young gambler was again at the table with a party of new players, and before I turned in, he had won ten thousand dollars.

On the following morning the young man was after the hunter the first thing; and when he had found him he proposed to buy the girl back, but the present owner refused.

"I'll give you two thousand for her."

"No, sir."

"Twenty-five hundred."

"No."

"Three thousand."

"Mark 'e," thundered the hunter, with a look of fire; "all the money that ever floated over this river, wouldn't buy that gal!"

The blackleg cursed and swore, but it availed him nothing. An hour afterwards the boat was alongside the pier at St. Francisville, and I took my luggage and went on shore, for here I was to remain on business a few days. I went up to one of the hotels, and after seeing to my luggage, and booking my name, I went into one of the parlors and sat down. There was no one else there, and for a while I busied myself in examining the pictures about the room. I was looking at one which hung in a small recess where the chimney stood out, when I heard some one else enter. I turned and saw the stout hunter and the quadroon; but they did not see me.

"Now, Ianthe," spoke the man, in a tremulous voice, "we are alone. Fear no more, for you are mine now."

As he thus spoke, the beautiful girl fell upon his bosom and wept aloud, while he, with murmurs of thankfulness and joy, wound his big arms about her and strained her to his breast.

"Pardon me," said I, stepping forward, "but I am not to blame for this."

"For what!" uttered the hunter, while the girl started back like a frightened lamb.

"Why, for overhearing your privacy," I returned.

"But you're a *man*, sir!"

"I hope so."

"Ah, you were aboard last night?"

"Yes, sir; and saw everything."

"Then you shall know all. Come, Ianthe, sit down here. Be not afeared, for you aren't in danger any more."

So the girl sat down close by her protector, and then the hunter turned towards me.

"Stranger," he said, "three years ago I had business in Natchez; I went to break horses for John Gampshell. He owned this gal. I staid there over a year. Perhaps you wont wonder that I loved her. By my soul, I did love her. I asked her, if I could ever raise money enough to buy her, if she'd be my wife. *Didn't* she say yes, quick! Then I went to Mr. Gampshell, and asked him if he would sell the gal. He said no; he'd as quick sell one of his own children. But when I came to tell him that I wanted her for a lawful, wedded wife, and that she already loved me, he said I might have her, and that he would keep her for me till I could raise the money. So I told Ianthe all, and started for the woods once more. A month ago, I had two thousand dollars over and above all I should need for expenses, and I started. I landed in Natchez yesterday morning. Mr. Gampshell was dead, and his folks all sold off. I tracked Ianthe to a trader, and got there just about an hour after she'd been sold. When he told me who'd got her, of course I made up my mind she was lost. I went aboard the first down boat, determined to throw away my money, and then go back into the woods; for I didn't want to keep a penny that I'd meant for that work. You know the rest. When I saw that bill of sale, I knew who'd fallen in my way. She aren't hurt, sir—not a bit. She's as pure and good as ever, and I reckon you'll hunt some time afore you find a better, or a handsomer wife."

I agreed with this fully. Shortly afterwards the hunter put confidence enough in me to leave his prize in my keeping, while he went and got a license. I found her a sensible, intelligent girl, and she made no effort to conceal her love for the noble hunter, nor her joy in view of the events which had so strangely transpired. By-and-by the stout man returned, and with him came a justice. I saw the happy pair married, and before night they took an upward bound boat.

Up in Warren county, Illinois, upon the first bend of Henderson's River, lives one of the most flourishing farmers of the West. His name is Levi Dolworth. People who accept his generous hospitality are struck with the strange beauty of his children; and their stay need not be long to assure them that the wife and mother is not only one of the most beautiful, but one of the best matrons in the great West. He and his wife are the ones of whom I have just told you.

THE ARTESIAN WELL IN PARIS.

One of the most extraordinary things in Paris (or, indeed, in the world), is the artesian well of Grenelle. It was begun in 1834, and finished after several forced suspensions about the year 1841. It is bored in the centre of the Court of the Abbatoir, goes 1700 feet into the bowels of the earth, and the column of water, nine inches in diameter, rises in a copper tube 122 feet above the surface. From this elevation it descends by means of another tube to the ground, and is conducted to the reservoir at the Pantheon, whence it is distributed for the use of the inhabitants. The temperature of the water is constantly about eighty degrees Farenheit. It hold several salts in solution, among the rest iron (which colors glass submitted to its action), and is highly charged with carbonic acid gas. Now, what is most interesting about this well is that the facts developed by it, it being the deepest yet bored, have served to explode the old doctrine that such wells were mere examples of a jet of water having its head on some mountain or high table land, passing through the ground and springing to the outlet up to the height of its head.

The force that drives a column of water up to an elevation of 1800 feet, and with such rapidity as to supply 3,400,000 gallons in 24 hours; the force that shows itself to be variable, sometimes comparatively quiet, at others, almost terrific in its violence, is thought to be volcanic, and to result from expansion within the inner crust of the earth—to be in fact a sort of explosive escape from an artificial valve in the immense steam-boiler on whose surface we live. When the well was first opened, and before the water was carried to its present height, vast quantities of mud came over, from which the height of the column now clarifies it. But for awhile the residents in the vicinity were greatly alarmed, thinking that the ground on which they lived was being gradually undermined by the action of the water, and that some day they would be engulfed. This notion has long ceased to alarm them, as it is evident that the auger has pierced through the rocky exterior into the very interior, the soft central mass of the earth, whence the detritus that frightened the Parisians proceeded, and not, as they ignorantly imagined, from just beneath their houses.—*Paris Correspondence Newark Daily Advertiser.*

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

POPPING CO N.

BY G. W. BUNGAY.

Bring in the golden corn, my boys,
  Bring in the golden corn;
Shell it with hard and honest hands,
  For plenty fills her horn,
Her ample horn with fruitful spoil
She fills for all the sons of toil.

Now roast the yellow grain, my girls,
  Roast the bright yellow grain,
Seasoned and stirred by fair white hands—
  Hands that inspire my strain,
Hands one might press and then caress,
And eyes that speak of happiness.

Let it dance above the blazing fire,
  And leap from its glittering shell—
O snowy sight! where arms so white
  Are casting a dangerous spell.
Then a cheer for the corn, the yellow corn,
And a health to the girls who pop the corn.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

BORN TO BE DROWNED.

BY MRS. CAROLINE A. SOULE.

"Born to be drowned, I verily believe," exclaimed Mrs. Glen, in an irritated voice, as for the third time within ten hours she fished Tommy, her eldest son, a hopeful lad of five summers, out of the shallow puddle in the barn yard, which was elegantly denominated the "duck pond."

"Born to be drowned," she repeated, as she cleared his eyes, ears and nose of the foul water, and clad him in a dry suit. "What, for gracious sakes, possesses you to be wanting to get into the wet. Next you know, you wont know anything, but'll be brought home dead, and then I shan't have no Tommy."

"It's such fun, mother," said the little fellow, earnestly.

"Fun! You wont find it much fun to be drowned, I guess! There, now," pushing him from her with rather an ungentle shake, "mind and keep out of the water the rest of the evening, or you'll go to bed, pretty straight, too, and without any supper either."

"Yes, ma'am," said Tommy, demurely, and forthwith wended his way to the garden, through which trickled a silvery brook, and seating himself on its bank, he watched for a while the reflection of the crimson lights which flashed on the eastern sky, wondering how the pretty colors came down there; and then as they faded, plucked from the beds near him many a gorgeous blossom, and flung them into the stream, laughter dimpling his rosy lips, as borne away by the current, they sailed swiftly off.

"Tommy, Tommy," called his mother, as having placed the supper on the table, she looked around for him. "Why, where is the child? As I'm alive," catching a glimpse of his pastime through the west window, "if he aint sailing boats in the garden creek. I don't know what to do with him;" and she wrung her hands.

"It's no use," chimed in the aged grandmother, in her feeble voice, "it's no use, Sallie, I tell you, to try and do anything with him; he was born to be drowned, and you must try and reconcile yourself to the decree. He's paddled in the water ever since he could creep, and he'll keep on, till *bimeby* he'll fall in head foremost, and that'll be the end on him."

It was sorry comfort for an anxious parent,; but she was forced to swallow it, for it coincided exactly with her own belief. But she rushed out after Tommy, and as she seized him by the arm, cried vehemently, "Didn't I tell you not to play in the water?"

"Yes, ma'am, and I haven't either. See, I aint wet a bit. But the creek looked so pretty, I wanted to see it. And then it's such fun to see the flowers sail; some of them goes so slow, like the old canal boats, and some bob up and down like little boys swimming. It's real fun."

"Well, stop it for to-night," answered Mrs. Glen, in a milder tone, as she found her little one was quite dry and clean, "and don't you dare get wet again to-morrow—do you hear?"

"Yes, ma'am," said Tommy; and he went in and ate his supper, and then was quietly tucked up in his trundle bed, and soon dreaming that he was a great red peony sailing down the river for dear life. At least, he said the next morning, he dreamed that; and it would not be strange if he had, for next to the water he loved the flowers, and the brilliant peony best of all, because its crimson leaves made such beautiful boats.

The next day like occurrences transpired again, and every day afterwards, as they had every day before since Tommy was old enough to trot around out doors, until it became a popular saying in the neighborhood, that he was born to be drowned. The only wonder was he had so long escaped. In truth, there was never a child loved to play in and around the water better than he. With his trousers rolled up to his knees, he would paddle for hours at a time on the shallow beach of the Seneca River, which rolled its calm tides within a short distance from his home, or sit on some sharp point, with his fish line in his hand, chirping like a bird when it is merry, his whole face radiant with the joy that flooded his little heart. As he grew towards the age that farmers' lads are necessitated to mingle work with play, he invariably chose for his duties those which were connected with the water; it mattered little whether creek, spring or river. It was his delight to lead the horses to water. Merrily, indeed, would he leap over the old sorrel's neck as they came to the brink of the spring, and plash, plash would go his bare feet in the trickling stream so long as it and the two gay colts were quenching their thirst. And when sent to drive or fetch the cows from pasture, he invariably chose the river road, though it was further by half a mile than the back one. And many a rich tuft of herbage did the gentle creatures find time to browse while their little master was skimming stones over the placid water, or watching the play of sunrise or the shadows of evening on the quiet stream. The holidays whose memories were most grateful to his heart were those precious Saturday afternoons, when his father gave him a "skiff ride" up to the "bridge," the little settlement whence the groceries and dry goods of the family were mostly obtained. The dip of the oar was the sweetest music, it seemed to him, that ever a little boy could hear.

But then—ah! then, there was a sad time one day in the house and neighborhood of Mr. Glen. Tommy had been sent as usual to drive the cows to pasture, and as it was a Saturday morning, and withal a bright, beautiful one in early June, there was no marvel in the household that several hours passed on without his return. His father was in the field at work, his mother busy with churning and baking, while his grandmother was weeding her onions and peppers, and thus the forenoon sped away without a thought of the truant. But when at the shrill sound of the dinner horn the boy did not appear, his mother's heart fluttered, and she asked anxiously of his sister which road Tommy took.

"The river one, of course, mother. He never goes the other."

"And hasn't been seen since! He's drowned, I know he is!" And the pallor of death overspread her face.

"I always said he would be," murmured her aged parent, as she ran for the camphor bottle, "and his time's come at last. Well, he wasn't so bad a boy, after all;" and she took off her glasses and wiped her eyes.

"Don't be so frightened, wife," said the farmer, kindly, as he helped her into the rocker. "May-be he'll turn up yet."

"No, I shall never see him again, my Tommy! O, dear!" And she wept and "took on" in a way pitiful to behold.

Leaving her to the tender care of the grandmother and children, Mr. Glen hurried away, and fearing to learn the worst (shunning the truth, as we always do, while there is hope), he sought Tommy in all his usual haunts. But he was not there, nor was there any race of his footsteps. Sadly the father paced the river road, watching the stream intently, fearing all the while lest the floating straw hat should reveal the sad certainty. He met at length one of his son's playmates, and accosted him for news of Tommy.

"I saw him stand *jist* here, this morning, skimming stones."

The sinewy form quivered like a delicate leaf, and the sturdy old farmer bowed his head, and great drops fell from his eyes.

"My boy! my boy!"

"Then Tommy *is* drowned," exclaimed the lad. "I always said he would be;" and he scampered away forthwith to circulate the mournful, yet ever expected tidings.

And then commenced an active and thorough search. No one had seen the poor boy since Johnny Lynn beheld him on that spot, watching the leap of the stone that he had tossed over the waves. The river was deep just there; he must have slipped in—*he was drowned*. There seemed but one opinion on the subject.

What should they do? What could they do? It had grown too late then to accomplish much that day. He had been sunk so long, that life would certainly be extinct even if they found him; and so they agreed to return to their homes, and the next day strive to raise the body by firing guns over the spot where it was supposed he had fallen in.

How long and dreary seemed that night. The moonlight, as it beamed through the tasselled vines of the kitchen windows, revealed a pale group of mourners. The husband sat beside his wife on the old lounge, and supported her as tenderly as he had in the days of their betrothal. Sorrow had unsealed the somewhat dormant affections of their hearts, and they now clung to each other with a new and quickened tie. The gray-haired parent leaned back in her chair, with closed eyes, but she did not sleep, every few moments wiping them with a tremulous hand, and occasionally murmuring, "We ought to be reconciled."

A noisy Sabbath followed. From all directions came men, women and children to the river side; some from curiosity to see how a drowned corpse would look, some to assist, and a few to enter the saddened house, and by silent pressures of the hand, and by low, soothing words, express their sympathies. Again and again did the sharp sound of every gun that the neighborhood could muster resound over the waters, and far into the solemn woods beyond. Again and again did the excited crowd peer over the banks, and out upon the whole breadth of the river, for some signs of the raising body. But the day sped on, and the shadows of night veiled the waters, and they sadly turned away without a trace of Tommy; a boy who, now that he was gone, seemed never to have been loved enough.

They did not have to bear the tidings to the mother. She felt it in the solemn hush that gathered over the spot, as the multitudes that assembled there wended their way towards home. She rose from the lounge on which she had lain all day, and paced the room with nervous footsteps, holding her hands first to her eyes, as though to scare away an awful vision, and then to her heart, as if to hush some anguishing throb.

"If they could only have raised him," she gasped out. "If I might but have his grave to visit, I could bear it all."

Solemnly spoke the grandmother then. "He will rise, my daughter; in nine days he will rise."

And every morning after that until the mysterious ninth, the aged woman repeated the words, "He will rise." They all spent that day on the bank of the river. From early sunrise till his last arrow quivered in the western sky, they scanned the waters; then with hearts sorer than ever they went into the desolate home.

"You said he would rise, mother," exclaimed the daughter, as she rocked herself passionately; "but he don't, he wont. I shall never see Tommy's grave."

"It's always the ninth day till the tenth," said the grandparent; "they must go out and watch longer. *He will rise*. They always do."

The hired man did go out and watch, and the rest sat sadly about the untasted supper and waited.

The clock struck ten. As the last sound fluttered away, there was heard a low sobbing sound at the door, and the latch rattled. They started every one of them simultaneously, and rushed towards the threshold. Slowly the door was pushed inward—but, is it human flesh or spectre that stands there in the dim starlight!

"He has risen; I said he would!" cried the grandmother, and put forth her hands. But a weird shriek startled the stillness, as, instead of the dripping rags and clammy form she expected to receive from Jake's hands, who, her sight being feeble, she thought stood there with the corpse in his arms—instead, she clasped a warm, breathing body, wet only about its eyes, which were flooded with tears, half of joy, half of fear.

Of course the mother fainted, the revulsion was too sudden, too mighty. And of course the doctor was sent for, and the neighbors summoned, and there was a time of universal confusion.

"What upon *airth* the matter is up at the house, I'll be scared if I know," said Jake, as the varied sounds sighed themselves down to the river's bank. And in truth he was scared when he knew, as, after waiting till he was sure the tenth day was come, he hastened up home, and entering by the back door, beheld Tommy quietly eating a bowl of bread and milk.

"A ghost! O, help me! help me!" he shrieked out, standing in the doorway as though his feet had grown there, and his hair, which always stood nearly straight, bristling up in a more direct line than ever before. "A ghost! and got out of the river without my seeing him!—a ghost!"

"No more a ghost than you," said Tommy, as having swallowed the last spongy crust, he balanced his spoon a moment on the bowl, and then rushed from the table towards Jake, "No ghost at all, only a harum-scarum boy, who's been to Albany and back."

"And were n't you drowned?" asked Jake, a little fearful yet, although Tommy's warm hand was clasped in his.

"Not a bit. If I was born to be, I wasn't this time, that's certain—though I don't say that I ought not to have been. Jake," and he drew the poor trembling man out under the starlight, "Jake, I tell you what it is. I've learned what I shall never forget—that if a boy has a good home, he'd better stay there before going to seek his fortune anywhere; and I tell you it'll be many a long day before father or mother finds fault with me again. As grandmother says, I have learned wisdom by experience."

"But where *have* you been?"

"Why, I'll tell you the whole of it. I was crazy to see a boat locked through; you know father never would let me, for fear I should get drowned. So I had been trying to find a good time to get away since the canal opened, and that Saturday, after shutting the bars on the cows, I ran off, meaning to get back by dinner-time. Well, I saw the boat sail in through the open gates, and then, after they were shut, I saw it sink down and down, and then the other gates open and it sailed out, and I thought I should like to be a boat. And just then the captain came up, and slapping me on the shoulders, told me I looked like a bright boy, and asked me if I wouldn't like to go to Albany with him, and drive the horses. I jumped at the chance, Jake; for O, how I have wanted to see the world. I never stopped to think of father or mother, or Carrie, or the baby, or grandmother, but I jumped on to the horse, and off I went. But I tell you, the fun didn't last long. It was all over by the next morning, and I would have given the world had I owned it, to have been back home again. I shall always feel sorry for canal drivers as long as I live, for *I've been one*, Jake."

The boy's lips quivered. Ah, there were bruises on his body then, which would have rent his mother's heart could she have seen them; but with a noble heroism, he never spoke of them, conscious that his waywardness had already pained her to a fearful grief.

"And how came you back so soon?" asked Jake. "Did you see the city?"

"Nothing but what they call the basin, and that made me sick. I don't believe, Jake, the folks down there more than half live out their lives. O, it is awful—the smell and the dirt. No, I didn't want to stay and see it. There was a boat 'clearing,' and they wanted a driver, and I engaged, and came home as quick as I could. I have had a hard time, Jake; but it would have been harder, if I had known how they worried about me at home."

"Why, we thought of course you were *drowned*," said his listener, emphasizing forcibly the last word of his sentence. "And your grandmother said you'd rise the ninth day—you would, for sartin'."

"And I did," said Tommy. "And now that I have risen, I should like to lie down; for to tell the truth, I haven't slept on anything better than the soft side of a plank since I ran away. I only hope now, grandmother will give it up, and say I wasn't born to be drowned;" and with the words half uttered, he returned to the house.

"No, I wont give it up. You *were* born to be drowned, but the time hasn't come yet;" and she laid her hands on his curly locks, and silently blessed him.

"Well, I hope it wont come while I live here," said Jake; "for *sich* a time as we've had here for the last nine days!"

Tommy Glen *may* have been born to be drowned, as his aged relative prophesied, but his time has not come yet, for only last night we saw the brilliant glow of his torches as his skiff glided down "Mud Creek;" and hale and hearty, as handsome a young fellow as ever gladdened a maiden's eyes, he stood at our mother's door this morning, and presented us with a plate of nicely-dressed pickerel, part of his luck on the fishing ground the evening before.

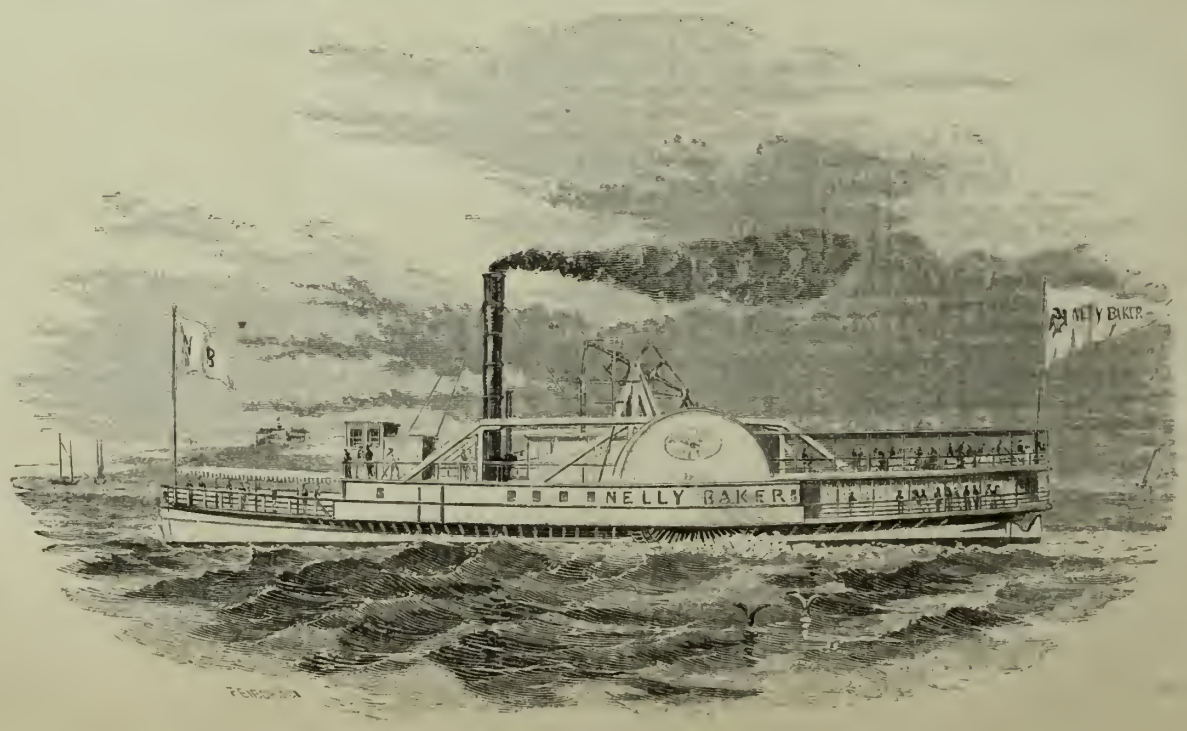
MRS. ANNIE SENTER.

Mrs. Annie Senter, an admirable original likeness of whom we present herewith, not long since made her *debut* at the Boston Museum, and won high praise from all who witnessed her histrionic efforts. Mrs. Senter was born in Boston on the 19th of September, 1835, and is consequently but nineteen years of age. While a school girl in the public schools of her native city, she evinced a remarkable proficiency in her studies, and was especially noted for her elocutionary powers, and her youthful compeers could not fail to observe in the enthusiasm with which she rendered the selections (usually from dramatic authors) appointed for her readings on days of public examination, the germ of that power which has since been so conspicuously displayed. From her earliest years she was especially fond of dramatic representations; dramatic authors were her study, and the scenic display of the theatre her strongest passion. The bent of her early inclinations was displayed while a school girl by some attempts at dramatic composition highly creditable to her years. At the age of seventeen she married Mr. Wm. H. Senter, of this city, a union which has been marked by unalloyed happiness. During the fall of 1854 she succeeded in overcoming the obstacles which had long lain in the path to the cherished and coveted object of her youthful ambition. She applied to that veteran actor and manager, Mr. W. H. Smith, who at first sought to dissuade her from the trials of a laborious profession; but having heard her readings, he at once saw her capacity, and entered upon her tuition with enthusiasm. She commenced in November, and in the short space of less than four months made her first appearance before the Boston public at the Museum, on the 30th of March, at the benefit of Mr. W. H. Smith, in the character of *Mariana*, in "The Wife." A more crowded and intelligent audience, and a more enthusiastic reception, never greeted a novice. She was called out at the end of the first and each succeeding act, and greeted with the most enthusiastic applause. She was at once engaged by manager Kimball for three successive engagements, during which she appeared in some twenty of the most difficult characters on the stage, nightly greeted by intelligent and crowded audiences. Since then she has given some readings in Portland and Portsmouth, which were most successfully received. She is evidently an ardent and laborious student. Conscious that though the rare endowments which she has received from nature might give her a transient career of meteoric brilliancy, she seems fully aware that it is to the arduous cultivation of her remarkable powers she must look to take the place of a fixed star in the theatrical firmament. We regard with more than passing interest the opening career of this young Bostonian, and bespeak for her, wherever she appears, hearty good will and kind consideration. The accompanying portrait conveys a correct expression of the features of the lady in repose, and as she appears off the stage, but when kindled by the inspiration of histrionic effort, her face possesses a fascination which gives full effect to her melodious voice and her harmonious action. We have no hesitation in predicting for her a glorious career upon the stage; she possesses every attribute of success, all the graces of early womanhood, and a pure and unsullied reputation.

MRS. ANNIE SENTER.

NAHANT STEAMBOAT, "NELLY BAKER."

We present our readers with an accurate view, drawn expressly for the Pictorial, of the favorite Nahant boat, "Nelly Baker," Captain Alfred L. Rouell, now in the second season of her service. She is an admirably built boat, of elegant model, strong, substantial, seaworthy and fast, and attracts much attention among the other craft in our waters, as she shoots along like a star and leads them all. The frequent rough water which the Nahant boat has to encounter in the course of the season renders such a craft as this indispensable to the comfort of boarders and visitors at Nahant. The Nelly Baker was built at Greenpoint, New York, in 1854, by Mr. Samuel Sneden, under the supervision of Captain Rouell, for the Nahant Steamboat Company, Francis S. Newhall, president. She is 152 feet 11 inches in length, 25 feet 10 inches in breadth, 8 feet 6 inches in depth, and of 303 71-95ths tons burthen. She is, in all respects, staunch, seaworthy, and in good condition for navigation, having suitable means of escape, in case of accident, from the lower to the upper deck. She is provided with one low pressure boiler, 22 feet long, and 8 feet in diameter, constructed of the best quality of American iron in the best manner. Her engine is low pressure, 32 inches in diameter in cylinder, and ten feet stroke. She has two forcing pumps and two hundred feet of hose, twenty fire-buckets, a life-boat, and 100 life-preservers, which are suspended over the main-gangway. It will thus be seen that she is every way fitted for the service she has to perform. Captain Rouell has won the respect and regard of the public by his seamanlike and gentlemanly qualities—in a word we have never had so fine a boat, or a more popular commander since the Nahant line was established. A trip to Nahant and back in the Nelly Baker is one of the most refreshing excursions that can be taken. We need hardly refer to the charms of the well-known peninsula of Nahant itself, which we have lately delineated, but it is pleasant to know that this has been a brilliant season at this unrivalled resort.



NAHANT STEAMER, NELLY BAKER.

CUPID AMONG THE PAWNEES.

The savage and the civilized, each in their way, when they fall into the net set by that great fisherman Cupid, have queer ways of showing themselves, and were it not that this love-making is a serious business and not to be trifled with, would make the most absurdly conceited hypochondriac that ever walked the earth and imagined himself a tea-pot, laugh. Hon. Charles Augustus Murray, in his descriptions of Indian life, gives the following graphic sketch of courtship among the Pawnees: when the lover wishes to break the ice he comes to her father's tent, uninvited, and sits on the corner of the mat for a considerable time, and then goes away without speaking. This is the preliminary step, answering, perhaps, to the first gentle pressure of the hand—the first blushing hesitation to address—the first mutual glance of understanding. After a few days the young man returns, wearing his buffalo robe with the hair outward, again sits down silent in the corner of the tent. This is a proposal—a regular "popping the question." If the father is determined to reject him, nothing is placed for him to sit on, and no meat is offered; but if he approve of the match, these rights of hospitality are observed. Feasts are then given by the respective parties, in order to obtain the consent of their relatives. If both feasts terminate favorably in this respect, the young man presents himself once more before his bride, at the door of her tent, and then turns round and walks slowly off towards his own—she rises and follows him—the marriage is then complete. If she remains sitting, it is a sign that her family decline the match. All this is done without a word passing between the intended bride and the husband that is to be. But the most extraordinary part of the affair is, that having married an elder sister, he has a right to marry all the younger ones, as they successfully attain the age of womanhood. The author adds: "I have seen chiefs who have in this manner married a whole family; the eldest wife being the greatest drudge, and the youngest being generally the favorite sultana, and consequently doing the least."

GERMANS IN THE UNITED STATES.

The German population—that is, those who speak the German language, in the United States—amounts to 4,000,000. The first and oldest portion of them are the Pennsylvania Dutchmen, whose ancestors came to this country as early as 1683; they may number 1,000,000, and, except in language, are thoroughly Americanized. They have about forty newspapers, some of which are fifty years old. About one fourth of these papers are whig, and German whigs are very numerous in Lancaster, Bucks and other counties. Lancaster sometimes gives 5000 Whig majority, while Berks, another German county, often gives as large a majority to the opposite party. The German whig voters in Pennsylvania probably amount to 50,000. The Mohawk Dutchmen may also be set down as thoroughly Americanized, and as scarcely speaking German, except in some localities. The second emigration of Germans to this country, from 1800 to 1845, with their children, now amounts to nearly 2,000,000. The third emigration (since 1845) bears an entirely different character from that of either of the preceding classes in education and political notions, and probably amounts to about 1,000,000. The last two emigrations are rapidly filling up all our large cities, and the towns of the Western States. Very few are found in New England, or in the slave States, except Missouri and West Texas, and the cities of Baltimore, Wheeling, New Orleans, Memphis and Louisville. Their farming forces are considerable in South Ohio, Michigan and Indiana, and some counties in Illinois, Wisconsin, Iowa and Missouri. In West Texas, the German population is estimated at 40,000. A large sprinkling of them may be found in California, principally miners and mechanics. A very marked difference exists between the German immigration before and after 1845, in many respects—as well in social station as education and political sentiment. When the German emigration began, after the peace of 1815, the majority were sectarians, who wished to establish churches of their own faith, for poor people fleeing from starvation. There were but few educated men among them, excepting some political refugees, like Professor Lieber and Lieutenant-Governor Koerner, of Illinois. Considerable numbers of fugitives from justice were among the emigrants between the years 1815 and 1845. In the meantime, great reforms were going on in Germany. The schools (the pride of the nation) had arrived at great superiority, and Republicans had multiplied in numbers from year to year, and the quiet but intensive struggles for liberty, which arose in succeeding years, spread political intelligence among the masses. A thirst for freedom brought tens of thousands of wealthy and well educated people to America. After the unfortunate result of the Revolution of 1848, the number of political refugees who came to this country, noted for their talents, education, social station and wealth, reached 20,000. Most of them had formed very decided political opinions in their own country. The more recent emigration, though fewer in number, is vastly superior to the older ones in activity, ability and enterprise, as well as in intelligence and enlightened political sentiments. It possesses almost half the German newspapers, and nearly all the good writers, speakers and men of reputation in the country, of German extraction.—*New York Tribune.*

THE MAMMOTH OCEAN STEAMER.

The new steamer Leviathan, now being constructed in London, promises, when finished, to be the wonder of the age. To grasp the idea of a vessel measuring more than an eighth of a mile in length, with a capacity of twenty thousand tons, and room enough besides for four thousand passengers, with all their luggage, certainly requires some mental effort; but to conceive of such a monster grappling with wind and tide, and triumphantly forcing its way through the mighty billows of the Atlantic, becomes a task quite sufficient to stagger any ordinary intellect, and more than sufficient to exhaust the faith of the most credulous. If the Leviathan shall be able to show a full list of passengers for her first visit to our shores, it will certainly appear that the people of this day have more confidence in art and science than their ancestors, whom Fulton attempted to "humbug" with his "foolish invention." But science has achieved so much since then, that any want of faith in the success of this great enterprise would smatter of old fogyism. The engines of the Leviathan, although said to be of 2600 horse power, will, in reality, be capable of being worked up to 10,000 horse power. The united strength of 10,000 horses would seem to be power enough to move a small-sized globe; and if not such an one as ours, at least an asteroid. It is confidently predicted, that, notwithstanding the great length of this steamer, she will be enabled to pass through the water at an average speed, in all weathers, of fifteen knots an hour, and with a smaller power in proportion to tonnage than ordinary vessels now require to make ten knots. The contract speed of most ocean mail-carrying steamers is eight knots. A ship of this huge capacity can carry 12,000 tons of coal—quite sufficient, it is stated, for her consumption on the outward and homeward voyages. She will be launched unlike any other ship—broadside on the water, by means of hydraulic power, and early in next spring is expected to make a trip to the U. States and back in a fortnight

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL.
THE CHEAPEST WEEKLY PAPER IN THE WORLD.

MATURIN M. BALLOU, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.
FRANCIS A. DURIVAGE, ASSISTANT EDITOR.

FRENCH SILVER.

"French silver" will be, before long, we trust, as familiar in the months of people, as "British gold" in those of politicians. The saying about being born with a "silver spoon" in one's mouth will soon lose its original significance, for the new French silver is or will be as cheap as copper, and therefore accessible to the beggar as well as the prince. The article we allude to is aluminium, a substance which was lately as dear as gold, but which a learned Frenchman, M. St. Claire Deville (no devil, by the way, but a very worthy man), has discovered a means of extracting from common clay at very little expense, the active agent being sodium, which is cheaply obtained from a decomposition of carbonate of soda by charcoal. The chloride of aluminium, obtained from aluminous earth or clay, will cost only ten cents a pound. The admirable qualities of the French silver are its freedom from rust, either from the action of air or acids, its hardness, lightness, malleability, plastic character and sonority. Silver bells will be common on every dining-table—silver watches in everybody's fob. It is a little curious that this discovery should be made just at the time when silver had become very scarce. We have seen it stated somewhere that the "Hundred Guards" of the French emperor were to be equipped with cuirasses made of this metal. There is no humbug about this discovery, which will confer fame and fortune on M. Deville.

HOT-BEDS.—The refuse of cotton, obtained in cotton spinning mills is said to be a good substitute for horse manure in producing rapid heat in hot-beds. It is hardly the season to talk of hot-beds, when our own beds are so uncomfortably warm, but this is an item worth remembering even by those city horticulturists who are addicted to raising a single bean in a flower-pot.

BALLOU'S DOLLAR MONTHLY—with its rich miscellaneous freight, now reaches every State and city of the Union. One dollar enclosed to us will ensure its receipt for a year. One hundred pages of reading matter in each number, or twelve hundred pages per annum for *one dollar!* The cheapest monthly in the world.

BOAT RACING.—The Harvard boat clubs are still rejoicing over their defeat of the Yale boats. Generous competition is the order of the day. We like to see athletic sports cultivated, particularly by our students. The training of body and mind ought to go on *pari passu.*

CAPT. INGRAHAM.—The German citizens of Charleston, S. C., have presented a splendid sword to Captain Ingraham for his noble and fearless conduct in the Koszta affair in the bay of Smyrna. Heroism is not always forgotten.

SPLINTERS.

.... A college is about to be established at Lynchburg, Va., under the patronage of the Methodist Episcopal Church.

.... Professor Agassiz has secured nearly subscribers enough for the publication of his work on natural history.

.... Rev. John K. Shaw, of Morristown, N. J., united twenty-six persons in wedlock on the 4th of July.

.... There is a great deal of humbug about the black snake and girl story. Barnum has got them.

.... Our secretary of state and the minister of the king of the Sandwich Islands have signed a reciprocity treaty.

.... John Mitchell, the Irish exile, is farming at Tucaleeche, Knox county, Tennessee.

.... The Newark Daily Advertiser proposes a general day of thanksgiving for the abundant harvests.

.... Madame Girardin, wife of the great French journalist, and herself a fine writer, died lately.

.... Great men never affect anything, and are modest. It is only noodles who are veneered with brass.

.... A shark six and a half feet in length was lately caught near Fall River, where folks bathe.

.... A score of literary and artistic notabilities have been passing the season at Newport.

.... Edward Everett's speech at the Boston school celebration, was one of his happiest efforts.

.... Madame Rachel is to give us two hundred performances in fifteen months.

.... The New Orleans Delta tells of a *poor* woman being robbed of a thousand dollar bill.

.... Blackberries have been sold in Louisville this season for twenty cents a gallon. Luxurious Louisvillians!

.... The "wild men of Borneo," recently exhibited, are said now to be tame natives of Connecticut.

.... Captain Adams, U. S. N., who brought home the Japanese treaty, found the Japanese officials very friendly.

.... The Esquimaux are afraid to die on a windy day lest their souls should be blown away.

.... Park Benjamin was the poet at the commencement celebration of Dartmouth College this year.

.... A stalk of Indian corn in Virginia grew ten and a half feet in 24 hours. We thought only "ill weeds" did so.

.... The price of gas in Philadelphia has been reduced to $2 25 per thousand cubic feet.

GOOD OUT OF EVIL.

It is not always that we are able to perceive how and what good is eliminated from a mass of evil, considered in itself monstrous, appalling and inexplicable. The firmest faith is sometimes for a moment—though only for a moment—staggered by the contemplation of a gigantic national woe that overshadows a fair land like a mighty thunder-cloud. To many minds, the war in the East appeared an unmitigated evil—a crushing blow to the prosperity of England. Men and armaments melting away in the far East—thousands on thousands slain—thousands on thousands mutilated and crippled for life—thousands of happy English homes made desolate—mourning substituted for gladness in the noble's villa and peasant's hut—victories too dearly purchased to admit of rejoicing—these seemed to present an overpowering mass of evil, from which no ray of consolation could proceed. But it is already producing good; it has roused up the masses of the English people to an energetic demand of their rights—to insist upon something more than a good theory of government coupled with a wretched mal-administration. And this popular ferment has embraced representatives of all classes in its vortex. It is a truly representative movement. Men of ability, who have hitherto stood aloof from public affairs, fondly imagining government to be a self-acting machine, have stepped into the arena, determined to see that the engineers attend to their business; that incompetent hands shall be dismissed, and competent persons substituted in their stead, even if the new selections be made from ranks that have hitherto been ostracised and ignored. The participation of such men as Dickens in the reform movement is a significant event, and he has sigualized his entrance into the field of political discussion by a speech as telling, as emphatic, and as powerful as any ever made in either the Lords or the Commons. It is impossible for us on this side of the Atlantic to look with indifference on what is passing at this time in Great Britain. We can never forget the blood that flows in our veins, nor that England was the parent of the most influential of our colonies—unnatural stepmother though she proved herself. Most of us are ready to exclaim, "England, with all thy faults I love thee still." The great national crimes of England were never committed by her people; the select few who have administered her government are responsible for her ruthless wars—wars of ambition, oppression and repression—some of which have produced the very state of things in Europe she is now warring to change. If the *people* of England could but be heard, we should hear fewer complaints of England's injustice and hostility to the cause of freedom. If the people of England could have been heard, Hungary would not have fallen beneath the iron heels of Austria and Russia—the diplomatic thimble-rigger and the polar bear of nations. It is in the prospect of the people of England—the talent—the untitled talent of England obtaining a preponderance in public affairs, that we behold the rainbow of hope spanning, with its soft and brilliant arch, the leaden cloud that now overshadows "Merrie England" like a pall.

DEATH OF MRS. READ.—Recent letters from Florence, Italy, convey the melancholy intelligence of the death by cholera of the wife, and youngest daughter of our talented countryman, the poet-painter, Thomas Buchanan Read. Americans who have visited Florence within the past three years, have often spoken on their return of the hospitality and happiness of the little domestic circle now darkened by the fatal visit of the grim intruder, death. Mrs. Read was a beautiful and childlike creature, the idol and first love of her gifted husband; and the daughter was the delight of her parents. Poor Read! What now to him are his twofold triumphs of painter and poet? Isolated in a foreign land, he is left, literally, "alone in his glory."

INCULCATING TEMPERANCE.—James Howell, a famous traveller in his day, says: "The German mothers, to make their sons fall into a hatred of wine, do use, when they are little, to put some owl's eggs into a cup of Rhenish, and sometimes a little living eel, twingling in the wine while the child is drinking, so scares him that many come to abhor and have an antipathy to wine all their lives after." Is the intemperance of Boston to be attributed to the "twingling" of the "little eels" in the Cochituate, which "so scares" the drinker that he "comes to abhor" the element? We pause for a reply.

RAILROAD BRIDGE OVER ROCK RIVER.—Our readers will remember that we gave lately a view of this great work. Mr. John Warner, who performed the most important part, the foundation, or mason-work, is now engaged in laying the piers for the great bridge over the "Father of Waters," an enterprise which his energy and ability will accomplish with success.

SPORTSMAN'S PORTFOLIO.—The demand for this exceedingly beautiful and attractive publication has been so large that we have been obliged to delay filling some of our late orders, but a new edition is now published, and any person enclosing us twenty-five cents will receive a copy by return of mail. See advertisement in another column.

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL BOUND.—In literature and art combined, the best thing we have ever had offered us is bound copies of volume eighth of "Ballou's Pictorial." It is really superb, and is the handsomest table ornament that has ever been published in this country. The illustrations are magnificent, the paper heavy, fine and white, and the literature pure, high-toned and vigorous.—*Sunday Mercury, Philadelphia.*

TO BE TRIED.—Sergeant Morrow, charged with whipping a drunken soldier to death at Fort McHenry, is to be tried for murder at the November term of the U. S. Circuit Court, he in the meanwhile remaining in the custody of the officers of the fort.

A PRIZE FOR BARNUM.

In the 17th century flourished a "robustious perriwig pated fellow," who would have been a prize for Barnum had he been born a couple of centuries later, named Barsabas. He began to display his extraordinary strength in Flanders, on the occasion of the king's carriage getting mired to such an extent that one wheel was entirely sunk in the mud, and all the horses and oxen procurable could not start it. Barsabas, who was then a life-guardsman, offered to liberate the carriage. He raised the wheel alone, made a sign to the coachman and postilions, who whipped the horses and goaded the oxen, and away went the carriage. The king gave him a pension; he got along in life, and became Major de Valenciennes. A Gascon having challenged him to fight, Barsabas replied: "Agreed; let's shake hands on the bargain." Whereupon he gave him such a grip that he broke the bones of the man's hand, and incapacitated him from holding a sword. Barsabas went into a village, one day, and asked for the blacksmith. The shop was pointed out to him, and he entered it. "My friend," said he, to the smith, "give me some horse-shoes." He broke all those that were handed him without the slightest difficulty, remarking they were made of poor and brittle iron. The smith said he would forge some other; whereupon Barsabas slyly caught up the heavy anvil and hid it under his cloak. The smith, wishing to hammer his iron, was astounded at the mysterious disappearance of his anvil, and yet more surprised when he saw it in its place a moment afterwards. He fancied that he was dealing with the Evil One, and fled from his shop and would not come back till the demon had gone away. He had a sister as strong as himself. As he had left home at an early age, and she was many years younger than himself, he did not know her. He met her, one day, in a small town of Flanders, where she sold cordage, and asked for the largest cords she had. He snapped them as if they were pack-thread, and told her they were good for nothing. "I can give you much better ones," said the girl; "but will you pay me well?" "As much as you ask, my dear," said the major, showing her a handful of crown pieces. She took them and broke them into little bits. "Your crowns," said she, "are no better than my ropes; give me coin of better alloy." Barsabas, surprised at the girl's strength, asked her name and where she came from, and thus discovered his own sister.

THE DEATHS THUS FAR.—According to the Constantinople correspondent of the London Times, the losses of life since the declaration of war are the following: Turks, 130,000; French, 70,000; English, 28,000; Russians at least 230,000. Taking into account the mortality on board the ships of war and transports, and among the laborers of different kinds attached to the troops, and the losses of the Austrian armies of occupation and observation, by the diseases of last winter, it may be assumed that from 500,000 to 600,000 men have perished or become invalided since the commencement of the war, or about as many as were carried off by the cholera of 1831-32 on its first appearance in Europe.

MADEMOISELLE RACHEL.—This lady, whose first appearance in New York is already announced, is to receive, for two hundred performances in the United States, $250,000, besides all travelling expenses of herself and suite, and have a carriage and the requisite servants, in livery, constantly at her command.

CHILDREN IN BOSTON.—By the census just completed under the laws of the State, it appears that the whole number of children in this city, between the ages of four and fifteen years, is 28,528. Last year, the number returned by the census was 24,289, showing an increase, in one year, of 4239 children between the ages named.

AN EXCEPTION.—Boston is the only American city that has had an annual celebration of the anniversary of American Independence ever since the peace of 1783.

MARRIAGES.

In this city, by Rev. Mr. Streeter, Mr. Henry C. Buffum to Miss Matilda Unwin; by Rev. Mr. Parker, Mr. George M. Rogers to Miss Lucy M. Stebbins; by Rev. Mr. Blaikie, Mr. Robert Johnson to Miss Maria Barley; by Rev. Mr. Smithett, Mr. Johnson Atchison to Miss Jane Hughes; by Rev. Mr. Cilley, Mr. Leander P. Rice, of Cuba, to Miss Fanny A. Richards.—At Cambridgeport, by Rev. Mr. Skinner, Mr. Robert Pembertou to Miss Angeline U. Whiting, of Pepperell.—At Lynn, Mr. William O. Williams to Mrs. Ann Kurns; Mr. Albert H. Brown to Miss Nancy Shattuck, of Boston.—At Salem, Mr. Hiram Andrews to Mrs. Elizabeth B. Smith; George P. Hamilton, U.S.N., to Mrs. Susan Tront.—At Beverly, by F. W. Choate, Esq., Mr. Johannes Lunt, of Copenhagen, Denmark, to Mrs. Elizabeth Jennings.—At Marblehead, by Rev. Mr. Bailey, Mr. James H. Fleet to Miss Freelove Dodge.—At Quincy, by Rev. Mr. Clark, Mr. Ira Howard, of Randolph, to Miss Lucy Ann Newcomb, of Braintree.—At Lowell, by Rev. Mr. Dadmun, Mr. James Munroe to Miss Sarah E. Woodward.—At Newburyport, by Rev. Mr. Vermilye, Mr. J. T. Brown to Miss Ellen T. Knapp.—At East Bridgewater, by Rev. Mr. Phipps, Mr. Oakes A. Ames, of North Easton, to Miss Catharine Hobart.—At New Bedford, by Rev. Mr. Howe, Mr. Henry Steward to Miss Chloe Ann Benson.—At Portland, Me., by Rev. Mr. Pratt, Mr. Ezekiel S. Bell to Miss Eliza J. Strong.—At New York, by Rev. Dr. Taylor, Mr. George William Abbot, of Beverly, Mass., to Miss Sarah M. Bowditch, of Salem, Mass.

DEATHS.

In this city, Otis Turner, Esq.; Mr. Daniel W. Smith, 26; Mrs. Rebecca A. Stearns, wife of President Stearns of Amherst College, 47; Mr. Charles H. Sackett, 22; Miss Eunice H. Tilton, 34; Mr. Daniel W. Smith, 26; Mr. Roath A. Sherman, 39; Mrs. Alice Vinal, wife of Mr. Simeon Pratt, 57; Miss Martha Cragin, 25; Mr. William Hayman, 38.—At Roxbury, Mrs. Mary E. Bragg, 26; Widow Elizabeth Burlingame, 47.—At Charlestown, Mrs. Lydia Lund, 40.—At Cambridgeport, Mr. Josiah Oakes, 77.—At East Cambridge, Widow Hannah Woodward, 67.—At Quincy, Mr. Matthew Hathston, 36; Mr. Ezra Damon, 67; Mrs. Hearna Scannell, 32.—At Lowell, Mrs. Eveline H. Winslow.—At West Wareham, Mrs Mary J., wife of Mr. Arthur O'Neill, 23.—At Newburyport, Mr. Luther Titcomb, 68.—At East Salisbury, Widow Abigail Buswell, 82.—At Taunton, Mrs. Abby Alecta Ripley, 33.—At New Bedford, Mrs. Charlotte Bartlett Mayo, 94.—At Fall River, Mr. Henry O'Neil, 40.—At Nantucket, Mr. Elisha Green, 72; Widow Eliza Ann Williams, 34; Widow Phebe Mooers, 86.—At Westboro,' Mr. Hannibal S Aldrich, 41.—At Worcester, Mr. Arad Woodworth, 87.—At Springfield, Mrs. Jane E. Galpin, 26.—At Leverett, Widow Beulah Field, 86.—At Greenfield, David Willard, Esq., 66.—At Providence, R. I., Mr. Jonathan Chase, a soldier of the Revolution, 97; Mrs. Anna, wife of Dea. Nathaniel Aldrich, 84.—At New Haven, Conn., Mrs. Susan, wife of Rev. Harry Croswell, DD., 76.—At Tolland, Conn., Abijah Ladd, M.D., 67.—At Washington, Maj. Augustus A. Nicholson, quartermaster of the U. S. marine corps.

EDITORIAL MELANGE.

The immense custom-house of Quincy granite which for years past has been in process of erection in New Orleans, and which, although it has cost more than three millions of dollars, still remains unfinished, is gradually sinking into the marsh, and "will probably disappear at about the time that railroads shall have transferred to some other point in the South the mercantile supremacy of the Crescent City." —— Mrs. Fanny Kemble is giving her Shakspeare readings in London. It would be a treat to hear her upon this side of the water again. —— The Burlington (Vt.) Free Press says that arrangements are being made to make that town one of the principal depots for lumber in New England. The Free Press thinks that five years hence 50,000,000 feet of lumber will be landed there annually, and makes great promises for the future of that city, the only one in Vermont. —— General Shields has located a large farm in Minnesota. May he reap as many fruits as has laurels! —— The telegraph wire in Alabama was lately cut, and 200 feet of it taken away, under the belief that it was the cause of the prevailing drought. Immediately after a good shower fell, confirming the depredators in their error. —— A citizen of New York shot a mad dog and wounded a boy with the same ball. Sad work! —— One day lately eleven boats from Edgartown, each boat manned by two men, captured no less than seventy-two sword-fish, varying in weight from one hundred to three hundred and fifty pounds, and aggregating about ten thousand pounds. —— Late into July there was snow on Mt. Washington, and people were glad of snug fires at night. —— The first theatre opened in the colonies of North America was at Williamsburgh, Va., September 5th, 1742—the play, the "Merchant of Venice." The first theatre opened in New York was in Nassau Street, September 17th, 1753. The first play acted was "The Conscious Lovers." —— Florence Nightingale is not a Roman Catholic, as some have supposed, but a Protestant of the most ultra class. She belongs to a dissenting family, and is herself a Unitarian. —— A snapping turtle was lately captured in Sanbornton, N. H., upon whose back were the dates of 1810 and 1833. Mr. David Clark, now of Franklin, was the person who carved the first date, and the shell of the turtle was then four and a half inches across by seven in length. In forty years it has grown but one inch longer and wider. —— In Jersey City, Mayor Manners has, during the two official years, issued fifty-two vetoes of acts passed by the common council. —— A Seneca warrior one hundred and one years old lately gave evidence in a court of justice in Buffalo county, N. Y., in a great land suit. He is strong and healthy, and his eye-sight good. He was listened to with intense interest, going back with a history of the country prior to the days of the Revolution! —— Accounts from Sierra Leone contains intelligence of a disastrous defeat sustained by the English in an expedition against the natives. They sustained a loss of fifty men in killed and prisoners. —— The Rev. R. D. Hitchcock, of Bowdoin College, has been elected Professor of Ecclesiastical History in the Union Theological Seminary, New York, a wealthy lady of that city having generously contributed $25,000 to complete the endowment of the professorship. —— The Ericsson made the passage out to Havre in 14 days and 3 hours from New York. —— Dr. William Tirrell, an eminent agriculturist, and one of the wealthiest and most public-spirited citizens of Georgia, died at his residence, Sparta, Hancock county, on the morning of the 4th of July. The deceased has especially entitled himself to the gratitude of Georgia and of posterity, by the donation of twenty thousand dollars to Athens College, for the establishment of a professorship of agriculture. —— Admiral Sir Charles Napier is said to have lost his fortune by the failure of Halford & Co., in London. —— The Jingo tree on the Common—transplanted from the Gardiner Greene estate on Pemberton Hill about twenty years ago—looks well, though its growth is scarcely perceptible. —— Mrs. Lovejoy writes from Kansas that no spot on earth can be more inviting than the new territory.

A SMART FRENCHMAN.—Not long ago the Paris Univers thought proper to publish a series of virulent attacks upon the venerable Beranger, accusing him of having invariably placed his pen at the service of the worst of passions, and contending that his reputation as a poet far exceeded his genius. A sculptor to whom it occurred that the Parisians would be glad of an opportunity to protest against these libels on their favorite bard, designed a small bust of him, of which he sold plaster casts at six sous a piece. The idea has met with immense success, no less than ten thousand busts of Beranger having been sold in the space of a fortnight.

HARVARD COLLEGE LIBRARY.—Two thousand eight hundred and eighty-seven volumes and two thousand five hundred and forty-nine pamphlets were last year added to the library at Cambridge, exclusive of duplicates, periodicals, newspapers, etc. A collection of modern Greek works has been lately added to the library. They are supposed to be the largest collection of the kind in America, and were imported direct from Athens under the charge of Professor Felton.

LOANING NEWSPAPERS.—It is a poor practice for people to borrow newspapers—and perfectly unjustifiable for postmasters to lend them. The department at Washington has determined to put a stop to it, and has forbidden postmasters to lend newspapers hereafter.

HONORARY.—The corporation of Harvard University has conferred the degree of LL.D. upon Gov. Gardner, Nathan Appleton, Nathan Bishop, superintendent of public schools, and Hon. Robert C. Winthrop.

Wayside Gatherings.

The ladies of Virginia are trying very hard to raise $200,000, to purchase the Mt. Vernon estate.

A native African, owned by Mr. R. H. Tison, of South Carolina, died lately, at the age of one hundred and thirty years.

Mad'lle Vestvali has made an engagement with the manager of the opera in Mexico, and will leave the United States on the 1st of September.

There is a black-walnut tree near Kalamazoo, Michigan, which measures thirty-three feet in circumference two feet from the ground.

Albert Harkness has been appointed by the executive board of Brown University to the professorship of the Greek language and literature.

The quantity of lumber surveyed in Bangor for the first six months ending July 1st, 1855, was 70,640,000 feet, against 48,382,920 feet in 1854, and 67,161,291 feet in 1853.

The poor little girl of Gilmanton, N. H., said to be charmed by snakes, has been engaged by Barnum, who has secured her and her favorite snakes for exhibition.

A gas company has been organized at Buenos Ayres to furnish light for the city, and the foundation stones of the gasometer had been laid in the presence of a large party.

A short time since a son of Phineas Drew, aged 14 years, at Newburyport, met his death from a rush of blood to the head, caused by the very dangerous and common habit among boys, of standing on the head.

Messrs. Bancroft & Sellers of Philadelphia have obtained of the Russian government a heavy contract for machinery for two extensive machine shops at Cronstadt. John Bull's pugnacity has lost him a good customer.

The Rhode Island Society for the encouragement of Domestic Industry will hold an exhibition of horses and cattle at Providence, commencing on Tuesday, September 11, and will continue through the week. The premium list amounts to $4000.

It is said that the notorious Wild Cat, the Seminole Chief, has formed an alliance with Santa Anna. Should this be true, Alvarez and his brother revolutionists will have at least one very troublesome customer to dispose of.

The Canadian papers say there is a great want of cattle in Canada; that farmers are beginning to find out that wheat growing, to the neglect of stock, is not profitable, and that it has become necessary to import bullocks from the States.

Capt. Eli Perry, of the ship Cambria, has for fifteen years been constantly engaged in the passenger trade between Liverpool and New York, and during that time not a passenger has died on board any ship under his command. This is something more than "good luck."

About ten years ago a wealthy Englishman, living at East New York, L. I., set a pair of valuable larks free, for the very purpose of introducing them into this country. He has succeeded admirably, and deserves the commendation of all lovers of birds and songs.

The California papers make mention of a chalk hill in Campa Seco. It is found at the base of the hill, and a curious phenomenon is exhibited, viz., that, while one part of it is composed of chalk, the other is the usual clay formation, the line of demarcation being plainly visible.

A correspondent writes to the National Intelligencer that the former minister of Spain at Washington, M. Calderon de la Barca, is now living quietly and comfortably with his family at Neuilly, in the immediate neighborhood of Paris. He is devoting himself to literary pursuits, and abstains from politics entirely.

A New Hampshire sheriff was taking a rogue to prison, a few days since in a wagon. To make sure of him, the sheriff sat in the prisoner's lap; and when the horses came to a hill, where his attention was necessary to his vehicle, the rogue threw him out of his lap, jumped from the wagon and escaped to the woods.

The Grand Trunk Telegraph Line, in Canada, is for sale. The directors have been compelled to wind up matters and bring the telegraph to the hammer, not for the want of business to be done, but on account of internal defects and mismanagement. Since the line was opened, the telegraphic business has increased a hundred per cent., and is likely to grow.

An exchange says: "Fruit and vegetables are the natural food for summer, and the cheapest also. Eat, therefore, more fruit and vegetables, and less meat and flour, and you will not only contribute to your stock of health, but you will give the speculators in these articles of prime necessity, a dig under the fifth rib, which they richly deserve."

In 1759, the only post-office in Massachusetts was located in Boston, and the letters were advertised in the Boston News-Letter, so that a person residing out of Boston had to send to that city for his letters. In an old copy of the News-Letter a list of letters is published. In this list there are advertised two for Martha's Vineyard, twelve for Nantucket, and several for *America*.

Capt. Nathan Smith died in Fitzwilliam, N. H., lately, aged 91—the last revolutionary pensioner in Cheshire county. His father and older brothers were at the battle of Lexington, at which time he was about eleven years of age. At the age of sixteen he joined the army at West Point, where he was present at the time of Arnold's treason.

The Freewill Baptists have now a theological seminary at New Hampton, a State seminary in Maine, and a college at Hillsdale, Michigan; the two first, besides their buildings, have endowments of about $30,000; the college has buildings costing $50,000, and is fast collecting a fund of $100,000. The denomination has also a quarterly review of high character.

The secretary of the treasury has authorized the collector and naval officers to collect upon arrival the duties due upon articles brought by travellers for presents, and not for sale, when the sum does not exceed $500. Nearly all passengers from Europe bring packages of goods not designed for sale, but which are subject to duty. The instructions are for their convenience.

In the year 1676, after King Philip's war, Dr. Increase Mather, of Boston, Mass., "did by his letters procure a whole shipload of provisions from the charity of his friends in Dublin, Ireland." So that when Boston sent, by R. B. Forbes, Esq., a ship-load of provisions to Ireland, a few years ago, it was but the payment without interest, of a debt contracted a century and three quarters before.

A half dozen quart bottles were found in the foundation of a building in Burlington, erected many years ago, which seemed as fresh as if they had been put up last year. From inquiries it was found that the family were in the habit of burying bottles of green currants in the cellar, and that these must be at least thirty years old. The finding of these bottles proves that green fruit is susceptible of preservation for many years, when carefully put so as to exclude the air.

Foreign Items.

It is stated that Sir R. Murchison has received the appointment of Director of the Geological Survey, England,—the post left vacant by the death of Sir Henry de la Beche.

A project has been started in London, under the auspices of Prince Albert, for gathering under one roof, at Burlington House, all the learned and artistic societies in the city.

Count de Lorry, of France, has been sentenced to six months' imprisonment, 2000f. fine, and 5000f. damages, for defaming the character of General Randon, Governor-general of Algeria.

One of the heaviest known verdicts against usury has been pronounced in Dijon, France, condemning a banker to pay a fine of 100,000 francs. This particular sum was named, as it was calculated to represent, nearly, his ill-gotten profits for five years.

A new diamond, found by a negress in Brazil, and called the "Star of the South," has reached England, and is producing a sensation. It weighs 254 1-2 carats, and will probably lose half its weight in cutting. The Koh-i-noor now weighs 122 carats.

The gambling establishment near Thonon, on the banks of the Lake of Geneva, has just been closed by order of the Sardinian government. It is also said that a general measure will shortly be adopted for closing all the places of play in the Sardinian States.

There are no "war taxes" in Russia; the expenses of the war are met by *free* gifts from the population—that is, printed papers are sent round for each person of substance to fill in his contribution; and it is well understood how much he must contribute, if he will escape some dire penalty.

It is said that certain corn-merchants of Birmingham and Gloucester have lost at Berdiansk 50,000 quarters of wheat, on which they reckoned to turn a pretty penny, having bought the lot at 12s. per quarter, but the amount of which must now be reckoned a total loss, as the whole has been burnt or taken by the allies.

It seems that the "din of war" does not prevent musical affairs from prospering at Constantinople, although Turkish opinions do not quite agree with those entertained west of the Bosphorus. The last novelty is a cantata by Nedjib Bey, the sultan's composer, which is described as enjoying in Stamboul a popularity it could hardly hope for anywhere else.

Sands of Gold.

.... Patriotism is the last refuge of a scoundrel.—*Dr. Johnson.*

.... Gravity is only the bark of wisdom, but it preserves it.—*Confucius.*

.... The higher the rank the less pretence, because there is less to pretend to.—*Bulwer.*

.... I see death's a good trencherman; he can eat coarse, homely meat, as well as the daintiest.—*Decker.*

.... Conversation enriches the understanding; but solitude is the school of genius.—*Gibbon.*

.... Everything is worth seeing once, and the more one sees, the less one either wonders or admires.—*Chesterfield.*

.... Gravity is a mystery of the body, invented to conceal the defects of the mind.—*La Rochefoucauld.*

.... The only true conquests—those which awaken no regret—are those obtained over ignorance.—*Bonaparte.*

.... Some characters are like some bodies in chemistry; very good, perhaps, in themselves, yet fly off and refuse the least conjunction with each other.—*Greville.*

... The most solitary persons have always been the least repining. How many of the world's most sacred oracles have been uttered, like those of Dodona, from the silence of deep woods.—*Bulwer.*

.... Great lords pride themselves on the merit of their ancestors, because they have no other; wits on their own merit, because they think it unique; while sensible men never glorify themselves.—*Ninon de L'Enclos.*

.... As those that pull down private houses adjoining to the temples of the gods prop up such parts as are contiguous to them; so in undermining bashfulness, due regard is to be had to adjacent modesty, good-nature and humanity.—*Plutarch.*

.... There are two distinct sorts of what we call bashfulness—this, the awkwardness of a body, which a few steps into the world will convert into the pertness of a coxcomb; that, a consciousness, which the most delicate feelings produce, and the most extensive knowledge cannot always remove.—*Mackenzie.*

Joker's Budget.

"Wife," said a hen-pecked husband, "go to bed." "I wont. "Well, then, sit up; I will be minded!"

An old divine said to a young preacher, who had just preached a sermon of the intensely horrible order: "You are too flowery, and your flowers are all the flowers of sulphur."

Economy is the art of drawing in as much as one can, but unfortunately young ladies will apply this "drawing in" to their own bodies, when they wish to avoid anything like a "waist."

A man with a modest appetite dined at a hotel; after eating the whole of a young pig, was asked if he would have some pudding. He said he didn't care much about pudding, but if they had another little hog he would be thankful for it.

"Isn't it strange," asked a friend, the other day, "that Sir Isaac Newton should ever have indulged in clownish freaks?" "When did he?" we inquired. "Why, when he was dividing the rays of light, to be sure; for wasn't that cutting up shines?"

A bickering pair of Quakers were lately heard in high controversy, the husband exclaiming: "I am determined to have one quiet week with thee!" "But how wilt thou be able to get it?" said the taunting spouse, in "reiteration," which married ladies so provokingly indulge in. "I will keep thee a week after thou art dead," was the Quaker's rejoinder.

Stopping at a village inn, there came a thunder-storm, and Captain Hall, surprised that a new country should have reached such a perfection in those meteorologic manufactures, said to a bystander: "Why, you have very heavy thunder here." "Well, yes," replied the man, "we *do*, considering the number of inhabitants!"

A few nights since, some young men, going from Columbus to Cincinnati, Ohio, in the cars, were getting rather noisy and profane, when a gentleman in a white cravat tapped one of them on the shoulder, with the remark: "Young man, do you know you are on the road to perdition?" "That's just my luck; I took a ticket for Cincinnati, and I've got on the wrong train."

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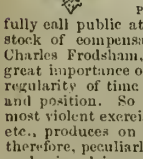

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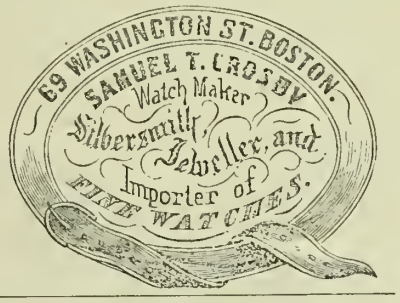

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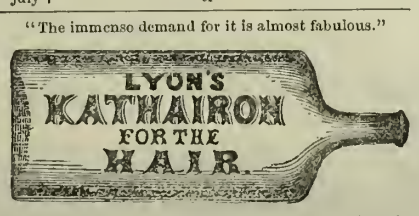

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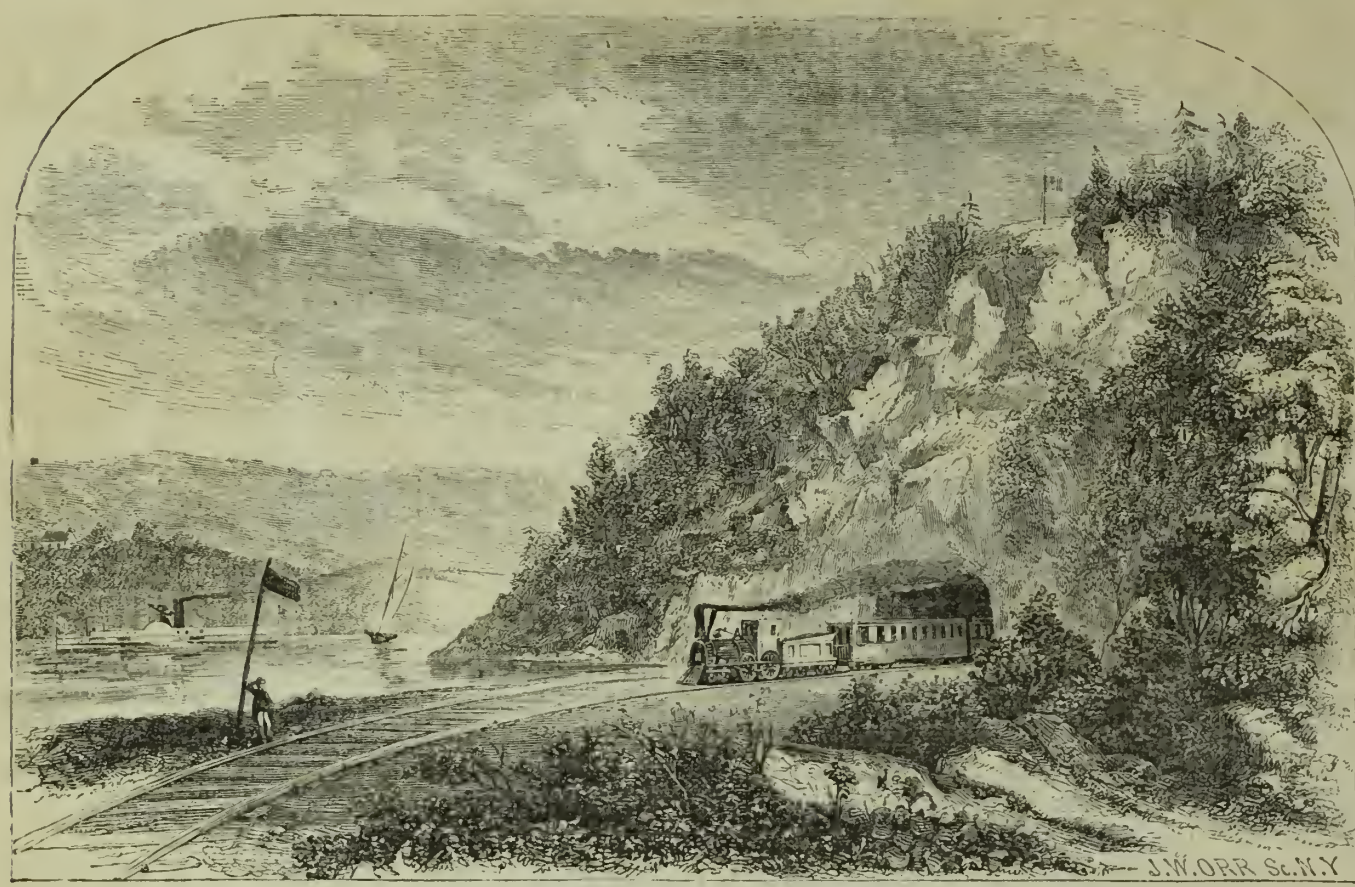

HUDSON RIVER RAILROAD, AT ANTHONY'S NOSE.

BUENOS AYRES.

The city of Buenos Ayres, of which we present an engraving below, showing a portion of the defences, and a bathing scene, similar to that of Newport, is situated on a spot called Cape Blanco, on the south side of the Rio de la Plata, and is the capital of the vast province which bears its name. Its foundation dates as far back as the governorship of Don Pedro de Mendoza, in 1535, but it was almost immediately abandoned after its foundation, and the settlement was not resumed until 1582. In 1620 (the same year that the pilgrims landed at Plymouth), it was erected into a bishopric. Its present population is 120,000. The area on which the city is built rises gently, and is long in proportion to its breadth. Near the river is a fine large square, and this is the site of the gubernatorial residence. The city has very much improved in its appearance within a few years, many of the new houses being built of brick, though they are all low, consisting of one story and a basement; the cathedral, however, is a very splendid structure, which would attract attention in any city. There is another church at the further end of the city, and numerous convents. It is the great resort of European and Peruvian traders, as there is a post-road leading across the continent to Peru well supplied with means of conveyance. The regular and legitimate commerce of the place is small, but there is a vast amount of smuggling, chiefly carried on by the Portuguese; the most valuable commodities are brought hither to be exchanged for European goods, such as wool from Peru, copper from Coquimbo, gold from Chili, and silver from the celebrated mines of Potosi. From Corrientes and Paraguay come tobacco, sugar, cotton and beeswax. The trade between Peru and Buenos Ayres is chiefly in horned cattle and mules, of which almost incredible numbers change hands annually. The navigation to the city is dangerous on account of the lowness of the water, the shoals and rocks, and the frequent violent storms. Vessels anchor within three leagues of the town, whence their cargoes are taken ashore in lighters, and they wait for their return cargo at Icunado de Barragan, seven or eight leagues below the city. Like most places in South America, the city has suffered from political vicissitudes. On the 27th of June, 1806, Buenos Ayres was captured by a British squadron from the Cape of Good Hope, commanded by Commodore Popham. A column under General Beresford, numerically inferior to the Spanish force, was landed, and on the 28th, after some fighting, obtained possession of the city. More than a million dollars in silver and bullion was seized and sent to England. But on the 12th of August, the tables were turned, and when reinforcements sent by England arrived, they found the city in the hands of the Spaniards, and General Beresford prisoner of war. The British fleet took possession of Fort Goretti and stormed Monte Video, but finally the Spaniards triumphed. The government has since changed from a dictatorship to a so-called republic; and we believe that at the last account Buenos Ayres is what is called a republic in South America.

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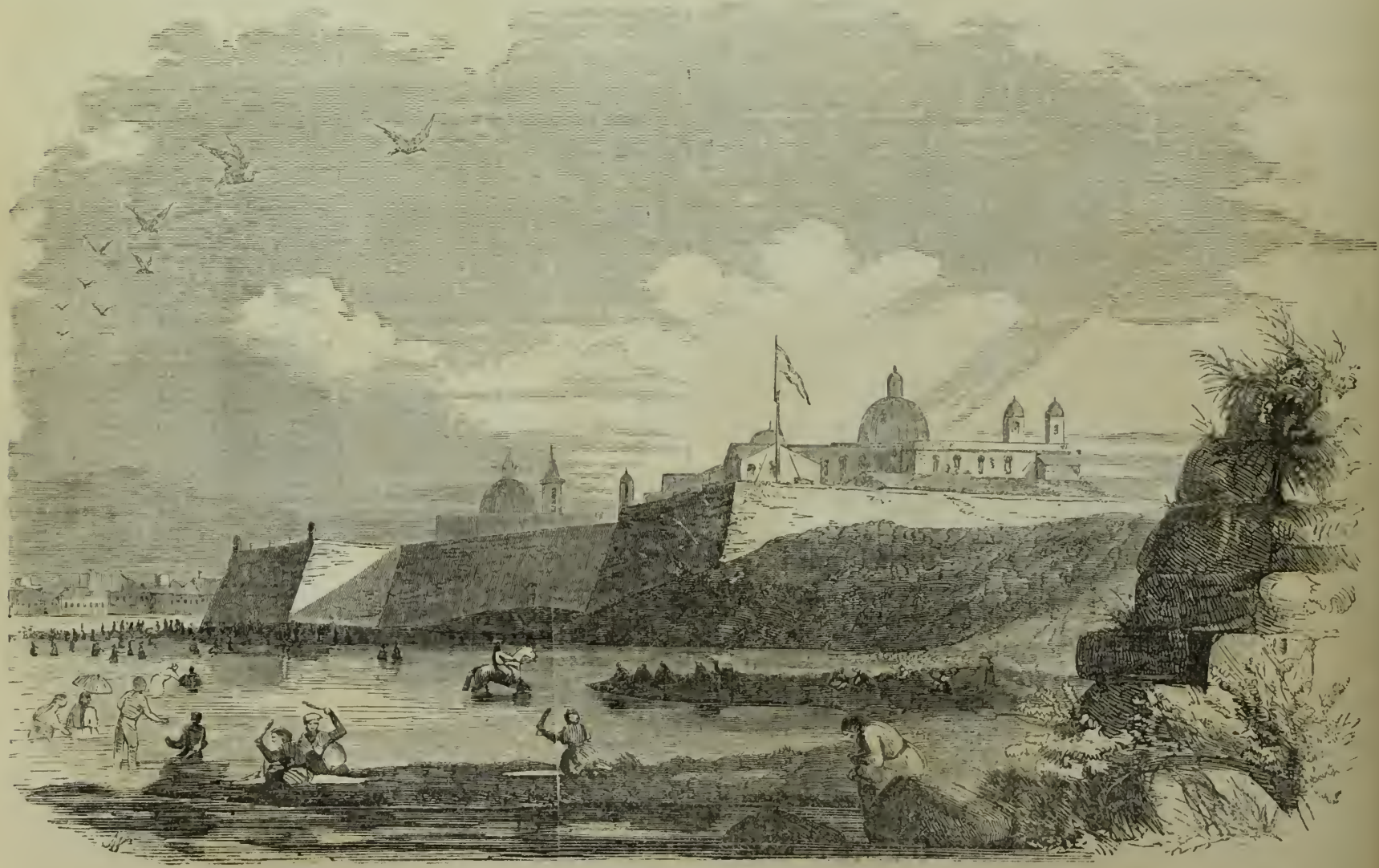

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CONNECTICUT.

"He who transplanted will sustain," is the motto of the State noted for "steady habits;" and on its shield we see three flourishing vines, carefully tied to sustaining stakes. The first settlers of Connecticut were the Dutch, who purchased lands at Hartford and erected a block-house there in January, 1633. Some six years previous, however, a Dutch envoy from New York to Plymouth had advised his Puritan friends to remove to the rich meadows of the Connecticut valley, nor was it many years before the English had undisturbed possession. "Their vines flourished." Our artist has represented one of these old Puritan pioneers on his way to church. He carries a young child, and his wife has the prized Scriptures, while a stout boy has a loaded musket, in case of attack. Little suspects that grim man, as he stalks along in meditation, that a Pequot warrior is dodging his footsteps, and that on his return from divine service he will find his home desolate. Fearful was the vengeance often inflicted upon the "bloody heathen," the destruction of whom was justified by quotation from Holy Writ. Years passed, and the colonists, trained in an iron school, refused to bend the knee to English tyranny. One of the most daring exploits in their ante-Revolutionary politics is chronicled in the story on page 123. An attempt to portray even the principal occupations of industrious Connecticut would require broad limits, and our artist contents himself with a representation of shad-fishing on the Connecticut. This commences early in the spring, after the breaking up of the ice, and continues until the first of June, affording employment to a large number of men. Some are salted and packed in barrels, but thousands are sent into the interior, or to the neighboring cities. The area of Connecticut is 3,048,960 acres, of which one half is cultivated land. Among her products in 1850, were 1,267,624 pounds of tobacco, much of which is exported to Germany. To enumerate the productions of her busy factories and workshops would be to chronicle most of our home manufactures. Connecticut contains 734 churches —252 are Congregational, 185 Methodist, 114 Baptist, 101 Episcopal, and 5 Unitarian. The church property is valued at $3,555,194. Yale College at New Haven, Trinity College at Hartford, and the Wesleyan University at Middletown, are equally renowned as institutions of a high order. There are numerous academies in the State, and the school system is highly spoken of. The citizens of Connecticut are industrious, moral and economical in their habits.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE DUCAL CORONET:

—OR,—

THE HEIR AND THE USURPER.

A ROMANCE OF ITALY IN THE 16TH CENTURY.

BY ARTHUR MORTON, A. M.

[CONTINUED.]

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE SECRET CHAMBER.

BUT, though Giulio was half crazed with jealousy and passion, he was not bewildered to that extent as utterly to lose sight of his own safety. Stopping at a small shop or booth kept by a Jew, he exchanged his sad-colored cloak for one of a brighter hue, and his light cap for another, the broad brim and drooping feathers of which effectually concealed his face, and formed, indeed, an efficient disguise except upon the very closest examination. Tossing a handful of ducats to the astounded and delighted Israelite, Giulio continued his way to the palace, nursing his moody and wrathful thoughts, and chafed by his recent defeat. He was near one of the entrances of the pile, when he suddenly encountered the page, issuing forth.

"You here!" exclaimed Zelie, almost angrily. "I thought I told you to remain under the archway."

"I am master of my own actions," replied the prince, haughtily. "Stand aside, boy, and let me pass."

"You should not have come hither; I would soon have joined you. Has anything happened?"

"Montaldo passed the archway."

"He saw you not!" cried the page, anxiously.

"Nay—I called to him."

"Then he explained himself."

"Our intercourse was limited to the crossing of steel blades."

"You are hurt," said the page, springing forward.

"Not in body," replied the prince, gloomily, "but wounded in spirit. Montaldo was victorious."

"A knight armed cap-a-pie could hardly be otherwise. But why are you here?"

"I would see the princess."

"Then go to certain death. The palace is full of your enemies—you will be recognized—slain! The princess will be the first to betray you."

"I care not. I must see her and upbraid her with her perfidy."

"Do that when, side by side with your kinsman of Milan, victory perches on your banner, and you enter these walls as a conqueror."

"I cannot endure the delay. Besides, my sister is in their power, and I must know and share her fate."

"You will not see the princess now," persisted Zelie. "She is preparing her for her wedding with Montaldo, which, her father says, must take place immediately."

"I will find her, if in so doing I forfeit my existence."

"Then I must guide and shield you," said the page; "follow me."

Submitting to the leadership of the supposed boy, Giulio followed without hesitation. Zelie opened a wicket gate that gave entrance to the garden, and passing through an alley concealed and shaded by dense foliage, unlocked a door in the wall. They were then at the foot of a staircase, which they ascended and soon stood within the princess's apartments. They were deserted. Neither Margarita nor any of her attendants, nor the prince's sister were visible.

"You perceive," said Zelie, "that I did not deceive you. But follow still; I will procure you an interview."

She now approached a picture on the wall, and pressing a spring, the panel on which it was painted slid back, disclosing an opening upon a staircase. Passing through, followed by Giulio, Zelie closed the panel, and then, assuming the lead, first giving her hand to the prince, for the passage was not lighted, he was conducted up a short flight of steps and into a small and neatly furnished room.

"Rest here awhile," she said, "while I go in quest of the lady. Observe the door through which I pass. When you hear the tinkling of a silver bell, you can follow me—but not before. Do not neglect my request as you did once this morning."

The page vanished and Giulio sat down to await the signal with all the patience he could summon to his aid. More excitement and adventure had been crowded into the last two days of his life, than he had experienced in his whole previous existence, and so strange was the series of events in which he had become involved, that it was hard to persuade himself that all that passed around him was not a feverish dream, and that he should awaken in the peaceful and tranquil solitudes of Monte Rosa. He had about reconciled himself to the monotony of his existence there, when the duke's hunting party came to disturb his equanimity. Then came the lovely vision of the fairies' glen—the love at first sight of the beautiful stranger—the arrest at midnight—the dungeon—the escape—and now these torturing doubts of the fidelity of one for whom he would have poured out his life-blood "as freely as flask gives its wine." If her treachery were confirmed, he thought, no matter what became of him. He would surrender himself to the duke, and lay his head upon the block without a murmur. These reflections were interrupted by the tinkling of the silver bell that summoned him to the adjoining apartment. He sprang up, rushed through the doorway by which the page had vanished, and then stood transfixed at the spectacle which presented itself to his eye.

He stood within a small apartment, fitted up with the utmost luxury, but with peculiar taste. It was draped throughout with hangings of rich blue Genoa velvet, heavily fringed with gold bullion, and gathered in the centre of the ceiling, from which it descended in rich and graceful folds, forming a tent. The floor was piled with Turkey carpets so that a footstep awakened no echo. In the centre was a magnificent divan, and near it standing on the floor, a vast alabaster lamp, fed with perfumed oil, diffused light and fragrance through the apartment. These features the quick eye of the prince took in at a glance, but it was not these which excited his astonishment.

Reclining on the divan in the centre of the room, was a lady of surpassing loveliness. On her head she wore a turban of emerald green silk, encircled by a bandeau of precious stones which held up a veil of gold tissue that fell like a cloud around her, imparting a warm tint to her polished shoulders, like that observed in Titian's pictures of Venetian loveliness. A short, rose-colored tunic of satin, covered with fanciful gold embroidery, in the flowers of which sparkled diamonds and rubies, descended just below the knee, where it disclosed full trowsers of blue satin, gathered at the bottom by gold anklets set with precious stones, while the little fairy blue-veined feet just rested in slippers that Cinderilla might have worn. Resting carelessly upon her elbow, the right hand of the lady, sparkling with jewelled rings, played with the flexible tube of a nargillah, or Turkish pipe, the bowl of which, curiously carved and ornamented, was set in a crystal vase that stood upon a mat at the foot of the divan. The dark eyes of the lady, that shamed the lustre of the diamonds on her brow, gazed piercingly upon the prince, as if to estimate the effect of this display.

For a few moments Giulio was speechless. At last he spoke:

"Lady," he said, "I feel that I am an intruder here. I came hither in quest of another than yourself, and it appears that I have been misled by a mischievous page."

"The page is gone," said the lady, with a slight smile and in the most melodious of voices. "His mission is accomplished—he will never appear upon the stage of life again; but in the place of Selim, the page, can you not accept Zelie, the Persian maiden, equally devoted to your service?"

The eyes of the prince had now become accustomed to the light. Scrutinizing the features of the personage before him, and coupling the result of that scrutiny with the reply of the female, his mind was instantly enlightened.

"You, then, beautiful girl—were the page of the princess?" he said.

"No other, prince. But name not the princess, she is unworthy your mention."

"And what could have induced you, Zelie, since so I must name you, to lay aside the garments of your sex, and accept a menial occupation—you, whose beauty should command service rather than accord it?"

"It was to serve my father."

"Your father!"

"Sit down, prince, and you shall hear my story."

Giulio, strangely fascinated, accepted the invitation, or, rather, obeyed the command, for it was uttered with the tone of one used to secure obedience, and took a seat on the divan beside Zelie.

"I first saw light," said Zelie, "in that far Eastern clime whose flowers and trees, and groves and birds and fountains tell us what Paradise must have been in the first dawn of creation. I never knew my mother, for she died at my birth, but my father lavished on me more than a mother's tenderness. He was learned in all the lore of the East; a knowledge which makes the scholarship of your wise men appear like the lessons of schoolboys. His life has been passed in reading the profoundest secrets of nature; the story of the stars, the mysteries of earth. But it was not for the sake of that knowledge alone that he gathered the traditions of the Eastern magi, that he pored over the Egyptian scrolls, that he lingered long years on the banks of the Ganges and the Nile. His is a two-fold dream of wealth and empire. Gold for himself—gold for me; a gorgeous Eastern home for both. Such were his aims. In pursuit of this wealth, unsatisfied with the hoards he had already amassed, he came to the West, and circumstances induced him to visit Parma. The wise man who would become wealthy must not despise the arts of the charlatan. As a professed astrologer, he had need to gather by a sure and unsuspected hand, a knowledge of all that was passing in the world he seemed to disdain, and yet which it was necessary he should become thoroughly acquainted with. Hence his daughter became his instrument, and appeared at the court as a boy engaged for the service of the princess. A sad and humiliating life and task I assumed, you will say. So be it; but remember that the end justified the means. A heavy bribe procured from the architect who had been employed in the repairs of the palace, a thorough knowledge of all the secret chambers, passages and modes of communication with which these Italian structures abound; and we know far more of these material mysteries than the duke himself. How we avail ourselves of these secrets you yourself have partially witnessed. Suffice it to say, that my father's purpose has been accomplished. He is master of untold wealth. The duke, in view of approaching dangers, has given him permission to remove with his treasure to a place of safety. I need not tell you that we shall never return. Our faces are turned to the East, the cradle of our race, the home of fiery hearts and gorgeous dreams, and all the felicity that earth can bestow. I have nearly told my story, but not quite."

Zelie paused, and appeared agitated, as if expecting that the prince would speak; but as he remained silent, she resumed:

"Do you recognize this ring?" she asked, offering her hand to Giulio.

The prince bent down, and without touching the fair hand, replied that he recognized the trinket as that he had bestowed on her in the dungeon.

"The gift bestowed upon the boy was treasured by the woman," said the strange girl.

Still Giulio was silent.

"Could you think that it was a boy's devotion that prompted me to brave danger and fatigue for your sake?" asked Zelie, appealingly.

"Whatever the motive, lady," replied the prince, "I shall always be deeply grateful for the service."

"That service was rendered because I loved you, prince," exclaimed Zelie. "That ring was treasured that I might have the right to say to you one day, as I say to you now—in your darkest hour there was but one to serve you, and now she claims your love as her recompense."

"You forget there was another," said Giulio. "The princess."

"The princess!" exclaimed Zelie, angrily. "She served you in her father's interest. She knew full well that your imprisonment was more dangerous to him than your liberty. Policy spoke to her false Italian heart and she obeyed it."

"I am convinced you wrong her," said Giulio.

"Do I wrong her when I bid you compare her loveliness with mine?" cried Zelie, with flashing eyes. "When I boldly challenge the comparison?"

"Zelie!" exclaimed the prince, "in this brief interview a sudden light has broken upon me. I came hither, doubting the lady of my love; I leave you, aware of the motive that has induced you to traduce her, and sorrowful that one so gifted, to whom I owe such gratitude, should stoop to arts so unworthy."

"Ferrado Montaldo loves the princess," said Zelie, starting up wildly. "He loves her—they will be wedded."

"I believe it not," said Giulio, firmly. "Farewell!"

"You leave me not," said Zelie, as the prince moved towards the door. "That way lies danger—death! Here, with us, life and happiness—all is arranged for our flight. Go with us. You will be happy. I will be your bride, your slave. You shall tear off those fettering garments and wear the turban of the Moslem. You shall renounce your false religion and kneel, with us, at the shrine of the prophet."

She seized the arm of the prince and clung to it with tenacity.

"Come, come to my father," she gasped. "He will bless our loves."

"Temptress avaunt!" cried Giulio, shaking off her grasp. "Were the Princess Margarita lost to me, you could not be mine. Between me and thee there lies a gulf—profound—impassable!"

With a wild cry, that seemed the agony of a breaking heart, Zelie relinquished her hold upon the prince's arm, and reeling backward as if death-stricken, fell upon the divan. Giulio dashed through the door, plunged down the dark, stone stairway, and a fortunate chance guiding his hand, touched the spring of the secret panel, and had the satisfaction of seeing it fly back.

CHAPTER XIX.

MUTUAL EXPLANATIONS.

THE Princess Margarita uttered a cry of astonishment and pain when she beheld Giulio, pale with excitement, suddenly appear before her. She sprang towards him and clasped his hands in both of hers.

"How is this, Giulio? Whence come you? How is it that you are here in the heart of danger again? Was my protection of no avail? Has the signet-ring lost its power?"

"I should never have left these walls," answered Giulio. "Of what avail to liberate my body, while my heart remained prisoner? Yet I come not back as I went forth, princess. You have a right to scorn me now. I have fought Montaldo, and been foiled."

"Fought Montaldo? Surely, Giulio, you are mad. He is your best friend, and should be near to you as a brother; for he loves your sister."

"He love Estella!"

"Yes; this morning he confessed it."

"And she?"

"Confided to him that she loved him in return. He went from her presence, promising to spare you should he cross your path in the assault."

"He did spare me," said Giulio. "I encountered him this morning, challenged him, struck him, though he was sheathed in steel, and compelled him to defend himself. He might have slain me, but he scorned to take advantage of my rashness."

"But the motive for assaulting him?"

"The belief that he was to receive your hand as the guerdon of his service to your father."

"And did you think for one moment, Giulio," said the princess, reproachfully, "that I could prove false to my plighted troth? Ah! how weak is the trust of man compared to that of woman."

"Margarita," said the prince, "jealousy is the surest test of love. There were other circumstances that combined to shake my reason—for it was a mental aberration—for a moment. Your page—your page who had already saved my life, who had no apparent motive for deception, who had given the highest proof of his attachment to me—he, I say, swore to me that he knew you were lost to me and plighted to another."

"The false traducer knew better. Strange that so young a boy's heart should be so full of evil."

"I have a stranger tale yet for your ear," said the prince. "That page is not what he seems."

"A spy?"

"Yes; a spy upon all your actions. But, Margarita, the worst remains to be told; your page, that was a boy, as it seemed—is a woman."

"A woman!"

"Ay, a woman—beautiful, passionate, vengeful, unprincipled. Moreover, she is the enemy of our faith, a follower of the false prophet of Islam."

"Selim!" exclaimed the princess.

"Selim no more, but Zelie, daughter of the duke's astrologer."

"Giulio, you have furnished me with the key to a dark mystery. This woman, who traduced me to you, sought to shake my confidence in you. An unknown female came to my chamber in the night-time."

"She and her father know a hundred secret passages by which they can pass from one part of the palace to another unseen and unsuspected."

"This mysterious female presented herself as your affianced bride," pursued the princess. "In proof of which she showed me a ring which you had worn on your finger."

"It was the same which I bestowed upon the page in my dungeon, at his or her request. Thus, then, the clouds which threatened to darken our happiness, are swept away."

"No, Giulio—they were never darker," said the princess, tears filling her eyes. "For my sake you have rushed back into the heart of danger. Escape is no longer possible. The duke has given orders that none leave these walls without his permission. The signet-ring is no longer a talisman, and I, alas! have lost the power to protect you."

Tears filled her eyes, and her lips quivered as she made this acknowledgment.

"No matter," said Giulio. "Your father can do his worst. I will no longer fly from his wrath. Let him destroy me if he dare. I will no longer owe my safety to a woman's protection; I will go to the duke and surrender myself to him, and let him work his pleasure on this poor frame. He may send me to the block, and if Heaven designs that I shall perish, the light of love will gild my last moments like a parting sunbeam."

"You shall not throw away your life," said the princess. "If my words are unavailing, there is another advocate who shall plead with me for my cause."

She threw open the door from another room, and Estella rushed into her brother's arms.

"Dear Estella," said the prince, as he folded her to his heart. "I thank Heaven for this moment's meeting. It may be our last, sweetest; but we shall not part without my blessing on your fair young head. Mourn not for me when I am gone. Montaldo shall teach you to forget your grief, and you will think only of your brother as one, who, after a few painful trials, passed to a better world."

"What is the meaning of these sad words, dear brother?" asked the weeping girl.

"It means that, unless you can dissuade him, your brother will surrender himself to the duke, to be dealt with as he pleases. My father is now an angry and a desperate man."

"Giulio!" exclaimed Estella, "brother, dear brother, you have no right to peril your life. *Your* life, did I say. Are not our lives linked indissolubly with yours? Do nothing rash. Be counselled by the princess. She has wisdom and power."

"Estella—Margarita," said the prince, "you have vanquished my scruples. I place myself in your hands, well knowing that neither of you will counsel my dishonor."

"I thank you for your generous confidence, Giulio," said the princess. "You know well that your honor is as dear to me as your life. Hear me. I must conceal you for the present. Not here—the place is too insecure—but in the very last place where you will be looked for—in the prison from which you escaped. I myself will be your jailer. Matteo, besotted with wine, now sleeps as if he were dead. The prison, beneath my control, will be a sure fortress, and ere harm can come to you, I will devise some means to conjure away every danger. What think you of my plan?"

"I will not allow myself to think," said the prince. "I place my fate in your hands. You are wiser, better and truer than I am. When an angel interests herself in the fate of a mortal, the issue cannot but be fortunate."

With one more embrace bestowed upon his sister, Giulio abandoned himself to the guidance of the princess, who led the way from the palace to the prison. They found Matteo slumbering heavily upon his accustomed bench near the portal, and the princess easily possessed herself of the keys. She then resumed her way along a far-reaching corridor, followed by the prince, and paused before a cell long unoccupied.

"I will not place you in your former apartment," said she, "for I alone must know where to find you. There are duplicate keys to this cell. One I will keep myself—take thou the other; and if, before the day has closed, I do not come to liberate you, then you will know that the worst has chanced, and that the means of escape are in your own hands. Farewell—be of good cheer. Heaven will not desert us in our need."

With one embrace they parted; the prince entered the cell, and Margarita, after turning the key, withdrew it, and, hurrying back along the corridor, replaced the bunch from which she had abstracted the two keys beside the sleeping jailer. This done she returned to her apartments with all possible speed.

She had scarcely reached it and exchanged a few words with Estella, when Zelie presented herself in her page's dress. She was pale as death, with dark circles under her eyes, but her manner was as self-possessed as ever. She announced that the duke commanded the instant presence of his daughter.

Margarita found her father in his audience chamber. He motioned her to a seat, and addressed her in a cold and determined tone.

"Margarita," said he, "we have reached a crisis in the affairs of our state. Whatever we do must be done briefly. This morning you wed Montaldo."

"Yes, father," said the princess, faintly.

"I could have wished," said the duke, "for a brilliant scene at your espousals; but fate has ordered otherwise. In our private chapel the altar is already decorated—a priest is in waiting to perform the nuptial ceremony. I have summoned Montaldo from the wall to receive your hand at mine."

"Father," faltered Margarita, "this precipitation—"

"The affair admits of no discussion or delay. You have heard my will. No maiden scruples."

"I cannot wed Montaldo."

"Not to-day!"

"Never!"

"How is this?" cried the duke, the flush of rising passion coloring his pallid cheek.

"For the best of reasons, I cannot wed him," answered Margarita, firmly.

"Name it."

"I love another."

"Another! And his name?"

"That is my secret, father."

"I shall know how to extort it."

"And Montaldo, father, he too loves another. But why should I seek to evade the truth? Delays, prevarications, mysteries are indeed of no avail. He I love is the Prince Giulio."

"He can never be yours," said the duke, shuddering as he spoke.

"And why not, father? Why should not our feud be healed by my union with the rightful heir of Parma?"

"Death has already forbidden the banns."

"Death!" exclaimed the princess, with well-feigned horror.

"I cannot conceal it from you longer, Margarita," said the duke, placing his kerchief to his eyes, "but last night your cousin died in his prison house."

"Giulio dead?"

"This morning his body was delivered to the Duke of Milan."

"Alas! alas!" cried the princess, wringing her hands.

"Thus should end my cares and troubles," said the duke. "But," he added, gnashing his teeth, "Milan accuses me of foul play, and yet threatens to storm the city. Montaldo is, I fear me, wavering; and there is no other to whom I can entrust the command of the troops. Your hand would secure him."

"This morning," said the princess, "he avowed to me his love for Estella."

"Then Estella must no longer be an obstacle," muttered the duke.

"What have I said?" exclaimed the princess. "Father, you cannot mean harm to that young girl."

The reply of the duke was prevented by the entrance of a messenger, who announced an ambassador from the Duke of Milan.

"Admit him instantly," said the duke.

And then he summoned his attendants as witnesses, and the presence-chamber was soon filled with a numerous retinue.

CHAPTER XX.

THE MESSAGE OF MILAN.

When all were assembled and ranged in the order befitting the reception of an ambassador, the draperies were withdrawn from the great door at the lower end of the hall, opposite the ducal throne, and preceded by the flourishing of trumpets, there entered a knight armed from head to heel in a brilliant suit. A cloud of snowy plumage tossed and danced upon his crest, he held a truncheon in his mailed grasp, and the rowels of his golden spurs rang on the marble pavement as he moved slowly, pausing every few seconds, up the hall. As his helmet was closed, much curiosity was felt by the courtiers as to his identity, a curiosity heightened by the straining gaze which the duke himself fixed upon the approaching figure. In fact, it was noticed that the countenance of the duke was ashen pale, and that he was singularly agitated.

In the same strange manner—three steps and then a halt—the figure continued to advance, until the duke, by stretching out his hand, could have touched the truncheon of the messenger, when the stranger suddenly sank down in a heap at the foot of the throne.

"Most mighty prince," said an indistinct voice from the interior of the helmet, "bid an armorer or any one who hath sufficient skill, to undo my helmet and give me air, and relieve me from a portion of this weight of steel and iron."

At a sign from the duke, several helping hands accomplished the wish of the stranger, who was relieved of his helmet and placed upon his feet. With profound astonishment, the duke, who had recognized the armor, now beheld the features of Tonio, the jester.

"Answer me truly, thou knave," said the duke, sternly, "how camest thou by that armor?"

"Marry, your exemplary mightiness, I dreamed myself into it," replied the jester.

"How, sirrah?"

"Will your tremendous transparency permit me to explain?" said the jester. "Yesternight, if your august eminence remembers, your magnanimous clemency consigned the gentleman who now addresses you to the care of a very unpleasant individual, who has the honor of officiating as your head jailer."

"Go on, sirrah! but I warn you to be brief," said the duke.

"Mighty potentate, I will be brief," and he gabbled on as fast as his tongue could move; "breakfast with the jailer—chicken, wine, sleepy, sound nap, wake up in a coffin dressed in armor in the camp of the Milanese. Duke of Milan wanted to hang me because somebody had cheated somebody, somehow or other; that's all, your highness."

"And you came back, like a fool, into the lion's den," said the duke, the angry flush occasioned by the narrative, yet burning on his cheek.

"Pardon me, your gracious grace," said the jester, "though no one can admire more than I do the eminent individual whom I have the honor to address, still it seems to my poor judgment, that your tremendous majesty is best admired at a distance. Vesuvius is a very beautiful spectacle seen from afar during an eruption, but the wise man was no better than a fool who watched it from the brink of the crater and was burned alive for his pains."

"Then tell me, in the fiend's name, how came you here?" said the duke, losing all patience.

"I came, your grace, because I couldn't help it," answered the poor jester. "His tremendous highness of Milan is just as imperious as your extraordinary majesty. I was between two fires. My own wish said stay; his grace of Milan said 'go,' and his grace's orders were more powerful than my wishes. Yet, to do him justice, and to correct the unfavorable impression I have rather hastily given of him, I ought to remark that nothing could possibly be handsomer than the delicate manner in which he insinuated his views. 'Tonio,' said he, 'I wish you to bear a message to Parma, but you can decline the mission if you dislike the honor, only, if you don't go, I shall hang you.' Of course, under the circumstances, I accepted."

"The message! the message!" said the duke, stamping his foot impatiently.

"Your grace will hold me harmless for the words I am compelled to utter," said the jester, trembling violently.

"I have not heard them yet," said the duke, evasively. "But if you do not instantly deliver the message, without suppressing a single word, in ten minutes your worthless carcase shall waver in the wind from our highest battlement."

With death thus staring him directly in the face, the jester no longer hesitated. Laying aside the bombastic and burlesque manner which had become, from long use, natural to him, he spoke as follows:

"His grace of Milan sends greeting to the Duke of Parma. The Duke of Parma, through an authorized agent, pledged himself this morning to surrender the person of Giulio Veroni, rightful heir to the throne of Parma, to his kinsman. Instead thereof, at the appointed time, the aforesaid agent, being an officer of rank in the household of the Duke of Parma, came with the intelligence that Giulio had died in prison, and in place of the living Giulio, gave up a coffin said to contain his remains, but which, on being opened, was found to contain a living man, the jester of the prince. This outrage on all decency—this deception—the added trickery and insult, should have put an end to all forbearance. It is not out of regard to the Duke of Parma that his grace of Milan holds back for a moment the vengeance due to conduct like this; but insomuch as he is willing to spare the effusion of innocent blood, he now declares that if, within one half hour from the reception of this message, Giulio Veroni, living and unharmed, shall be set at liberty and sent under an honorable escort to the court of Milan, then the Duke of Milan will be ready to agree upon an armistice and a conference to adjust the claims of Giulio. But if the said Giulio shall not be so liberated and given up, then the order to assault the city shall be immediately given; no quarter will be shown the garrison when the city is taken, and Parma shall be given up to sack and pillage."

High swelled the wrath of the Duke of Parma. The princess sought to interpose a word, but her father commanded her to be silent, and rising, while his whole frame shook with passion, he dictated this reply to the messenger of Milan.

"Tell your master that the prince shall never be surrendered; that I spurn his proposition and dare him to the assault. But say to him that the sister of the princess is also in my power, and that the moment his columns move to the assault, her body shall be flung from the ramparts and dashed to atoms at their base. Hence with all speed, and deliver this my message."

"If you harm a hair of the signora's head," said the jester, who was passionately devoted to her, "your life shall pay the forfeit."

[CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.]

MUSIC AT HARVARD COLLEGE.

So our venerable Alma Mater at Cambridge has at length taken a first step in the direction we have so long urged, of recognizing and installing music in her circle of the arts and sciences! The office of musical instructor and organist to the University has been created, and our young townsman, Mr. L. P. Homer, who has spent many years of earnest study with the best musical masters in Germany, and who is one of our most thoroughly taught musicians, as well as a man of general intelligence and a gentleman, has been appointed to the place. We doubt not his good influence will soon be felt among the students, and that ere long a high authority in favor of music will go forth with a power of example from old Harvard.—*Journal of Music.*

Imagination.—A contented citizen of Milan, who had never passed beyond its walls during the course of sixty years, being ordered by the governor not to stir beyond its gates, became immediately miserable, and felt so powerful an inclination to do that which he had so long contentedly neglected, that, on his application for a release from this restraint being refused, he became quite melancholy, and at last died of grief. The pains of imprisonment, also, like those of servitude, are more in conception than in reality. We are all prisoners. What is life but the prison of the soul?—*Burton.*

TRIESTE, ITALY.

In pursuance of our plan of enriching the Pictorial with authentic representations of the most remarkable places in the world, we present herewith three striking views of the commercial city of Trieste (anciently *Tergestum*), which lies at the head of the Gulf of Venice, and which is the only Austrian seaport that possesses a convenient harbor. Our readers will take the more interest in this place, from the fact that it is the port of destination of many of our merchant vessels trading to the Mediterranean. The subjects of our sketches are, 1, the Square of the Exchange; 2, a view of the Port of Trieste, and 3, the Great Square of the City. Trieste is one of the oldest cities of the Adriatic. It was founded six hundred years before the Christian era, by a tribe of Thracians, who, compelled to flee from a powerful enemy, or impelled by an adventurous desire of migration, ascended the Danube, planted themselves in Istria, and built many cities there, among others Pola. Pola is now an inconsiderable village, remarkable only for its Roman antiquities, while Trieste is constantly advancing. About the year 180 B. C., it was taken by the Romans, who left a colony too feeble to defend it. It was successively sacked by the Gepidæ, the Goths and the Lombards. Raised once from its ruins by Octavius Augustus, another time by the Byzantines, it was incorporated in the exarchate of Ravenna, conquered by Charlemagne, given up to the Duke of Friuli, and finally subjugated by the Venetians. At the same time the patriarchs of Aquilea, the margraves of Istria and the dukes of Carinthia disputed its possession. Attacked in turns by its ambitious neighbors, taken and retaken by one and the other, and, every time it fell, condemned to pay the expenses of the war, the unfortunate city, to end these fatal rivalries, resolved to adopt another master, invoked the aid of the Germanic empire, and voluntarily surrendered itself to Charles IV., who gallantly bestowed it on his brother, the Patriarch of Aquilea. The Venetians invaded it again, and again it summoned Austria to its aid, who consented to reckon it among her domains, and assure it her protection. But what a protection! Up to the reign of Maximilian, Trieste remained tributary to Venice, and until 1717, its navigation was subjected to the exactions of the imperious republic. Charles VI. freed it from this commercial vassalage; Maria Theresa gave it useful institutions, and from these two its first element of progress dates. Its prosperity commenced with events of the last century. The other cities of the Adriatic, the shores of Dalmatia had been subjected by Venice to the iron gripe of St. Mark; they had, by degrees, lost

SQUARE OF THE EXCHANGE, AT TRIESTE.

VIEW OF THE PORT OF TRIESTE.

their primitive ardor; they only retained so much of vitality as it pleased the senate of the lagoons to leave them for their own purposes. In its turn, Venice fell beneath the sword of France, and, by one of those vicissitudes so frequent in the history of nations and of cities, Trieste was destined to absorb the commercial fortune of the haughty republic, whose yoke it has submitted to so long and painfully. As far back as 1717, Charles VI., struck with the advantageous situation of Trieste, on the shore of a broad gulf, in the centre of the Adriatic, at the foot of the Germanic Alps, had thought of creating a great commercial city there. He caused streets to be traced out; he invited colonists and patronized a company, which proposed to build splendid vessels at Trieste, to navigate every sea. In 1809, Trieste beheld another perspective opening before it. Napoleon, on taking possession of this city, proposed to make it the capital of a new kingdom, composed of Illyria and Dalmatia, the Turkish provinces of Bosnia, and the warlike tribes of Montenegro. The oriental company incorporated by Charles VI. failed, while the campaign of 1812-13 overthrew the projects of Napoleon. After these two emperors, rose a private mercantile company (Lloyd's), which put Trieste on the right track, and made its fortune. Made up of several insurance companies, the Lloyds did not at first launch into colossal combinations, like Charles VI.'s oriental company. It made prudent essays, and, in proportion to their success, increased its sphere of action, opened new routes, and built new vessels. In 1830 it had ten steamers; it has now fifty, regularly traversing the Adriatic and the Mediterranean. It has taken into its hands the direction of an immense navigation, from the Danube to the Black Sea, and from the Po and the Adige to the banks of the Nile. Like the government of a state, it is divided into several departments: the first continuing the insurance business, which was the basis of this corporation; the second has the management of the steam-packet service; the third represents the ministries of education and foreign affairs. It has agents in its pay at different points, who transmit political and commercial news affecting the money and stock market, which they liberally post up daily in their reading-room. The company has established a printing-office and an engraving establishment. They have two large daily journals, a weekly sheet, and two monthly illustrated publications, one in Italian, and one in German. They offered prizes for literary essays. The activity of this corporation has given an impulse to the other merchants of Trieste, and of late years, this city has taken high rank among the great commercial places of Europe. In the time of Charles VI., it contained only 5000 inhabitants; now, including the rural population of the immediate neighborhood, it reckons more than 80,000. Its port privileges attract the merchandize and vessels of all nations, and on the completion of the railroad which is to connect it with Vienna, it will be a first class point of junction between Germany, the Levant and Italy. Like all cities exposed to the invasion of barbarians and the strifes of the middle ages, the old city of Trieste was at first perched upon a hill. There still rises its fortress, built in the beginning of the 16th century, with the old cathedral of St. Just, remarkable for the austerity of its style. By degrees, with the progress of time and the security imparted by a different social condition, the population of Trieste has descended from its primitive heights into the basin which opens between the ridges of Saint Michael and the heights of Cant. There now extends a magnificently built city, with streets paved with large flagstones; churches opened freely to all creeds—Protestant, Catholic, Greek, Armenian and Hebrew; gigantic edifices, like the Exchange, which we have illustrated; the Tergesteum, where Lloyd's offices are; the governor's palace, and the National Hotel. Trieste boasts now of a public library, open daily, enriched with many rare works by a man who, in the midst of his busy fellow-citizens, has consecrated his life and fortune to the culture of the arts and sciences. This gentleman is Dr. Rosetti, whose name is justly honored in his native city. In the square of the cathedral he has erected a monument to Winkelmann, the celebrated archæologist, who was assassinated at Trieste by an Italian. Around this monument he has formed a museum of antiquities. Near the Tergesteum is the theatre, built by Selva, and capable of seating about thirteen hundred persons. The Exchange was built in 1802, and is of the Doric style of architecture, ornamented externally with Corinthian columns, and in the interior by some of Brisson's frescoes, illustrating incidents in the history of the city. On the square of the Exchange, stands the marble statue of Leopold I. On the Grand Square (Piazza Maggiore), is the statue of Charles VI., who, in 1728, visited Trieste to see, personally, that his orders for the improvement of the place had been complied with. The National Hotel is a vast building, which reminds the American traveller of similar buildings in New York. On the whole, Trieste is a very interesting city, and no tourist on the continent of Europe, either for pleasure or profit, regrets passing a few days within its storied walls.

GRAND SQUARE OF TRIESTE.

NATHAN RICHARDSON.

Mr. Nathan Richardson, whose portrait accompanies this sketch, is well known to every Bostonian as the proprietor of that elegant establishment, the Musical Exchange, one of the most beautiful and commodious music stores in the world, but enjoying a yet wider repute as the author of the world-renowned instruction book, "The Modern School for the Piano Forte." Mr. Richardson was born in South Reading, Mass., July 30, 1827, and is a son of the late Dr. Nathan Richardson, a physician of considerable eminence. From youth he has possessed a strong love for music, which used to display itself on every possible occasion, and his company was eagerly sought by all the lads of the village, whom he would entertain by his musical talent. A correct and quick ear, united to a retentive memory, enabled him to learn some of the most difficult pieces by once hearing them. But he was in his seventeenth year before he received any lessons in music, and until that time he was entirely ignorant of the "notes," or the name of a single key on the piano. Yet in the remarkably short space of nine years—when but six and twenty years of age—he put forth "The Modern School for the Piano Forte," which was received with delight and astonishment by all of his professional brethren. Many of them acknowledged that his genius and industry had established means for overcoming, in a few short lessons, what it had taken them years of untiring labor to acquire. His first lessons on the piano were received while at an academy in Warren, Mass., and his proficiency was so rapid as to greatly surprise the less ambitious pupils. Many of the citizens of that town remember with pleasure the public exhibitions of the pupils, and the applause with which young Richardson's performances were invariably received. Leaving Warren, he returned to Boston, and for two years he enjoyed the instruction of the best masters which this musical emporium then afforded, and during which time he made good progress, though far from satisfactory to himself, for his thoughts were bent on visiting Germany, the Mecca of the ambitious American student of music. Through the munificent liberality of an elder brother, Dr. S. O. Richardson, whose generosity is as proverbial as his wealth, and who from the commencement had taken upon himself a brother's kindly care, young Richardson was enabled to visit Germany, and take lessons of the great masters. In a letter from Leipsic, to a friend in Boston, soon after his arrival, he confessed after his first lesson of Moscheles, the professor of the Leipsic Conservatoire, that he knew nothing about music—a proof of the modesty which ever accompanies real merit. He remained in Leipsic about a year, and during that time he embraced every opportunity of attending the performance of first class operas and concerts, thereby familiarizing the ear to the most classical music, and laying a foundation for musical knowledge that never requires rebuilding. From thence he went to Dresden, and became a pupil of Carl Mayer, then pianist to the king of Denmark, and celebrated for a peculiar style of playing, remarkably brilliant and fascinating. While here, he made great progress in the niceties of his profession, and was a close and attentive pupil, which made him a favorite with Mayer, who bestowed unusual care on his instruction. Leaving Dresden, he went to Prague, and commenced taking lessons of Dreyschock, who is universally acknowledged, so far as executive talent is concerned, to be at the head of living pianists. While with Dreyschock, a new enthusiasm seemed to possess him; he had at last found out all the hidden mysteries of the piano—those startling and overwhelming effects in which Dreyschock is unrivalled, and which have won him his great popularity as a concert performer. Such was the enthusiasm of Mr. Richardson, that he would practise at the piano nine, ten, and even twelve hours a day. In fact, owing to such excessive daily practice, his wrist and fingers began to suffer, and he was compelled to moderate his zeal within reasonable bounds. He remained with Dreyschock nearly two years, and when he left him to go to Paris, he carried a good portion of the MS. of "The Modern School for the Piano Forte," which he was then writing. In Paris, he took lessons of Charles Voss and Stephen Heller, and made himself familiar with the peculiar styles and capabilities of those celebrated pianists; and in his instruction book he has ingeniously embodied the styles of all the most noted pianists of the day, besides showing, in a series of plates, a complete anatomy of the hand and arm—the manner in which the muscles operate, and wherein exists their chief power and capabilities in playing the piano. The advantage of this new feature, which was entirely original with Mr. Richardson, was discovered through the use of "finger machines" invented by himself. This feature has greatly enhanced the popularity of the work as an instruction book. In fact, since he first commenced the study of music, he has labored unceasingly to discover the quickest method of gaining the greatest execution on his favorite instrument. After Mr. Richardson had finished his instruction book, he went to Prague and submitted the work to Dreyschock's inspection, who could hardly realize the fact that, by a few ingenious exercises, those difficulties he had been years in learning to accomplish, were now brought within the power of every pupil of ordinary capacity. He gave him his recommendation, and also sat for a photograph, as "a correct position at the piano," both of which may be found in the work. Besides the above instruction book Mr. Richardson is the author of several other compositions. The *Grand Marche de Bravura* has perhaps thus far been the most popular. It was first published in Paris, where it met with great success and a large sale; and it is believed to have been the first composition from the pen of an American published in that city. During his absence abroad, he was a correspondent for six different newspapers, and his letters invariably displayed great descriptive talent, keen observation of human nature, and a highly cultivated artistic taste, seldom witnessed in one so young. His musical criticisms were among the best, and he never allowed friendship or prejudice to influence his pen. Soon after his return from Europe, he conceived the plan of establishing a music store on a scale never before attempted, either in this country or in Europe. It was to unite with our own American publications all the publications of the European houses. He again visited Europe to make arrangements with the different publishers for a complete collection of all their publications, and returned in the fall of 1853, and on the 20th of October of the same year, the "Musical Exchange" was opened; and now, visit it at almost any hour of the day, and you will hear music from well-known concert givers, as well as from less talented amateurs, who make the place a daily resort to purchase their music and read the musical journals of Europe and our own country, which may always be found on file, for the use of the patrons. Mr. Richardson unites good business ability with professional talent of the highest order; and the same energy which he formerly devoted to professional study, is now given to his business pursuits. In his daily communication with his fellow-artists, he recognizes no distinctions, but is as quick to grasp the hand of a poor and neglected foreign musician, as that of one whose fame has been chanted by the syren tongue of popular applause.

PLAZA OF MEXICO.

The Plaza of Mexico, with its costly cathedral, accurately delineated in our engraving, is as familiar from description as any square in our Atlantic cities. The capture of Tenochtitlan (the ancient name of the city), cost Cortez a siege of seventy-five days in 1521; more than three centuries later it yielded, after four severe battles in the valley, to the prowess of American troops. This very plaza before us witnessed the triumphant entry of our army under the gallant Scott. Mexico is the most magnificent city in America.

GRAND PLAZA, CITY OF MEXICO.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE SHADED PORCH.

BY EVELINA M. F. BENJAMIN.

My favorite haunt is the shaded porch,
When the summer sun is shining;
With roses red, and wild woodbine
Thickly round its columns twining;
There the fire-bird swings in the maple boughs
That fling such coolness over,
In their shade till noon the dewdrops rest
On the daisies and the clover.

And at eve, when the sun's last golden ray
Is aslant on the pine trees falling,
When shadows gather amid the leaves,
And my heart on thine is calling,
There I love to sit, while memory's hand
Is the grave of the past unsealing,
And as I gaze on the shapes that rise,
To the future I look for healing.

And then afar, on hill and glen,
My thoughts to thee are wending,
And I cheat my heart till I seem to hear
Thy tones with the night-wind blending;
But I dream in vain; the breeze goes by,
Bearing to thee my greeting,
And I sit alone in the shaded porch,
Waves of thought o'er my spirit beating.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

FIDELITY AND PRINCIPLE.

BY WILLIAM COMSTOCK.

Widowed wife and married maid,
Betrothed, betrayer and betrayed.—*Scott.*

A SINGULAR circumstance occurred on board the frigate B——, while lying at Callao, port of Lima, some thirty years ago.

It was near the hour of noon. The sun lay hot upon the spar-deck. The after-guard and forecastle-men were loitering about, some seated between the guns, engaged in reading, mending their clothes, or in desultory conversation; the topmen aloft reclined on the shady side of the lower mast-heads, while the officers, protected by the awning over the quarter-deck, were gathered about the capstan, discussing some subject connected with their profession.

On the gun-deck the waisters were growling, as usual, at some trivial duty that they had been called upon to perform; while the neighborhood of the cabouse was occupied, on the starboard side, by several old salts, with short black pipes in their mouths, and heads partly sunk between their shoulders, who were, doubtless, wondering that any man should be dissatisfied with this sublunary existence, who could get a plenty of grog and tobacco.

On the other side of the cabouse, between two of the forward guns, were some half dozen blue jackets, with manacles on their limbs, and in front of whom a gray-backed marine, with musket on his shoulder, marched listlessly to and fro. The men in bonds had remained on shore several hours without permission, and while there, had committed some trespass and got into trouble with the natives. There were seven of the delinquents in all. Six of them were ironed in "the brig," and guarded by the marine; while the seventh—no human hand could harm him more.

Looking aft, you might have seen, on the larboard side of the quarter-deck, a genteel figure, with one hand in his vest and the other swinging carelessly at his side, as he walked fore and aft, scarcely even looking at the hands, and apparently uninterested in all that was passing around him. This was the commodore of the squadron in the Pacific. Our frigate was the flag-ship.

But the commodore was not the only interesting object there. About midway, between the mainmast and the door of the cabin, there lay, upon a low table, a heap, some six feet in length, enveloped by the glorious bunting, the starry banner of the country.

This was the body of a weather-beaten tar, who had seen much service, and who was with Porter when engaged in his desperate fight with the Cherub and Phœbe, in a little bay near the harbor of Valparaiso. He had been twice wrecked, twice in battle, and had escaped many other dangers, to be finally killed in a drunken brawl at Callao. His body was covered with gashes, inflicted by the knives of the native cholans; but, strange to say, his six companions had scarcely received a wound.

The stiffened corse was now stretched on the gun-deck, and the commodore was passing it in his walks, without seeming to be conscious of its presence, until a small midshipman ran down the after-ladder and said something to him in a low voice. The commodore then turned, and having given a hasty glance at the body, went upon deck.

It was then perceived that one of the ship's cutters had just arrived. A lady, richly dressed, was handed over the side, during which ceremony the officiousness of the officers was such that the fair visitor narrowly escaped tumbling over one midshipman and running down another. The commodore was, however, on deck in time to give her a welcome. He then carefully led her down the ladder. They approached the body, and at the same time the commodore gave orders to uncover the corse.

As soon as the features of the dead were revealed, the lady gave a slight start. Then she stood gazing upon the stony face for several minutes, with the keenest anguish imprinted on her pallid features. With a trembling hand, she placed a white rose on the bosom of the deceased. She then stooped down and touched her lips to his forehead, after which she immediately turned to the commodore. He led her, silently, to the spar-deck, and she passed over the side into the boat, which had been manned and was waiting for her. The seamen who pulled her to the shore reported that she never spoke after leaving the frigate. Her features remained as pale as snow. On arriving at the beach, a carriage was in waiting for her; she entered it, and was driven in the direction of Lima.

Nothing could exceed the astonishment of the ship's company at witnessing these movements, and the officers were quite as much mystified as the crew. The commodore was evidently the only person in the squadron who knew anything about the matter. The name of the deceased was Brady, a clever fellow, indeed, and a good sailor, but nothing more. That a lady, who evidently moved in the higher walks of society, should have evinced so much grief at the death of the hardy tar, especially when nobody had ever heard him speak of any such lady, was wholly unaccountable to us all.

This affair formed a subject of conversation throughout the whole squadron, for many months. The officers made inquiries in the city of Lima, but could only learn that an American lady arrived there about the time that we sailed into the harbor, and that she abruptly left for the United States, immediately after visiting our frigate.

Several years afterward, I formed an acquaintance with a young Philadelphian, who threw some light on the subject. The mysterious lady was a near relative of his. It appeared that our ship-mate, Brady, lived originally in Philadelphia, and was there known as a young merchant of much promise, esteemed for his probity, prudence and sagacity. He formed an acquaintance with a lady of singular beauty and remarkable accomplishments. She was also a person of fixed principles, incapable of swerving from any course which she believed to be right. This firmness of resolve arose from no want of tenderness. She could make any sacrifice necessary to the happiness of others, except the sacrifice of right. There she was impregnable.

The two lovers were deeply devoted in their attachment. Their love was planted on esteem. They entertained for each other the highest respect, as well as the most passionate admiration. The wedding-day was fixed, and their mutual friends regarded the match as a most proper one. They seemed to have been designed by Heaven to mingle their destinies together.

Brady had a female cousin who had, from the first, looked upon this union with jaundiced eyes. Although deficient in all those qualities which he deemed indispensable in a wife, she had taken it for granted that Brady could not see her without becoming smitten by her superior beauty and fashionable manners.

As the day approached for the nuptials, the cousin grew moody and thoughtful; but her most intimate companions never suspected the turn which her envy had taken. Brady was under the necessity of leaving town on business, and to be absent several weeks. On his return the marriage was to take place.

During his absence, strange reports had been circulated about Brady's intended, and on his arrival in the city, he found an anonymous letter on his desk, which spoke in the most pointed manner of the young lady's misconduct. The name of the man was not given, but it was stated that her intercourse with him had been more than imprudent.

In the evening, Brady called upon her whom he so truly loved, and presented her with the foul epistle, expressing, at the same time, his contempt for the villain who wrote it. Miss B—— read the letter, and laid it aside with a calm smile, but without making any remark. Brady would have been better pleased if she had made a few indignant observations upon the malice of the writer. Instead of doing so, she immediately began to converse upon some other theme, and her lover soon forgot the unpleasant subject.

On the next day, however, he perceived that when his friends met him, they fixed their eyes upon his countenance in a peculiar manner. To one of them he mentioned the fact, and then Brady was made acquainted with the slanderous reports which were flying about, and which had already proved highly prejudicial to the reputation of Miss B——.

Brady questioned his friend closely, and made many other attempts to trace these reports to the fountain head. In that he failed. The next time that he saw Miss B——, she soon discovered an ominous reserve in his manner. She demanded the reason of this change, and he then stated that he had heard certain charges made against her, which were of the same tenor as the anonymous letter. "Of course," added he, "I do not believe a word of these malicious reports."

Still Miss B—— made no attempt to exculpate herself, and conversed freely on other topics. It was soon manifest that her lover was becoming uneasy, and, at length, he ventured to inquire, in a tone of affected carelessness, whether she had been to New York with her father, or any other gentleman, during his absence from the city.

"Leave me!" cried Miss B——, promptly. "Leave me, Mr. Brady. The man who can, for a single moment, be influenced by slanderous reports, before marriage, will never be satisfied with her whom he has doubted, after the union is consummated."

"But Eliza, my dear, you do not suppose—"

"I have no more to say," interrupted Miss B——, rising, with the paleness of death on her features, and retiring at once to her chamber.

Brady sat ten minutes as if turned to stone. His features then began to relax, and with a smile, he said: "Pshaw! lovers' quarrels! what a fool I am to take it so much to heart! These things always happen between engaged parties. But I must be more careful in future. I will now go home, and write her a letter of explanation. When she knows the true state of the case—yet she is no common woman—and, after all, conscious guilt—yes, conscious guilt would act thus, when called upon for an explanation. Is it not an ingenious way to avoid the probe? To assume the air of offended virtue—often done by the most abandoned,—she would have me marry her without an explanation, and then—O, then—how she could retort—could say, 'I never told you that I was innocent,"—must beware of that trap. But no; I believe her innocent; and did it become me to doubt her—*her*—what? my Eliza! doubt *her?* O, it was most vile; I'll send her a letter; I'll use such terms as would melt a heart of stone—confess my error—contrition—cause the pearly tears to start from her deep blue eyes, and she will love me more than ever!"

Sanguine was his conviction that a woman who truly loved him would be unable to resist his application for pardon.

Deceitful is the heart of man. In the very moment that Brady was penning this repentant epistle, he was secretly reserving to himself the right of instituting such inquiries as should assure him of Miss B——'s innocence, before he ventured to trust his honor in her keeping by making her his wife.

The letter was sent, and the messenger brought it back unopened.

"Was she not at home?"

"Yes, sir, the lady was at home; but she knew the handwriting, and said that she could receive nothing from you."

We, who have known what passed in the mind of Brady, must justify the inexorable resolve of Miss B——; but the world, who knew him only as a desponding lover, thought she deserved to die an old maid, as a fitting reward for her cruelty.

The warm sympathy of his friends, who universally condemned the conduct of Miss B——, supported Brady's spirit for a time, and the serious doubts which they instilled into him, of the worthiness of the beloved object, prevented his making a second attempt at shaking her resolution.

Of all the friends who came to the aid of Brady in the hour of his distress, the most attentive and affectionate was his fair cousin. He was touched by the gentleness of her manner, the soothing sweetness of her tones, and the tact which she displayed in the application of all those little arts which woman knows how to play off so well, when heartily engaged in beguiling the grief of another. He had never supposed that his cousin was capable of so much *disinterested kindness.* He grew fond of her society; to rest his lacerated heart upon the soft down of her sympathizing bosom was a luxury that he could not dispense with, and a comparison between his cousin Flora and the hard, unfeeling Eliza B——, gave overwhelming odds in favor of the former beauty.

Nevertheless, there were vast discrepancies between the two young ladies, which Brady would have noted under other circumstances; but now he was all sorrow, and Flora was all consolation. If his eyes were blinded, however, his heart was not wholly so, for he felt "like a guilty thing" when he finally put "the momentous question" to his cousin Flora. She cast down her eyes, and acted the part necessary on such occasions with the most becoming modesty and indecision, but ended by accepting the offer.

Preparations were made for the wedding, and the noise of Brady's nuptials with Flora M—— was bruited about the fashionable portion of the city. It was then that Brady received the following note:

"Will Mr. Brady favor the undersigned with a brief interview as soon as he is at leisure? ELIZA B——."

"Amazement!" cried Brady, letting the paper fall to the ground in his agitation; "this woman, who refused even to read a letter of mine, now sues for a personal interview! We are in luck. Ha! ha! she has heard of my intended marriage, and her resolution gives way. It never rains but it pours. Scarcely have I made sure of one sweet angel, than another comes unbidden to fling herself into my arms! Well—but—there are some explanations to be made, for Eliza's reputation has suffered; no matter, I am all impatience to learn the meaning of this funny reaction in a mind so sternly framed,"—and the young man hurried off towards Chestnut Street, humming, as he went:

"How happy could I be
Were either dear charmer away!"

When he entered the well-known house, and his eye was greeted by the once familiar objects in the hall, he felt that he had never for a moment ceased to love the queenly creature whose presence he was seeking. But there was little time for reflection. Eliza met him on his entrance, and led him to a private apartment.

"My dearest Eliza—"

"Pray cease, and sit down," interrupted she.

The composed and decided tone in which she uttered these few words sent an ice-bolt to his heart.

"I learn, Mr. Brady, that you contemplate a union with your cousin Flora. Now, sir, do you know who wrote this letter?"

"No—certainly not. It is anonymous, and relates to certain reports—"

"Yes, sir; you presented it to me, one evening, and I preserved it purposely, for the writer is well known to *me.*"

"To *you!* Astonishing! Name the wretch, and I will—"

"You will marry the one who dictated it all—is not *that* what you would say?"

"For Heaven's sake, explain!"

"I will," returned Eliza, calmly. "I knew the handwriting at the first glance. It was written by a certain widow, or, rather, one who passes for a widow, for she was divorced from her husband. This widow is an intimate friend of your cousin Flora, and the *language* of the letter is that of your affianced bride."

"O stupid!" ejaculated the young man. "I recollect; this accounts for all. Everything is now made plain. Monster! I have often been mystified by the conduct of my cousin, and only yesterday I came suddenly upon her while in conversation with that same widow. Both started, and my cousin looked much agitated. The 'widow' gave me a glance, as she retired from the apartment,

that has dwelt unpleasantly upon my memory ever since. Now I trace those injurious reports to the right source. How weak I have been! Nothing is now left for me but to—" He threw himself at the feet of Miss B——.

"Rise, sir!" cried the young lady. "Our interview is over."

"O, Eliza! you *cannot* have forgotten—"

"I have forgotten nothing, sir. Nay, I love you still, and shall suffer far more acutely, until the day of my release from earthly sorrow,—far more acutely than yourself. But we can never be united, and unless, as in the present case, an interview is absolutely necessary to preserve you from some terrible misfortune, we must never meet more. I shall, however, watch over your welfare. The proof of my undying regard will be shown by making myself serviceable to you on every occasion, where such a thing is possible. I pity and love you!" For a moment she paused; there was an almost imperceptible softening in her tone; "and be assured that if I was not firmly persuaded that our union would be unfortunate to yourself, I would gladly renew our intercourse."

"How can you imagine that the dearest wish of my heart—"

"Mr. Brady, the man who has once doubted the truth and virtue of a woman, has given the most unanswerable proof that he can never be happy with her. Farewell!"

Miss B—— left the room, and Brady felt that he had seen her for the last time. What a change a few brief moments had wrought!

Stunned and not knowing whither his footsteps tended, the unhappy lover wandered into a part of the city which was infested by blacklegs of the fashionable stamp—young men of family, and some of them possessed of ample means. One of these, who had formerly been acquainted with Brady, but whom the latter had avoided of late years, slapped our hero on the back and cried:

"Hallo, Brady! in the dumps to-day? What ho! cheer up, man!"

Brady looked up. A cheerful face met his glance. Brilliant, laughing eyes and ruddy cheeks greeted him with a smile of kindly recognition.

"Where do you hide yourself? Not seen you in a month of Sundays. That's not the way to live; don't wonder you are blue. Live while you can, and take sorrow on the let alone principle. Come, now, you're in love, I dare say."

We must not repeat all that was said on that occasion; but Brady was open to sympathy, and he was soon engaged in discussing champagne with Munson. He was soon afterward introduced to certain celebrated beauties by his new friends. Reckless—perfectly reckless of consequences, poor Brady learned to drink and play. The shock which he had received was too much for an ardent mind like his, and he became unsettled, neglectful of business, and fond of excitement.

While his money lasted, he maintained a decent appearance among his former friends, and it was not till his bankruptcy was announced that even Eliza B—— suspected the extravagances into which he had been led. Before she had recovered from the sad announcement, she learned that he had left the country.

Miss B—— was possessed of great wealth, and as soon as she discovered that her late lover was a penniless wanderer in foreign lands, she lost no time in preparing to follow and aid him with her purse.

We will not follow them in their peregrinations. Accompanied by an aged Englishman, who had been a servant to her father, Eliza was near the unhappy lover during all the varied scenes through which he subsequently passed, and in moments of adversity, sudden relief came to him from unknown sources. Strangers took him by the hand, and offered him the means of establishing himself in respectable business. When in prison, and hopeless of escape, he was supplied with the most rare delicacies, and his situation rendered as comfortable as possible. He often wondered at these things, but never suspected that a guardian angel was near, that the eye of measureless love was ever fixed upon him, and that all his hardships were observed and some of them even shared by the beautiful Eliza B——.

Even in the terrible engagement between the Essex and two British men-of-war, the faithful girl, disguised in the dress of a Spanish maiden, beheld the whole affair from the top of an adjacent hill, imploring Heaven, at the discharge of every broadside, that her lover might escape unharmed. Little did Brady suspect that, when he returned to the United States in the Essex Jr., the beloved of his heart was a passenger in the same vessel.

All that Eliza could do for her lover, did not suffice to change his mode of life. When he received money, he spent it among his shipmates. He was utterly reckless and improvident.

This was the man whose dead body lay upon the gun-deck of the frigate B——, and Eliza was the lady who came on board to take her final leave of our gallant but reckless shipmate.

Eliza did not long survive her lover. On her return to Philadelphia, after the decease of poor Brady, she sunk into a lethargic condition—a state rather of stupefaction than of melancholy, from which her physicians could only arouse her by pronouncing the name of BRADY. She would then open her eyes, glance around the apartment, and relapse quickly into her former state. Thus she remained several weeks, when she quietly expired.

THE RUSSIAN LANGUAGE.

The Russian language is said to be one of the richest and most beautiful in the world; it is soft and agreeable in sound, and has not the defect of the Italian in being too effeminate; it contains many words that express the same ideas. If ever a Sclavonic Milton or Shakspeare arise, he will find an inexhaustible treasure in his native tongue wherewith to express his thoughts; but, at present, there is scarcely any national literature, owing to the deadening influence of the government. The principal Russian authors are Poushkin, the poet, Caramasin, the historian, and Kriloff, the writer of fables.—*Journal des Debats.*

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

CHRIST'S ENTRY INTO JERUSALEM.

BY TAYLOR J. HUNT.

And the multitude said, this is Jesus, the prophet of Nazareth of Galilee.—MATT. 21: 11.

The noonday sun, o'er Olivet, his golden beams had shed,
And not a cloudlet tarnished the welkin blue o'erhead;
The light breeze through the olive groves came sighing soft and low,
While watch-towers, spires and minarets lay gleaming far below.

The valley of Jehoshaphat, with palm-trees looming high,
And Ben Hinnom's rocky vale lay stretched beneath the eye;
Sweet perfumes from orange groves where Kedron's brook doth flow,
And myrtle blossoms from the hills and Gihon's streamlet blow.

Jerusalem, proud city of the chosen men of God,
Thou whose streets and marble courts the ancient prophets trod;
Daughter of Zion, fear thee not, for meekly comes thy king,
Hosanna to the Lord of hosts, loud let his praises ring.

Behold upon an ass's colt, in meek humility,
The holy teacher doth approach with mild serenity;
Thus rode the Saviour calmly on from Olivet's cool shades,
Unto Jerusalem's golden gate, that looketh towards Bethphage.

They strew their garments in his path, and loud hosannas sing,
From Gethsemane to Gareb's height his praise re-echoing;
The multitudes palm branches wave, with leaves of emerald green,
Blessed is he, God's prophet, Jesus Christ, the Nazarene.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE BEST OF SONS AND BROTHERS.

BY ELLEN ALICE MORIARTY.

THE best of sons and brothers, every one said he was, and what every one says must be right. And I would be the last person in the world to think of disputing Fred Allingham's claim to a title so richly merited by him, so well bestowed by his friends. Since his father's decease, Fred had been the sole support of his mother and little brothers; his salary as head book-keeper in an extensive East India house enabling him to do so comfortably and respectably. And it was a pleasant, yes, a beautiful sight, to see his touching reverence to that widowed mother, his affectionate tenderness to the little ones to whom he filled the lost parent's place. God bless all others like him!

No wonder then that all who knew him esteemed and praised him, and that the heart of the pretty Lilian Stanfield fluttered itself into pleased excitement, when her father, which he often did, said he would bring home his favorite clerk to dine and pass the evening with them.

Of Miss Stanfield's preference, Fred was unaware until a sly allusion to it had been made by one of his fellow clerks, and that night he remained last and long in the office; before him the records of her father's wealth, around him its evidences, asking his heart if it returned the affection that at once made it happy and miserable. And with a sigh of pride and pain, his heart acknowledged how long, how devotedly it had cherished every smile, every word of Miss Stanfield, until they had become necessary to its happiness.

"This will never do, Fred," said honor to him, as he walked home, "this will never do. If Miss Stanfield loves you—" and the recollection of a downcast eye and blushing cheek made that "if" an intruder—"could you forget all her father's kindness, and betray the confidence he reposes in you by making him unhappy through his child? There is a wide difference between you, Fred, and the estated gentleman who seeks to win the rich merchant's lovely daughter, and whose pretensions to her hand are sanctioned with gratification and pride by her flattered father. You must stay away, Fred."

And Fred followed honor's injunction, resolutely declining, after that night, Mr. Stanfield's kindly-meant and often-repeated invitations.

Two months passed away, and one evening as Fred and his mother were seated in their little parlor, he laid aside the book which he had been reading, saying, with a faint smile, as he did so:

"Can you spare my society for two or three years, mother?"

Mrs. Allingham looked up from her needle-work with a glance of inquiring surprise.

"Our manager in India is about returning home, and I have offered to supply his place. There is a fine salary attached to it, and a prospect of partnership. You have no objection to my going, mother? It is an opening to a future prosperity from which I ought not to turn aside."

"You are joking, Fred."

"Indeed, I am not," he answered, sadly. "And if you knew, dear mother, that there is an absolute necessity for my going from England for a while—a duty—"

But his mother was at his side and her arms around his neck.

"O, my dear boy, I understand your motive. I comprehend it now."

"And you appreciate, mother?"

"Too well, my dear, but I cannot part with you."

"You know, then, that I love Miss Stanfield?"

"I have long known it," she answered.

"How bitterly I hoped," Fred continued, gloomily, "that my apparent indifference would chill whatever regard she bore for me, but to-day, when she came to the office, my heart knew too well how to interpret the eloquent language of her sweet dark eyes. If I go, Miss Stanfield will forget this misplaced attachment, and during my absence, will undoubtedly wed one her equal in fortune. Then I would come back to you, mother, and you would be prouder of your son, who sacrificed to honor the tender dream of his heart, in the glory of whose realization he might have walked through life a blessed and happy man—than if he was the husband of her he loves, and the unacknowledged son-in-law of Mr. Stanfield."

Three weeks after this conversation, the vessel in which Fred was to sail was waiting for a favoring breeze to waft her on her way, and Fred with his mother was driving toward Mr. Stanfield's residence, to pass the last evening of his stay where so many happier ones had bloomed for him, like beautiful flowers, leaving the fragrance of their memory behind.

When Lilian advanced to meet them, as they entered the drawing-room, both noticed the paleness of her fair young cheeks, the cloud dimming the lustre of her bright eyes.

"My pet has met a sad loss to-day," said Mr. Stanfield, excusingly, as the poor girl blundered sadly at the dinner-table. "Her little starling has flown away. You remember it, Frederick? It called your name frequently—'Pretty Fred' from morning till night. Its loss has grieved my little girl. She is not herself at all to-day."

Even when the ladies retired to the drawing-room, Lilian's distress became so apparent, that dejected as Mrs. Allingham herself was, she endeavored with pleasant conversation to dispel the young girl's unhappiness, but her efforts were unsuccessful.

In the meantime, Mr. Stanfield and Fred lingered at the table. Business had been discussed and a pause ensued, which Mr. Stanfield after a while broke by saying:

"I have been thinking, Frederick, that there must be a stronger motive for your departure than the simple increase of salary. Pardon me for mentioning this, but I have heard whispered among the young gentlemen up at the office something about an unsuccessful love affair. Now, my dear boy, the friendship I bore for your father has been continued, need I say how worthily, to the son, and even at this late hour, if I can be of any assistance to you, do not hesitate to demand it."

There was a momentary struggle in Fred's heart, an impulse to throw aside the restraint of worldly position, trust to the fatherly kindness of Mr. Stanfield, and reveal the honorable necessity that was compelling him to forsake his home and his associations, but it was only an impulse and he mastered it.

"You are very kind, sir," he replied, "but—"

"But! Ah," interrupted Mr. Stanfield, shrugging his shoulders and rising to lead the way to the drawing-room, "how that impertinent little word is always overthrowing my projects. Never mind, my dear boy, you deserve to be happy and you will be. I never yet saw a good son or brother unblessed in life."

The two succeeding hours passed dismally away. Mr. Stanfield did his utmost to animate the drooping spirits of the little group, and while in the progress of an amusing story, was called from the room to speak with a messenger from the ship. He returned with a grave face, and announced that the vessel was to sail in an hour, and that Fred was required on board.

What made Lilian glide over to the window? Strange that the drooping folds of the curtain required arranging at that particular moment.

"You have a long voyage before you, my boy," said Mr. Stanfield. "But where is Lilian? Lilian, my dear," advancing to the window and drawing the young girl from its shade, "wont you wish your friend good-by? What! crying, my pet? How silly, child, to vex yourself about a bird when you may have as many as you desire to make up its loss. There's Mrs. Allingham weeping, to be sure, but for how great a cause. Her son, and as excellent a one as ever lived, is leaving her, going to such an unhealthy place, decidedly unhealthy! The mortality there is alarming! So fatal to Europeans that climate is! Such a long voyage too, and so dangerous! Why, don't give way so, my dear madam," he continued, placing his hand on Mrs. Allingham's shoulder, as she leaned, weeping bitterly, on Fred's arm. "It is really distressing, upon my word it is. I am half inclined to cry myself."

Fred gently removed his mother, and turned his fine eyes with a look of reproachful surprise on Mr. Stanfield.

"Mr. Stanfield—"

"O yes, yes," interrupted that gentleman, evidently not comprehending the reproof conveyed in Fred's tone. "Your mother will stay here to-night. Go on board without delay, and be careful of yourself, for a number die on the passage. Why, in fact, I knew a young man, every way like you; hair, eyes, height, age, every way bearing a remarkable resemblance to you, on whom the sharks made a nice dinner when he was but two weeks out."

An agonized sob from Lilian and Mrs. Allingham silenced this unfeeling speech. Fred's indignation could no longer be controlled.

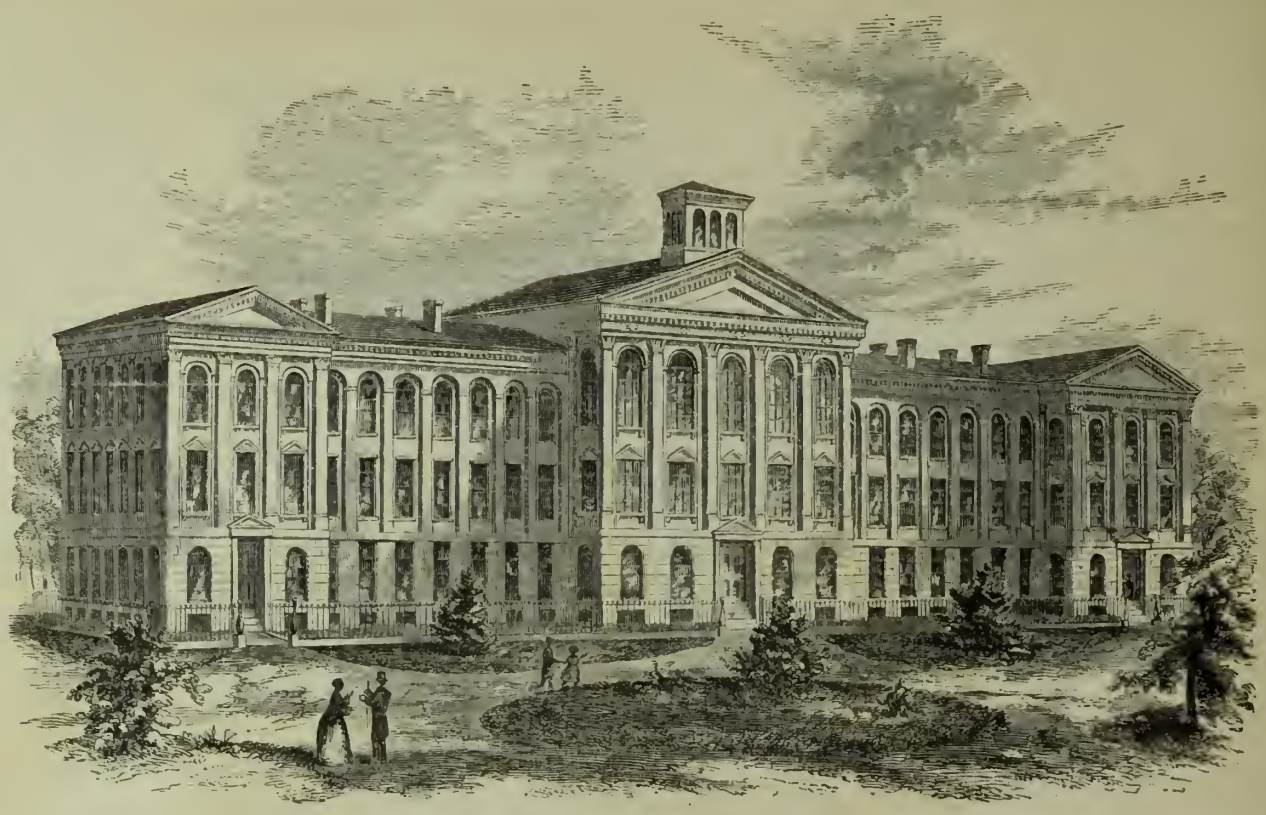
"Mr. Stanfield," he passionately cried, "this language is cruel and unmanly. You have inflicted the most harrowing pain where you should have imparted consolation. O, sir," and the poor fellow's lip quivered and tears rushed into his eyes, "I did not expect this from you."

"Cruel and unmanly!" echoed Mr. Stanfield, choking with ill-suppressed rage. Is this the return you give me for all my kindness; dictating to me? You shall have no other opportunity, I assure you. You no longer hold a situation under me. No," he continued, speaking rapidly and excitedly, "but equal to me, a partner in my business, and a partner in the affections of that little girl there, who has been breaking her heart ever since she heard you were going to leave us."

Fred did *not* go to India, and the best of sons and brothers is now the best of husbands and fathers.

ROUND HILL WATER CURE INSTITUTE.

We present our readers with a fine view, executed expressly for the Pictorial, of the celebrated Water Cure and Motorpathic Institute, at Northampton, Mass., which has obtained a world-wide celebrity under the management of Dr. H. Halsted, the proprietor, and his son-in-law, Dr. Strong. It is situated about a mile west of Northampton court-house, and the grounds comprise about fifty acres, embracing every variety of surface, with cultivated fields, lawns, shaded walks, pleasant drives, and cool retreats. Its lofty site is unrivalled in salubrity, while it commands one of the finest prospects that can be obtained within the limits of the State. The view from the extended verandahs and balconies of the establishment, commanding a view of the Connecticut Valley, studded with villages and environed by mountains, is truly magnificent, and baffles all attempt at description. The beautiful waters of the Connecticut river gliding by the base of the famous Mounts Tom and Holyoke, greatly enhance the prospect. Thousands of visitors from all parts of the Union are annually attracted to the place, to enjoy the prospect from these mountains, whose summits command a view of *thirty-six cities and villages in five different States.* The carriage drives in the vicinity present a most charming variety of romantic mountain scenery, relieved by numerous waterfalls and beautiful ravines. It was here Jenny Lind spent the last several months of her residence in this country, and expressed her delight by styling Round Hill the "Paradise of America." The earliest notice of Round Hill is found in the town records of Northampton, where it is stated that the town at that date (December 26th, 1726), granted to Col. John Stoddard the whole of the common land on the hill called Round Hill. From that date it has passed through various hands, and has been occupied for various purposes until the year 1847, when it was purchased by Samuel Whitmarsh—large additions and improvements made to the buildings and grounds—and constructed into a water cure retreat. Since that time it has yearly grown into favor as a retreat for invalids, and as a resort for others seeking relaxation from the toils of business, or quiet and pleasant retirement from the noise and bustle of city life. It is now owned by Dr. H. Halsted, formerly of Halsted Hall Medical Institute, Rochester, N. Y., one of the oldest and most successful American practitioners of the water cure system. Every year the institution is thronged with invalids from all parts of the United States and Canadas. Within the past year many hundred cases of the most obstinate chronic complaints have been successfully treated at Round Hill; among these were included eighty-three distinct diseases. The unexampled success which has attended the treatment adopted at Round Hill, must in a great measure be attributed to the comprehensive system employed of combining the moderate and scientific application of water with other simple and reliable medicinal agencies. We may remark that no false hopes are held out to applicants for admission and treatment. They are subjected to a rigid examination, and none are admitted whose troubles do not, at least admit of alleviation. In this institute patients are neither starved nor drowned. Two tables are set; one furnished with all the luxuries of a first class hotel—the other with the plain diet recommended to invalids. Horses and carriages, and all other appliances for exercises are ready at all hours, and the charges are extremely moderate. That life at the institute is by no means dull may be inferred from the fact that music, tableaux, dancing, and various games and amusements, with dramatic readings, masquerades, horseback riding, picnics, and whatever tends to render the mind cheerful and happy, and to draw it away from dwelling upon bodily ailments, are employed with great success, as means for the restoration of health. We consider the Round Hill establishment a model of its kind, and well deserving the liberal support which it receives. The buildings delineated in our engraving cover an area of 45 by 400 feet, and afford more ample accommodation for invalids than any other sanitary establishment in the United States. Of the prospect from the institute, to which we briefly alluded in the opening portion of this article, the following particulars will not prove uninteresting to lovers of the picturesque. Immediately in front, is the village of Northampton, with its numerous neat and handsome dwellings, and other elegant structures, which are seen amidst the dense foliage of lofty and overhanging elms. Further to the east, are the rich and fertile meadows of Northampton and Hadley, dressed in the velvet verdure of spring, or in the variegated habiliments of summer and autumn. Midway, for miles, north and south, is seen the smooth and glassy surface of the Connecticut, as it slowly and majestically winds its way to the ocean. On the north, in immediate prospect, is the village of Hatfield, with its rich and beautiful farms; on the east is the neat and quiet village of Hadley, and also a fine view of Amherst and its colleges; while in the distance, with the aid of a glass, may be seen an extensive and greatly diversified range of country in the same direction. On the southeast, at about two and a half miles distance, is Mount Holyoke, in its dress "of ever-living green;" and a little beyond, is seen the pleasant village of South Hadley, with the extensive and handsome buildings of its celebrated female educational institution; on the south, is seen at about four miles distance, the majestic Mount Tom; and near its base, the charming village of Easthampton, with its elegant school edifices, its churches and its large and extensive manufacturing establishments; the whole presenting a combination of scenery, which for beauty and variety is unsurpassed—perhaps unequalled. It was remarked by a gentleman, who had spent some thirty years of his life in various parts of Europe, that he had never beheld scenery so perfectly beautiful and enchanting. At the western base of the hill are numerous springs of pure, soft water, which are the source of "Governor's Brook," so called, from which the railroad is supplied. About twenty of these springs are constantly bubbling up perfectly limpid water, almost as cold as ice, from which a supply for the residents on the hill is conveyed by apparatus adapted to the purpose. Our space does not permit us to describe in detail, as we should be glad to do, the arrangements made here for the help, comfort and luxury of those who resort to Round Hill for medical treatment, or, as many do, for pure air, exercise, repose from care, and good society. It must be conceded by all who have visited, that it is a model establishment, without a rival in the world.



DEAF AND DUMB ASYLUM, JACKSONVILLE, ILLINOIS.

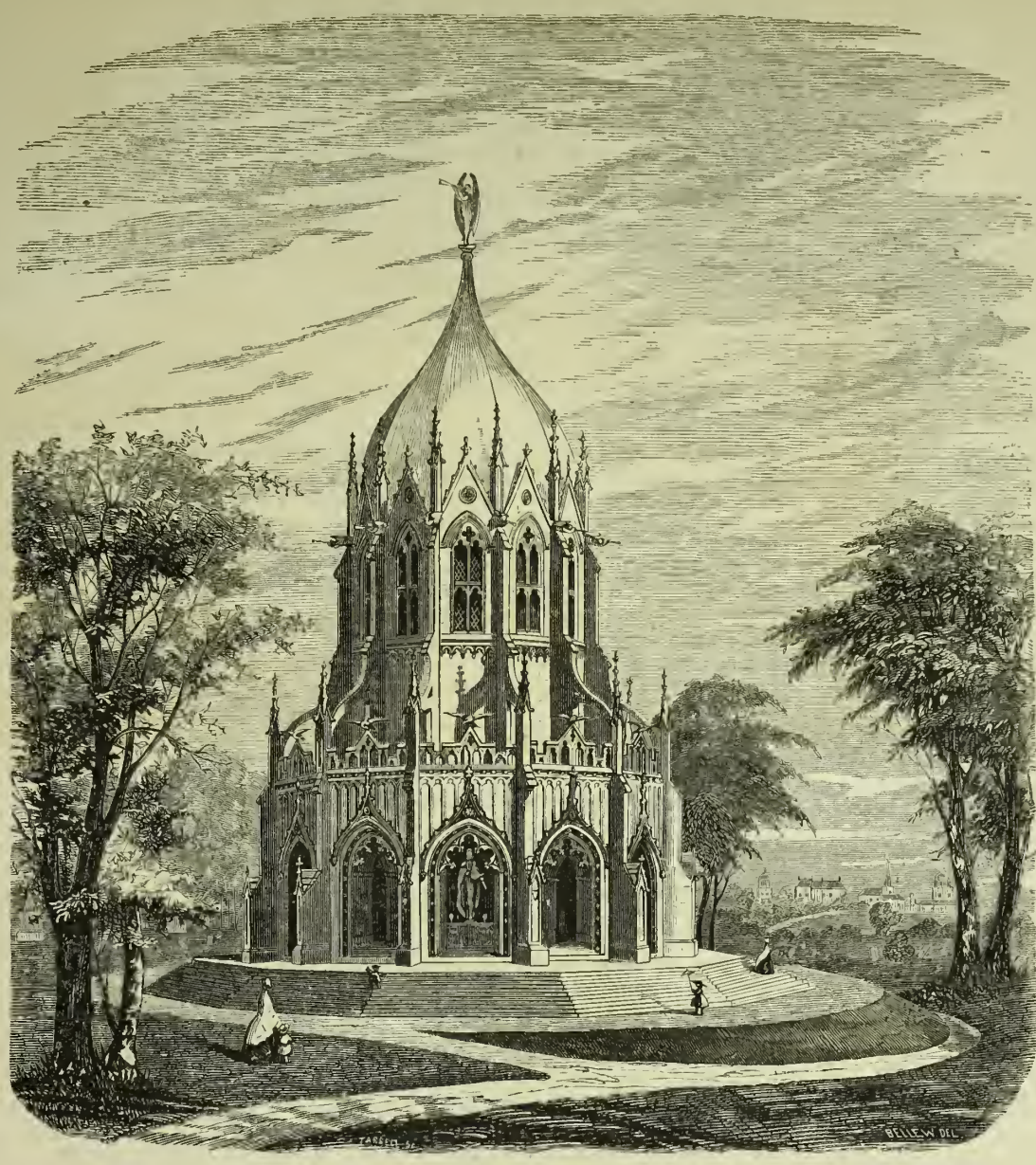
DEAF AND DUMB INSTITUTION.

The view which we give above, engraved expressly for the Pictorial, is an accurate representation of the large, elegant and commodious buildings erected at Jacksonville, Illinois, for the accommodation of the faculty and pupils of the Illinois Institution for the education of the Deaf and Dumb. It is a noble monument of the philanthropy and liberality of a great and flourishing State. The following list embraces the names of the officers and directors of the institution: James Dunlap, President; William B. Warren, Treasurer; Thomas Officer, Secretary; William Thomas, James Dunlap, G. D. A. Parks, Geo. T. Brown, Newton Cloud, William Smith, Wm. B. Warren, John M. Taggart, A. C. Dickson, Mark Skinner, Thomas Officer, ex-officio, Directors; Thomas Officer, M. A., Principal; John S. Officer, M. A., Selah Wait, T. M. Newell, M. A., T. J. Caldwell, B. A., Abel B. Baker, Assistant Instructors; Owen M. Long, M.D., Physician; W. S. Hurst, Steward; Mrs. Mary E. Totten, Matron; Mrs. Sarah Hurst, Housekeeper; Robert R. Jenkins, Carpenter; Thos. H. Dunlap, Shoemaker. Pupils of both sexes are received from the ages of ten to thirty; natives of Illinois being admitted gratuitously, furnished with tuition, board, books, washing, fuel, lights, etc., and only required to pay for their own travelling expenses. Pupils from other States can enjoy the same privileges by payment of one hundred dollars per annum in advance. It is estimated that there are from five hundred and thirty to five hundred and fifty mutes in the State. The number of pupils during the past year was one hundred and thirty-one, a larger number than had ever been in attendance at any one time previous. Every pupil of the institution is expected, when in health, to spend a portion of each day in some active occupation, so that all have an opportunity of acquiring a knowledge of some handicraft, by which they can earn a living, on the completion of their education. Thus the female pupils are employed in the various branches of housewifery, the males employ their leisure in carpentry and cabinet-making, in making shoes, and cultivating the soil. With the assistance of a hired laborer, they have profitably cultivated ten or twelve acres of land, annually. The institution has made great progress since its first inception, nine years ago, and is destined rapidly to increase the sphere of its influence and usefulness as its purposes and management become better known. Indeed, institutions of this character are fast securing a hold on the sympathies and benevolent feelings of all our communities, and the deaf and dumb cannot be longer regarded only as useless waifs, cast upon us by the misfortunes of human nature, and having no especial claims on society, either for the promotion of their happiness, or for their intellectual and physical education.

ROUND HILL WATER CURE INSTITUTION, NORTHAMPTON, MASS.

HENRY CLAY'S MAUSOLEUM.

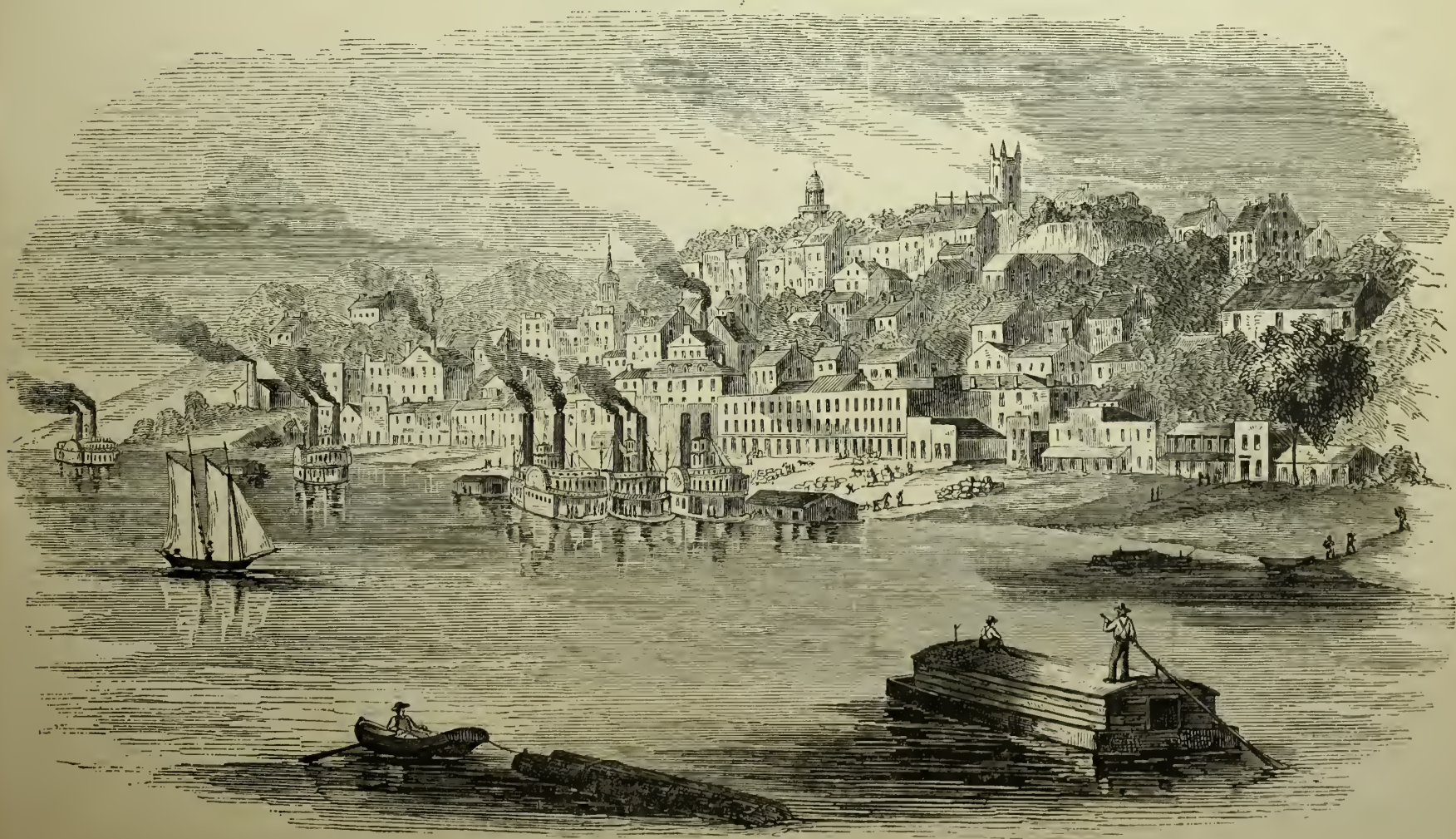
On the 12th of April last, the committee of the Clay Monument Association met in Lexington, Kentucky, to examine the designs sent in by artists for the monument to Mr. Clay. According to the Lexington Observer, upwards of one hundred plans were sent from all parts of the Union, and the committee (composed of fifteen of the leading gentlemen of Kentucky), after a long and laborious investigation, selected the one which forms the present illustration, drawn expressly for us by an eminent artist, and which was designed by Mr. J. R. Hamilton, an architect of Cincinnati. Of this design a contemporary remarks:—"We have recently seen a picture of the design selected by the committee for the monument to be erected to the memory of Henry Clay, at Lexington, Kentucky. The design, by J. R. Hamilton, of Cincinnati, has many points of originality and beauty. The most important is the introduction of a large room in the upper part of the building for the purpose of holding relics of the great statesman. This is quite a new idea to us, and independent of the merit of its use, adds considerably to the external beauty of the edifice. Another novelty is the introduction of national emblems into the ornamentation of the building—a thing which has never been attempted before in Gothic architecture; but in Mr. Hamilton's hands the eagle and stars are made to tell with admirable effect, and still harmonize with the Gothic character. There are other features of interest, but it would be too tedious to detail them in writing. It will be sufficient to say that Mr. Hamilton's design is somewhat of the same nature as that erected to Sir Walter Scott, in Edinburg, only, judging of the pictures of both, Mr. Hamilton has produced the more beautiful work of art. The statue of Henry Clay will be inside the building, but, at the same time, perfectly visible from the exterior." The small space to which our illustration is limited does not enable us to do full justice to a statue, depending so much for its effect upon the correctness and beauty of its details. "We had the pleasure," writes our artist, "while in Cincinnati, of seeing this design fresh from the pencil of its talented author, and can, therefore, speak of it circumstantially. From what we saw of it, we have no hesitation in saying that, although excelled by others in size and costliness, if we consider its adaptation to the purpose intended, its elegant outline and proportions, and exquisite richness of detail, this design for a mausoleum is beyond all question the most beautiful thing of the kind with which we are acquainted in the new or old world." It is a thirteen sided temple (to represent the thirteen original States of the confederacy), with open arches on every side, enabling the statue to be seen distinctly from all quarters. The remains of Mr. Clay are to be placed in a sarcophagus in the centre, and over this is a rich canopy, upon which is placed the statue of the illustrious statesman, at a convenient height for viewing the work of the sculptor. In the upper part of the structure, is a large room, intended to contain the valuable presents made to Mr. Clay, and other relics of the deceased. The eagles above the vestibule, the angels with trumpets surrounding the base of the dome, like a glory, and the figure of Fame surmounting the dome itself, are all beautiful and appropriate devices. We have been so long accustomed to look upon nothing but obelisks and columns in our burial places, our artists seem so paralyzed by hackneyed devices in all architectural efforts for obituary purposes, that it is truly refreshing to meet with something bold, practical and original. Upon the whole, we congratulate our Kentucky friends upon their selection in this important undertaking, and if they execute this model in its integrity, they will add another to the very few monuments in this country worthy of the great objects to which they are dedicated.



THE NEW CLAY MONUMENT, LEXINGTON, KENTUCKY.

VIEW OF VICKSBURG, MISS.

The accompanying engraving, executed for the Pictorial, gives an accurate view of this interesting town. Situated on the eastern bank of the "Father of Waters," on a high bluff, elevated 200 feet above the level of the river, its location leaves nothing to be desired. The scenery in the neighborhood is exceedingly beautiful, and the traveller on the Mississippi meets with few more striking objects than the bold range of the Walnut Hills, which raise their irregular ridges to the height of 500 feet. Vicksburg is about fifty miles north-northeast from Natchez, and forty-five west from Jackson, with which it is connected by a railroad. It has several churches, some of which are noble specimens of architecture. Its large public school is an admirable institution, and receives about five hundred pupils annually. A large business is done here in the preparation and the making of bricks for building, and some 90,000 bales of cotton are sent hence to New Orleans annually. The town contains every element of progress and prosperity. The future of these western cities, though susceptible of prediction from data that admit of no dispute, presents so grand and dazzling a prospect as, if delineated, would awaken incredulity in those who have not made their progress a special study. If their moral and intellectual progress had not kept pace with their physical advancement, we should fear to look ahead. But from the elevated views of their citizens, we look with confidence for their prosperity.



VIEW OF VICKSBURG, MISSISSIPPI.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE HOPES THAT BLOOMED IN YOUTH.

BY FINLEY JOHNSON.

The hopes that bloomed in our youth,
Are with their flowers faded;
And friends of old, most dear to us,
Are 'neath the willows shaded;
Yet still those days come back to us,
With all their scenes forsaken;
O, when we dream of happiness,
Why, why should we awaken?

The fairest flowers—sweetest joys,
The forms we fondly cherish,
If loved too well, will soon take wings,
Will fade away and perish;
Our joys each day give way to grief,
Like dewdrops rudely shaken;
O, when we dream of happiness,
Why, why should we awaken?

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

MRS. CHESTER'S REFORMATION.

BY AGNES LESLIE.

"HERE'S another of those invitations to boredom. I declare, if it wasn't at the Daltons, I wouldn't go; but I am too intimate to refuse there." And young Mrs. Ben. Chester tossed the offending missive into the card basket, with a disdainful curl of her lip.

"I thought you liked company," remarked her husband, looking up over his paper at the pretty figure of his wife.

"So I do like company; but I don't want to be obliged to seek it in crowded parties. Why, it is getting worse and worse. Just think of the Danas last week; I never saw anything like it—such a jam! Who wants to be packed in a hot room *that* way? And what supper tables! Besides being enormously expensive, I think it is decidedly bad taste. One would imagine our best society were nothing but a set of gourmands."

"Well, they are not much more," said Mr. Chester, with a satirical smile. "How we talk of our best society. A more perfect assemblage of ignoramuses and knaves never lived, than half of our rich men's sons. I was talking with a young man the other day, a carpenter by trade (a fine, intelligent fellow he was, too), and I was struck with the extent of his information; he could put to shame the whole platoon of Danas and Howards."

"La, it wouldn't take much to do that. But about these parties; it's getting so expensive to receive one's friends, even in a small way, that people of moderate means don't receive at all. Now at that whist party a week or two ago, which Mrs. Schuyler Clayton gave—not over twenty present, and a hot supper, with all the belongings! Did you notice the table?—boned turkey and ice cream, and wines, too! I think it is abominable to place wines before young men, especially in these days of reform! I saw those young ninnies, Tom and Jack Dana, almost force Alick Frazer to drink."

"Did he?"

"No, sensible fellow. I wasn't near enough to hear what he said, but he cut them up awfully, I know by the way they colored and bit their lips. I was glad to see Bel Norris give Alick an approving nod; they all think so much of Bel—not because she is the truest little gold guinea that ever bore the stamp of humanity, but because she's got money. *Money!* I think it is vulgar to make such a show of money. It is not the aim now to get the pleasantest people together, but to spend the most money, and make the greatest show out of that money."

"Why, how unfashionable you are, Mrs. Chester," said her husband, smilingly.

"Unfashionable or not, I'll tell you what I'm going to do, Ben.; so put your paper down and listen. Everybody knows that I can give what is called splendid parties, if I choose; but I'm not going to choose any more. I was thinking of it the other day. Here am I making a great outcry against society, and I am helping to make it worse by doing the very same things I rail against; and I thought to myself, I was the one to adopt a different way, because of *our* position. It's just as it is in Bel's case, we've got money, and are counted one of the old families—though I couldn't for the life of me trace my ancestors back two centuries. It's about time, according to fashionable calculations, for me to receive my friends—to gather together the dear five hundred hypocrites, and surfeit them with dainties. I shall issue my cards for a reasonable few, specifying the hour of departure as well as arrival. I'm not going to have them stay till daylight. Then I shall have one room for dancing, another for music, another for whist, chess, backgammon, etc. The library I shall throw open, and hang the walls with those last pictures Frank brought me, and in suitable positions, group the rarest bits of sculpture, antiquities and curiosities. I will have the gas subdued, and a centre-table wheeled up in the corner under the shaded drop-light, covered with engravings, the last new books, foreign and home magazines and papers. Then, they can do what they please. Quiet men, who don't dance, nor play games, can study the 'Giddo' on the wall, or the marble silence underneath, or they may read the papers, or glance over the books; while the polking part can have the field to themselves down stairs, and whirl round as frantically as they please, without danger of treading on some burly Uncle John's gouty toes. I shall dress very simply myself, with no costly jewels and ruinous laces. But here comes my *chef-d'œuvre* of feminine audacity. What is called the supper-room, I intend to leave open throughout the evening, with the understanding that they can help themselves when they like. And the supper shall consist of hot coffee, tea and lemonade. What do you think of my plan?"

"I think you are a spunky little woman, Mrs. Ben. Chester, and right, too. It is people in our own position who must effect a reform, if reform is to be. It is ruining the country, this foolish, useless extravagance. Our young men are becoming brainless fops, our young women bedizened dolls. I was thinking yesterday, as I sat watching our Harry playing party with the little Grays, that I would emigrate before he was spoiled. I don't want to see him staggering home from midnight revels, nor hear him call me the 'governor,' while he spends my money to pamper his vitiated tastes. But I conclude it is best to stay and face the danger, as you have suggested, and add our mite to the spirit of reform. Let me suggest one thing, however. At the commencement of the winter season again, I think it would be well to have an evening set apart, as they do abroad (say once a fortnight) to receive your acquaintances, without refreshments, because the lightest might eventually degenerate into suppers, and then the soul of the thing would be gone."

"Do you think they would be kept up with spirit?" inquired Mrs. Chester.

"I have no doubt of it. There are more people than we have any idea of, who would be glad to receive their friends, if they could do it in a moderate way. People like the Jennings es and Veres, for instance; one don't see their bright, intelligent faces half so often as one would wish—and why? Because they can't afford to go; they know there must come a day of reckoning, and that day would far exceed *their* reckoning. So they stay away; and thus society is getting to be, not a congregation of all the wit, talent and genius the city affords, but a collection of the moneyed classes. In this way, though we may make considerable talk about the former inestimable qualities, the mere base metal reigns supreme after all, and the pure gold is left. Just see what positions of responsibility are occupied by men of better filled pockets than brains!"

"Bravo! bravo!" exclaimed Mrs. Chester, clapping her two rosy palms together, as he concluded. "Ben, let's you and I go round and lecture. Wouldn't we startle up some of these sleepy fashionables?"

"You'll startle them up enough, if you carry out your projected plan, Lou, no danger of that."

The invitations were issued for that day week, and it somehow transpired, as such things will, that the Chesters were about to astonish the gay world with something altogether new, though they were far from suspecting the nature of their surprise. Something splendid was looked for. Mrs. Chester was one of those fortunate mortals, who stood on a pedestal which no breath of fashion could shake; and it was, therefore, with perfect ease and self-possession she met her guests at the early hour named, in a spotless robe of pure white tulle, ornamented with knots of ribbon, and a few natural flowers in her hair. She had been true to her project, and invited only a reasonable few; the majority were that kind of persons who needed the lesson—rich and purse-proud millionaires—with just enough sprinkling of sense and talent to raise it from the flat dead sea of mere fashion. A few remarks from the first named class will give an inkling of what they expected.

"I like this exclusiveness," said Tom Dana to his cousin, Cornelia, as they were riding along in the luxurious carriage. "It's decidedly stylish and aristocratic. I hate your great smashes, where a fellow has to push his way to the supper-table, and then find all the delicacies gone. I understand Chester has a new French cook, and I suppose we shall have a grand feast. Frank Ashford has just returned from the East, too, and I shouldn't be surprised if this affair was to be in oriental style. I heard him telling Alick Frazer something about the way they did things there, the other night at the —— House."

"O, I dare say; the Chesters can afford almost anything," was the reply.

How were they surprised—how, indeed, was every one surprised, as they took in the simple arrangement. Young men, like the Danas and Howards, secretly grumbled. "There must be some champagne coming by-and-by," suggested one of them. But in waiting for wine, which never came, they were fain to console themselves with a cup of coffee—and most delicious coffee they confessed it to be, whether concocted by foreign or native cook. Mrs. Chester's brother, Frank, Bel Norris, and one or two gentlemen friends of her husband's, were the only ones initiated besides themselves, and they set the example of doing what they pleased. Bel and Frank strolling into the dining-room, where they ate a sandwich, drank their coffee, and chatted, while the gentlemen friends of the host opened the way into the library. Others soon followed, and the quiet men and women to whom Mrs. Chester referred, found their true orbit, and inwardly blessed the hostess for the provision. Whoever came there, seemed to take the spirit of the place; for they talked low, moved quietly, and laughed gently, even in conversation. Some talked about the pictures and statues in the mellow light of the farthest corner of the large apartment, some read the last magazine or paper at the centre-table; while down stairs a few pieces of music were played for those that liked it, while the dancing was more decorously done than it usually was, for the young men were surer footed, because surer headed.

There was scarcely a person who in the course of the evening did not speak of the new arrangement. To one such conversation Mrs. Chester was an auditor. She was sitting in the conservatory, screened from observation by a luxuriant oleander and orange tree, when a group entered, and one of the number, whom she recognized as Clinton Howard, said in his affected way:

"Well, this may be a new style, but I must say, it's a style I don't like. When a man comes at this hour without his supper, he expects something quite out of the ordinary way. Champagne at least. It's a deuced poor fashion, and I hope it wont last long."

"Fie! Mr. Howard," returned a befflounced, bejewelled damsel. "I'm glad there isn't any wine; I shouldn't let you drink it if there was;" with which pretty threat the young lady cast a very tender glance upon the young gentleman.

"That sounded very ultra, Miss Augusta. I hope you're not one of these strong-minded women. Ladies don't know about these things, and they shouldn't meddle with gentlemen's rights."

Miss Augusta was terribly flattered that he should think she had been bordering on any such unfashionable ground as *woman's* rights, and it was quite affecting to hear her deny the hard impeachment, and contradict herself generally. She evidently succeeded in impressing her companion with her real meaning, for he condescended to cut her remarks short with this gallant speech:

"Well, you needn't say any more about it, Augusta, you probably meant well;"—a speech which Mrs. Schuyler Clayton who had been flirting with a lieutenant of the navy, misunderstood as applying to the hostess, and with her usual volubility she said:

"Why, Mr. Howard, how very much behind the times you are, to talk of Mrs. Chester's meaning well. Of course she knows about these things—a family like theirs are always aware of any new feature in society; and Frank has just come home, and this is, I suppose, the manner of receiving guests abroad. I think it is decidedly stylish. I have thought for some time that I should introduce a different way myself;" with which very important conclusion the lady turned to resume her flirtation, scarcely waiting to hear Mr. Howard's explanation, or his assertion, "it was a deuced disagreeable fashion, and he hoped it wouldn't last long."

"And I hope it will," said a new comer, who had been loitering in the entrance to look at some azalias. It was no less a person than the heiress, Bel Norris. "I hope it will. Didn't you know, Mr. Clinton Howard," she went on, seating herself opposite him, and waving her fan with nonchalant ease, "that driving fast horses, drinking wine, and frequenting billiard rooms, and other haunts of vice, were rowdy characteristics, and that true gentlemen are men of the simplest habits? People are finding out it's very poor taste to pay their guests the compliment of supposing they are capable of enjoyment only through the palate."

Mr. Clinton Howard colored up exceedingly red, and uttered something about the ladies carrying the day. He did not wait for her to say more this time, however, for suddenly remembering an engagement for the next dance, he took himself off with his party. It was then Mrs. Chester emerged from her hiding-place, and as she met Bel's look of gleeful surprise, the merriment which had been suppressed all the evening, burst forth, and the two gaily talked over the result of the venture, and the aim of the venture itself. They were not aware that they had an unseen auditor, and it was with no little surprise, as they sat conversing very seriously, after the first laugh had subsided, that they perceived a gentleman approach from within. It was Schuyler Clayton, whose wife, formerly an obscure girl of a poor family, was now one of the most extravagant, purse-proud women of her circle. He came forward, and seating himself beside the hostess, with a smile on his fine face, which was meant to be careless, but which, nevertheless, was very sad and earnest, he said: "My dear Mrs. Chester, I want to thank you for what you have done to-night. You have given a new, safer, and healthier turn to the fashionable tide. It is an example I wish every woman would follow for duty's sake, as you have performed it for that; but the majority would sacrifice for fashion what they would not for domestic happiness and security; and because Mrs. Chester has advocated simplicity in her dress and action, we shall have simplicity for the style;" and then in a fervent, excited tone, as if his feelings had overmastered his reserve, he concluded earnestly: "Mrs. Chester, you have saved me from ruin. Another expensive party would have accomplished it. I would there were more women like yourself and friend. God bless you both!"—and without trusting himself to say more, he hastily left the apartment.

But Schuyler Clayton was only one case in a thousand, as many perplexed men of business could have told her. Young Clayton was a man who valued domestic quiet, and, like hundreds of others, bought it at a dear price, thinking from day to day that there would be a turn for the better; but it was a continual struggle—a ceaseless buffeting with the blinding, beating waves of folly. He had remonstrated with his wife—he had told her the state of his affairs—yet all in vain. "Men always talk so," she would say. "Pa used to. It's strange how they manage to get along if they are so pushed." She was one of those women with whom it is of no use to reason, and often and bitterly her husband had cursed his madness in marrying nothing but a pretty face. It made no difference if he refused her money—his credit was good, and to sustain that credit, and keep from the world his home misery, he quietly paid the long, startling bills which were handed to him; but the perpetual strain was making itself felt at last—that dread alternative—bankruptcy, was before him, unless some retrenchment was made immediately. Once again he appealed to his wife; he might as well have talked to the winds. With her usual disbelief and wicked indifference to his wishes, she had just made out a party list, and was only delaying the preparations until after the Chesters' had come off, in order that she might have the latest style—little dreaming how unostentatious that style would prove. But with the same spirit of toadyism which had influenced her at school, she accepted its simplicity in the manner we have seen, and determined to follow as closely as possible a fashion introduced by so illustrious a person as Mrs. Ben. Chester. As her husband had bitterly said, "for fashion such people would sacrifice what they would not for domestic security and happiness." Many business men blessed our heroine for her fashion that season, as its effects enabled them to ride safely through the commercial storms.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

IT IS WELL.

BY W. A. FOGG.

"It is well!" the blest evangel,
Passed from earth, is now an angel
On the bright and blessed shore,
Where the shadows fall no more.
Where the white-winged cherubs dwell
She is happy. "It is well."

Where her little feet now roam,
Sin and sorrow ne'er shall come;
Jesus all her steps shall guide,
By the sweetly rolling tide,
Whose bright waters, as they swell,
Gently murmur, "It is well!"

See her now in beauty stand,
Brightest of an angel land;
Little hands a golden lyre
Touch with love's enrapturing fire,
Little lips in music tell
Of their glory—"It is well!"

Mourn not for the little one!
Beautiful the race she run:
So the morning star, that shines
Ere the shade of night declines,
When the day its beams excel,
Is hid in glory. "It is well."

E'en so with her; in heaven's sweet light
She's hid from thy weak, mortal sight;
Rejoice that thou couldst lay at rest
Thy little love on Jesus' breast,
Ere earth's dark blights upon her fell,
Or thou couldst say—it is *not* well.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

JEALOUSY AND PATRIOTISM.

A LEGEND OF THE CHARTER OAK OF CONNECTICUT.*

BY BEN: PERLEY POORE.

It was near the close of a beautiful October day, in the year 1686, that a young man approached the town of Hartford, in Connecticut, by the road leading from New Haven. At that time, the valley of the Connecticut was densely wooded, affording, at that golden season of the year, every variety of tint that nature can display. The maple was gorgeously beautiful; the chestnuts were of a deep yellow; other species of trees had put on a motley livery, and the elms that bordered the highway were clothed in foliage of varied hues, from a lively green to the deepest orange, all mingling, by the nicest gradations of shades, like the prismatic colors. As he entered the main street, "the western waves of ebbing day" poured a flood of glistening light upon the diamond-paned casements in the eastern fronts of the houses; while beyond was the broad Connecticut, sparkling like a mirror. The overhanging arch was of a lovely azure, studded here and there with fleecy clouds; while high in zenith was the silver moon, only awaiting the retreat of her eclipsing orb to shed a more chaste light upon the lovely scene.

The young man was a fine specimen of the sturdy colonist of those days. Born in Deerfield, his infant slumbers had often been disturbed by the preparations of his father for defence, when the war-whoop of the savage resounded through the surrounding forests. The rifle was familiar to him in boyhood, and although he now carried on a farm at Middletown, he had not entirely relinquished his fondness for forest sports. We have said that he was young, but his electric black eye, compressed lip, and gallant horsemanship, showed that Everard Waltham could both think and act for himself, and was, therefore, well qualified to represent his townsmen in the General Assembly, then in session.

Entering the main street, even then a beautiful avenue, Everard Waltham rode slowly along, occasionally bowing to some acquaintance, or speaking to one of the lads who were driving home the cows, kept at nearly every house, and mingling their shrill cries with the musical tinkle of the bells. At last, however, his gaze encountered a couple, which drew a half-suppressed oath from his pouting lips. Applying the spur to his horse, the high-mettled animal sprang to the other side of the road, and he thus had a good pretence for neglecting to salute them. In a few moments more he had reached the famed hostelrie near the site of the present State House, and dismounting, threw his bridle to a negro hostler.

"Ah!" exclaimed an elderly gentleman, who was pacing the porch, with a pipe in his mouth, "the member from Middletown has arrived just in time to see the sport."

"It matters not," replied Waltham, with a frown, for he thought the allusion was aimed at the couple he had met. Perhaps, that we may start more fairly, we should explain who that couple were.

The gentleman was Lieutenant Coffin, a pert coxcomb, who had been sent from the Massachusetts Bay, a few weeks previous, in command of a detachment of Royal Fusileers, destined as a body-guard for the new governor. Insufferably haughty, he kept aloof from every one, until, by chance, he met Henrietta Morley, with whom he had become so intimate that, on the evening in question, he had invited her to take a social ramble. And Henrietta—how can we describe her? Tall and gracefully formed, she was not what an artist would call strictly beautiful, but the absence of classical features is often more than compensated for by that sparkling vivacity which clothes the plainest countenances with radiant beauty. Her eyes were of a light blue, a profusion of golden locks shading her clear red and white complexion, and a pleasant smile ever lingered about her pouting lips. Passions always leave their wrinkles early in life, but over such faces as that of Henrietta Morley, years passed like the flight of a dove, the surface looking softer from the touch of its wing. Add to this the fact that she was his affianced bride, and you will not wonder that Everard Waltham regarded her with jealous interest.

But his tavern friend never divined what prompted his reply, and said, in a sharp voice:

"It does matter, though. Do you, a pledged republican, intend to let this scarlet-coated popinjay carry off his coveted prize?"

"Not I;" and as he spoke, Everard's right hand instinctively clutched at the hilt of his heavy sword—it was one that his father had used valiantly in the cavalry of Cromwell.

"That's the spirit! Why fear the light steel of the king's minion, when there is such a precious charge at stake? Rather apply the torch, and leave him but a heap of ashes for his prey."

"What!" exclaimed Everard. "Why, that would be borrowing from the Iroquois."

"I care not; but I would rather hear the skin crackle in the flames than see it profaned by his hand."

"No, no! He can, perhaps, make her happy," replied Everard, in a choked tone of voice, as the couple approached, apparently in earnest conversation.

"Happy!" repeated the old man, gazing after Everard with a doubting expression. "Is the young man sane? Surely I do not see what happiness the royal governor can confer on a parchment charter!" and puffing resolutely at his pipe, he continued to perambulate the porch.

"Fool that I was, to trust a woman's vow!" said Everard, to himself, as he bolted the door of his chamber, to which he had retired. "Here this maiden has entwined her charms around my heart, and now a stranger usurps my privileges, merely, forsooth, because he wears a scarlet coat, and is, perchance, like a potato—the better portion of him beneath the ground, in the graves of titled ancestors." And sitting moodily down, he brooded long over his faithless fair one.

At length the bell rang nine, and Everard, when the last stroke had died into silence, went out. The round moon was floating in the heavens, and the shadows of the many gabled houses lay darkly upon the foot-ways, save where the clear beams stole through the garden spaces, checking the beaten paths with the mosaic light and shade of the intervening trees. All was quiet, for in those days people retired early, to rise with the sun, and Everard met no one as his steps insensibly led him to the residence of Henrietta Morley. The plaint of the whip-poor-will, and an occasional hoot from some wandering bird of wisdom, or the busy hum of nocturnal insects, alone broke upon the ear.

But calm as was the night, it failed to soothe the excited feelings of Everard, and when he approached the home of her who had thus won his love to trail it in the dust, he witnessed a scene that gave a demoniacal expression to his features. The door of Mr. Morley's house was open, and on the threshold, with a candle in her hand, that illuminated her lovely features, stood Henrietta. Nor was she alone. Standing on the door-stone, and thus with back toward the street, was a man, wrapped in a long cloak, with whom Henrietta was earnestly conversing. Everard felt an electric thrill of rage convulse his frame, for he had not the least doubt as to the man's identity, and with flashing eyes he clenched the sword hilt. At last the interview was ended, and the stranger walked rapidly away; but Everard followed, his cheeks ashy pale, and his lips savagely compressed together. He would obtain satisfaction, or the man who had thus stepped between himself and happiness should die like a dog. But the unknown evidently heard pursuing footsteps, and quickened his own into a run. Everard followed, but when opposite the "Wylys Mansion," he lost sight of the object of his pursuit. The great oak stood clearly developed above his head, and the beautiful river, a short distance beyond, was plainly discernible through the openings of the trees, yet there was no sign of any human being. After waiting some time, he slowly retraced his steps to the tavern, where, in agitated slumbers, he dreamed of Henrietta and his more favored rival.

When Everard arose in the morning, he found the town in an uproar, and learned, for the first time, that Sir Edmund Andros was expected to arrive from Boston. In vain had the colony plead its chartered rights to the king—he had determined to subdue the perverse Puritans, and had given full power to his representative. These had already been executed in Massachusetts and in Rhode Island, which had been despoiled of their charters, and Andros was now on his way to Hartford, to abolish all vestiges of republicanism. Printing presses were to be subject to his censors; Episcopacy was to be sustained, and every officer, both civil and military, was to be of his own appointment. The people felt almost disposed to resist, and all was confusion.

About noon, the clear notes of the trumpet came floating in the air from the direction of Windsor, and soon the troops quartered in Hartford marched in that direction, to join the expected procession. The streets were crowded, and there were few residing within fifty miles distance who were not that day in Hartford.

At length the roll of the drum was heard, and soon the detachment of Royal Fusileers came in sight, their ranks extending clear across the street, and the matches of their firelocks alight. They were commanded by young Coffin, who appeared in a new scarlet uniform, richly laced with gold, and carried his bright halbert with a haughty air. Then, glittering with a jewelled order of knighthood, came Sir Edmund Andros, who is described as erect and soldierlike, followed by his council, those bitter foes of New England. The malignant Randolph, the renegade Dudley, and the profane Bullivant, rode scornfully along, followed by another detachment of Fusileers, equally ready for attack as were their comrades in the van. They waited but the word to deluge the town with blood, and thus enforce the edict of their vice-regal master.

The scene that ensued in the Hall of Assembly is one of the most sacred pages of America's history. All the afternoon did gallant old Governor Treat plead that Connecticut might keep her charter—the guarantee of her rights, which had been purchased by so much blood and treasure, poured out in the wilderness. But it was of no avail, and as the shades of evening darkened the hall, candles were lighted.

Sir Edmund Andros rose to conclude the session, and at his bidding, the secretary of state had laid a long box, containing the precious parchment, on the table before him. All at once, as if by concert, the candles were suddenly extinguished, and some slight confusion ensued among the spectators. When a light was brought, and the candles were re-lighted—lo! the charter had disappeared!

"Run to Lieutenant Coffin," shouted Edmund Andros to the usher, "and tell him to let no man pass."

The official hastened to the outer door, but the officer was not to be found, and after some delay, he so reported to Sir Edmund.

"What! The officer of my guard absent. Can it be possible that he is conniving at this foul robbery? A hundred pounds reward for the apprehension of the traitor!"

"May it please your excellency," said one of the few royalists in Hartford, "I do not think that the young fellow is the one to blame. He has been captivated by Goodman Morley's daughter, and I saw him not long since, escorting her from hence to her home!"

"Confusion!" muttered Everard, who had lost all interest in the great question, so buried were his thoughts under a load of grief. Returning to his hotel, he found a pressing invitation to go that evening to the house of William Wadsworth, upon important business. It bore the sign of an association of "liberty men," or he should have disregarded it, and he went merely in compliance with his secret obligation.

The meeting was well attended, and when they were all seated around a hospitable board, Everard learned, rather to his surprise, that the royal charter had been abstracted in accordance to a preconcerted plan, and by their host.

"But where is it?"

"Where I took shelter last night, when a jealous mortal pursued me," said Mr. Wadsworth, laughing. Ere Everard could recover his astonishment, he continued: "After all, gentlemen, I did not feel certain of success, until Henrietta Morley informed me, late last night, that she had so far carried out our plan as to have obtained a promise from her pompous admirer that if she visited the Assembly Hall he should escort her home. This rendered armed resistance out of the question, as the royal troops would not have fired without orders from their own officer. So I will give you the young lady's health as our most efficient ally, although the advent of a favored lover made it a difficult task for her to entrap that glittering fop, and at the same time I will propose the long existence of the old hollow oak before the 'Wylys mansion,' the best of hiding places, from a pursuer or for a charter. Long may they exist."

Ere an hour had elapsed, Everard Waltham had sought and obtained forgiveness; nay, he even made the fair Henrietta name the wedding-day.

"You have done your share of the work, dearest," said he, "and I do not like to expose you to the fascinating qualities of royal officers."

"Jealous man," she replied, "I suppose that when I am your wife you will lock me up when you leave home."

"Indeed I may—and where is there a better place than in the Charter Oak?"

* This tale is founded on facts connected with the early history of Connecticut, and, in connection with the engraving and its description on our first page, belongs to the series of "State Chronicles."

NOTICES OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

WAIKNA: or, *Adventures on the Mosquito Shore.* By SAMUEL A. BARD. Illustrated. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1855. 12mo. pp. 366.

An admirably written book of adventure in a region that has not been written upon, and therefore a perfect *bonne bouche* to readers of travel. The narrative is lively and taking; but had it been less clever, the novelty of the incidents, characters and scenes would render it intensely interesting. The designs and engravings are capital, and bear internal evidence of perfect truthfulness. For sale by Redding & Co.

NEW HOPE: or, *The Rescue.* A Tale of the Great Kanawha. New York: Bunce & Brothers. 1855. 12mo. pp. 391.

We remember reading this novel of western life with great zest a few years ago, on its first appearance under the title of "Young Kate." The great demand for it has induced the New York publishers to produce it in a handsome and "preservable" shape. It is a thrilling story, full of interest, and managed with great dramatic ability. For sale by Wm. V. Spencer, 128 Washington Street.

NEW MUSIC.—Among the recent publications of Oliver Ditson, 115 Washington Street, are "Short Melodies for the Organ," the "Exile's Home," a duet by R. G. Haliburton, music by L. G. Casseres, and "Gesang der Meermadchen," from Von Weber's opera of Oberon.

GLAUCUS: or, *The Wonders of the Shore.* By CHARLES KINGSLEY. Author of "Hypatia," etc. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1855. pp. 165.

Our enterprising and tasteful publishers could not have produced a more seasonable and acceptable book than this little volume. In it natural history is viewed from a lofty stand-point, and apart from the reflections and suggestions, there is a mass of curious facts concerning the wonders of the sea-shore, collected from a wide field of study and research. It will induce many an idle mind to derive a golden profit from a seaside loitering.

SPENCER'S BOSTON THEATRE.—Among the recent issues of this valuable series are—the very clever drama of "Masks and Faces," the skeleton of the popular novel, "Peg Woffington," by Tom Taylor and Charles Reade, and the "Sergeant's Wife," a popular drama. For sale by Wm. V. Spencer, 128 Washington Street, and Samuel French, 121 Nassau Street, New York.

ARCHY MOORE, THE WHITE SLAVE. By RICHARD HILDRETH. New York and Auburn: Miller, Orton & Mulligan. 1855. 12mo. pp. 408.

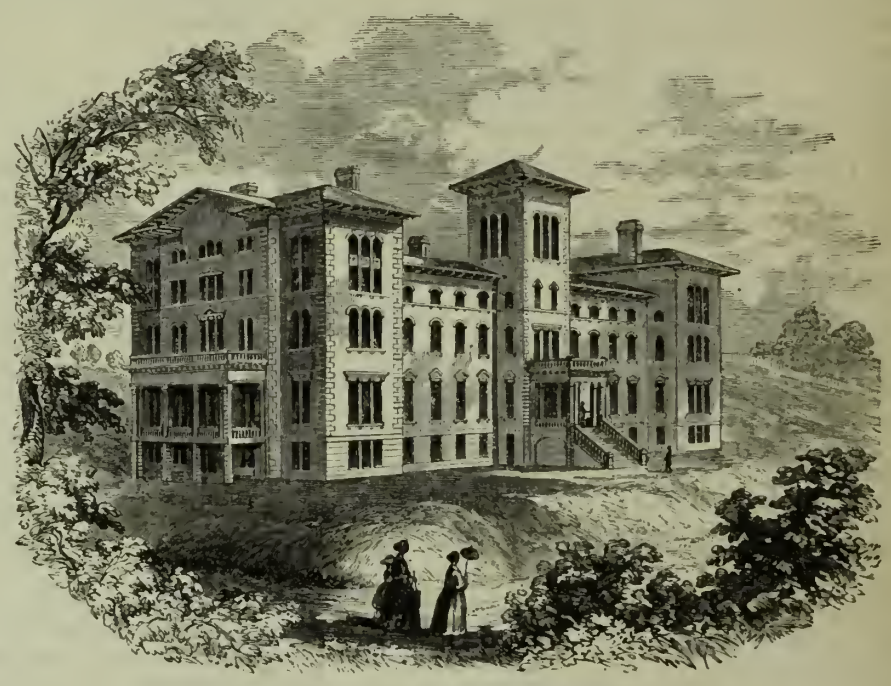
When the book first appeared, it was pronounced "the most extraordinary book of the day." It is, as was asserted at its first issue, "a disagreeable and unpleasant picture of slavery." As such it has found, and will find, many eager readers. It has been re-published in England, and there are French, Italian and German translations of it. Mr. Hildreth's introduction is one of the most ingenious prefaces we ever read.

THOMAS DE QUINCEY.

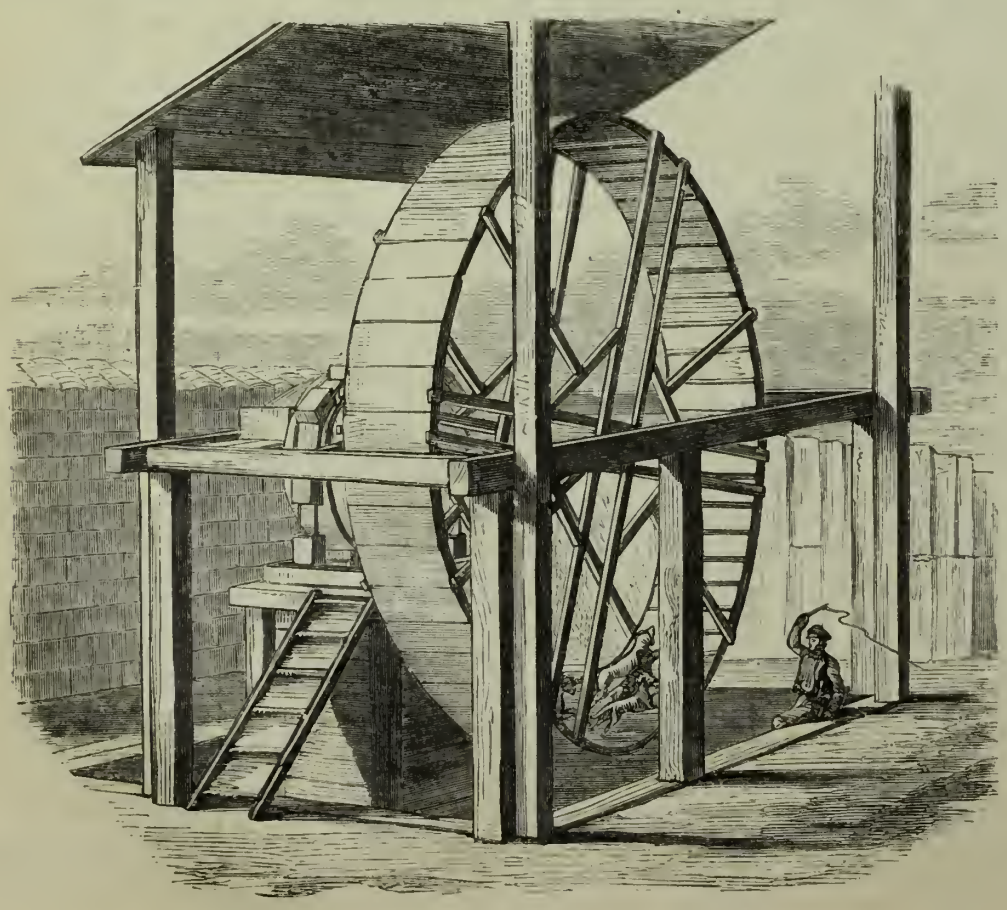
Thomas De Quincey, whose portrait we herewith present, is one of the most brilliant and powerful of the group of writers whose productions have made the English literature of the first half of the present century a treasury of original and vivid thought. Certainly, his name "sticks fiery off" in this constellation, and there is much about the man, personally, to enhance the interest which is awakened by his writings. His face, as will be seen by referring to the engraving, is one that once seen challenges attention. The head is intellectual—the forehead eminently so. But while the mouth indicates decision, a sort of practical firmness, the eyes, brilliant and inquiring, look out into the far distance—the dream-land that is lost to bodily vision. At the same time pain and woe have traced their inevitable lines upon that face, and the looker-on must fain inquire into the secret of its enigmatical expression. De Quincey himself furnishes us with some data for the story of his life. He was the son of a Liverpool merchant of a good old Norman family, and was born about 1785. At the age of seven he was left an orphan in the care of guardians. After being fitted for the university, he was sent to Oxford, but while there he quarrelled with his guardians and fled to London, where, left to his own resources, he met with a variety of adventures, and underwent the severest sufferings. The reader who is curious to see this portion of his life vividly painted, is referred to his "Confessions of an Opium Eater," first part, in which his rescue from starvation on one occasion is delineated in a manner that he only could command. From London, he wandered into Wales, still chased by hunger, until finally the estray was discovered by his friends and restored to Oxford. One of the most important events that befell him here was the formation of a friendship for Christopher North, warmly reciprocated by the gifted Wilson, and subsisting unimpaired until death severed the golden chain. About this period of his life he contracted the fatal habit of opium-eating, a habit which he has made memorable by recounting the dreams inspired by the deadly drug, in language which has never been surpassed. Some time after leaving Oxford, he married, settled down in Cumberland, studied metaphysics, lived on laudanum and dreamed those wondrous dreams, the record of which has electrified the world. His "Confessions of an English Opium Eater," first published in the "London Magazine," and afterwards in a collective form, but without his name attached, enjoyed an extraordinary circulation. Soon after their appearance in book form, the author removed to Scotland, where he has since written largely for various periodical publications, chiefly Blackwood's and Tait's Magazines, and the North British Review. All his papers bear the stamp of original and vigorous thought, a vivid imagination, and a mind steeped in the lore of the past. His principal powers as a writer, are genius and logical perception—the latter quality giving that lucid transparency to his style which makes its charm. Of the latter, Professor Wilson once said, "the best word always comes up." It is not very creditable to British taste that there exists no complete English edition of his works. This great deficiency has been supplied by our own enterprising and classical publishers, Messrs. Ticknor & Fields, who have collected from their various periodical sources, his invaluable essays, and published them in a series of portable volumes, remarkable for the elegance of their typography and their admirable accuracy. This series will be continued until all De Quincey's writings are preserved. He is now living, a widower, with three amiable daughters, in the vicinity of Edinburg. As he has, by giant efforts, thrown off the thraldom of opium, we will venture to quote what the Eclectic Review says of the one great error of his life. "In the one word, excitement, assuming the special form of opium—the 'insane root,'—lies the *gravamen* of his guilt, as, also, of Coleridge's. Now, we are far from wishing to underrate the evil of this craving. But we ought to estimate Mr. De Quincey's criminality with precision and justice; and, while granting that he used opium to excess—an excess seldom paralleled—we must take his own explanation of the circumstances which led him to begin its use, and of the effects it produced on him. He did not begin it to multiply or intensify his pleasures, still less to lash himself with its fiery thongs into a counterfeit inspiration, but to alleviate bodily pain. It became, gradually and reluctantly, a necessity of his life. Like the serpents around Laocoon, it confirmed its grasp, notwithstanding the wild tossings of its arms, the spasmodic resistance of every muscle, the loud shouts of protesting agony; and when conquered, he lay like the overpowered Hatteraick in the caves—sullen, still in despair, breathing hard, but perfectly powerless. Its effects on him, too, were of a peculiar kind. They were not brutifying or blackguardizing. He was never intoxicated with the drug in his life; nay, he denies its power to intoxicate. Nor did it at all weaken his intellectual faculties any more than it strengthened them. We have heard poor creatures consoling themselves for their inferiority by saying, 'Coleridge would not have written so well but for opium.' 'No thanks to De Quincey for his subtlety—he owes it to opium.' Let such persons swallow the drug, and try to write the 'Suspiria' or the 'Aids to Reflection.' Coleridge and De Quincey were great in spite of their habits. Nay, we believe that on truly great intellects, stimulants produce little inspiration at all. Can opium think? Can beer imagine? It is De Quincey in opium—not opium in De Quincey—that ponders and that writes. The stimulus is only the *occasional cause* which brings the internal force into play; it may sometimes dwarf the giant, but it can never really elevate the dwarf." Its influence will not create intellectual life, where the basis itself is wanting.

NEW YORK ASYLUM FOR IDIOTS, SYRACUSE.

The corner stone of this noble building, accurately delineated in the accompanying engraving, executed expressly for the Pictorial, was laid at Syracuse, with appropriate ceremonies, on the 8th of September, 1854. The grounds are situated a little more than a mile from the centre of Syracuse, in a southwesterly direction, and include a territory of eighteen acres, mainly the gift of the citizens of Syracuse. The western and highest portion of the grounds is woodland. The remainder, descending with a fine slope to the southeast, terminates in a terrace of about four acres in extent, upon which the building in located. The position affords a fine view of the city of Syracuse, Salina, Liverpool, Lake Onondaga, the Central and Binghampton railroads, for some distance, and the village of Geddes. The present board of trustees consists of Hon. John C. Spencer, James H. Titus, Esq., Franklin Townsend, Esq., Henry N. Pohman, D. D., Hon. Frederick F. Backus, M. D., and *ex-officio*, Hon. Horatio Seymour, Hon. Sandford E. Church, Hon. E. W. Leavenworth, Hon. James M. Cook. The officers are Hervey B. Wilbur, superintendent; Misses Frances H. Clark, Eliza A. Loring, Sarah P. Young, teachers; Miss Alvira Wood, matron; Mr. J. C. Dixon, assistant. Wm. J. Woollett, Jr., was the architect, and Messrs. John Bridgford (mason) and James Christie (carpenter), the builders. The building is one hundred and fifty-three feet front and rear; the ends or wings, seventy feet from front to rear; the central parts, fifty feet deep; the tower eighteen feet square, and carried to the height of seventy feet. In elevation, the wings embrace four stories, basement and sub-cellar—the central parts three stories, and the tower five stories. The central parts recede ten feet from the front of the wings, and eight feet from the face of the tower, forming recesses on each side of the same; like recesses obtain in the rear, or western elevation, of the building, the first and second stories of which are enclosed with glass, forming large piazzas in the rear of the school rooms and the principal dormitories of the second story, and made so as to form a part of those apartments, by the windows which extend to the floor. The building is in the Italian style, with superstructure of pressed brick, painted and sanded in harmony with the brown freestone dressings, supported by a rusticated ashlar basement. All the external angles are enriched with quoin blocks, with bevelled rustic on each. All the external windows and doors have dressings of stone, with string courses of the same materials. The fenestral decorations embrace quite a variety. Those of the principal story in front have pediment heads, supported by moulded trusses. Three bayed windows in the front of wings. Those in the recessed parts of the second story have semicircular heads. Those on the third story, segment heads—all of freestone. Those on the ends of the building embrace various forms, all in harmony with those in the front. The principal entrance in front, at the base of the tower, is approached by a flight of twelve steps, eighteen feet in length, the platform of which will be covered with a rusticated portico. The entrance at the south end will be under a *porte cochere*; that at the north, by steps of cut stone. The entire building will be surmounted by large projecting medallion cornices. Chilson's hot air furnaces are to be used in heating the building, which will be lighted throughout with gas. The first attempt in this country to found a State institution for idiots was made in the New York legislature in 1846, by the Hon. Frederick F. Backus, and now the magnificent establishment under notice, "completes," to borrow the language of Dr. S. G. Howe, "the circle of the State's charities, which embrace every class whose infirmities call for public aid."



NEW YORK ASYLUM FOR IDIOTS, SYRACUSE.



WATER WHEEL AT VALPARAISO, MOVED BY DOG POWER.

WATER WHEEL AT VALPARAISO.

Our engraving shows the ingenious method which has been employed for many years at Valparaiso for raising water for the supply of the city, as well as the merchant vessels that touch there. The water is raised from the well by wooden buckets, emptying themselves on a table, from which through pipes the water is conveyed to launches, into casks or buckets, and delivered to its various quarters. The wheel raising the buckets is driven by eight dogs, belonging to Don Juan Augustine Vives; they continually run upwards with perfect ease; only four of the dogs work at a time, and when one is tired he jumps off, and another takes his place. There are many other curious features of life at Valparaiso to attract the notice of strangers; and yet, when the first novelty has worn off, there is little about this seaport to render a long sojourn in it agreeable, in spite of its agreeable climate. What Mr. Miers said of it some years ago is probably true now. "Independent of the want of society there exists no public amusement, no theatre, no commercial reading or news-room, no parade, not even a single spot to walk upon, nor any retirement or exit from the town but over the barren and steep hills, which renders the exercise more a toil than a pleasure. In short, in spite of its matchless climate, I do not know in all Chili, a spot presenting a more uncomfortable and cheerless place of residence."

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL.

THE CHEAPEST WEEKLY PAPER IN THE WORLD.

MATURIN M. BALLOU, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.
FRANCIS A. DURIVAGE, ASSISTANT EDITOR.

GOSSIP.

Will Rachel make a sensation here? Is it true that she is *passée?*—that she has lost her tragic fire, and that the French have sent us a lamp flickering in its socket, instead of a star shining in its effulgence? For one, we believe in the unimpaired powers of the *tragedienne;* and the French have tired of Rachel, just as the Athenians did of Aristides—and for no better reason. Yet the French, fickle as they are, are not generally unjust to their histrions. Mars kept the stage to the last; and Mlle. Georges never received a hint that she ought to vacate the boards—the queen of the stage voluntarily left it. These children of Thespis deserve gentle treatment; for their fame, tangible as it is, is evanescent. O, that one could daguerreotype tones and action as well as faces!—that there were some means of crystallizing music, and embalming eloquence! The perfume of the flower may be caught and transmitted from century to century, but the glories of acting are mortal, and perish with the brief hour that witnesses their triumph. We read of the perfections of Roscius, of Talma, of Garrick, of John Philip Kemble, but we can form no distinct idea of them—we always represent them by some favorite actor of our own time. We know their talents were great by the historical record of the effects which they produced—but this is all. Hence, we should not grudge the ovations, the music, the flowers, the gold lavished on histrionic talent—it is, at best, but a poor compensation to the actor for the consciousness that he cannot transmit himself to posterity, like the poet, the painter, the sculptor, the lawgiver and the musical composer.

LONG SERMONS.—Very long sermons, especially in the dog-days, are rarely delivered now by our clergymen. In old times, a short sermon would have disappointed a congregation sadly. Brown, an English humorist of William III.'s reign, says: "In the late civil wars, Stephen Marshall split his text into twenty-four parts. Upon this, one of his congregation immediately runs out of the church. 'Why, what's the matter?' says a neighbor. 'Only going for my night-gown and slippers, for I find we must take up our quarters here to-night.'"

DEATH.—When Arria set the example of suicide to her husband, by plunging the knife into her bosom, she handed it to him, and remarked, "My Pætus, it is not painful." Dr. Cullen, when dying, is said to have faintly articulated to one of his intimates, "I wish I had the power of writing or speaking, for then I would describe to you how pleasant a thing it is to die."

CURIOUS.—The affinities detected by chemistry are truly surprising. Who would suppose that the sugar in the basin and the linen cloth on the breakfast table were of the same materials?—that the cloth could be converted into sugar, and the sugar into spirits of wine? Yet such is the fact.

SPLINTERS.

.... A telegraph operator and a doctor fought a duel at N. Orleans because they quarrelled as to the strength of the Malakoff.

.... In a case at Buffalo it was decided that a man could not be arrested for being drunk and noisy in his own house.

.... Vast quantities of liquor, it is said, are smuggled into Worcester, in spite of the vigilance of the police.

.... The emigration to the West and California has checked the increase of population in the Eastern States.

.... Dr. Taylor, of Cleveland, Ohio, is certain that he can make better light from water than Payne.

.... One child was burned to death and another burned a barn lately, by playing with matches.

.... The bears in Vermont are getting to be unbearable, but they are "bruin" trouble for themselves.

.... Edward Everett made an excellent speech at the launch of Donald McKay's last ship, the "Defender."

.... Signor Blitz lately gave an exhibition at the Lunatic Asylum, Somerville, to the delight of the patients.

.... 1,554,015 tons of guano have been imported into this country since the trade commenced.

.... Mackerel have been selling in Halifax this season at one penny a dozen. Cheap and good fare too.

.... A conductor on the Eastern Railroad compelled a man to take his boots off a cushion, and was fined for it.

.... Mrs. Robinson, the "veiled murderess," is to be imprisoned for life, not hung. She is thought to be insane.

.... Two ladies of Lynn lately earned four dollars a day for five successive days, "machining shoes."

.... The wheat crops of Europe for the present year are a fair average. They'll want it all, if the war lasts.

... Fifty men at work on the Wabash Valley Railroad were lately prostrated by sun strokes in one day.

.... Madame Lagrange and her husband, Count Staniowich, her father, Signor Morelli, and her child, have been at Newport.

.... The population of Providence, R. I., is not as large as was calculated by five thousand.

.... Jullien, the musician, is not coming over till next March—when he will bring a bran new march with him.

.... Five States held their general election during the present month—to the satisfaction of the victors.

SIGNS OF THE TIMES.

Summer is drawing to a close, and as the reign of autumn commences, the city recalls her children to their registers and stoves—we had nearly committed the vulgar error of saying firesides. We have nothing to say, in this connection, about the taste exhibited by this precipitate abandonment of the country and of sea-side retreats, just when an "eager and a nipping air" begins to make itself felt, heralding "frosty but kindly" weather. For us, the first two months of autumn, in New England, have an inexpressible charm. Apart from the glory of the changing forests, a pageant in itself well worth studying, there is an invigorating tone in the air, which renders a day's exercise in September worth a week's in August. A man feels new life infused into his veins—a new youth warming his heart, the glories of dream-land and fairy-land visit him once more. He stands with "jocund day" upon the "misty mountain top," and feels that he is indeed lord of the universe. We plead guilty to susceptibility to these influences. In such a season we can walk our forty miles a day, or pull a stroke-oar from the rising of the sun even unto the going down of the same. Like Dazzle, we are ready to exclaim, "Saddle me a flash of lightning, and I'll astonish the elements!" But it is only a few choice spirits who keep the field after September fairly sets in—sportsmen, pedestrians, artists, poets, and all that useless, vulgar kind of people. For those great masses, the *jeunesse dorée* of both sexes, together with the veterans of fashion, and those whose avocations do not permit an annual flitting from the city, the directors of public amusements are opening wide their doors. Huge colored posters illuminate dark walls; long advertisements fill the columns of the newspapers.

Around the doors of hotels, flashy-looking men, dressed in the extreme of fashion, tell us that the players have come to town. Genteel walking gentlemen parade Washington Street, hand-selling the glories that should first break forth upon the board. A pair of feet, revealed in crossing the muddiest part of Washington Street, give a glorious promise of the perfection of the ballet. While hordes of very hairy men, in paletots, signify that Germanic orchestras are about to be prevalent. All these things are noted and commented on by the inveterate cockneys, those who have scarcely ever been ten miles from the sound of the Old South bell. And in Boston, densely populated as it now is, copiously visited as it is by tourists, the entrance of a single new-comer is sure to be noted. A stranger, with a carpet-bag, is seen coming over the Milldam; the fact is instantly circulated and commented on, and the man "spotted." That solitary individual finds himself the object of universal attention. We have a most wonderful faculty of finding out everybody's business, without, however, neglecting our own. A Bostonian "lives between two magnifying glasses." Well, it is a great city, and, considering its Puritanic origin, a gay one. We can boast, this winter, of four theatres: the Boston, perhaps the finest in the world; the Museum, an excellent establishment; the Howard, and the National, both renowned; any number of lecture and concert-rooms, with picture shops, libraries and—really the man who cannot live agreeably and happily in Boston ought to be exported in a New Bedford whaler and abandoned in the Fejee Islands. That's our opinion.

THE FRENCH NATIONAL AIR.

Now that the glorious Marseilles Hymn with its thrilling breath of liberty is proscribed in France, the national air is *"Partant Pour la Syrie,"* composed and written by Queen Hortense, Louis Napoleon's mother. Graham's Magazine lately published it with an English version, which it says is the first ever made. This is a mistake. The music with a translation commencing

"It was Dunois the young and brave,"

was common and popular more than thirty years ago. That translation was by Sir Walter Scott, and was made from a manuscript found in the knapsack of a French officer slain at Waterloo. The song is quite unworthy of the position its authorship has given it. Never mind—the Marseillaise will yet be sung in the streets of Paris.

RATHER TALL.—A learned man of Europe, in a dissertation on the weights and measures of the ancients, comes to the conclusion that Adam's height was 123 feet 9 inches, and that of Eve 118 feet 9 3-4 inches. That fraction of an inch is exquisite—there is nothing like minuteness in the particulars of a story. The children of our first parents must have looked like young Bunker Hill monuments.

RIDING.—The eccentric but learned Lord Monboddo, whose theory was that men were originally orang-outangs, rode on horseback till he was eighty, saying that it was a degradation to the dignity of human nature to be dragged at the tail of a horse, instead of riding on his back!

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL.—This unrivalled publication commenced a new volume with the first issue of July. No illustrated paper—not even the London Illustrated News—can compare with it in every point; and the accession to its list, even in this place alone, is evidence of its appreciation by the public. We are rejoiced at the fact, for no gentleman more richly deserves such a testimonial to his pen and his efforts, than M. M. Ballou, Esq., its affable and worthy editor and proprietor.—*Quincy (Mass.) Patriot.*

BUSINESS.—Business all over the country this fall will be excellent. Money is plenty and croakers are scarce. The fact that the country has been ruined fifty or sixty times during this half century—on paper—does not seem to affect its prosperity in the least degree.

MERRIE ENGLAND!—A quarter of a million people in England are at work in the different mines, to whom the fresh air and the light of the sun are scarcely known.

DAGUERREOTYPES, ETC.

We will not venture to say how many daguerreotypists there are in Boston, for we are not in the vein of hunting up statistics, but they are certainly numerous. You can hardly walk two blocks, in the busy part of the city, without coming on a show-case, with its assortment of specimens of heads of the people. If you have seen one of these cases, you have seen all. There is the militia officer, in full regimentals, not colored, but with a little powdered lake on the sash and a little powdered gold on the epaulettes, to make him look the grander. There is the family group, frozen into wax statuary attitudes, and looking very solemn, as if they were assembled for a funeral. There is the fast young man, taken with his hat on and a cigar in his mouth; the belle of the locality, with a vast quantity of plaited hair and plated jewelry, looking supremely killing; and there is the pet baby, a podgy creature, with a hydrocephalic head and dropsical body, and swollen legs incarcerated in barred stockings. There is the intellectual man of the locality, with a tall forehead and piercing eye; and the young poet, a pretty looking fellow, but infinitely conceited. But why enumerate? Each show-case is a little microcosm. It reflects a little world. There is something interesting in the very worst of these daguerreotypes, because there must be something of nature in all of them. Nor are these images the investments of Vanity Fair. It is a vulgar mistake to suppose that every sitter is influenced by personal vanity, and a desire to transmit his features to posterity. In nine cases out of ten, sitters are reluctant, and if the truth were told, a large majority of them sit to gratify the importunity of friends, and obey the call of affection rather than of vanity. These duplicates in the show case are so many love-tokens, all except the fast young man, and who knows but that he was solicited by some ardent admirer, humble follower, or fond ladye-love? Because you and I don't fancy smooth raven-locks dripping with unguents, a beaver worn over one eye, and an immortalized cigar, it does not follow that such may not be the ideal of some dear friend of Cæsar's, male or female. It was the remark of a "celebrated Roman consul," that there was no disputing about tastes, and no man is without friends. The footpad that Don Juan shot in the environs of London sent his ensanguined cravat to "Sal." This young gentleman in the daguerreotype case has his Dulcinea—ay, and there is a touch of romance and poetry gilding his life. He thinks of her he loves when he "runs with the machine," or stakes his last dollar on the prowess of the "game chicken," or the Lancashire slasher. The utmost that can be said is that his notions of glory differ from ours. But the crowd is collecting round the show-case, and we give place to other admirers of the fine arts.

SPECULATING IN PROVISIONS.—How lucky it is for flour speculators that our commonwealth is not the commonwealth of Cromwell. During his time a great scarcity having taken place in a year of plenty, through unjust dealing and monopoly, Oliver, knowing that there was a great plenty of grain in the country, offered a premium of one thousand pounds to him who should bring the largest quantity of grain to market on a certain day; upon which immense quantities were produced; but one man above all the rest produced far the greater quantity. Cromwell immediately ordered him to be paid the reward—and producing a rope, told him he would give him a halter in the bargain, and ordered the monopolizer to be hanged.

A MODERN MARVEL.—The progress of luxury is nowhere better exemplified than in a sea voyage. In speaking of his trip across the Atlantic in a first-class packet-ship, Fay says: "I hear the notes of a piano, the lowing of a cow, the cackle of hens—indeed all the noises of a barnyard." Quite elegant and rural!

THE DIFFERENCE.—He is a bad man who tells a falsehood, but it must be remembered that a good ship will lie-to.

MARRIAGES.

In this city, by Rev. Mr. Streeter, Mr. Benjamin F. Brown to Miss Eliza A. Wentworth; by Rev. Mr. Cilley, Mr. Sullivan B. Harris to Miss Triphena Daily; by Rev. Mr. Parker, Mr. John C. Eveline to Miss Lydia A. Lewis, of Kittery.—At Charlestown, by Rev. Mr. Ellis, Timothy House, Esq., of Newtonville, to Miss C. J. Murdock.—At Cambridge, by Rev. Dr. Lowell, Mr. Charles Wyllys Elliott, of New York, to Miss Mary Green White.—At Lawrence, by George Foster, Esq., of Andover, Mr. Jeremiah Millett to Mrs. Rosannah Freadley.—At New Bedford, by Rev. Mr. Carpenter, Capt. Albert C. Morse, of Edgartown, to Miss Julia W. Howland, of New Bedford.—At Newton Centre, by Rev Mr. Barstow, Dr Israel Smith, of North Brookfield, to Miss Julia Collins, of Newton.—At Lowell, by Mayor Lawrence, Mr. Francis Leibsch, of Boston, to Miss Isadore McDonald.—At Worcester, by Rev. Mr. Jones, Mr. De Witt Clinton Holbrook to Miss Maria Thayer.—At Warren, by Rev. Mr. Jones, of Ware, Mr. Otis Frye, of Ware, to Miss Sarah A. Bond, of West Brookfield.—At Providence, R. I., by Rev. Mr. Leavitt, Mr. Charles S. Whittier, of Charleston, S. C., to Miss Lucy A. Wilbur.—At Warwick, R. I., by Rev. Mr. Willard, Mr John W. A. Greene to Miss Mary Frances Low, of Boston.—At Biddeford, Me., Capt. Tristam Clark to Miss Maria Abbott, of Malden.—At Belfast, Me., Mr. William H. Preston, of Boston, to Miss Melissa A. Moore, of Searsport, Me.

DEATHS.

In this city, John Mico Gannett, Esq., of Walpole, 71; Widow Leah Lillie, 67; Michael Sherlock, Esq., of Eastport, Me., 54; Mrs. Mary Dilloway, 66; Mrs. Susan B. Fitz, 54; Mr. Silas F. Ames, 39; Mr. John H Grush, 71.—At Rainsford Island, Mr. Benjamin Congdon, of Boston, 64.—At East Cambridge, Mrs. Rebecca Logan, 72.—At Auburndale, Miss Margaret P. Burroughs, late of Boston.—At South Reading, Mr. Joseph W. Richards, 25.—At Weymouth, Mr. Benjamin Randall Beal, 22.—At Lincoln, Widow Lucy Wheeler, 99.—At Newburyport, Widow Hannah Chase, 87.—At Lawrence, Mrs. Alice J., wife of Charles Stark Newell, Esq.—At Worcester, Miss Amelia F. Goodridge, 46.—At Needham, Miss Frona P. H. Buck, 18.—At Ipswich, Miss Abby H. Caldwell, 27.—At South Weymouth, Noah Torrey, Esq., 65.—At East Abington, Mr. David Beal, 74.—At New Bedford, Mr. Benjamin Lewis, 83.—At Manchester, Major Hurley Smith, 77.—At Boxford, Mrs. Martha, wife of General Solomon Low, 50.—At Newport R.I., Christopher E. Robbins, Esq., 62.—At New Haven, Conn., Mr. Elisha Dickerman, 87.—At Haddam, Conn., Mr. John Turner, 87.—At Newport, N.H., Hon. Aaron Matton, 85.—At Hudson, N.Y., James Fogg, Esq., of Charlestown, Mass., 40.—At Philadelphia, Professor Adolphe Reinhart, 54.—At Cincinnati, Mrs. Sarah Jane, wife of Mr. Daniel Lakeman, formerly of Newburyport.—At Charleston, S. C., Mrs. Clara P., wife of Wm. P. Gadsden, Esq., formerly of Salem, 21.

EDITORIAL MELANGE.

The Newburyport Herald states that some 5000 volumes have been obtained for the new city library, in that city, and 3000 more are to be added thereto. —— Mr. James A. Cutting, of Boston, has invented a method of taking daguerreotypes upon plates of glass, coated with silver, which are said to be taken in less time, and to have a greater softness and finish than the ordinary daguerreotype. The pictures are called ambrotypes. —— The military company recently organized in Quincy, has taken the name of Hancock Light Guards, in honor of the revolutionary patriot, John Hancock. —— The sea serpent lately turned up in Silver Lake, a sheet of water near Wyoming, N. Y., and having a place in it where soundings have never been obtained, and supposed to be connected with Lakes Erie or Ontario, or the Atlantic Ocean. —— The territory of New Mexico has a population of but 61,000, 50,000 of them descendants of the old Spanish conqueror. Not more than 1200 persons can read. —— A grand barbecue was given at Paris, Bourbon county, Kentucky, to celebrate the completion of the Covington and Lexington Railroad. Paris is 85 miles from Covington. The tables were spread in the grove at the north end of the ground; they were nine in number, and each 160 feet in length. —— Cedar Lawn, the farm of George Washington, Esq., was sold to John R. Flagg, for $15,500—being about $63 25 per acre. This land lies about four miles above Charlestown, on the Winchester Railroad, in Virginia. —— It is said that Z. Williams, one of the English chartists who was banished to Australia, has discovered a bed of *yellow colored coal* in that country, which burns as freely as the best bituminous kinds. In all likelihood this will turn out to be bituminous shale, and may be as valuable as any cannel coal; the discovery was made by accident. —— There are more than twenty vessels constantly taking sand from the mouth of the Merrimack River; it is carried to Boston for building purposes. —— A man at Cleves, Ohio, was lately stung by a locust. The effects are similar to those produced by the bite of a mad dog; the man has fits so violent that it takes five or six men to hold him, and he has bitten his tongue into strings. —— Mrs. C. N. Sinclair (Forrest) has given up the management of the Metropolitan Theatre, San Francisco, and has commenced a starring campaign. —— Mr. Hinds, of Ohio, formerly of New York, has recently constructed a compound microscope, which, for magnifying power, is not equalled by any in the world. In 1851, he constructed a microscope capable of magnifying objects 17,000,000 times; the one just completed has a diamond lens with a power surpassing by nearly 2,000,000 that of 1851. —— It is estimated that over one thousand families have settled in the Huron district, bordering on Lake Huron, since last fall. A great number of them are from New York State. —— The Mobile Tribune says that in November, 1848, a gentleman in Baldwin mailed a letter to a grocery house in that city. It was never received or heard of until last week, when it came exactly to its destination, after an absence of nearly seven years! It would be pleasant to hear that letter give an account of its travels during that period. —— The North Adams Transcript says that two gangs of hands are employed upon the Hoosac tunnel in that town, and work goes on merrily night and day. —— Mr. Francis G. Shaw, of Boston, the translator of "Consuelo" and other of George Sand's novels, recently returned from Europe with his family, and will hereafter reside on Staten Island, where he is building a villa. Such "picked men of countries" as Mr. Shaw, who have been endowed liberally by nature and fortune, are an acquisition to our social resources. —— A new Sunday law has been passed in St. Louis, Missouri, by which all stores may be kept open the whole of Sunday, except places for the sale of liquors, which must be closed from 9 A. M. until 4 P. M. —— The Pittsburg Gazette says:—"Taking the shipment of 1854 as the basis of calculation, we are within bounds when we affirm that we mine, for all purposes, twenty-five millions of bushels of coal per annum, which is equal to one million of dollars." —— A party of Hollanders, who bring with them from their fatherland great experience in dyking and draining, have set about reclaiming the body of salt marsh lying between Newark and Jersey City, New Jersey.

CONSUMPTION.—Sir James Clark, physician to Queen Victoria, in an able work on consumption, laments the want of success of the profession in curing that disease. The records of medicine, he says, afford too strong proof of the truth of this statement, for it may be fairly questioned whether the proportion of cures of confirmed consumption is greater at the present day than two thousand years ago; and, although the public may continue to be duped, no essential progress has been made, or can be made in the cure of consumption, until the disease is treated on different principles from what it hitherto has been.

CLASSIC.—The United States Medical Association intend contributing a block to the Washington Monument; and it is proposed that a representation of Hippocrates refusing the bribe be put upon it. Hippocrates, on being sent for by the king of Persia to be the court physician, replied back, "Tell your master that I am rich enough; that honor will not permit me to succor the enemies of Greece."

A BARBECUE.—Old Howqua, a rich China merchant, not being able to find a burying place to suit him, saved the bodies of his deceased wives until he had forty of them, when he purchased ground and buried twenty of them at one funeral—giving a great feast, at which one hundred hogs were roasted.

STATE PRISON.—There are 473 convicts in the State Prison at Charlestown. There is but one patient in the hospital, and that a case of pulmonary consumption.

Wayside Gatherings.

Large sharks have lately been seen in Gloucester harbor.

A young man was rescued from drowning at Rondout, by an English bull-dog.

A New Yorker eloped, a day or two ago, with a young lady from Richmond, Va.

Real estate is said to have risen an average of 10 per cent. in the suburbs of Boston.

Ship-building in New York is said to be improving, after a dull period of six months.

It is expected that by June, 1858, New York will be connected by telegraph lines with all the great capitals of the world.

The United States bank is to wind up its affairs on the 20th of September, fourteen years from its final collapse.

Leavenworth, the wounded duellist, is recovering near Niagara. The leg in which he was shot will be shortened about one inch.

Ike Marvel (Donald G. Mitchell) has purchased the "Lloyd Place," near Westville, two miles from New Haven, Connecticut, for a residence.

The New York Canal Commissioners will make a further loan of a million and a quarter of dollars for the enlargement, soon after the 30th of September.

Mr. Parkinson had his left leg cut off at the ankle by his reaping machine, by the side of which he was walking, to point out obstructions to the driver.

The scuppaug fishery of Narragansett and Mount Hope Bay has been ruined by the practice of seining them in large quantities—so that an amateur can scarcely catch a mess.

In New York, the aldermen get $4 per day as legislators, $4 as excisemen, and $2 as supervisors; and the hack hire for the city council is about $10,000 annually.

A fellow was taken before Judge Flinn of the Cincinnati Criminal Court, for assault and battery. He plead guilty, but the jury considered him unworthy of belief, and he was acquitted.

A Cincinnati house is about to publish the record of all the steamboat disasters that have occurred on the Western waters during the last forty years. By these disasters 100,000 lives have been lost.

John Lindley, Jr., purchased forty acres of prairie land, six miles from Bloomington, Illinois, broke it up, and put it all in fall wheat. Upon this, he raised this year 1110 bushels of the first quality.

Mr. Josiah Hall, of South Walpole, died on Sunday, the 15th ult. Mr. Hall was born in Walpole, December 26, 1753, and at the time of his decease had reached the ripe old age of 101 years, six months and twenty days.

Gravestones are now being prepared, with daguerreotypes of the deceased set in marble. The idea, says a New Hampshire paper, is poetic, and if generally adopted, would make living galleries, through which the eye would delight to wander.

Tom Paddock, the great English prize fighter, recently fought 61 rounds with one Aaron Jones, for a wager of $500, and was declared the victor though horribly pounded. It was nearly an equal match.

The government of Rome has made an annual appropriation of $10,000 for the encouragement of tree planting in the Papal States. Premiums are offered to all who will plant trees on their own property, under the inspection of the officers in their district.

At a late Sabbath-school celebration in Brooklyn, the lady of the Rev. Dr. Bethune, being an invalid, and unable to join in the services, invited the scholars of a mission school, supported by Dr. Bethune's church, and numbering two hundred, to visit her at her house, and presented each one with a beautiful book.

A huge granary is being built by the Illinois Central Railroad Company. It is to be 200 feet long by 190 in width, and over 100 feet high from the ground. About 2,000,000 Milwaukee bricks will be used in its construction. Its capacity will be about 700,000 bushels of grain.

Catherine Hayes, the Irish vocalist, gave her first concert at Singapore, in the East Indies, on the 16th of March last. She has now travelled Europe, America, Australia and India, making a wider circuit than any other vocalist of her powers and fame ever did before.

The New Orleans firemen have just received a steam fire engine to aid them in their work of extinguishing fires. They are a tolerably industrious body of men, but they do not think it necessary to waste labor when it can be more satisfactorily performed by a machine; they prefer to be more useful in other services.

Rev. Dr. Wolff, the eccentric ex-missionary, who was lately tried on a charge of Puseyite tendencies, has written a letter declaring that Great Britain has degraded herself in waging war against "the most excellent, generous, civilization and freedom and religious liberty loving emperor of Russia," whom he hopes to see among the glorified saints in heaven.

The Berkshire Agricultural Society proposes to purchase thirty acres of land about a mile north of Pittsfield, at an expense of $2250, and erect thereon a large and substantial, though cheap building suited to the purposes of the society, and prepare a course for testing the strength of oxen and the speed of horses; the building and fixtures will cost $3000.

A Mormon has been convinced of his error by the tracts of the London Religious Tract Society, and has been the means of causing more than one hundred persons, through the tracts against Mormonism, to renounce the above belief; and this had so weakened them, that they have been obliged to give up two of their places of meeting.

The Janesville Standard says it learns that Mayberry, the man who was hung the other day by a mob, after being convicted of murder, a few moments before he was suspended, and while the fatal noose was being adjusted, made the following confession: "I did kill Alger. I have killed two other men in my life, and kill me as quick as you can."

Professor Richardson, principal of the Female Seminary at Freehold, N. J., while superintending some arrangements for giving an exhibition, stooped down over a place where a carpenter was boring a hole, and just at that instant the auger came up through the floor and tore away one of his eyes. Mr. Richardson had previously lost the other eye, so that now he is blind.

Two young gentlemen who were bathing in the Miami River, at Dayton, perceived a scamp running off with their clothes. They instantly swam ashore and gave chase, but without success; and they were compelled to betake themselves to aquatic sports until the evening was far enough advanced to enable them to gain their boarding-house unperceived. This feat they accomplished about midnight, after some unpleasant encounters with mosquitoes and dogs.

Foreign Items.

Diplomatic relations with Sardinia are about to be completed by the Porte, in consideration of the assistance which King Victor Emanuel has given to the cause of Turkey and her allies.

The local journals of Scinde continue to agitate the question of the establishment of a direct line of steam communication between the port of Kurrachee (one of the termini of the Scinde railway) and Suez or Aden.

At a recent meeting of English contributors to the New York Exhibition of 1854, it was stated that no exhibitor present had received any order from America in consequence of the exhibition, or sold any article contributed.

The Prussian government is looking well to its arms. Orders have been given to convert as speedily as possible, 280,000 weapons of the old system into Minié rifles. As soon as this is accomplished, 600,000 others are to be altered after the same fashion.

M. David, of Angers, is at work upon a monument to that immortal apostle of science, Arago. On a sarcophagus of a very simple form, ornamented with crowns of laurel intended to enclose the titles of Arago's principal works, will be placed his statue, cast in bronze.

Another abortive experiment with steamers is the attempt of a Frenchman to condense steam by passing it over ether. A great ship upon the Mediterranean made nine knots an hour in this way, but the saving of coal must be balanced by the offensive odor and the impossibility of a high rate of speed.

A faithful dog, belonging to the coachman of a banker, in Rome, recently picked up a package in the street, which proved to contain four diamond studs, presented by Queen Victoria to one of the officers of her house, on a visit to that city, for the recovery of which he had offered eighty dollars reward.

A grand cavalcade of the students of the University of Leyden has recently taken place, on the occasion of the two hundred and eightieth anniversary of the foundation of that establishment. The town wore all the appearance of a *fête*, and the cavalcade was remarkable for its historical correctness, and for the richness of the costumes.

Sands of Gold.

.... Liberty and folly can never live together.—*Epictetus.*

.... There is good luck in every man's life, but also good management.—*St. Marc Girardin.*

.... Life is a sleep. Old men are those who have slept the longest: they only begin to waken when it is time to die.—*La Bruyere.*

.... It is never permissible to degrade the human soul for the advantage of others, nor to make a villain for the service of honest people.—*Rousseau.*

.... Cato, the Thessalian, was wont to say, that some things may be done unjustly, that many things may be done justly.—*Lord Bacon.*

.... There are some who feel more pride in sealing a letter with the head of Homer, than even that blind old bard did in reciting his Iliad.—*Hazlitt.*

.... The justice of God has its dawn on the earth and its noon in heaven; but what I see of the dawn is enough to tell me of the sun.—*St. Marc Girardin.*

.... Poets choose mistresses who have the fewest charms, that they may make something out of nothing. They succeed best in fiction, and they apply this rule to love.—*Hazlitt.*

.... Physiognomy unites hearts; it alone forms intimate and lasting connexions; and friendship, that heavenly sentiment, has no foundation more solid.—*Lavater.*

.... Both Voltaire and Scott depend, not only on the quality but the quantity of their productions for their fame. When the public were crying out that the author of Waverly was writing too much and too fast, they did not perceive that even his bad works contributed to swell the sum of his glory, by proving the fertility of his genius.—*Bulwer.*

.... The Russians are poor, and it is necessary for them to conquer. When I am dead and gone, my memory will be esteemed, and I shall be revered in consequence of having foreseen and endeavored to put a stop to that which is yet to take place. It will be revered when the barbarians of the north will possess Europe, which would not have happened had it not been for you English.—*Napoleon at St. Helena.*

Joker's Budget.

There is a family in Ohio so lazy that it takes two of them to sneeze—one to throw the head back and the other to make the noise.

"Tom, I hear you are going south to reside." "Yes; going to Florida." "Well, I advise you to get into a town where there are no buckets, for when I was in that region every other man was kicking the bucket."

Egan, in addressing a jury, having exhausted every ordinary epithet of abuse, stopped for a word, and then added, "this *naufrageous* ruffian." When afterwards asked by his friends the meaning of the word, he confessed he did not know, but said, "he thought it sounded well."

During the May anniversaries in New York, the following dialogue was overheard between two newsboys. "I say, Jim, what's the meaning of so many ministers being here all together?" "Why," answered Jim, scornfully, "they always meets once a year to exchange sermons with each other."

A gentleman crossing a narrow bridge, said to a countryman whom he met: "I think this narrow causeway must be very dangerous, my honest friend; pray, are not people lost here sometimes?" "Lost! no, sir, I never knew anybody lost here in my life; there were several drowned, but they were all found again."

A farmer was speaking of the great qualities and good education of his son, to a neighbor; relating how many books he had read through, how many schools he had attended, etc. "Yes," said the neighbor, "he is like a great calf which I have got, which sucks the milk from three cows; I find the *more* milk he gets the *greater calf* he is."

The "pote" of the Detroit Advertiser, in a "pome" admirable for its strength, but of no great length, thus daguerreotypes Louisville:

> "This town does very curious seem,
> For boys run loose at random.
> And when folks want a splendid team,
> They hitch two jackasses before a dray, and get a big nigger with a red shirt on, up behind to drive 'em tandem."

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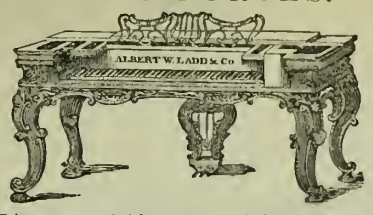

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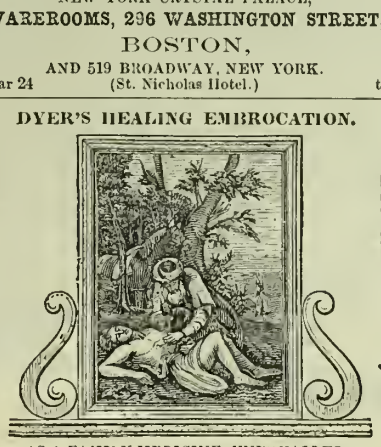

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MERCHANTS' EXCHANGE,
TORONTO, CANADA.

This elegant building will be one of the finest architectural ornaments of the city in which it is located. The design, as shown in our engraving, reflects the highest credit on the taste and ability of J. Grand, Esq., under whose superintendence it is built. The location is on Wellington Street, the site formerly occupied by the post-office. The following architectural description, giving the dimensions of the whole and parts of the building, read in connection with our engraving, will furnish our friends with an accurate conception of the structure. The building will have two frontages—that on Wellington Street of 54 feet, and that on Berezy Street of 140 feet—and will consist of basement, ground, first and second floors. It will be entered from Wellington Street by a flight of steps under a receding portico of the Grecian Doric order, leading to a spacious landing, communicating directly on either side with rooms intended for telegraph offices, being accessible at all hours without entering the main building. In the centre of the landing is the principal entrance, 8 feet wide, leading to a corridor, 130 feet long, 12 feet wide, by 15 feet in height, communicating on either side with a range of first-class offices. At the distance of 12 feet from the entrance, are two grand staircases, one on each side, which lead directly to the upper corridor and reading room—a spacious apartment of 50 feet long by 20 feet wide, well lighted by seven large windows on Wellington and Berezy Streets. At the distance of 70 feet from the main entrance on Wellington Street, is an attached portico of two stories—the lower of which is of the Doric order, and the upper of the Ionic. The centre of this portico will have a principal entrance, 12 feet wide, into the corridor, and on either side inferior entrances to the basement and refreshment rooms. From this principal entrance, there will be two flights of steps of 24 feet wide, leading direct to the upper corridor before mentioned, merchants' exchange room, millers' association rooms, brokers' offices, committee room, and eight private offices. The "Exchange" will be 50 feet by 30, of an oval form, by a height of about 40 feet, and lighted by a circular ornamental glass dome. From this floor there will be three staircases leading to the corridor on the second floor; the arrangement of private offices on this floor being similar to that of the first floor. At the north end of the corridor will be the entrance to a handsome gallery surrounding the inner wall of the "Exchange," and communicating therefrom with private offices, committee rooms, and a suite of rooms set apart for the meetings of the Board of Trade. The basement is approached by four entrances (two on Wellington Street, and two on Berezy Street), and will be occupied as a refreshment saloon, with bathrooms, barber's shop, private offices, and housekeeper's rooms. Each floor will have two water-closets and other conveniences, always thoroughly supplied with water from cisterns holding in the aggregate three thousand gallons of water. The public portions of the building will be heated by furnaces; and each corridor will have two hydrants and hose, which, in case of fire, can be attached and brought to bear upon any part of the building. Each office will have a fire-proof vault; water led on to supply a wash-hand basin in each room, and water-pipes to carry foul water away; and will also be furnished with gas-pipes. The building will cover an area of nearly 8000 superficial feet, and will be composed of a rusticated basement, 20 feet high, on each side of the portico, supporting the cornice, which is surmounted by Ionic pilasters and entablature, finished on the top by balustrading, the piers at each end ornamented with vases, and the centre with the royal arms.

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CROSSING THE ATLANTIC.

Our engraving represents the magnificent American mail steamship Baltic, one of the favorite boats of the Collins line, commanded by Captain Comstock, as gallant a seaman as ever trod a deck, on her outward passage from New York to Liverpool. The angry sky, with the black clouds stooping down to the horizon on one side, and on the other threatening windgaws streaking the face of heaven, the ocean heaving up its masses of agitated water, are calculated to give a landsman very uncomfortable ideas of the pleasures of a trip to Europe. But the gallant steamer, as staunch and strong and safe as she is beautiful, cleaves her way through the mountain billows right in the teeth of the keen blast. She has now, like the other boats of the line, been thoroughly tested by several seasons of winter service, and has proved herself seaworthy in every respect. The boats of this line are noble specimens of American skill, enterprise and liberality, and have extended the reputation of our builders and mechanics.

U. S. STEAMER BALTIC CROSSING THE ATLANTIC.

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL

M. M. BALLOU, { CORNER OF TREMONT AND BROMFIELD STS. BOSTON, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 1, 1855. $3,00 PER ANNUM. 6 CENTS SINGLE. } VOL. IX., No. 9.—WHOLE No. 217.

BLACKSTONE SQUARE.

This elegant square, situated on the northwest side of Washington Street, just above Canton Street, corresponds to Franklin Square upon the other side, and serves as a type of the style of construction which is rendering the south end of our city what upper New York is to the older portions of that great metropolis. Our artist has sketched it with great accuracy, and the engraver has done justice to his delineation. The spot will be recognized at a glance by those familiar with the city. We are glad that so elegant a locality has received, and will transmit to posterity the memory of that gentleman and scholar—the "oldest inhabitant" of Boston—the Rev. William Blackstone, whose "farm" we now occupy. No portion of the town has undergone so rapid a change for the better within a few years, as the south part of the city. Until within a very few years, the southerly entrance to Boston was the least inviting of its avenues, though sufficiently commodious. Roxbury was thinly peopled, and from the line a succession of houses, mostly standing end to the street, and few and far between, reached down to South Boston Bridge. Many of these houses, however, were handsome mansions in the old-fashioned style. But then there was the great discouraging waste of flats behind these houses, and that mournful and inodorous Lake Asphaltites—Back Bay, with its mud, its creeks, its mud-larking boys, and its occasionally good shooting during an easterly turn in September and October. Cockney sportsmen and truant urchins regret deeply the improvement of this locality; the Back Bay was a sort of Alsatia—a refuge of the free companions of the town. But by-and-by, the good people of Boston found that they wanted more room, more houses and streets; and as there was little land to build upon, like the industrious Dutch of Europe, they set to work and made it. It can hardly be said that the manufacture of territory is a Yankee invention, but it is carried on with true Yankee perseverance and energy. Acre after acre has been rapidly added to the city domain, and a vast tract, recently all unstable quagmire, is now solid ground, supporting splendid church edifices and ranges of palatial residences. The founders of the good old town of Boston never dreamed that it would one day become the second commercial city of a great empire, and their modesty and want of foresight has caused us a great deal of inconvenience. Narrow, curved, intricate streets—Washington Street is a mere ribbon as to width—prodigious hills to climb and descend, these are the topographical features of the old part of the city. But the improvements commenced and carried out so energetically at the south end were based on more liberal views. The rectangular system was adopted in laying out the streets and avenues, and the former were made wide enough for the easy circulation of the great tide of travel flowing through them. Moreover, the health of the residents is secured by the laying out of such great squares as that before us. In another century, when a dense population shall cover all that space which lies between Roxbury and the Common, the wisdom of this liberality will be properly and fully estimated—as the priceless heritage of the Common is gratefully appreciated by us, instead of being regarded merely in the light of a cow pasture and training-field, as it was by our predecessors. Such breathing-holes in our large cities are as necessary as auxiliaries to the public health and comfort, as they are ornamental to the localities where they are placed.

BLACKSTONE SQUARE, BOSTON

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE DUCAL CORONET:

—OR,—

THE HEIR AND THE USURPER.

A ROMANCE OF ITALY IN THE 16TH CENTURY.

BY ARTHUR MORTON, A. M.

[CONCLUDED.]

CHAPTER XX.—[CONTINUED.]

"Away, vassal!" cried the duke, "and do thine errand."

The jester did not wait a second bidding, but retired from the hall, forgetting, in his indignation, the ceremonial etiquette of backing out of the august presence. A dead silence followed his departure, during which an uneasy feeling reigned. The threats of the Duke of Milan were more dreaded at that moment than the anger of the ruler of Parma. The latter, after his passion had subsided, also became a prey to vague fears of the result. Yet he concealed his agitation, as well as he might, from the prying eyes of his courtiers. Beckoning the page to him, he whispered an order. A sinister smile wreathed the lips of Zelie, as, glancing malignantly at the princess, she retired to obey the order. After a very few minutes of painful and breathless suspense, Zelie reappeared, conducting the Lady Estella.

The duke beckoned an officer of the guard towards him.

"Take this lady," he said, "to the ramparts where Ferrado holds watch and ward. Deliver her into his hands, and tell him to treat her for the present with all courtesy and respect; but, should Milan dare to loose an arrow flight against the walls, or advance a column to the assault, tell him to fling her from the battlements at the foot of the advancing enemy. He has been warned of the consequences; he shall see that we can keep our word."

Such savage commands and deeds were then not unusual in warfare, and the soldier accordingly accepted his mission as readily as an officer of our day would undertake to repel an advance by a battery. But while Estella clasped her hands in speechless agony, the princess rushed forward and threw herself at her father's feet, and clasped his knees.

"Father," said she, "you will not do this wrong; you will not make a guileless girl the victim of your hate and fear. I conjure you to remember your honor in this crisis."

"Rise, girl," said the prince, with a frown. "Respect your own rank, if you have no respect for mine. Think you the Duke of Milan will spare age or sex should his ruffians carry the defences and enter the city. Neither will I spare any attempt to check him. Your prayers are in vain. Retire to your apartment, and leave affairs of state to those who understand them."

"Father, a word from me might arrest the threatened danger. Were the Prince Giulio here—"

"He should die the death of a traitor by the quick edge of the axe," said the duke, furiously. "You shall see how I will deal with him."

The princess rose to her feet and shrunk with horror from the side of her evil parent. Folding Estella in her arms, she whispered:

"Fear nothing. Montaldo is a noble nature. He will not harm you for worlds. Blinded by passion, the duke forgets to whom he is committing you."

Estella warmly returned the embrace of her friend, and committed herself to the kind care of Providence, and while she was being led away by her attendants, the princess retired to her apartments to meditate upon the best course to be pursued in the existing circumstances.

CHAPTER XXI.

FERRADO AND ESTELLA.

ESTELLA, conducted by the officer to whose charge she had been committed, now followed his guidance down the winding stairs of the palace out into the court-yard. Here, in a few moments, a hand-litter was prepared for her, into which she was courteously handed. A few guards then surrounded the conveyance, and the little procession set forward. Arrived at the foot of the walls, the litter halted and she was assisted to alight, and the duke's officer led her through a narrow doorway and up a staircase constructed in the thickness of the wall, from the top of which they emerged upon the broad rampart. Montaldo, apprised of an order from the duke, advanced to receive the messenger.

"I am ordered to commit to your safe keeping, signor commandant," said the officer, speaking in a low tone, "the person of this lady—the sister of the Prince Giulio. The duke commands you to treat her with all courtesy; but, the moment a demonstration is made against the city, to fling her from the battlements at the feet of the invader."

Ferrado had great difficulty to command his emotions, so as to frame a suitable reply. At last he said:

"I thank my noble master for the confidence he reposes in me. Go back to the duke, and tell him that Ferrado Montaldo will comport himself like a soldier and a gentleman of honor."

The officer bowed low and retired. Estella and Montaldo stood alone upon the rampart.

"Lady," said Ferrado, "I little thought we should meet so soon again, and in this—of all places."

"And under such circumstances," said Estella.

"You are aware of the orders I have received from the duke?" said Montaldo, coldly.

"He was so cruel as to give them in my hearing," replied Estella, shuddering.

"As a soldier, holding a high commission from the duke, with all the consideration and emoluments appertaining to the rank," said Ferrado, "I have no choice but blind obedience to his commands. As such, were he to command me to slay my own father I should be compelled to obey him. Such is military loyalty in a despotic state."

"But the princess told me that I could confide in you," said Estella, shuddering at the cold, inflexible tone of the commander; "that you would not betray me."

"Can I betray my prince?"

Estella was silent.

"Come hither, maiden," said Montaldo. "Give me thy hand. Nay, shrink not—the hour of sacrifice has not yet arrived. Now come with me."

Estella placed her trembling hand in the mailed glove of her late lover—now her executioner, and submitted to his guidance. He led her to the edge of the wall, and holding her hand firmly, bade her look downward. The wall rose perpendicularly fifty feet from the edge of the moat, at the brink of which lay a pile of jagged rocks.

"Light as your person is," said Montaldo, "do you not think it would fall heavily upon those cruel rocks?"

"It is death to think of it," said the shuddering girl.

"Come away then, quickly," said Montaldo. "There is a strange, wild fascination in gazing from these dizzy, unfenced heights. The tempter is close at hand at such times, whispering in the ear of mortals, as reason reels upon her throne, that it is glorious to plunge into the abyss. Methinks it were the best ending of our trials, clasped in a fond embrace to spring into the yawning gulf."

"Come away, Montaldo!" said Estella, shuddering at the wild fancy of her companion.

They had been seen by the army of Milan, which had advanced close to the walls, and the duke had recognized the white dress of the lady. A fierce shout of angry menace rose from the ranks.

"We are observed," said Montaldo, calmly. "Let us retire behind this turret."

When they were screened from the observation of the enemy, the feelings which Montaldo had struggled to repress, burst forth. He seized the hands of Estella, pressed them convulsively to his lips, and covered them with kisses.

"Did you think for a moment, dearest," he exclaimed, "that I could harm a hair of your head! Did you think that I could behold those delicate limbs dashed to atoms on the ruthless rocks—that I could murder my own love, and slay my own heart? Estella! Estella! my own love—you are safe and free. We must part—but remember that your Ferrado loves you better than life and liberty—and that he surrendered both to secure them both to you."

"What mean you, Ferrado?" asked the lady, as she caressed his steel gauntlet with her dainty fingers.

"No matter—question me not. Your life—my honor are safe. But time presses; the duke may find other hirelings less scrupulous than myself. Bide here but a moment, and I will rejoin you."

Estella was indeed left alone but a very few moments. Ferrado soon rejoined her, and conducted her to the foot of the wall, where a saddle-horse awaited her, upon which he seated her tenderly and carefully. Then, mounting his own horse at her side, and accompanied by a trumpeter and half a dozen cavaliers, he led the way to the gate already open, across the sounding drawbridge, and directly towards the enemy's lines. The presence of a lady of course showed the pacific character of the party, and as they advanced, the Duke of Milan himself rode forth to meet them. Ferrado saluted the duke, and his salutation was answered by cold courtesy.

"My lord," said Ferrado, "I surrender to your grace's charge, the Lady Estella, sister of Prince Giulio."

"Ha! this is well!" said the duke. "Parma is coming to his senses. I thought he dared not execute his menaces. But Prince Giulio?"

"I have nothing further to communicate," said Ferrado, coldly.

"Then prepare for the assault," said the duke.

"We are ready to meet it," answered Ferrado.

Dismounting from his charger, he lifted Estella from her saddle, and breathed in her ear a passionate farewell. Springing on his horse again and saluting the duke, he wheeled his charger, and with his party rode back into the city. Dismissing his men to their several posts, he then dashed his rowels into his horse's flanks and rode furiously to the ducal palace, where, flinging his rein to a groom and bounding to the ground, he pushed through the astonished guards and attendants, and rushed into the presence of the duke.

"What news, Ferrado?" asked the duke, startled by his sudden appearance.

"Nothing new has chanced—but the Duke of Milan has ordered the assault."

"Ha! then you know the first step of revenge. The Lady Estella is in your hands."

"You are mistaken," said Montaldo, frowning.

"How!" cried the duke, alarmed, "where is she?"

"In the camp of Milan—safe from harm, thank Heaven!"

"You mean not what you say," cried the duke, springing to his feet.

"This moment I surrendered her to the safe keeping of the Duke of Milan. And now, Duke of Parma, hear me. I am no longer soldier of yours. Take back the commission you bestowed on me—I will not have it. This sword I thought would carve out honor for me—there it lies!" and he flung the weapon at the feet of the duke. "Here are the spurs of knighthood you bestowed on me." He tore them from his heels and spurned them from him. "There is my casque," he said, flinging down his plumed helmet on the floor. "Now do with me what you will. Chains—death—are better than your service."

"Traitor!" cried the duke.

"Thou art the traitor!" retorted Ferrado. "Traitor to the laws of honor—traitor to the laws of blood. To preserve your miserable life and wretched state, you would shed the same blood that flows in your own veins, diluted, turned to venom though it be, in the transmission."

"I will hear no more," cried the duke. "Guards! advance and seize the prisoner."

"I thank your grace," said Ferrado. "This—this is truly honor. Disgrace and imprisonment at this court are proofs of honesty and merit. But look well to the walls, my liege—send some one to supply my place—time presses. As gallant a leader and as brave an army as ever rushed to the assault of citadel, are at this moment sweeping forward. Their cry is 'Giulio or vengeance!'"

"You shall not live to witness their triumph."

"I care not for life. It is enough that I know you cannot escape punishment."

With these words of defiance on his lips, Ferrado, in the grasp of the guards, was dragged away to the prison.

CHAPTER XXII.

THE DUKE OF PARMA ON THE ALERT.

To replace Ferrado, the duke detailed another officer of rank, by name Antonio Ferretti, who was ordered to take charge of the troops, and to answer for their holding out to the last at the peril of his head. This duty performed, the duke dismissed his court, reserving a small, personal guard. Having given some instructions to these men, he led them by a passage formerly spoken of, to the vicinity of the astrologer's apartment, where they were silently halted, while he alone entered.

The astrologer rose calmly to receive his illustrious visitor. The duke, on the other hand, assumed a cheerful, confident air, which was far from representing the poignant anxiety and the racking doubts of his guilty heart.

When they were both seated, for Magnus had permission to seat himself in the ducal presence, his grace opened the conversation.

"Well, Magnus, hast thou merited my bounty by scanning the aspect of my fortunes lately—and how do they appear to you?"

"Bright—radiant—glorious—my lord," replied the astrologer.

"No clouds to obscure them?" asked the duke, carelessly.

"Specs, flaws, but no clouds," replied the astrologer, in a tone of confidence.

"That is well," said the duke, smiling. "I have to thank you for the speedy effect of your potion on Giulio. He is dead."

"No need to inform me of aught, my lord, save for the sake of comment," said the astrologer, "for in my magic mirror I read all that has passed, all that passes, and all that will come to pass."

As he spoke, he carelessly touched a small hand-mirror that lay upon his table.

"May I not look upon it?" asked the duke.

"Surely," replied the astrologer. "Yet to your unlearned eye, it will only give back the image of your own countenance. Second-sight is an especial gift of Heaven."

"Well then, venerable sage, cast thine eyes upon the wonderful plate, and tell me what thou seest therein. I would know the position of Ferrado Montaldo at this moment."

The astrologer gazed intently on the mirror.

"There are clouds here," he muttered. "Now they open like drapery folded back from a picture. I see a line of wall, a proud banner displayed, a warrior on the rampart marshalling his troops—I recognize the face, it is Ferrado Montaldo. He is at his post, your grace."

"It is well," said the duke, smothering his rising passion. "Now look again, and tell me where is the Lady Estella."

"I see," said the astrologer, consulting his mirror again, "I see the interior of the princess's apartment. Estella is seated there beside her."

"Wonderful magician!" cried the duke. "Methinks, inspired by your presence, I too am gifted with this wonderful vision and with a prophetic spirit. Give me the mirror!" He took it in his hand and gazed on its polished surface intently. Then starting back: "What do I behold? Another holds the place of Ferrado on the outer wall; I see Montaldo in a dungeon—the Lady Estella free!"

"My lord," said the astrologer, with a trembling voice, "the evil spirits are deceiving thee."

"The evil spirit that has deceived me is before me!" exclaimed the duke, springing to his feet, and dashing the mirror to atoms on the floor. "Lo! as I crush these atoms under foot, so do I spurn thy trickeries, thou false, unblushing knave. Too long have you ruled my spirit unquestioned and undoubted. You promised me good fortune, and the dark hour is upon me. You counselled me to evil, and pretended to aid me, yet all the schemes I have undertaken at your bidding have failed—and I have become poor, while my wealth has flowed into your coffers. I have now detected you, and you shall pay the penalty of your long imposture. Soldiers! arrest this man."

At the duke's call, the guard without rushed in and advanced upon the charlatan.

"Back, knaves!" said the astrologer, rising to his loftiest height, and extending his arm. "Touch me at your peril. At

a word of mine, an earthquake would shake this tower to its foundations, and bury you all in its ruins. For me, I am invulnerable. The mortal hand that seeks to grasp me will be palsied, and mortal weapons are powerless against my charmed life."

The cunning astrologer reckoned on the superstitious character of the persons he addressed. They had advanced without hesitation at the bidding of their master, but they now shrank back, as if a blighting spell were upon them, and whispered moodily among themselves.

"Am I to be obeyed, or not?" cried the duke, stamping his feet.

"Against mortal foe we would not hesitate," said one of the men, a German, crossing himself. "But we cannot war against fiends in human shape."

"Fools! cowards!" cried the duke, foaming with passion. "I will show you that he is mortal like yourselves."

And with these words he unsheathed his sword, but as he levelled its point at the breast of the astrologer, and drew back his arm to give full force to his meditated stroke, a figure rushed swiftly between him and his intended victim. It was the astrologer's daughter.

"Selim!" cried the duke, for she still wore her page's dress—"what mean you?"

"To protect my father's life, even at the hazard of my own. Fear nothing, dear father. Even the Duke of Parma dare not strike thee through a woman's heart."

"A woman!" said the duke, lowering his weapon. After a moment's pause, he added: "You are both my prisoners. Are you armed?"

Zelie contemptuously tossed a poignard at the feet of the duke.

"Had I arrived too late," she said, "I would have buried that weapon to the hilt in your false heart."

The duke shuddered as he looked back at the danger from which he had escaped.

"Guard the prisoners!" were his orders to the soldiers, who no longer hesitated to close round them, "and follow me."

He then led the way down the staircase and into the prison, Zelie clinging convulsively to the arm of her father, whose head was bowed upon his breast in the most abject dejection.

At the entrance of the prison, Matteo, the jailer, lay coiled up like a huge snake on his bench, but sprang to his feet at the duke's summons, and admitted the train.

"More traitors for your safe keeping, faithful Matteo," said the duke, with an affable smile.

The brutal jailer grinned, as he surveyed the persons designated.

"A detected charlatan and his daughter," said the duke.

"I have but one favor to solicit," said the astrologer. "Let us be confined in one cell."

"So be it," said the duke. "Lead on, Matteo."

The jailer led the way to a cell into which Magnus and his daughter were thrust, and the door locked upon them.

"Now," said the duke, "answer me one question, and fear not to reply. Where is Prince Giulio?"

"My lord, he has escaped."

"And you did not inform me of it!"

"My lord!" cried the jailer, falling on his knees, "he was set at liberty by your grace's daughter. How could I refuse obedience to her commands, when you have ever told me that she bore equal sway with yourself, and when she showed your grace's signet-ring!"

"Rise, my good fellow, rise!" said the duke. "Perhaps it is as well that the prince is free. We will waste no more words upon the matter. But, my good Matteo, I have another prisoner for you. This villain was a man I trusted, and he betrayed my confidence. I am determined to make a signal example of him; and I would hold him securely till the hour of execution comes."

"Another execution!" said the jailer, rubbing his hands exultingly, "and will your grace permit me to act as executioner?"

"That can hardly be, my friend," said the duke, smiling. "I have arranged that office for another."

"As your grace pleases," said the jailer, with a change of countenance.

"Now, my good fellow—though I have no fear that you will suffer another prisoner to escape, for I have revoked all the authority ever committed to my daughter, still I wish to know that this wretch is confined in the very strongest dungeon."

"I will show your grace one that is secure as the grave," answered the jailer, "if you will follow me."

The duke motioned him to proceed, and still attended by his guard, advanced along the corridor, till the guide halted at a massive door, and unlocked and opened it. The duke looked in and saw a narrow cell with a single barred window.

Are you sure those bars are strong—that they are not rusted?"

"Ay, my lord, I have examined them but lately."

"Let me see you try their strength again," said the duke. "Leave your keys with me."

The jailer handed him the keys, while he went into the cell to show the duke how solid were the bars. When he had reached the farther part of the dungeon, the duke closed the door upon him and locked it.

"One traitor is secured," he said, exultingly.

Then he handed the keys to one of the soldiers, the same man who had spoken for his comrades in the astrologer's apartment.

"Carlo," said he, "I make you jailer in place of that false villain, with princely pay, if you serve me well—instant death, if you falter in your task. My eye will be upon you. Admit no one to the prisoners except on an order from my lips. They are all conspiring against me," he muttered to himself, "but my courage rises with the emergency. The ducal coronet is a prize worth fighting for—if I lose that, I lose all."

And followed by his guards, he returned to the palace.

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE STORM OF THE CITY.—FINAL EVENTS.

We will now return to the camp of the Duke of Milan, who, it will be remembered, received the Lady Estella from the hands of Ferrado Montaldo. She was conducted to a tent hastily vacated and prepared for her reception, where the duke courteously bade her to repose until such time as she felt inclined to ride to Milan, as he said a rude camp was no place for even a day's sojourn of a delicate lady.

"Pardon me, my lord, the presence of these gallant men, all so full of courage and animated in a good cause—friends of my brother and myself, revives and animates my spirits. I love to hear the neighing of steeds, to see the lance-heads and cuirasses fling back the sunbeams—yes, even to mark that brazen-throated artillery, when I know the purpose of this warlike preparation. With your leave, good my lord, I will remain here, nearer to Montaldo and to Giulio."

"To Montaldo!" said the duke, meaningly, and fixing his keen eyes upon her. "Why to Montaldo? I distrust that man. I deem him a party to the juggle put upon me in the matter of the pretended surrender of your brother."

The color mounted to the cheek of Estella, and her eye sparkled.

"You wrong him, my lord—you wrong him," she said. "Ferrado Montaldo is one of the noblest of men He never knowingly deceived you. He was never a party to the schemes of that bad man, who, for our misfortune, is our relative."

And she hastened to relate all she knew to the advantage of Montaldo, not forgetting to enlarge upon his last generous act.

"Nay, I take back all I have said against him, fair cousin," said the Duke of Milan. "And if I meet him in the fray, for your sake, I will turn aside my weapon and seek some more ignoble foe—though I had promised myself to cross swords with Ferrado. But how fares it with your brother?"

"He is now within the city—although last night at liberty," answered Estella.

"At liberty! and came not to me, his kinsman!"

Estella told him all she knew respecting the motives of her brother's return.

"By heavens!" said the duke, "love is, after all, a temporary insanity. Instead of coming to me and entering the city in triumph with a brilliant army, he flies back, alone and unprotected—back into the wolf's den, because his heart is with his ladye-love and he fears a rival. Out on it! But no time is to be lost. The hour for action has arrived. If you will not accept an escort to Milan, fair cousin, at least you will withdraw to some distance from the scene of coming strife."

"No," said Estella, "I am a soldier's daughter, and with my happiness staked upon the issue of this conflict, I must be a witness of the fortunes of the day."

"And I will have a horse saddled for you," said the duke, "so that, should the tide set against us, or a sortie from the city sweep the plain, your flight will be secure. And now, dear Estella, farewell; I go to do my devoir."

"May Heaven protect and give you victory, my noble kinsman!" said Estella, pressing his hand to her heart.

"Amen!" said the duke, and he passed out of the tent.

In another moment, the faithful Tonio was at the feet of his adored mistress, kissing the hem of her garment passionately, and making frantic demonstrations of delight.

"Rise, dear Tonio," said Estella, "I do not like to see you at my feet."

The jester rose with some reluctance.

"You will see the most gallant knights of Italy there, fair mistress," said he, "ere long—when you have got your rights and your uncle his dues. Don't you think there's some mistake about his being your uncle?"

Estella shook her head.

"May we not suppose," said the jester, "that your real uncle in his infancy was stolen by gipsies and a beggar's brat slipped into the cradle in his place—you know all babies look alike? And may we not hope that just as our friend in Parma is elevated to a yet higher position than he occupies by a strand of hemp rove through a block, that the real and true uncle will turn up, properly marked for accidental recognition, so as to make things square and comfortable all round?"

"Such things occur in the lays of troubadours and the fables of the minnesingers," said the princess, smiling, "but not in actual life. But, Tonio, why are you here in attendance on a lady, when you should be in arms, marching on the foe?"

"I am obeying orders," said the jester. "His grace of Milan believed that my valor was so pre-eminent that it would put him to shame. Jealousy, you see, my lady—but I say nothing further—for he is a very gentleman."

"But if I intercede with him—"

"Not for worlds, dear lady. To tell you the truth, I never was cut out for a soldier. My business is cracking jests not cracking heads—and I have too much brains to expose them to be knocked out. I assure you the hours I passed recently with an iron pot on my head, and an iron jacket on my back, were the most uncomfortable of my life. No, no, my lady, my post is beside your dear self. For you I could fight to the death—but in a general melee my arm were nothing worth. But hark! there go the trumpets! Look out for yourself, old ogre of Parma—I beg your pardon—I forgot, my lady, that you had the honor of being the old ruffian's niece."

Meanwhile the duke had been marshalling his forces, and preparing to open his fire on the city. He advanced boldly close up to the walls, taking advantage of inequalities of ground to shelter his men from the shot of the rampart guns, while he protected the others, his light troops, from the archery of the Parmese crossbowmen by pushing forward huge, movable screens, rolling on wheels. When all his guns, and the artillery of those days, being in its infancy, was clumsy and inefficient compared to ours, were placed in battery, the trumpets sounded a defiant signal, and a furious fire was opened all along the line. This was answered from the walls of the city, but while the Milanese guns, skilfully pointed, tore at once open the crumbling ramparts of the city, those of the enemy, badly served, responded almost harmlessly. The efforts of the duke were directed chiefly against the principal entrance of the town. He had observed that the chains which held the portcullis, were apparently weak and badly rusted, and on these a storm of shot was poured incessantly. At last one of them was broken, and as the severed links fell rattling down, a shout of triumph rose from the assaulting forces. The ponderous drawbridge, sustained now by only one chain, bent heavily by its own weight, vibrated and swung to the detonation of the artillery. The roar of the guns was now deafening, the assailants and defenders both increasing their fire. High above the wrathful roar of battle were heard the clear, trumpet-tones of the Duke of Milan, encouraging his troops.

"Well done, my merry men all. Ply them hotly! One round more and the bridge falls!"

Encouraged by the presence and the words of their leader, the gunners toiled at their engines of destruction with redoubled ardor. In a few moments the second chain was severed and the ponderous bridge came thundering down amidst triumphant shouts of exultation. But the victory was not yet achieved. The huge oak gates of the city, studded and clamped with iron, were yet to be beaten down. Ere he could issue his orders, the impetuous troops had poured upon the drawbridge, and were shot down, almost to a man, by the deadly aim of the archers of Parma.

"Back! back!" shouted the duke, above the storm of battle. "To your guns again!"

The fragment of the gallant band that had advanced so rashly, fell back and divided to the right and left, while a whole park of artillery, dragged forward to the head of the bridge, poured over it a deluge of fire. The gate yielded at last.

"Now then!" shouted the duke. "Forward with your axes."

A rush was made against the shattered remnants of the gate, and it came down by the fury of the assault.

"Room there!" shouted the duke, "and then close in and follow me!"

Spurring his wild war-horse over the bridge, the gallant duke was the first to enter the city, while rank after rank of his plumed host followed him like crested billows dashing into a cave. The defenders of the city fell back in dismay and disarray.

"Down with your arms!" shouted the duke, "we thirst for no man's life. Victory and not bloodshed is what we strive for."

Nearly all the soldiers of Parma embraced the offered mercy and threw down their arms. A few faithful mercenaries, chiefly German and Swiss, still held out, but they were overpowered by numbers and cut down unsparingly. Onward swept the wave of victory. The din of contending arms almost ceased, and nothing was heard but the clattering of horses' hoofs and the exultant shouts of the victors. Sweeping past the palace, the duke rode straight to the prison, for he thought it best to protect the victims of the tyrant of Parma, lest in desperation at his downfall he avenged himself on these defenceless men.

Carlo, the new jailer, sullenly yielded up the keys to the duke as he dismounted from his horse at the outer gate of the prison, seeing that resistance was no longer possible.

"Tell where the Prince Giulio lies," said the duke.

"He is not in my custody," said the jailer.

"If you utter a single falsehood," said the duke, "you die the death."

"I have no motive in deceiving you," said the man. "I know that you are master now."

The duke turned back in disappointment.

"What prisoners were particularly committed to your charge?"

"This morning, an old man—the duke's astrologer—and his boy."

"The astrologer!" exclaimed the Duke of Milan. "The very man to give me all the information that I seek. Conduct me to his cell."

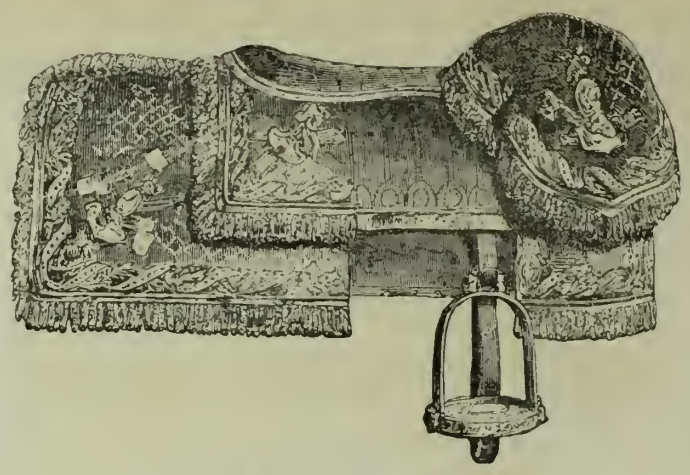
The jailer led the way, and pointed out the apartment. The duke unlocked the door hastily and entered. Near the door two figures were lying on a rude bench, in a sleeping posture. Magnus, the astrologer, was reclining in an easy attitude against the wall, while one arm encircled his daughter, whose head was resting on his breast. The duke laid his hand on the shoulder of the astrologer, but, gazing in the faces of the supposed sleepers, started back in horror. They were both dead. A broken phial at the feet of the old man would have told the story, though more explicit evidence of the manner of their death was not wanting. A small roll of parchment had fallen beside the phial. The duke picked it up and read as follows:

"We die by our own hands—father and daughter. He could not survive disgrace, penury and detection; I who pen these lines, could not live to see the prince wedded to another. Whoever thou art who readest this scroll, bear to Prince Giulio my last words; tell him that I died repentant—that I prayed my poor services to him might offset my treachery and misconduct. I belied the Princess Margarita—she alone is worthy of his love. The prince could never have been mine, for he is a Christian, and I die a true believer in the Prophet. Farewell! ZELIE."

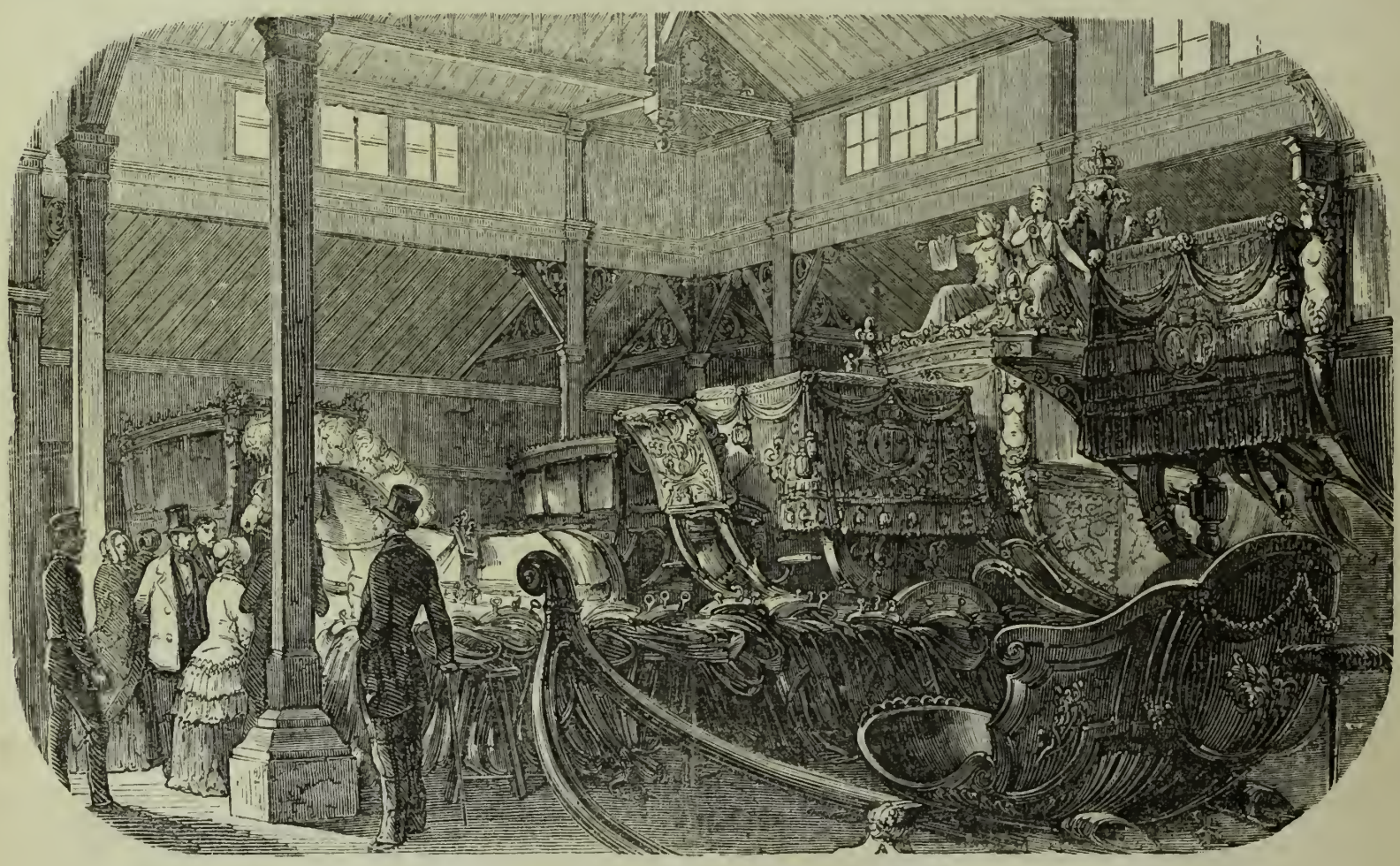
[CONCLUDED ON PAGE 133.]

MUSEUM OF CARRIAGES AT VERSAILLES.

We herewith present our readers with a series of views representing some curious relics of the past, to be seen in the carriage gallery of Versailles, France, and of the gallery itself. The engravings are from drawings executed on the spot, and the subjects possess an historical interest. Certain men of taste conceived the laudable idea of adding to the material wealth amassed at great cost in the sumptuous galleries of Versailles, a very curious collection of carriages of different epochs. We must, in the first place, express our regret that this collection should be so incomplete, and that it does not comprise a greater number of objects of antiquity. Unfortunately, time has transmitted to us nothing of this kind from the remoter periods of French history. It will easily be understood of what interest, to a history of manners, a collection of the different carriages in use from the first periods of the French monarchy would be. There is certainly as great a distance from the manners of the ancient Franks to those of to-day as from the car or four-ox chariot which, according to Gregory of Tours and D'Eginhard, the old French kings made use of, to the rich and magnificent carriage which served for the coronation of Charles X. Up to the reign of Louis XVI., the rules of the household of the king bestowed, on the death of the latter, the spoils of the "little stable," comprising the service of saddle-horses, carriages, calashes, chaises and sedans, on the first equerry, reserving for the grand equerry the war, hunting and parade horses, with all their caparisons. This custom, handed down from the age of chivalry, had the effect of transferring to foreigners the wealth which would figure to advantage in the new museum. A French gentleman, who travelled in the Barbary States, on his return to Paris stated that he saw, in Morocco and Tunis, very rich carriages of the period of Louis XIV. and Louis XV., employed in transporting the bodies of persons of distinction, and he did not doubt, after examining the elegant paintings which decorated their panels, and which had no reference to the service in which they were employed, that these carriages formerly belonged to the equipages of the French royal houses. An embarrassment of another kind complicated the formation of the museum. The greater part of the objects which should be entered on the catalogue had no precise indication to show to what particular historical personage they had belonged. They had been buried for a long while in the storehouses attached to the wardrobe, and before including them in the collection, it was necessary to elucidate their origin with all the scrupulous exactitude of a genealogist or antiquary. This labor has been conducted with remarkable sagacity, and thanks to these learned researches, there remains no longer any doubt of the authenticity of these relics. The carriages form the richest and most interesting part of this exhibition. They are five in number, and each bears a name, according to the custom of the royal household. The "Victory," the richest of these equipages, is a carriage of the empire. It figured in the coronation of Napoleon, as a carriage of the suite, and contained the high dignitaries of the palace, who moved in front of the procession. The body is gilded, and very gracefully modelled. The inside lining of white cloth, relieved by green ornaments, is not in a very good state of preservation. The "Turquoise" belongs to the same period, and served for the same ceremony. It is furnished inside with white satin and green trimmings; the body is elegantly adorned and decorated with garlands of flowers. The "Topaz" is a carriage of great richness. The curtains and seats are of white velvet, with green ornaments and golden fillets. This carriage, the panels of which are covered with delicate paintings, contained Queen Hortense (Louis Napoleon's mother) at the ceremony of his uncle's coronation. The "Baptism" is a carriage of the same model and style as the preceding. It only differs in the luxury of gold and silk embroideries, in the lining of the roof, which is of white velvet. The drapery of white silk falls in front of the carriage, and around the glass. This carriage served for the ceremony of the baptism of the Duke de Bordeaux, which took place, May 1, 1821, at Notre Dame. It contained, besides the young prince, mademoiselle, his sister, the Countess de Gontaut, governess of the children of France, and the Marchioness de Sereste, the sub-governess. A debate has arisen on the question of this carriage, the "Baptism." It is said that it was built expressly for the occasion, contrary to the opinion of contemporaries, who affirm that it had formerly belonged to the Empress Maria Louisa, and that it had only undergone a change of decoration. This opinion rests on the perfect similarity of construction with the preceding vehicles. The "Coronation," of which we give an engraving, is a monumental carriage; it is, indisputably, the most perfect and rich masterpiece of French carriage-making. It served for the coronation of Charles X., and was built under the orders of the Duke de Polignac, first equerry of the king, after the design of Percier, by Daldringen, who furnished the train and ornaments. The wood work was executed by Ots; the paintings are by Delorme, a pupil of Girodet; the carvings by Rognier; the ornamental bronzes, cut by Persilli, came from the workshops of Denieres; the gilding belongs to Gantier, the painter of the royal equipages; the embroideries were made by Delalande, and the trimmings by Gobert. The execution of this magnificent carriage required two years of labor. The body has an agreeable appearance; it is rounded into a dome in the upper part, and in the lower part rests on three horns of plenty, where spring four wooden caryatides supporting the dome. Four fine figures of Fame, seated on the roof, sustain a double escutcheon bearing the royal initials. Fine mouldings form an elegant cornice around the coach. The inside is hung with crimson velvet, embroidered with roses and golden stars. The nuts and axles are covered by four bronze lions' heads. The springs and braces are adorned with foliage also gilded. The coachman's seat, supported by two chimeras, is of dazzling magnificence, and covered with embroideries and rich golden fringes. The paintings on the body, representing allegorical subjects, are executed on fire-gilt tablets of copper. Finally, the footsteps are, of themselves, a marvel of locksmith-work; they fold up in seven joints and enter the double bottom of the body, sliding in grooves like the drawer of a table. The cost of building and ornamenting this splendid carriage is estimated at one hundred thousand dollars, and we do not think the estimate exorbitant. We must remember that the coronation carriage of Louis XVI., which was torn to pieces by the people during the revolution, did not cost less than a quarter of a million dollars, and if we may judge of its magnificence by a drawing which has been preserved, we may affirm that it had neither the richness nor the elegance of Charles X.'s carriage. It does not even appear that the coronation carriage of Napoleon, which was taken to pieces in 1815, after the re-entry of Louis XVIII., could be compared to the latter. It may be conjectured that it must have cost an enormous sum, if we judge from the excessive expenditures on that occasion, which are estimated at thirty or forty millions—a prodigality which appears monstrous, especially when we go back to those days of simplicity when a king of France, who was called Saint Louis, could defray the expenses of his coronation and entertain his people with the sum of 433,000 livres. The harness for the eight horses that drew the "Coronation" is a splendid specimen of work. It is of red morocco, stitched with white. Two artificial horses, attached to the "Coronation," in the gallery, show the effect of this fine harness, completed by a superb crest of plumes and velvet, embroidered with gold. The costume of the heralds, violet velvet with golden lilies, is yet



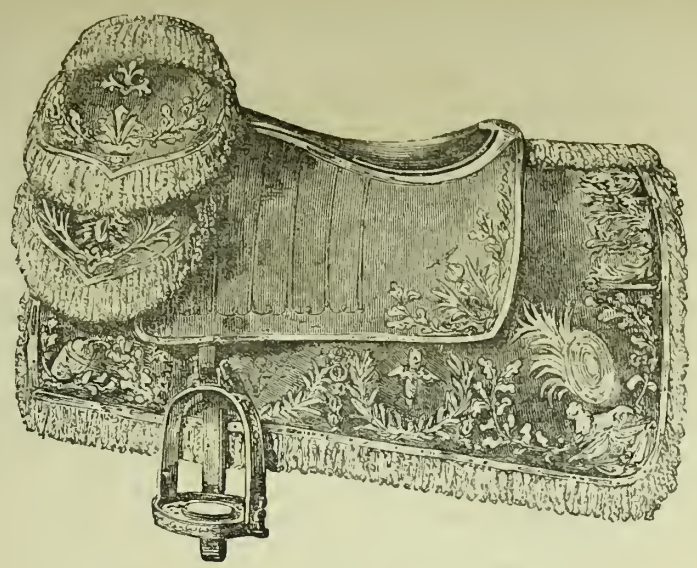
PARADE SADDLE OF LOUIS XVI.



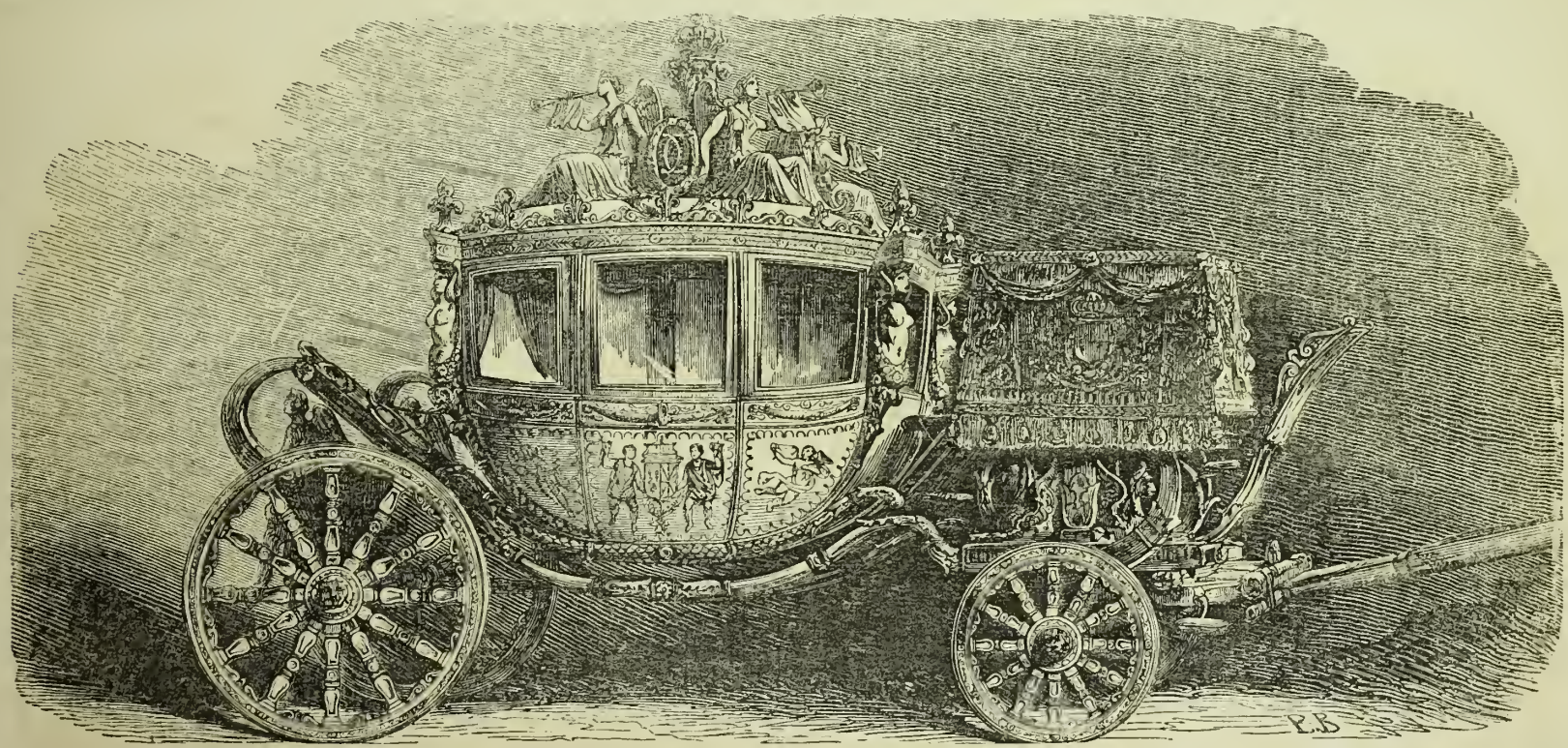
INTERIOR VIEW OF THE HISTORICAL CARRIAGE GALLERY AT VERSAILLES.

SLEIGH OF LOUIS XVI.'S TIME.

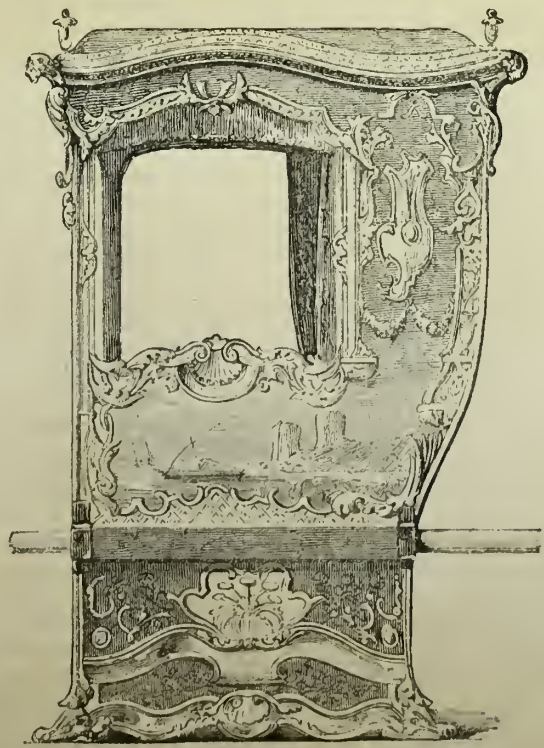
preserved. Many sleighs, or rather sledges, for they differ from our sleighs, of various forms, carry the mind back to the end of the 18th century. One of these sledges of curious construction is mounted on a turtle; it is attributed to the dauphin, father of Louis XVI. The seat of the last is supported by a little dolphin. We observe again two or three marine shells, and a basket with two seats covered with Hollands velvet. The paintings which decorate these sledges are singularly fine. We must quote particularly two charming medallions, after the manner of Watteau, representing a skating scene and a woman in a sledge propelled by a skater; these are delicious master-pieces. These sleighs evidently belong to the reigns of Louis XV. and Louis XVI. The zeal with which people devoted themselves, at that time, to this amusement will be easily remembered. A contemporary, who was valet de chambre and hair-dresser to Madame Dubarry, has recorded in his memoirs, yet unpublished, that they were short of drivers for this exercise, which, according to the French, demands great experience and special skill. There was a great competition for drivers, and some were paid as high salaries as head clerks. The same historian relates that Madame Dubarry, who occupied Luciennes after the death of the king, and wished to indulge in the amusement of sleighing during the winter of 1778, carried off a very expert driver from M. de Vergennes, on his return from the Swedish embassy, and this cost her the trifle of £4000. One of these sledges is shown in our engraving. The sedan chairs are great curiosities. Let us notice first the two chairs with the arms of France, which they have had the bad taste to varnish and restore, and which belonged to Madame de Maintenon. They recall by their simplicity and want of rich ornament the harsh form and austere character of the ancient favorite of Louis XIV. One of these chairs, of a charming taste, and enamelled with delicious paintings, belonged to Maria Leczinska, the wife of Louis XV. The others, with the exception of one which bears foreign arms, belonged to the court of Louis XVI., as testified by the arms of France and Navarre, with which they are emblazoned. We give a picture of one of these sedan chairs. An arm-chair of another kind, and recent epoch, is that which served to carry Madame Adelaide, the sister of Louis Philippe, up and down stairs, during the last years of her life; it is of red morocco, and extremely simple. On seeing the coquetry of these sedan chairs, we are tempted to regret that their use is lost. We feel that, seated in them, the ladies must have appeared to infinite advantage. This fashion was so general in the 18th century that porters were stationed on all the public squares, like our hackney coachmen. Persons of distinction had their chairs like their carriages, and we see, by the accounts of the royal household, that the queen, the Count de Provence and the Count d'Artois had, in their stables, four sedan porters. It remains for us to say a few words of the oriental saddlery, a true miracle of luxury. When Aladdin demanded of the genie to bring him a horse worth a million, with a saddle and bridle, he proposed one of those fancies that he alone could satisfy. The beys of Tunis and Tripoli, the King of Fez and the Emperor of Morocco, when they had presents to offer to the emperor, had not at their disposal, like the slave of the wonderful lamp, a profusion of precious stones and untold gold; but they certainly had workmen no less skilful, and who knew how to turn the materials they employed to a marvellous advantage. There can be nothing more sumptuous or extravagant, in pattern and embroidery, than the housings and trappings these barbarous princes sent as presents to the emperor. Napoleon, who loved splendor, neglected no opportunity of displaying these riches in public. All the world knows with what luxury he had equipped the company of Mamelukes who formed a portion of his guard. In his grand reviews, he wished these housings and horse furniture to serve the principal officers of this corps. It is even believed that two of these sets belonged to his faithful Mameluke Rustan. Three historical saddles impart great value to this collection; they are those of Louis XVI., the First Consul, shown in our engravings, and Charles X. They are all three of crimson velvet, with housings and holster-coverings embroidered with gold. The first two are of an old pattern; but that of Charles X., the same he used on his entry into Paris after his return from Rheims, is of modern elegance. It was wrought by Lucot, who has left a name well known in saddlery, and did not cost less than 5000 dollars! It is enriched with gold fringes of great beauty. This museum, or carriage and harness room, as we might irreverently term it, should not be neglected by Americans who visit Versailles. It is a complement to the extravagance of the palace itself, and enables a republican to form some distinct idea of the wasteful prodigality of the princes and rulers of the old world. Think of a single carriage, used on three state occasions, and then thrown aside as lumber, costing a quarter of a million of dollars, wrung out of a people, thousands of whom were suffering for bread. Versailles is a monument of royal folly and wickedness. Not only were countless sums lavished on it, but hundreds of human lives were lost by the malaria to which the workmen were exposed while draining and grading the ground on which the museum is located.



PARADE SADDLE OF NAPOLEON.



CORONATION CARRIAGE OF CHARLES X.



CHAIR OF LOUIS XIV.'S TIME

THE DUCAL CORONET.

[CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 131.]

"There is a mystery in this," said the duke, as he placed the scroll in his breast, "which the princess must explain to me. See that these bodies are not disturbed, jailer."

He left the prison, and, accompanied by a numerous train, went directly to the audience chamber of the Duke of Parma. The duke, ashen pale, deserted by his courtiers, was seated on his throne.

"Duke of Milan," he said, rising, "I am now wholly in your power."

"Justice shall be done you, never fear," said the Duke of Milan, sternly.

At this moment the Princess Margarita rushed forward, and threw herself at the feet of the victor.

"Noble duke," said she, "be as generous as you are great. For my sake—for the sake of one who has never injured you, spare my father!"

"Upon one condition," said the Duke of Milan, raising her—"that he produce Prince Giulio alive and unharmed."

"That condition is my death sentence," said the usurper.

The princess retired for one moment, and re-appeared, leading Giulio by the hand. The prince rushed into the arms of his victorious kinsman.

"Generous, noble friend," said he, "I owe victory to you, as I do life and liberty to this peerless lady."

"You have saved your father's life," said the Duke of Milan, addressing Margarita. "Had a hair of his head been harmed, Veroni, your life should have paid the forfeit."

"But my liberty!" said the ex-Duke of Parma, sullenly.

"The prince must answer you," said the Duke of Milan, "for he alone has here authority. Long live Giulio Veroni, Duke of Parma!"

The cry was taken up by all the soldiers present, and the arched hall rang with the acclaim.

"The coronet of Parma is yours," said the usurper, turning to the prince. "May it prove a lighter burthen to your brow than it was to mine. And now, duke, I await my sentence."

"I cannot forget," said Giulio, "that you are my father's brother, though you have striven to make me do so. You are free; I pardon you freely and fully."

"My presence shall not mar your triumph and your happiness," said the usurper. "Yet I thank you for your mercy. May you be happy with my daughter. For me, my career is nearly run; and I shall end it in the monastery at the foot of Monte Rosa."

This project, be it here remarked, the usurper carried into execution, and it is to be hoped that he died sincerely penitent. He soon retired from the presence of the victors, and was seen no more in the palace he had so long occupied, and so long disgraced by his tyrannies.

We shall not attempt to describe the joy of the meeting between Estella, the faithful Tonio and Giulio; nor that of Estella and Montaldo; nor the public festivities that took place when Giulio was proclaimed duke; nor the weddings of Giulio and the princess, Estella and Ferrado. Suffice it to say, that these events, graced by the presence of the good Duke of Milan, heralded a long and brilliant period in the history of Parma.

The idle minions that hung about the court (leeches on the treasury, and incubi on the people) were dismissed. The ducal train was reduced, expenditures curtailed, in short, rigid economy was the leading principle of the new administration. The holders of sinecures stood aghast at the complete revolution which was effected in the palace. The hireling ruffians that composed the standing army of the late duke, were paid to the uttermost farthing and disbanded, uttering fearful threats of turning robbers and ravaging the environs of the city. But a splendid volunteer force raised to purge the country of brigands, soon put to flight this unprincipled soldiery, and Giulio showed his people that it was possible to command the respect of his neighbors, and maintain peaceful relations with them, without resorting to the menace of a powerful armament.

Though the church protested against it, yet, by command of Giulio, the remains of Magnus and of Zelie were committed to the grave with appropriate ceremonies, in the presence of the young duke himself. His generous heart did not deny a regret for the fate of the beautiful and strange being, who was such a mixture of good and evil—of impulse, passion and resolve.

The wit of Tonio the jester, when he became court fool, improved in quality, and he was universally believed to be the happiest mortal in the duchy. Indeed, he was often heard to remark that the cap and bells were a lighter weight to carry than the

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE BUOY.

BY MRS. M. W. CURTIS.

Faithful little sentinel, ever at thy post,
Where oft danger lurketh round our rocky coast,
Heeding not the storm-winds with their icy breath,
Hurrying the mariner ofttimes to his death.

Faithful little sentinel on the azure deep,
When the summer winds play, and the wavelets leap,
Thou art saying ever danger lurketh near.
'Neath the gentle billow shoals and rocks appear.

Oft beneath the surface of the sea of life,
As we're hurrying onward, hopeful mid the strife,
Sands and shoals lie hidden where we deem them not,
Change and disappointment falling to our lot.

Let us seek a pilot, as we onward glide,
Who will lead us safely o'er life's ebbing tide,
To an endless rest beyond death's rapid river,
Where life's storms and calms come no more forever.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE ALARM SHIP:

—OR,—

THE REBELS OF BRUNSWICK.

BY ARTHUR INGRAHAM.

"THAT is no commerce ship, please your worship," said a short, rough-coated, salt-sea looking man, after he had taken a close, professional look at the strange sail, and addressing one of the worshipful burghers of the good old colonial town of Brunswick, who stood by him, with an air of deference to his nautical experience.

Indeed there were more persons than the burgher present, and waiting the judgment of the seaman. There were not less than threescore people, indeed, congregated near the door of an ancient church that stood near the water-side, not far from the borough above named; a rustic church, mainly resorted to by the country folk, yet near enough to the town, often to receive hearers from thence of a pleasant afternoon.

The evening service was just over, and the sun, now an hour high, was diffusing his golden light over the bell-tower, over the majestic oak trees that stood by the church, casting a rosente hue upon the snow-white marble head-stones of the solemn graveyard, and making the broad surface of the water shimmer like a sea of liquid bronze.

The sail in question had come in sight while the Rev. Mr. D—— was in the midst of his discourse. It had first been detected by the sharp-eyed, pretty warden's daughter, who was looking out of the open window by her father's pew at the bright water, and thinking how much nicer it would be to be in the little white-winged sail-boat she saw dancing on the waves, like a sea-bird sporting, than shut up in the old high-backed pew in the church, to hear old Dr. D—— go fifthly, sixthly and tenthly; for these were the only words that ever made any impression upon her ear, and only because they reminded her of her sums at school, only she called the figures five, six and ten without the "thly," which termination she thought included some mighty religious doctrine. So Betty Bowers let Dr. D—— preach on, and looked out of the open window on the water, and wondered if, where the sea and sky met, she could, if she were there, put her hand on the blue sky and hear, through the round holes that the stars shone through at night, the songs of the angels in heaven.

Suddenly she discerned a white spot on the very horizon just where the sky and sea met, and it fixed her attention. At first, she wondered if it were not an opening in heaven "down low," and that the white spot she saw was part of the white robe of an angel coming through. But as she watched it she saw it move, and enlarge and change, and then she knew it was a ship coming up from the other side of the round sea, showing topmasts first, then middle-masts and then lower-masts, and a long time afterwards came the black ship herself, but looking a mere insect, so far off was she.

She stooped down behind her fan, so that the parson should not see her, for he was not slow to rebuke juvenile inattention, and whispered to her grave pa, the warden:

"Papa, there is a ship on the sea coming in."

Now the warden was a man, and, as a man, had curiosity. It is true he was also a good churchman, and he never let a word of the rector's discourse escape him; he was also an indulgent father to his pretty daughter of fifteen, Betty Bowers, and no other child would have had the courage to play with the lion's mane, as she did with her father's digni .

"Pa! pa!" and she pulled the ribbon of the paternal queue; "there is a brave ship coming in."

"Eleventhly! Let not the world, nor the things of this world, my brethren, draw your minds from the realities of the world to come. Fix your eyes upon heavenly objects that fade not away." So preached the rector; but Warden Bowers could not resist the temptation to glance out of the window. There was a distant sail indeed, and she carried herself, with her top-sails and sky-sails aloft, proudly too. He could not keep his eyes off her; but directing his spectacles straight at the rector, and a-skewing the pupils of his eyes side-long-wise, he was enabled to gratify his curiosity, and also seem to be listening to the minister. Spectacles are masked batteries. Reader, beware of men who wear glasses! while their glass eyes are levelled another way, they are reading your face like an open book with their real ones. Especially beware of pretty maids who wear glasses! they will seem to be looking down when they are looking up, and looking away when they are looking to. When you do business with a man spectacled, watch his eyes, and not let yourself be deceived by his spectacles. Gamblers wear spectacles, and, under cover of them, rob their victims. But this is only a caution by the way.

The good warden compromised with his conscience by looking at the parson with his glass eyes, and looking aslant at the ship with his proper eyes.

His curiosity was, perhaps, pardonable. It was a year (1766) of great political excitement. The colonies and the king did not agree, and daily became estranged. King George wished to make money out of his colonies, but refused to recognize them as part and equal part of the British realm. He and his parliament refused to regard colonists as entitled to send representatives to parliament, and yet compelled them to pay taxes, contrary to a principle universally recognized among civilized nations, that "there can be no taxation without representation." If a free people are taxed, they should have the right to tax themselves through their own representatives. This privilege was denied to the colonists. They, of course, like a free people, rebelled.

"NO TAXATION WITHOUT REPRESENTATION!" became their watchword. It was on the lips of the children, and emblazoned above the public halls of their fathers.

News had come to America that parliament, not content with taxing the food of the colonists, had passed a statute of taxation upon paper. By its provisions, no colonist could write a letter, print a paper, make a will, give a note of hand, or a receipt, issue no certificate of marriage, of baptism, of citizenship, no warrant, deed of trust or sale, write nothing of a business character whatever, except upon paper provided by the crown, and stamped by it with the royal seal; for each sheet of which stamped paper every buyer and user had to pay a penny *extra and beyond* the real value of the sheet of paper itself, for the fictitious value of the stamp. All writings on any other than the stamped paper were thenceforward declared invalid in law. This extra penny was to go into the royal treasury, for the benefit of the government at home.

Stamp-officers had already been sent out—English officers,—with authority to establish custom-houses for the storing of this stamped paper and the sale of it to the colonists. Already in Brunswick, on Cape Fear River, North Carolina, a stamp-officer had arrived, and with the crown's gold had hired a house, and elevated above it the English flag, with the flag of the customs beneath it.

The men of North Carolina regarded this flag with evil eyes. They had heard of the stamp law, and the very rumor of this tyrannous act of parliament had made their free blood burn with indignant heat. But when they saw the customs set up and the custom officer, in the king's uniform, establish himself among them, waiting for a ship expected to bring over several tons of this stamped English paper, they were not silent in the expressions of their feelings. Nothing, however, systematic, was done towards any refusal to abide by the law; but there were hundreds of brave men who knew their own and one another's minds, and whose union to oppose tyranny could be effected in twenty-four hours.

For some days the armed vessel that was to bring the stamps into Cape Fear River had been looked for, as intelligence of her being about to leave England had been received by the way of Boston, in New England, two weeks before the time our story opens.

Warden Bowers's interest in the distant vessel may, therefore, be excused by the conscientious reader, and, perhaps, some good people would pardon him if he had looked sea-ward both with spectacles and visual organs. "Verily it is a ship, and a large one at that," he said within himself, "and layeth her course thitherward."

The warden, as he looked, thought she had the appearance of being an armed vessel, and hereupon he could not withhold his desire to nudge his neighbor, Burgess Wallstaff, of Brunswick, who sat in the pew before him.

"Neighbor Wallstaff, look ye and see if this be not the ship we are expecting."

The Brunswick man quickly bobbed his bald head out of the window, and seeing the vessel, said, in a gruff whisper, heard ten yards off:

"This is a sight indeed! Why, she is almost upon us. She hath all the belligery of a war craft."

"I think it is the stamp ship," responded the warden, trying to conceal his mouth with his hand, so that the minister might not see.

"Brother Bowers, what dost thou behold out o' the window that thou art so inattentive to my discourse? If it is going to rain, thou shouldest think rather of the rain of the gospel. Thou settest a wondering example to thy daughter Betty and to all others!"

The warden, who would not confess himself behind any good churchman in giving heed to "godly sermons," behaving himself in meeting, "like a light of the world," or "a city set on a hill," to be seen of all men, upon this rebuke, feeling that he had the victory on his own side, cried aloud:

"I see out of the window the stamp-ship coming in, doctor; but for thy speech I would have kept silence till thou hadst done preaching!"

"The stamp-ship!" exclaimed the minister, with an excited look; and, instantly turning round to the pulpit window behind him, he drew quickly aside the heavy, faded red curtain, and looked down the river. He then turned to his excited people. "The congregation is dismissed!" he said, spreading out his hands, in the benediction way, and instantly all was consternation. The good minister was not outdone in haste by any of his flock. The latter hurried out of the door to the green that overlooked the water, while he reached the place first through the vestry door, his bands still on and his cocked hat left behind him.

The mischievous and beautiful Betty Bowers was perfectly delighted at all this excitement, of which she, by her discovery of the ship, felt herself to be the prime mover.

In various groups the church folk now stood upon the tree-shaded lawn, and watched, with various comments and in no little agitation, the advancing ship.

She was about six miles off when Jack Toplift, the nautical man, pronounced her, with the decision of a perfect knowledge of craftage, to be an armed three-masted vessel; for some had said she was only their yearly cape ship, laden with the treasures of southern Africa, and which belonged to their own Brunswick merchants.

"It is a reg'lar bull-dog, with black teeth, *that!*" said a loafing river-man in seedy trousers and a shocking bad hat, under the visor of which shone out a red nose end, like a light-house under a dark ragged cloud.

"What do you know, fresh water?" demanded the seaman, with ineffable contempt.

"Water! Fresh water and I are no friends, mate," was the pleasant rejoinder of the seedy gentleman. "I never use water. But any man can see, with half an eye, that it is a bu—bull-dog, a thunder and sulphur bull-dog!"

The sailor deigned the loafing locutor no reply, but, turning to the burgher and to Warden Bowers, he said:

"She is a sloop, sir. Carries sixteen guns. English jack aloft."

"Then you think it is the Diligence sloop, with the stamps on board, hey, Master Toplift?" asked the minister, who was as much interested a spectator as any of his people.

"We'll soon know, your reverence. But, in my thinkin', there is no doubt of it."

The wind was light, and the stranger came in almost imperceptibly, so that at sundown she was full four miles distant. The people began to go to their homes and into town, where the rumor of the coming vessel had brought all the inhabitants into the streets, and wonder, anxiety and curiosity were written on every countenance.

The worthy Brunswickers realized that they were English subjects—that the colonies belonged to England's king, who was also their king,—that this vessel was not a foreign ship, nor carried a foreign flag, but was their own king's ship. Nevertheless, they were beginning to fear and to be suspicious of their king, of England, of parliament and all over the water. They were becoming estranged from the land of their fathers by the tyranny of the laws of the English sons of their fathers. The approach of this English ship was, therefore, not welcomed as a country's ship, but rather as the messenger of a tyrant, bearing in her bosom the stamped chains that were to bind them as slaves—bond-people fit only to toil for the repletion of her treasury.

So night fell over Brunswick and the shores of Cape Fear River. The timid and the peaceful, the lukewarm and the doubtful retired to their houses and beds, to wait, anxiously, to see what the morrow would bring forth. But there were brave hearts and free beating in the bosoms of men who would have bowed their heads to the Tower executioner's axe before they would have bent the knee to the Stamp Act. These patriots were sleepless. They remained in groups at the corners, talking in low voices, but voices that breathed decision and indignation.

Passing from group to group, a young man was seen by those at the windows, about the market-place, to stop and speak, in a brief manner, to one or more men, and then go on his way, shortly afterwards secretly followed by those whom he had selected, and who had quietly detached themselves from their neighbors. The young man moved rapidly along a narrow street that led by the water-side, and soon stopped in front of a stone gate-way that led to an old-fashioned house half hidden in trees.

He waited at the gate five minutes, until about sixteen men, approaching in twos and threes, had arrived, being all he had given the signal to on the market-square.

"Now, my friends, let us enter here. We shall find within men like Hugh Waddel and Colonel Ashe, who refuse to bow the knee to this British Baal. I know you all, and that you can be trusted. Let us enter."

The speaker was a fine looking man, not more than six-and-twenty, with a noble air and an agreeable voice, and seemed to have the confidence of his companions. The party entered the hall of the house, and were shown into a large wainscotted drawing-room. Here were a dozen elderly men assembled, and from among them rose up Major Waddel, the host, and warmly welcomed the young man and those who came with him.

"You have succeeded well, George," he said. "If all our young men are as prompt and patriotic, England will have to revoke her infamous Stamp Act. Let the doors be closed, and let us deliberate as to our course."

The result of this meeting will appear as our tale proceeds. It is enough to say that it was a conspiracy of resistance to the enforcement of the stamp law in that colony. "Even though we resist unto blood," were the closing words of the paper signed by them. The members of this assembly, on breaking it up at midnight, organized themselves into patrol parties, which, all night, paced the shore and quay to prevent anybody landing from the stamp-ship; for that *such* was the character of the stranger was evident before dark, when she came near enough to be easily made out by spy-glasses, by those who had seen her the year before, to be the Diligence sloop-of-war.

Early in the morning, the worthy Brunswickers, who suffered themselves to lay in bed until sunrise, were startled at that time

by a loud report of a cannon, the morning gun fired by the man-of-war. Everybody started, dressed quickly and ran forth to see the dread ship, which was lying quietly at anchor opposite the borough, and within point blank range, not a quarter of a mile off. Above her quarter-deck flamed the red cross flag of England, and her open ports showed the menacing mouths of a row of iron cannon.

There was not a man, a woman, a child, in Brunswick, that was not looking at the terrible vessel, either from the upper windows of their gabled houses, from the heads of the streets that opened a view of the water, and from the pier-heads; the bolder folk coming nearest to her.

"What will be done? Will the burghers allow the stamps to be landed?" were the questions passed from mouth to mouth.

"If we resist the landing, we shall all be hanged," said a worthy innholder, with his usually red face speckled with blank spots of fear, and his round body shrunken one third to the corporative dimensions of yesterday. "All be hanged, neighbors,—hanged on a gallows high as Haman's! Better be cautious. I advise discretion. I recommend patience. Let us submit like honest subjects. What is a penny more or less on a newspaper, or a note o' hand!"

"Beshrew thee, Bardolph, for a bad reason!" said the wo thy burgher, Wallstaff. "What wouldst thou do were the king to say thou shouldst pay him a ha'penny for every mug of ale thou sellest for a penny? Would not thy liver swell?—thy portly stomach rise in resentation thereof? Wouldst thou not rebel? Wouldst thou not get a-top o' one o' thy ale puncheons, and make a rebellious speech to thy customers that would make the parliament men shake in their shoes?"

"Marry, but I might, good burghomaster!" answered mine host, with a smile; "in my opinion, these stamps better be kept on board, and the proper way to keep them on board would be, methinks, not to suffer the captain of the ship to land them."

"Thou hast the pig by the right ear now, honest Bardolph. This is the gist of the matter in a pint pot. That is what we intend to do."

"Look, brothers! There cometh a boat from the ship landward," said a little man in a brown coat, with extraordinary long flaps, and a huge cocked hat, and ample velveteen breeches, fastened at the knee with silver buckles. He was a little man truly, and sought to disguise his diminutive size under gigantic garments. He was, moreover, one of the burghers of Brunswick. He was, like all little men, a courageous fellow. "Let us point our cannon and give them a shot, if they think to land!"

Here he looked towards an old iron gun, which the more warlike citizens had brought down to the pier the night before, and mounted upon three millstones piled one a-top of the other, for gun-carriage it had none. The gun was a venerable piece, and, since the oldest man could remember, it had lain on the pier-head when he was a boy, a seat for loafers. But now, by aid of a stout rope and eighteen strong men, it had been dragged, in the present emergency, to the end of the pier, and mounted. It was also loaded, nearly to the muzzle, with bad powder, horse shoes, pieces of iron nails, and other deadly-intent missiles. But braver would be the man who should stand behind it than before it, as, like all ancient pieces of ordnance, it promised to kill more "enemies in the rear" than in the front.

"Let us point our gun at 'em," said the little man, "and order 'em to keep off!"

But, at this moment, there came down to the pier-head a party of five gentlemen, richly dressed and with powdered hair, and swords and buckled shoes, all of the olden time. The people gave place to them with deference, and side remarks, one to another, of confidence.

"Here comes Hugh Waddel, and with him the brave Colonel Ashe, of Wilmington. Let us see what will now be done. Hist, gossips! Let the quality speak to this officer in the boat."

The party of distinguished colonists advanced through the falling-back crowd to the end of the pier. The sloop-of-war's boat was pulling steadily in to the stairs where boats landed. At the stern of the boat fluttered a little English flag, and two officers in uniform were seated beneath its folds. The boat was rowed by eight men.

As it came within hailing distance, Hugh Waddel, a famous gentleman of the colony, waved his hand backward, signalling the boat to stop. The officer who sat in the stern rose up, and, touching his hat, said, cheerily:

"How are you, Major Waddel? Your townsfolk do me great honor to come in such large numbers to meet me."

"Do not advance, Captain Seymour!" cried the major, firmly. "I must parley with you where you are."

"But I would rather parley ashore. It is nine weeks since I have put foot on terra firma, and as I mean to dine with you today, we will parley at your house over your good wines."

"My dear captain, you see this cannon. It covers the landing. The fuse is burning over the priming in a resolute man's hand. At my word, your boat is blown out of water!"

"What means this hostile reception to a king's ship, sir?" haughtily demanded the captain, slapping his hand upon his sword-hilt till it rang again, while his face flushed with anger.

"Not to our king's ship, but to its freight. If you have no stamp paper in your boat, you may land."

"I have none, major," answered the captain, laughing. "I don't usually load my own cargo."

"Then pull in; but, by the cross of King George and Saint George, we here at Brunswick will let no stamps land in our port. If you will parley with me at my house, you are a welcome guest. You will there get an inkling of the opinions of the best men in the colony as to this infernal Stamp Act."

The boat landed. The captain heartily shook hands with the major, Colonel Ashe, and other gentlemen, whom he had known before. With them he walked towards the house of the major, followed by the curious eyes and timid surmises of the vast crowd. They then gazed awhile upon the dark vessel, as she lay moored off the custom-house, and then slowly dispersed to their occupations.

Not long after the departure of Major Waddel and the English captain, a tall, thin, saturnine looking man, who wore a long sword and a cocked hat with the cockade of the customs, came to the pier-head, and haughtily looking about him, descended the stairs, and said to the seamen in the war ship's boat:

"Row me on board."

The men were about to obey, at the command of the midshipman in charge, when a young man, dressed plainly in a gray coat and a flapping hat, and unarmed, said, firmly, to the stranger:

"Mr. Houston, you will remain on shore!"

"And who has power to prevent me from going on board my king's ship?"

"The power will show itself, sir, if you move a step towards that boat!"

"Young man, do you know the peril you are putting your neck to, by this coercion of a king's officer?"

"I have weighed all the consequences. You know I mean that the stamped paper shall not come on shore. We also forbid all communication with the vessel."

"But, sir, I am sent here by the crown to receive this paper. It is consigned to me."

"You may rest assured you will never see a sheet of it, sir!" answered the young man, quietly but resolutely.

"We will see, sir,—we will see, Mr. George Washington! You have no authority to detain me, at your peril!"

Here the customs officer moved forward to enter the boat, when he found himself, at a motion of the eye of the young colonist, confronted by two men, who held pistols at his head. Alarmed, he jumped back, and slowly retraced his steps to the custom-house, but not without vows of revenge and menaces, that he would yet see the head of this traitor, Washington, adorning the iron spikes above the London Tower gate.

The captain of the sloop-of-war did not long remain in Major Waddel's house. He found himself surrounded by such a company of dark faces and resolute eyes that he began to feel for his personal security, though all was courteous and gentlemanly on the part of the colonial gentlemen.

"But, gentlemen," he said, as he rose to go from a house the atmosphere of which he did not breathe so freely as that of his own quarter-deck, "I have the king's command to land the stamps."

"The will of a free people," said Colonel Ashe, "is greater than the will of a tyrant."

"What! this to my king!" demanded the naval officer, with flashing eyes, as they drew near the pier.

"We speak our minds, sir. The stamps must not be landed."

"I will land them, if I have to cover the landing with my broadsides."

"Then, if such be your mood, sir captain," said one of the gentlemen, "you cannot return on board to do any such mischief."

"What! am I a prisoner?"

"Yes, unless you promise, as a gentleman and an officer, to weigh anchor before sunset, and leave our coast."

"But if I am detained, my lieutenant will do his duty and land them, or lay your town in ashes."

"Bricks and mortar, wood and stone may perish; but our resolution to prevent the landing of your freight is imperishable. But, sir," continued Colonel Ashe, "we have delayed full long. We must have your pledge, or, within half an hour, we will have you hanged to the staff of the custom-house! This is no boy's play. We are in earnest. It is time our parley was over and you understood us."

The captain turned pale. He bit his lips, and as he gazed round upon the large multitude of men with lowering looks, saw young Washington and his party at the cannon, and the determined attitude of his former friends, he said, doggedly:

"I see I am a prisoner. I yield my sword, but under protest. I consent to depart in three days, after getting water and provisions, with my freight; but only under a solemn protest, and under fear of my life; and also that, gentlemen, you take the responsibility to the crown, by signing your names to a history of these proceedings."

"And have us hanged in Tyburn for it!" said Hugh Waddel, laughing. "But we know what we do. We fear no man. Our names are at the king's service. You shall have the paper you ask—"

"And in it, that under threat of death I yielded—"

"Yes! Fear not; we will, though we hang ourselves, save your own neck."

Upon this the captain went in with them to the king's customs, and there signed his own pledge to sail his ship and her freight away, while they signed a bold letter, addressed to the king, that was quite satisfactory to the conscience of the naval captain.

This being done, it was made known to the vast crowd, when loud huzzas, at their victory over the Stamp Act, rent the air. A score of young men seized the sloop's boat, without molesting the crew, whom they suffered quietly to land, and drew it up bodily out of the water upon the pier. Some of them removed the flagstaff from before the king's customs, and placed it in the boat, with a flag flying, upon it inscribed, "No Stamps!"

The boat was then hoisted upon a long wagon, and ropes being attached, a procession of a thousand men drew and accompanied it to Wilmington. Upon their arrival in the capital it was dark, but the streets were illuminated, and hundreds of citizens met them and escorted them to the governor's house.

This gentleman was an English nobleman, a creature of his king. He was amazed, beyond expression, at seeing his palace thus surrounded, and endeavored to obtain a hearing. But all the reply he received was:

"James Houston! We want the stamp officer. Give him up. He has fled from Brunswick here!"

"I will not give up a faithful king's officer," answered the governor, from his balcony. "Retire to your homes, and do your duty as good subjects of the crown. This shall be reported to parliament."

"A fig for parliament! We will have a parliament of our own ere long!" cried a voice from the crowd.

"The stamp officer! Give up Jimmy Houston!"

"I will not surrender a man who has fled for protection to his country's flag." And here the governor cast the British flag over Houston, who stood terrified by his side.

Upon this there was a rush made by a score of men, with lighted torches, towards the house. The movement was accompanied by shouts of "Burn him out! Fire his house!"

The proud governor, seeing that they were in earnest, waved his hand to be heard.

"I yield him up on condition that you harm him not."

"That I pledge myself to," answered Colonel Ashe, coming near. "I will be responsible for his personal safety."

"What do they want with me?" asked Houston, hanging back.

"Only to make you take an oath not to execute the duties of stamp officer, and to return your commission."

"Anything, sir, if they will only not injure me."

Colonel Ashe placed his arm through that of Houston, and led him towards the town hall, in the market-place, followed by the multitude, surging like a vexed ocean. Into this room they led him, and there, in the presence of the people, he was made to swear upon the Holy Scriptures never to exercise the duties of stamp-officer in the colony.

This oath taken, the vast assembly rend the skies with "huzzas," wave their torches, and taking Houston into the boat, drag him to the governor's house, and there leave him, with three cheers for their victory over the fallen Stamp Act.

Soon afterwards they dispersed quietly. The king's boat was taken back in procession, to be delivered up to the captain; but on reaching Brunswick, the sloop had already sailed—flown, her captain having regained his deck by means of a shore boat, and victim of his fears, immediately made sail from a coast where he feared both for his life and the safety of his ship.

This bold resistance to the tyranny of the mother-land, under the guns of her armed vessel, and within the shadow of her flag, was the first birth of liberty on earth. These scenes preceded the destruction of the Boston tea by eight years, says an historian of North Carolina; were nine years before the battle of Lexington, and ten years prior to the declaration of the independence of the colonies. A noble exploit, worthy to be emblazoned on the page of history as the first step of the free colonists to oppose the unjust use of the power of "king and parliament."

NOTICES OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

MODERN MYSTERIES EXPLAINED AND EXPOSED. By Rev. A. MAHAN. First President of Cleveland University. Boston: John P. Jewett & Co. 1855. 12mo. pp. 466.

There is reason for rejoicing that so sound a thinker, so excellent a scholar, and so able a writer as President Mahan, has set about refuting one of the most dangerous fallacies of the day. The spiritual origin of the rappings, table-movings, and similar strange phenomena, is believed in by at least one hundred thousand persons in these United States, and the delusion is extending, instead of diminishing. The subject is no longer unworthy of the attention of a Christian philosopher and philanthropist. Our author admits the existence of the strange phenomena, and then proceeds completely to refute the assertions of believers in their spiritual origin. His essay is a beautiful structure of impregnable logic. The armory of the Spiritualists themselves has furnished the weapons with which he demolishes their creed.

THE SWISS FAMILY ROBINSON. Illustrated. New York and Auburn: Miller, Orton & Mulligan. 1855. 18mo. pp. 327.

This work has become a juvenile classic, and well deserves the rank which has been assigned it. The present edition embraces a supplement which concludes the story of the family, to the satisfaction of the reader. It is published in a very creditable style of typography.

YOUNG WOMAN'S BOOK OF HEALTH. By Dr. WM. A. ALCOTT New York and Auburn: Miller, Orton & Mulligan. 1855. 12mo. pp. 311.

The object of this work, as stated by the author, is the prevention of disease, by pointing out its causes and consequences. As the author of many valuable works on physiology, his treatise will command a ready and extensive sale.

STORIES TO TEACH ME TO THINK. Illustrated By T. D. P. STONE. New York and Auburn: Miller, Orton & Mulligan. 1855. 18mo. pp. 180.

A very clever book, which may be put into the hands of children without hesitation The title is perfectly applicable, as the tales are well calculated to stimulate the mental powers. The illustrations, however, are quite unworthy the present style of art.

LAND LABOR AND GOLD: or, *Two Years in Victoria, etc.* By WM. HOWITT. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 2 vols. 12mo 1855

The name of William Howitt on the title-page is a promise which the contents of these elegant volumes amply redeem. In the whole eight or nine hundred closely-printed pages, there is scarcely one which the reader will be desirous of "skipping." Australia is here depicted in all its phases, physical, and social, and political, with marvellous minuteness and clearness, and unquestionably in a sincere and impartial spirit. The picture will help the distant reader to realize a crisis almost unparalleled in the history of human events, and which, if its description did not rest on evidence, would appear like the dream of a poet. The publishers have evinced their usual sound judgment and good taste in reprinting this work.

CLEVE HALL. By the author of "Amy Herbert," etc. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1855. 12mo. pp. 485.

The names of the "author of Amy Herbert" and D. Appleton & Co. constitute a passport to success. We know that what one writes, and the others publish, must needs be good. And this book fully redeems the promise based on the character of its predecessors. It is a sparkling story, full of nice pictures of society, characters well drawn and replete with interest. We commend it most heartily to the novel-reading public. For sale by Redding & Co.

A VISIT TO THE CAMP BEFORE SEBASTOPOL. By RICHARD C. MCCORMICK, Jr. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 12mo. pp. 212.

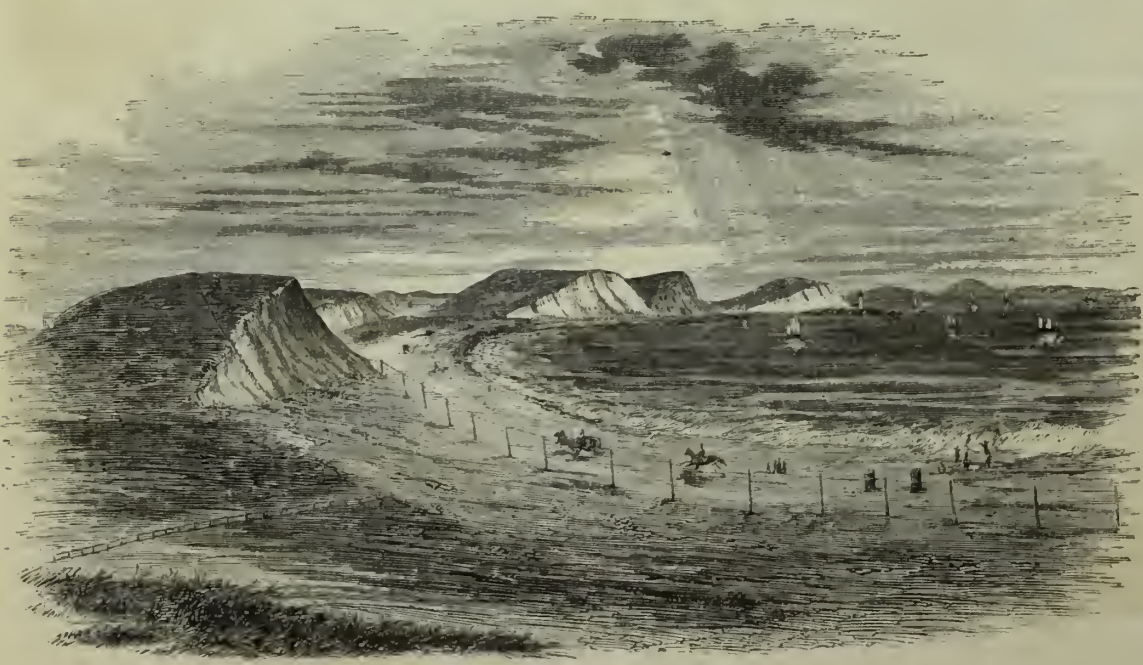
The novelties of a visit to the scene of the tremendous drama now enacting in the East, by a young American, has awakened an eager curiosity to learn the results of his adventure. To gratify this feeling, Mr. McCormick has dashed off a vigorous and spirited account of his visit, which Appleton & Co. have produced with the elegance of typography for which they are renowned. The illustrations are gems of art, and the book is of the kind that is read, borrowed, commented on and remembered. Copies may be procured here of Redding & Co.

COHASSET RAILROAD DEPOT.

COHASSET.

In our present series of sea-side sketches, we turn from Nahant, recently illustrated in the Pictorial, to the southern shore of the coast, and present some of the notabilities of Cohasset. The views were drawn for us by an able artist, and are vivid pictures of the localities represented. Cohasset is in Norfolk County, Massachusetts, facing northeast upon Massachusetts Bay. The coast here is bold, rocky and dangerous. Taking the cars at the Old Colony station, in Boston, we proceed by the Old Colony and South Shore railroads to the Nantasket station, where we leave the cars and walk to the Rockland House, of which we give a view. Our road is winding and picturesque, and passes through the romantic village of North Cohasset, nestling among the rocks. The Rockland House, kept by J. D. and A. L. Howe, is situated upon high ground at the head of Nantasket Beach; it is finely located for summer residents, and combines all the advantages of the sea-shore. The view from the piazza of the hotel is very fine, showing the beach and outer Boston lighthouse, as in our engraving. From the Rockland House we take the Jerusalem road to the village of Cohasset. This road winds among the rocks and trees along the shore. The wind from the sea has great effect upon vegetation here; the trees lean from the water, and rarely, except in sheltered places, put forth any branches toward the ocean. The Black Rock House, or Bent's Cottage, is situated upon this road. It is a resort for fishing parties. The Black Rock is seen in the background. Cohasset Depot is situated at the terminus of the South Shore Railroad. It is a wooden building of Gothic architecture, and presents a very neat appearance. As we reach Cohasset from the Jerusalem road, the view shown in our large picture presents itself. The road follows the deep depression in the foreground, and gives the buildings a very elevated appearance. The village abounds in trees, and has a very quiet, rural appearance. Immediately back of the Unitarian Church, the largest seen in the picture, is a small pond, which adds much to the beauty of the Common. The church on the left is the Orthodox. Owing to its proximity to the sea, Cohasset forms a delightful place for a summer residence. We have thus very briefly noticed the principal objects delineated in our series of engravings; but, beside the sea, the "mighty sea," the "great deep," the works of man sink into insignificance. The proudest cathedral pile that art ever reared would vainly woo the eye from those huge battlements—those granite Gibraltars, that nature has piled along our coast. The dweller by the seashore needs only a shelter for his head, if his purpose be to study the phases of that great element which gives life to the world. He cares not for the finest music ever warbled by Italian throats, while he can listen to the moonlight music of the waves, and their bell-like tinkle as they peacefully lave the rocks; or, if he wish for a deeper diapason, organ anthems more sublime than ever rolled along the roof of a Gothic cathedral, he has but to listen to the thunder of the same changeful element when the storm-winds have lashed it to a fury. We cannot understand how people can complain of the monotony of the sea. Mountain scenery, however grand, has a certain degree of monotony. Those vast upheaved earth-waves are rigid and immovable. You can produce new combinations by changing your point of view; but the essential elements of the landscape are the same. Sunset, sunrise, moonlight, storm, mist,—you soon run through the gamut of this mountain melody. But with the ocean it is different; for, beside the variation of these atmospheric effects, you have the wonderful changes of the elements on which it is displayed. At one time you see the surface, placid, mirror-like, reflecting faithfully the blue tint of the over-arching sky, the forms of the shores, and the masts and the idle sails of the vessels that lie motionless upon the surface. At another, the whole expanse of water is corrugated by a cold current of air, and the mirror is broken into a thousand fragments. Yet another phase of the changeful element is presented when a furious storm displays the utmost fury of the waves. A storm at Cohasset baffles description; such a storm, for instance, as that in which Minot's Ledge Light perished, a few years since. The rude Cohasset rocks have witnessed many a sad wreck. The government are now commencing to build a permanent lighthouse on Minot's Ledge, which will rival the far-famed Eddystone in its solidity. But to descend from poetry to more practical matters; from the music of the waves to the flavor of the fish that dwell therein. Cohasset is famous for the abundance of its fish. Off the rock, those substantial staples, perch and rock cod, are caught in great numbers, and those versed in the piscatorial art know where to take the delicious tautog, one of the finest fish that swims in the salt water. Cod and haddock, monstrous specimens, are taken on the proper grounds, and, during the season of their run, delicious mackerel. And while speaking of cod, we may remark, *en passant*, that few persons, comparatively, know how to make a good chowder, though each of the public houses noticed above keeps at least one proficient. The other day, while whiling away an hour at the seaside, we accidentally came across the following recipe, by the "Shade of Alden," which we will give a chance of immortality in our pages; it is quite too valuable to be lost:—"For a family of twelve or fifteen persons, all you have to do is this: in the first place, catch your fish—as Mrs. Glass would say—either with a silver or some other kind of a hook; a codfish, not a haddock, weighing ten or twelve pounds. There is more nutriment in the former than in the latter. Have it well cleaned by your fishmonger (keeping the skin on), and cut into slices of an inch and a half in thickness; preserving the head, which is the best part of it for a chowder. Take a pound and a half of clear or fat pork, and cut that into thin slices; do the same with ten or twelve middling-sized potatoes. Then make your chowder, thus: take the largest pot you have in the house, if it be not 'as large as all outdoors;' fry out the pork first, and then take it out of the pot, leaving in the drippings. Put three pints of water with the drippings, then a layer of fish, so as to cover as much of the surface of the pot as possible; next, a layer of potatoes; then put in two tablespoonsful of salt, and a tea-spoonful of pepper; then, again, the pork, another layer of fish, what potatoes may be left, and fill the pot up with water, so as to completely cover the whole. Put the pot over a good fire, and let the *chowder boil* twenty-five minutes When this is done, put in a quart of sweet milk, if you have it handy, and ten or a dozen small hard crackers, split. Let the whole boil five minutes longer; your chowder is then ready for the table, and an excellent one it will be. Let this direction be strictly followed, and every man and every woman can make their own chowders. Long experience enables me to say this, without pretending to be a 'cook's oracle.' There is no mistake about it. An onion or two may be used, where people have a taste for that unsavory vegetable. A few days since, the very polite and gentlemanly keeper of one of the hotels on the seashore made an ineffectual attempt to give a lady boarder some idea about making chowders. He remarked that he thought 'about a dozen *India* crackers improved a fish chowder.' 'Why!' exclaimed the lady; 'I should think they would explode.' 'I mean, madam,' he replied, with characteristic suavity, 'crackers made of meal and flour, in equal parts.'" Among the *agremens* of a sojourn by the sea, in addition to feasting, fishing and bathing, boat sailing must not be forgotten; but this must be indulged in with due caution, and always with a tried and trusty skipper at the helm. "A sailboat," writes a person competent to speak on the subject, "is one of the most dangerous things in the world, in the hands of an inexperienced landsman: he had better attempt to subdue and manage a wild animal, or to break an obstinate, high-mettled colt than to break his own neck on the water; and yet how many rash blockheads there are, who are willing to risk, not only their own lives, but those of their companions, by undertaking to sail a boat in a high wind, and who understand as little the properties of a boat, the tiller and the rudder, as they do of the power of her sails. This is a lamentable fact. There ought to be a law to restrain such fellows from having the control of boats, under any circumstances, or even of mud-scows, if they are deeply laden and carry

BENT'S COTTAGE, OR BLACK ROCK HOUSE, COHASSET.



COHASSET BEACH, FROM ROCKLAND HOUSE.

canvass. It takes years of severe experience to learn to sail a boat well; it is not the work of a month, nor even of six months, to acquire a skilful knowledge of boat-sailing. I say nothing of the dangerous shoals and rocks, and other numerous had places, among the islands in Boston harbor,—that is a matter of vast importance, it is true; but I wish to speak of the danger of oversetting or swamping boats, in deep water, through ignorance, carelessness, or mismanagement, in jibing, in trimming the sails, reefing, or in steering. On a party of pleasure, for instance, the helm is very often entrusted to, or seized by, some novice, while the boatman runs forward to arrange the foresail and the jib, and to clear the halliards—the wind blowing heavy; the latter orders the helmsman to put the helm up, or hard-down, as the case may be; in two instances out of three, perhaps, his orders are not understood, or, in the hurry of the moment, are disobeyed,—in short, the helm is put the wrong way. The operation of jibing, as every nautical man well knows, is an important one, and requires activity, caution and judgment; nothing but experience can perfect a man in this. Then, again, there is much danger from sudden squalls, or heavy puffs of wind, while shooting out from under the lee of an island, or any other large object. The wind will sometimes strike you with remarkable force in this way, and calculation should be made to counteract its effect. I remember many accidents, some of them of a very serious character, which occurred in the manner I speak of." A person who sees no sublimity in the ocean, who cannot enjoy a storm or a calm, who is sea-sick the moment he takes a seat in a boat, who cares nothing for fishing, with whom sea-bathing disagrees, who thinks chowder "poor stuff," had better not go to Cohasset; but one who has a real taste for all these things, will be amply remunerated for a visit. If he be a hardy sportsman, then the wild fowl shooting, late in the fall, will prove an irresistible attraction. Myriads of ducks are destroyed every year on this coast, and yet they are undiminished.

ROCKLAND HOUSE, COHASSET.

TROPICAL HUMMING-BIRDS.

These bright little beings in the sunshine gleam and flash with a brilliancy as perfect as that of the many gems after which they are named. An enumeration of some of their names will convey an idea of their appearance—sapphire-throated, ruby-throated, sapphire and emerald, amethystine, topaz-throated; then there are the purple, tri-colored, violet-tufted, violet-crowned, blue-fronted, the superb, the magnificent, the sabre-winged. And there is one which must have been bestowed by some ornithological phrenologist, who had great skill in interpreting the natural language of birds—the supercilious humming-bird. The largest species yet discovered is what is called the gigantic, and the smallest, one that Sir William Jardine describes as Gould's humming-bird. The gigantic is in remarkable contrast to the rest of his tribe, both in size and in color of plumage. He is not only the largest but the homeliest, while the smallest is the most beautiful. The gigantic (the monster!) is nearly eight inches in length; the crown, the back, the under and lesser wing-coverts, brownish-green, with reflections of green tint; the under parts, light reddish mingled with a deeper tint and shaded off with green; the feathers are generally darker at the base, and the paler tips give a slightly waved appearance to the breast. On the throat, the feathers, though without lustre, retain the scaly form and texture of the more brilliant species. The wings slightly exceed the tail in length, bend up at the tips, and exhibit the form of the most correctly framed organ of flight; they are of a uniform brownish violet. The tail is composed of ten feathers, of a brownish color and with golden green reflections; they gradually decrease in length. Gould's is the smallest species, and of the most dazzling beauty. It is scarcely over two inches in length; its forehead, throat, and upper part of its breast, are of a most brilliant green; the feathers of a scaly form. From the crown springs a crest of bright chestnut feathers, of a lengthened form, and capable of being raised at pleasure. The back is of a golden green, crossed with a whitish band; the wings and tail are brownish purple, the latter having the centre feathers tinged with green; the lower parts are dark brownish green. The neck tufts are of the most splendid kind, and have a chaste but brilliant effect; they are composed of narrow feathers of a snowy whiteness, the tips of each having a round serrated spot of bright emerald green, surrounded with a dark border; the largest are at the upper part of the tuft, and they decrease in length, assuming the shape of a butterfly's wing; shorter feathers again spring from the base, and their green tips are relieved on the white of the longer ones behind them. The most common species, and that which abounds in all parts of the West Indies, is the ruby-crested. Though seen every day about the gardens, it presents some of the most splendid coloring of the family.—*Traveller's Journal.*

COHASSET COMMON.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

WHEN WOULD YOU DIE?

BY ADA G. EDDY.

Would you die in the spring,
When the season is fair;
And sweet-scented fragrance
Is filling the air?
When the flowerets are strewing
Bright forms o'er the earth,
And hailing the genius
That hastened their birth?
In its gay time of beauty,
O, would it not be,
When the wild forest songsters
Are warbling with glee;
When a carpet of verdure
Would spread o'er thy grave,
And the roses' soft petals
Mid green branches wave?

Not so! I would linger
Much longer than now;
I would gather those roses
To bind on my brow:
I would rest on that carpet,
With mild beauty rife;
And witness glad nature
Just kindled to life.
Who would die in the spring-time
When gladness has birth?
Ay, when joy first awakens,
Who'd leave the fair earth?

When spring, then, has fled,
Quick will summer appear,
In gay livery clad,
The pride of the year.
Is such, then, the time
You would choose to depart?
Could you leave without tears—
Without sadness of heart?

Not yet let me go:
While summer is gay
I would feast on its beauties—
Awhile let me stay.
Soon autumn will follow,
With treasures replete;
Let me reap its rich harvest,
Partake of its sweet:
Till the cold chilling winds
Scatter blight o'er the ground,
And the frost king and dampness
Strew ruin around;
When the green leaves of summer
Fall yellow and sear,
And the glory is wrested
From out the fair year.

I'd not wait till cold Winter,
With pitiless breath,
Has spread over nature
His traces of death:
I would go, when rich autumn,
On things of decay,
Has written indelibly,
"Passing away!"
When the swift tide of nature
Goes down with a sigh;—
Ay, with beauty's bright forms,
Let me die—let me die.

THE FATAL HELMETS.

A GALLIC LEGEND.

BY FRANCIS A. DURIVAGE.

It was on a dark evening in the month of February, 814, that two horsemen, clad in complete armor, and mounted on fleet and powerful chargers, rode rapidly towards one of the gates of the city of Paris. They were young and gallant knights, favorites of Charlemagne, and now bound for the ancient palace of Thermes, with sealed despatches for its seneschal, from the new monarch, Louis, the brother and successor of the great emperor.

"Look, Raoul!" said one of the riders, Robert de Guercy, addressing his companion, Raoul de Lys, "the clouds have lifted a little, and through a rent in the murky canopy of heaven, one star beams out, a presage of good fortune."

"Ay, Robert," replied his brother-in-arms, "and methinks I behold, rising in the distance, the hoary battlements and time-worn towers of the old palace. Dearer to me, that old Roman pile, in all its rude severity, than the fairest citadel of other lands—for is it not the bower of my ladye love, Rotrude the peerless?"

"Not peerless!" answered Robert de Guercy, "you forget her sister Gisla."

"They are twin-stars of beauty," said Raoul. "Worthy of the blood that courses in their veins—worthy sisters of the imperial Charlemagne."

"What think you the new monarch will say to our attachment?"

"I know not. I have not learned to read his character. But I fear his austerity and pride. Yet a little while, Robert, must our loves be hidden. We have wooed and won our mistresses in secret—let us still shroud our passion in the veil of mystery. The hour will come, believe me, when we can avouch it in the face of day. When we have carved out fortunes with our swords, and earned with our blood the highest honors of chivalry, each can claim the hand of an emperor's sister as his guerdon. But here we are at the gate."

Raising his bugle to his lips, Raoul blew a vigorous and martial blast. The gate was opened and the knights, setting spurs to their horses, dashed under the archway, the flambeaux of the guard throwing a ruddy light upon their gleaming armor and white plumes. Recognizing the companions as royal messengers, a few cavaliers mounted in haste, and offered their escort as far as the palace of Thermes.

The party galloped on at full speed, the iron-shod feet of the horses dashing fire from the stones that lay scattered in the narrow, unpaved and ill-kept streets. At length they reached the old palace, where the knights dismissed their escort. The seneschal, an old man, whose white beard descended half way to his girdle, received them with the honor due to couriers from the emperor, and gave orders that their chargers should be cared for, while he himself marshalled the way into a long, vaulted hall, wainscotted with oak, upon the walls of which hung panoplies of arms and banners of all nations, many of them wrested from their original possessors by the gallantry of Charlemagne. Yet it was a dreary place, and the night-wind, that found its way through the loop-holes, swayed the rustling banners to and fro with a dismal, moaning sound, like that of the voice of a prophet of evil.

The old seneschal, having conducted the young knights thus far, halted and said:

"You are from Aix-la-Chapelle?"

"Yes," replied Raoul. "And we have ridden all the way on the spur—securing fresh horses all along the route. I know not how my companion feels, he will answer for himself; but for my own part, I am as weary in limb as after a day spent in lopping off heads upon a field of battle. But a venison pasty and a flagon of wine before retiring to rest would not come amiss. What say you, Robert?"

"I have made no vow of abstinence—or I might be tempted to break it, for my necessities are great," answered De Guercy.

"But your despatches, noble knights," said the seneschal.

"By the mass! I had almost forgotten," said Raoul, producing the packet from his breast. "Here is the missive sealed with the imperial arms," and he placed it in the hands of the old man.

The aged seneschal carefully broke the seal, and unfolding the parchment, began to read its contents. The young knights watched his countenance, and saw surprise depicted in his features. When he had read every word, the seneschal raised his head, and addressing the bearer of the despatch, said:

"You are named Raoul de Lys?"

Raoul inclined his head.

"And you?" the seneschal continued, turning to the second knight.

"My name is Robert de Guercy."

"Then, Robert de Guercy and Raoul de Lys," said the seneschal, "I arrest you both."

"By whose authority?" demanded Raoul, fiercely.

"By the emperor's," replied the seneschal, striking the parchment with his withered hand.

The two knights looked at each other with astonishment.

"You will surrender your swords," said the seneschal.

Raoul and Robert disdainfully gave up their weapons.

"At least tell us of what crime we are accused," said Raoul.

"It is not specified in the letter," replied the seneschal, "only that you are to be imprisoned, and my orders command your separation."

"Our separation!" cried Raoul, throwing himself into the arms of his friend. "Robert is my brother-in-arms—my companion in peril and pleasure. Part us not."

"Compel me not to use violence," said the seneschal, gravely. "Obey—and trust to fortune."

"Good night, then, Robert," said Raoul, sadly. "What may be the issue of this affair Heaven only can decide."

The seneschal departed with his other prisoner, and Raoul de Lys heard the door barred and locked behind him. Throwing himself upon an oaken bench, he reflected painfully upon the sudden change which had fallen on his fortunes. A few days since, he was a favorite of the greatest monarch of the earth—now, he was a prisoner by command of his successor. A few moments before, he looked forward to a rapturous meeting with Rotrude, now he was separated from her and perhaps forever. As these painful thoughts passed through his mind, the iron tongue of the belfry of St. James struck twelve; a secret door swung open on its hinges, and Robert de Guercy, holding a lamp in his hand, and followed by a female figure entered the hall. Raoul started to his feet.

"Raoul! brother! friend!" cried the knight. "We must up and act. The emperor has doomed us to perpetual imprisonment."

"How know you this?"

Robert de Guercy pointed to the shrinking figure of Gisla.

"Is this true, lady?"

"Too true," replied Gisla. "And ere many hours, my brother will be himself in Paris to enforce his orders.

"Why did we give up our swords?" cried Raoul, furiously—"it would have been better to have died fighting like knights and gentlemen, than perish like rats in a dungeon. But where is Rotrude?"

"Here, Raoul," answered the soft voice of a glorious, dark-eyed creature, who glided into the hall and threw herself into the arms of her lover.

Gisla wrung her hands and wept.

"Fie! sister," said Rotrude, turning from the embrace of Raoul. "These tears are unworthy of a sister of Charlemagne—the mistress of a gallant knight. All is not desperate. The seneschal is sound asleep. I have corrupted the guards. Four fleet horses are saddled in the court-yard. Let us fly while yet we have the time."

"And wherefore fly?" asked a deep voice.

Rotrude turned in terror, and Louis himself, issuing from the secret passage, stood before them.

"Thou here!" cried Rotrude.

"Ay—sister mine," cried the monarch. "Why, you fly before me, maidens, like startled doves. I found your nest warm; I knew you could not be far off."

"But how could you win your way hither?"

Louis smiled.

"Dear girl," said he, "the secret passages of the old palace are as well known to me as to the architect himself. I could find my way through their labyrinthine windings blindfolded. So," he added, turning to the two knights, "you are here?"

"Yes, my liege," answered Raoul, "and unarmed and prisoners by your order."

"Valor may well be a prisoner, when beauty is his jailer," said the monarch, smiling. "Am I to understand you, noble knights, that you love these damsels fair?"

"More than life!" replied Robert and Raoul simultaneously.

"And you are not disposed to be cruel?" asked Louis, turning to the sisters.

Their blushes answered in the affirmative.

"Ah!" cried Louis, reproachfully. "Why did you not make a confidant of me, and treat me as a friend and brother? You should have been wedded royally. Now, since it seems to me that the ceremony must immediately take place, there is no room for splendor. I have a priest in waiting. Go, dearest sisters, and put on your bravest attire, and return to me at once."

The sisters obeyed.

Raoul was astounded.

"Can I have heard aright!" he exclaimed. "Does your majesty really intend to bestow on poor knights the sisters of your majesty?"

"*If you live*," replied the monarch, "you shall wed them ere the morning dawn. Poor knights! say you? Those who enjoy a sovereign's favor can never be termed poor. And as a token of my countenance, I hereby present two costly helmets with the accompanying armor, which I pray you to put on immediately. A warrior should wed in mail."

At a signal from the monarch, four attendants appeared from the secret passage, bringing two complete suits of armor.

"These are curious," said the monarch. "You will value them as having once belonged to my illustrious brother—may his soul rest in peace! They were made in Italy, and sent him from Ravenna, in return for a huge goblet filled with precious stones."

As he spoke thus, the attendants disarmed the knights, and clad them in their new armor. This change accomplished, Louis bade them be seated, and await in the hall the return of himself and their brides.

When, after the lapse of some time, the two sisters, apparelled from head to foot in virgin white, and holding each other by the hand, re-entered the hall, they found the two knights sitting motionless in the huge oaken chairs where Louis had left them. Each lady, distinguishing her lover by his stature, for the visors of their helmets were closed, repaired to his side. The warriors did not rise to welcome their brides.

"Raoul!" said Rotrude, placing her white hand on the shoulder of her lover.

Raoul replied not—and the cold steel sent a strange shudder through the frame of the beautiful girl.

"Speak to me, Robert!" cried the other sister. "It is I—it is Gisla, beloved one."

Robert de Guercy neither spoke nor moved.

Rotrude raised the hand of Raoul; when she relinquished it, it fell like lead. A wild shriek burst from the lips of the heart-broken sisters. At the same moment both had made the discovery that their lovers were dead.

A mechanical apparatus, the contrivance of some malevolent genius, was contained in each helmet, the operation of which excluded the air, while the throat of the wearer was griped as in an iron vice, and life was speedily extinguished. Louis had probably decided that the mere fact of two humble knights aspiring to wed the sisters of their sovereign, was sufficient to merit death—but whatever his motive, his vengeance was speedy and effective. Of the two sisters, Gisla died on the spot in discovering her lover's death. Rotrude, removed to a convent by order of the emperor, soon lost her reason, and died also, in the course of a few weeks, a raving maniac.

Many—many years afterwards, when the old palace was crumbling away, two suits of armor were brought to light, enclosed in a secret chamber.

On examination, a skeleton was found in each. But the visor of each helmet, on being raised by mechanical agency, discovered a ghastly head in a state of extraordinary preservation. These were the fatal helmets, and the heads those of the ill starred lovers of Gisla and Rotrude.

* The basis of this sketch may be found in that very agreeable and valuable illustrated work, "Les Rues de Paris."

CLIMATE.

The institutions of a country depend, in great measure, on the nature of its soil and situation. Many of the wants of man are awakened or supplied by these circumstances. To these, wants, manners, laws and religion must shape and accommodate themselves. The division of land, and the rights attached to it, alter with the soil; the laws relating to its produce, with its fertility. The manners of its inhabitants are in various ways modified by its position. The religion of a miner is not the same as the faith of a shepherd, nor is the character of the ploughman so warlike as that of the hunter. The observant legislator follows the direction of all these various circumstances. The knowledge of the natural advantages or defects of a country thus forms an essential part of political science and history.—*Justus Moser.*

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

PASSING AWAY.

BY TAMAR ANNE KERMODE.

Passing away—passing away!
All things alike are doomed to decay—
The flowers in the wildwood wither and die—
The leaves in the forest fall mournfully—
And everything earthly seems to say,
Passing away—passing away.

Passing away—passing away!
The young and the lovely in life's early day—
The infant is torn from its mother's breast—
The aged one goes to his wished-for rest—
The sun each day brightly shines in the sky,
But all things around us droop and die.

Passing away—passing away!
It must ever be thus with earthly clay—
But like trees in the forest now withering,
That will bloom again in the early spring,
Our souls will rejoice beyond the sky,
In a glorious, bright eternity.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

ADVENTURES IN THE PHILIPPINES.

BY GIDDINGS H. BALLOU.

On the ninth of October, 1819, as his narrative tells us, Paul de la Gironniere, a young French surgeon, embarked, at Nantes, on board an old half-rotten ship, with a superannuated captain, and, after eight months voyage, anchored off Cavite, some six leagues from Manilla. Here he landed, took lodgings, and amused himself for some time with hunting expeditions, and with exploring some of the finest scenery in the world. Who that has read the Abbé Raynal's striking description of the wonders of this tropic land, but will sympathize with the stranger's delight on entering the borders of this comparatively untrodden region? These excursions exposed him to danger from robbers and from the wild natives who haunted the neighboring country. But Gironniere was young and ardent, and pastime possessed for him the greater pleasure from the fact that it was attended with a due degree of peril.

Thus passed some three months or more, when the cholera broke out at Manilla. The pestilence swept away the Indians by thousands. The dead carts filled the streets continually. The natives, at first paralyzed by fright, were soon aroused to rage and the fury of despair. The foreigners had poisoned the wells. They had conspired to destroy them, in order that they themselves might rule the island undisturbed. The Indians rose at once on the unsuspecting whites, and commenced an indiscriminate butchery. The French captains and merchants, whose luckless fortunes had exposed them to the mob, were massacred almost to a man. Gironniere succeeded in getting safe on board his ship, when, after being called to attend on a wounded American mate, he received news that one of the French captains, Drouant, was still on shore. There was a chance—barely a chance—that he might be saved. Gironniere hesitated not a moment. He threw himself into a boat; called on the ship's crew for volunteers, and at once set off for shore.

Arriving at the beach, the boat's crew were directed to lie off till signalized either by Gironniere himself or by Captain Drouant. In a short time the young surgeon came upon a crowd of several hundred Indians, and in their midst, Drouant, pale as a corse, and about to receive the fatal blow from the uplifted kreese of one of the natives. Gironniere rushed in and intercepted the blow.

"Run!" he cried, to Captain Drouant. "A boat is waiting you. Quick, for your life!"

The astonished natives paused, and amidst their surprise the captain escaped. But now the crowd began to close around Gironniere; their eyes menaced him with deadly hatred, when, at this critical moment, a native soldier threw himself before the Frenchman, and with his musket beat back the crowd.

"Fly!" he said, to Gironniere. "You attended my wife without a fee. The debt is paid!"

Gironniere fled, and secreted himself till the following day, when the means were furnished him to return to the Cultivateur. It might be supposed that he would have embraced them without delay. But no; for just as he was to leave the shore, a billet was put into his hands, signed by all the captains in the harbor. It declared that, expecting every moment to be attacked by the Indians, they had decided to weigh anchor and get more offing. But two of their number had left on shore valuable property, and all their sails and water. They begged the surgeon to assist them, and placed a boat at his disposal. Gironniere decided to comply with the request. In vain his friends pointed out the inevitable fate to which he would expose himself.

"It is not merely a question of money," he said. "The very existence of these two crews depends upon my efforts."

"Go, then!" exclaimed his friends, at last, perceiving dissuasion useless. "If you are so foolhardy as to rush on certain death, you must proceed alone. We will accompany you no further."

Reckoning, with daring shrewdness, on the effect which a prompt courage would produce on the fickle disposition of the natives, now that their passions had in a degree subsided, Gironniere presented himself singly before them. The Indians were struck with admiration at his fearlessness. A few words acted on them like magic. They willingly agreed to fulfil his wishes. Two hundred laborers placed themselves under his command. Sails, provisions, water and merchandize were transported on board the ships, and after a day of the most intense anxiety to Gironniere, the boat carried him aboard the Cultivateur insensible. Brandy and continued rubbing restored him to life, and the next day he was himself again. He now undertook to review his affairs, and found them certainly in no flattering condition. The venture of goods, in which he had invested the savings of years, had been destroyed on shore. All the estate which he possessed was summed up as follows: thirty-two dollars in cash, and the clothes upon his back. That is to say, excepting one hundred dollars owing to him from an English captain, who had hauled down to the entrance of the bay, thirty miles from Cavite. Thither Gironniere proceeded in a boat, and boarding the ship, asked for his money.

"I owe you none," was the sole satisfaction which he received. "Leave the ship, or I will have you thrown overboard!"

There was no remedy; for the Englishman was now where the law would not be able to reach him. So Gironniere returned from his bootless errand to console himself as only a Frenchman knows how. But the chapter of misfortune was not yet full. His ship was to remain a short time longer, and arranging that he should be informed in due season of her intended departure, Gironniere accompanied a friendly native on a short visit in the interior. The message was sent as agreed, but miscarried; and Gironniere reached the beach only to see the Cultivateur sinking gradually in the horizon. He stood for a while in deep reflection. At length his mind relieved itself in the following words: "I am the cleverest physician in the islands. I will return to Manilla and practise my profession."

So saying, he faced about for the city. His capital had diminished to twenty-five dollars, also trowsers, a white jacket and a striped shirt. Not a large outset for a young physician in one of the most luxurious and expensive cities of the East!

Nevertheless, there soon appeared a gleam of sunlight. For as he walked towards the city, perplexed as to how he might procure medical instruments and an attire somewhat more professional, he fell in with a young surgeon, an European like himself, who was about returning to his native country. To this new acquaintance Gironniere opened his mind.

"I can furnish you at a bargain," said the former.

And Gironniere presently acquired six good lancets and a coat, little the worse for wear, which fitted him somewhat, as the saying has it, "like a shirt on a handspike." This purchase left Gironniere the undisputed master of cash to the amount of one dollar. The sunlight had nearly faded. Even a Frenchman's mercurial eyes looked somewhat blank, perforce, at the prospect in view. Where should he pass the night? and on the morrow? Suddenly, the young surgeon bethought himself of a patient in prospective. He had heard of a Spanish captain, Don Juan de Perras, whom a certain casualty had made nearly blind. He would cure him. It would be a good start. So the sanguine adventurer inquired the captain's residence.

"*Quien sabe?* Don't know," was the universal reply; and it was not till after a tiresome quest that the stranger succeeded in his search. He found the captain applying a poultice to his eyes.

"Senor captain," said the young practitioner, as, taking off his *sombrero*, he delivered his errand, "I am a physician, and a skilful oculist. I am certain that I can cure you."

"*Basta!*" was the reply. "All the doctors in Manilla are asses."

"Exactly so. That is the reason why *I* have come here. I am a Frenchman, senor captain; regularly educated at Nantes."

"A Frenchman! Ah! that is another matter. Well, take my eyes, senor medico, and do what you can with them."

"I am glad to hear you. But your eyes are in a very bad condition. To accomplish my purpose, it is necessary that, for the present, I should not leave you a moment."

"Cannot you, then, take up your residence with me for awhile?"

"Yes, but on one condition—that I pay for my board and lodging."

"It shall be as you please. All is ready. I will call my servant, and send him for your baggage."

Here was a situation! The baggage consisted of one white jacket, placed within the crown of the medico's hat. There was no escaping the crisis. The young doctor briefly explained his situation. Don Juan listened quietly till he finished, and then burst into a loud laugh. The young doctor trembled. His face was moist with perspiration. Was he supposed a cheat?

"Ha! ha! So much the better, then. So much the more necessary for you to cure me."

The young doctor wiped his brow. He breathed freely again. On examination, the captain's eyes were found to be in a terrible condition; a cancer had formed upon the right eye, and Gironniere informed his host that it would be necessary to remove that eye entirely. Don Juan, though at first astonished at the information, submitted himself to the surgeon. The painful operation was endured with success. The left eye, although in great peril from cancerous fibres, was preserved by careful skill, and in six weeks Don Juan was cured. Gironniere now anticipated, with much pleasure, the sensation which would be caused by the captain's reappearance before the public, from which he had long kept himself secluded. But to his disappointment and chagrin, Don Juan refused to show himself on the street.

"Why so obstinate?" entreated the surgeon. "Who will believe that you are cured? Though I have put black silk over the place of the missing eye, yet, when visitors come, you keep the shutters closed. They find you always in the dark; they give no credit to the story of your cure, and I suffer the consequences of their disbelief."

"Do you suppose," replied Don Juan, "that I am going to walk along the street and hear the women saying, 'There goes Don Juan, the one-eyed?' No; I tell you I wont go out of doors till you are able to get me a glass eye from Paris."

"A glass eye from Paris! Why, sir, it will take eighteen months to do that."

"Very well, then. Here goes for eighteen months more."

Don Juan was immovable. As Gironniere could not afford to wait eighteen months for a favorable impression on the public, there appeared to him no resource but in attempting a glass eye himself. He tried again and again, and failed; but, at last, success crowned his efforts. A very fair imitation of the natural eye was produced, and, furnished to his mind, Don Juan presented himself on the street, bidding defiance to female criticism. Gironniere's fortune was made. His fame was in every mouth. Money flowed in in abundance; and, best of all, fortune introduced him to the beautiful Marquesa de las Salinas, a widow of nineteen, who shortly became his wife.

The loving couple now agreed to visit France. They only awaited the arrival of the Acapulco galleons, which were to convey from Mexico the wife's fortune, amounting to near thirty thousand pounds sterling. One evening, the ships were telegraphed: next day they would be in; next day brought the ships, but not a dollar of the expected fortune—all was lost. Colonel Iturbide, with a regiment of the line, had been put in charge of some five or six millions, including the fortune of Gironniere's young wife. As this treasure was on its way to San Blas, there to be embarked for Manilla, the future *soi-disant* Emperor Iturbide took possession of the money, and with his regiment fled from the jurisdiction of Mexico.

"My wife and I," says De la Gironniere, "bore the matter with pretty tolerable philosophy. The chief difference that it made was, that we were obliged to defer our return to France."

Not long after the date of this little episode, Gironniere took it into his head to purchase the peninsula of Jala-Jala, situated in the midst of the lake of Bay, in the interior of the island. Here, under sanction of the Spanish government, he established a little principality, where he reigned with the fair Anna as his queen, and dispensed law and religion among banditti, and Indians as wild as they. With admirable tact, he prosecuted his purpose. He built a hall of justice. He erected a church, in which a native curate swayed with ease the un-European minds of the rude children of the tropics.

And now, having followed our hero to the summit of prosperity, we must begin to think of leaving him in the enjoyment of his happiness. His romantic expeditions into the unexplored interior, his perils by banditti and hostile savages, the curious revelations of animal and vegetable life which the country afforded, the singular customs of different races and tribes, all these must be sought among the details of "Twenty Years in the Philippines."

Farewell, then, to Gironniere. And in finishing, we would say that we have been led to the consideration of these adventures by a double attraction. The life of a single person individualizes to us the connection between Europe and the torrid Indies, between the spicy East and Mexico, overflowing with silver and gold. A long gallery of historic pictures is opened to us by the force of association. The Manillas were discovered by Magellan, giving birth to bitter jealousies between the Spanish and the Portuguese, at that period the kings of maritime discovery. Then, as the checkered annals of the Indies flash quickly past, we see the old galleons which yearly voyaged, in like manner as now, from Manilla to Acapulco and back. And we think of Drake, and Hawkins, and of the marvellous sea fights of the buccaneers, who were wont to throw themselves on the huge ships and conquer them at every hazard. The indomitable courage, the outrageously lawless and reckless spirit with which these outcasts from every nation swept the burning climes in which they dwelt; all these themes mingle in the varied recollections suggested by the voyage to Manilla, and the transit thence to the port of Acapulco.

MILITARY PERFECTION.

We recently heard from the lips of one of the Board of Visitors at West Point a fact which illustrates the remarkable proficiency of the pupils of the institution, not only in their studies, but in the practical part of military duty. The annual examination this year lasted for seventeen days, and it is customary, at the close of each day, for the students to give a practical illustration of the sciences upon which they have been examined. Thus when the examination of the day was upon gunnery, there would be practice with guns at the close; military movements would be illustrated by the Cadets acting as a corps; and the art of horsemanship would be practically exemplified by exercises in the riding school, etc. On one day there had been an examination in engineering and road building, and the Board of Visitors were invited to proceed to the river at half-past five o'clock in the afternoon, to witness a practical illustration of the examination. At the word of command, the Cadets proceeded to construct a bridge from timbers prepared for the purpose, and in *twenty-four minutes* a bridge, one hundred and fifty feet long, extending into the Hudson, and resting on pontoons where the water was deep, had been put together and made passable for artillery and troops. The Cadets were then required to take up the bridge. The bridge was taken down, and the various timbers of which it was composed piled up in an orderly manner, so as to be ready to be put up again in an equally short space of time. This was accomplished in exactly *nine minutes!* Upon inquiry, it was ascertained that the bridge used upon this occasion was one which was in the train of General Scott, in his celebrated march to the city of Mexico.—*Boston Journal.*

Love of Excellence.—Wherever I find a man despising the false estimates of the vulgar, and daring to aspire, in sentiments, language, and conduct, to what the highest wisdom through all ages has sanctioned as most excellent, to him I unite myself by a sort of necessary attachment; and, if I am so influenced by nature or destiny, that by no exertion or labors of my own I can attain to this summit of worth and honor, yet no powers of heaven or earth will hinder me from looking with affection and reverence upon those who have thoroughly attained this glory, or appear engaged in the successful pursuit of it.—*Milton.*

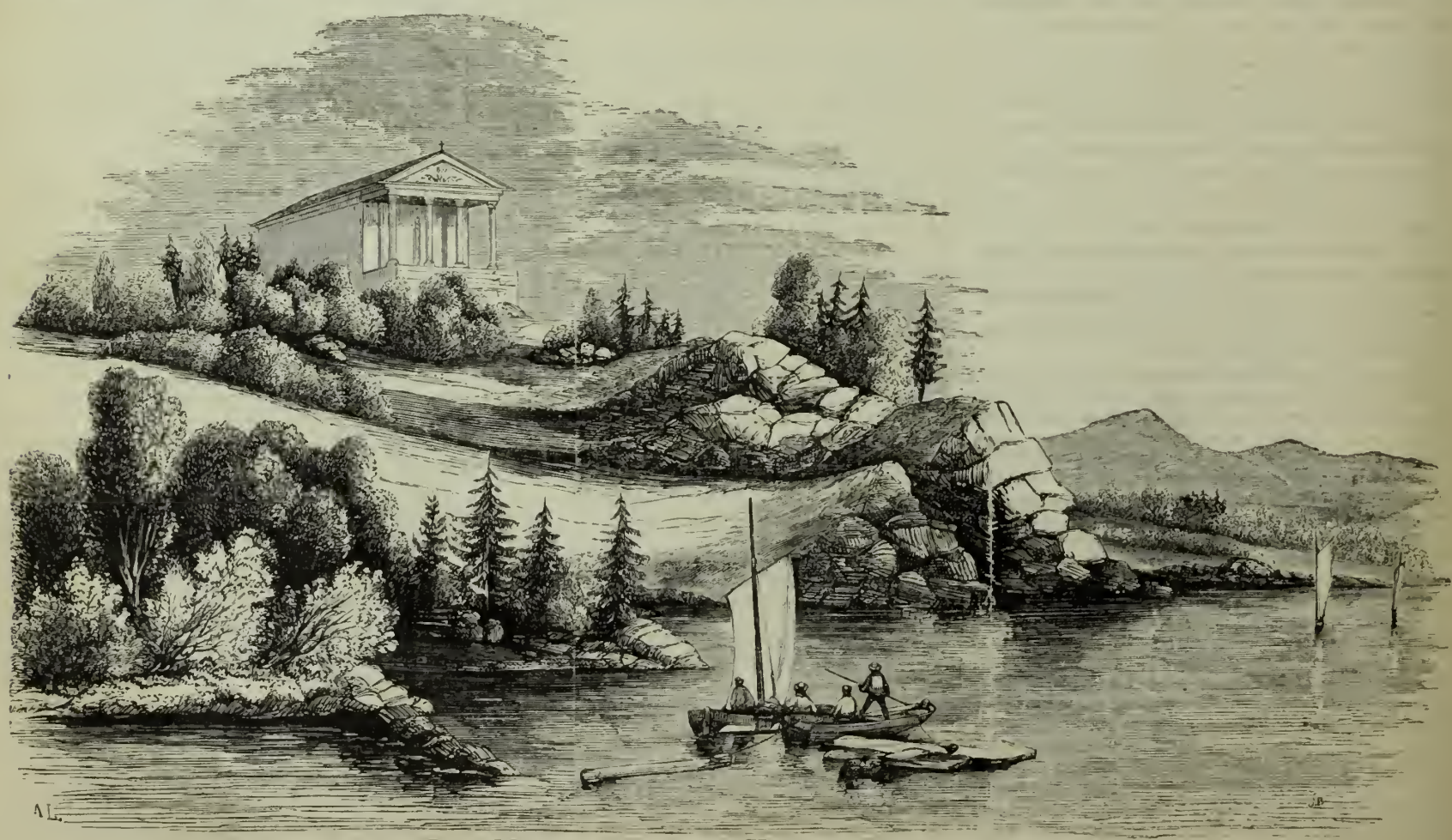
THE CHILD OF THE SEVENTH REGIMENT.

We herewith present our readers with one of the most interesting portraits we have yet offered them, that of Miss Marian Divver, the adopted daughter of the Seventh Regiment, New York, Colonel Duryee, commander, a noble and world-renowned body of volunteer troops. The likeness is taken from a daguerreotype by Messrs. Masury & Silsbee, of this city, and drawn for the Pictorial by an eminent artist. The story of the "Fille du Regiment," is briefly as follows. Joseph A. Divver, the father of Miss Divver, was an alderman of the Fourth Ward of the city of New York, and adjutant of the Seventh Regiment of National Guards. When the Mexican war broke out, animated by the spirit of patriotism which called so many of our finest men into the field, he disposed of a lucrative business, and accepted the commission of first lieutenant in Captain Duff's company of U. S. dragoons—regular army. Captain Duff died shortly after landing in Mexico, during the siege of Vera Cruz, and the command devolved upon Lieutenant Divver, who was in almost every engagement between Vera Cruz and the capital. At the close of the war he obtained an honorable discharge, and returned to the city of New York, where he was again appointed adjutant of the Seventh Regiment. He held this office until his death, which occurred about a year after his return from Mexico. His soldierly and social qualities had endeared him to the officers and privates of the regiment, and to a large circle of his friends, by all of whom his death was severely felt. His comrades testified their friendship for him and their respect for his memory in the noblest manner. Directly after the death of the adjutant, Colonel Duryee called a meeting of his officers, and the result was the adoption of the orphan (Miss Divver's mother had died some years before) by the regiment—each man paying a certain sum annually for her support and education. From the time of her father's death she has been kept at the best schools, and is now receiving private instruction in the city of Brooklyn. The young lady is a proficient in all the branches of an English education, is well versed in music, and is quite determined that nothing shall be wanting on her part, to merit the approbation of her *many fathers*. On the 22d of last April, the regiment was called together for its annual exhibition drill at the city arsenal. A large number of ladies graced the occasion, which was destined to be one of more than ordinary interest. The drill exhibited the admirable proficiency of Colonel Duryee's command. We have ourselves seen a portion of this regiment under arms, and to us their drill appeared positive perfection. If it can be surpassed, we have yet to learn how, and by whom. Their alignment, their dress, their manual, their marching and firing, are deserving of the highest praise. The parade of this regiment is always an event, even in their native city, accustomed as it is to military displays. They occupy the entire width of the streets through which they pass, and present a most splendid and soldierly appearance. A New York contemporary remarks: "We have seen the best troops of England, of France, of Germany, and of Russia, on their grand field days, and we have seen their firings, and we are free to confess, without any desire to puff the Seventh Regiment, that their firing was equal to those best of best troops, and the firing of those best troops did not surpass the firing of the Seventh Regiment. That which is perfect cannot be surpassed—and the firing of the Seventh Regiment was perfect. It would be foolish in us to say what this regiment would do on the field of battle, as no regiment can be known until it has been baptized in fire. From some personal knowledge of several officers and men, we believe that they possess all the attributes—that high sense of duty and that military moral so difficult to instil into a body of men—in sufficient force to stimulate them to the performance of any deed that the nation might expect from the courage and address of its soldiers. The drilling of the Seventh Regiment proves one thing—that stiffness is not necessary to the physique of the soldier; that being bandaged in uncouth, torturing accoutrements is altogether unnecessary, and only retards the action as it destroys the physical freedom of the animal anatomy of the man. It proves also, drilled as the Seventh Regiment now is, the preeminent superiority over all others in the simplicity of General Scott's mode of instructing the soldier. In no other city in the world could a more highly respectable body of young men be found associated together for military purposes, to serve the state, than the gentlemen comprising this regiment. Everything pertaining to it partakes of a private individual and a high national tone. Boasting of more than a common share of intelligence, it shows to the world what an ambitious, free people can accomplish, if their pride or indignation be aroused. In Colonel Duryee, the commandant, the regiment boasts of and is proud of the true soldier, the accomplished gentleman, and the true American." After the exercises of the regiment were over on the occasion above referred to, the corps was formed in a hollow square, to the centre of which the colonel led forward the adopted daughter of the regiment, and with a few appropriate and feeling remarks, introduced her to her protectors. She is a beautiful child of thirteen, with graceful and engaging manners. Her appearance was hailed by the regiment with expressions of the most heartfelt pleasure, and she was introduced by the colonel to, and shook hands with every man in the command, and all of them wished her health, happiness and long life. The ladies present could not restrain their joyful tears of sympathy. At the conclusion of the presentation, the child was conducted to the centre of the hollow square, the colonel kissed his *protégée*, and amid the long roll of drums and the waving of ladies' handkerchiefs the interesting ceremony ended. We cannot close this notice without mentioning another instance of the generous and good feeling which pervades the regiment. During the recent encampment of the Seventh Regiment at Kingston, on the last day's drill, a ball cartridge accidentally got into one of the muskets, and a lady with a child in her arms was shot. There was to be a grand regimental ball that evening, and thousands had come from great distances to participate in the festivities. It was intended to be the most brilliant affair ever got up in this country, but after this sad occurrence, the regiment voted unanimously to forego all their anticipated pleasure. Moreover, fifteen hundred dollars were raised on the spot and placed to the credit of the wounded lady, while the regiment became responsible for all the expenses of her illness, and stand ready to support her, if necessary, for the remainder of her life. The example of this regiment shows how gracefully the refined feelings and sympathies of the citizen may be blended with the chivalric character of the soldier, and it is of itself a reply to those slanderers who have made our militia the target for their envenomed arrows. The daughter of the Seventh Regiment is a living rebuke to the opponents of our military system, and a triumphant exhibition of the spirit of generous rivalry in benevolent action.

THE CHILD OF THE SEVENTH REGIMENT, NEW YORK.

ST. MARY'S CHURCH, COLD SPRING.

The accompanying engraving, drawn for the Pictorial on the spot, represents the pretty church at Cold Spring, Putnam Co., N. Y., on the Hudson River. It is situated at the southern extremity of the village, on a headland jutting into the Hudson, commanding an extensive view of "Old Fort Putnam," West Point, Warner's Island, and of the delightful river and mountain scenery of the northern section of the "Highlands." It was first built by Rev. Philip O'Reilly, many years ago, and afterwards improved and enlarged by Rev. Dr. Villanis. It is a solid brick building, of the Roman style of architecture. The plan is cruciform. The main building is seventy-eight feet in length, by forty in width, and twenty-seven in height. At the west end of the church are two commodious galleries, the former of which serves as an organ loft, and is furnished with an suitable and fine-toned organ. The ornaments of the sanctuary are of a chaste and beautiful character, and the whole arrangement displays great judgment.



ST MARY'S CHURCH, AT COLD SPRING, ON THE HUDSON, NEW YORK.

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL.

THE CHEAPEST WEEKLY PAPER IN THE WORLD.

MATURIN M. BALLOU, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.
FRANCIS A. DURIVAGE, ASSISTANT EDITOR.

TAPOTAPATHY.

This is a new practice brought out by Dr. Engelstroem. It consists in *whipping* the patient until he can no longer squeal, cry, swear or offer any resistance; in fact, until the thoroughly flagellated sick man becomes insensible to pain, and considers the beating pleasurable. Then the patient is convalescent, and in the high road to health.—*Exchange.*

This is a very old practice, but not much employed, from the extreme difficulty of bringing the patient to the point at which the flagellation is pleasurable. Some persons are so obstinate as never to acknowledge they have reached it. The czar of Russia administers this remedy on a large scale—allopathic doses of knout being dealt out with an unsparing hand. Yet no man nor woman (for the knout is administered to both) ever "asked for more," like Oliver Twist. The emperor of China, also, is an extensive dealer in the Engelstroem nostrum. There is a perpetual round of flogging in China, in which each class gets its share—the bamboo never resting night and day. This system has been in operation a couple of thousand years, and yet the "patients" are still so benighted as to think it very poor fun. We have no idea that Dr. Engelstroem's practice will prove a lucrative one.

MESSRS. MEADE BROTHERS.—One of these gentlemen, the eminent daguerreotype and photographic artists of New York, has just returned from Paris, bringing with him a splendid assortment of photographic pictures taken by himself. Among them is a set taken by Mr. Meade expressly for our Pictorial, including portraits of Madame Rachel, the great French, and Signora Ristori, the distinguished Italian tragediennes, likenesses of other eminent persons, views of noteworthy monuments, interiors, and works of art, which we will present from time to time to our patrons. The Messrs. Meade stand in the first rank of their profession, as all can testify who have examined their productions, or visited their splendid gallery in New York city.

HARD TIMES.—We have just passed through a season of hard times, but our ancestors had harder times during the Revolution. Mrs. John Adams wrote at that period, "I blush whilst I give you a price current. All meat from a dollar to eight shillings a pound; corn, twenty-five dollars—rye, thirty per bushel; flour, 200 dollars per hundred pounds; potatoes, ten dollars a bushel, etc." The dollars referred to were the depreciated continental currency.

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL.—No man can long continue a reader of the Pictorial without becoming aware of its intrinsic worth, and conscious that his mind has been enriched by the perusal of its pages.—*Eagle, Vinton, Iowa.*

SPLINTERS.

.... There is a library of American books at Paris, numbering 10,000 volumes. Vattemaire was active in getting it up.

.... The emigrant runners have made great disturbances about the regulations of the emigrant depot at Castle Garden, N. Y.

.... At Saratoga Springs, Robert Halsey was lately robbed of $10,000 in money and $75,000 in diamonds.

.... Duelling is getting fashionable again in California. Pistols and small swords for two, are not uncommon orders there.

.. Elsworth, who walked a thousand miles in a thousand hours at Cambridge, repeated the feat at Sacramento.

.... Mr. Pierce, of South Boston, was lately severely kicked by a horse. Give a horse's heels a wide berth, always.

.... The watering-places are closing up their accounts. Rather too cool for dips in the briny element now.

.... John Wilson, the murderer, will be executed in the Suffolk county jail-yard, October 5th.

.... The salaries of the Rachel troupe will amount to about $130,000. Rachel must draw well to pay them.

.... Col. Kinney is fairly established in Nicaragua, with his peaceful colony. We shall see what comes next.

.... The political prisoners at Naples, whose offence is patriotism, are treated like dogs rather than men.

.... The gay season has set in. Fiddlers and dancers are already at work, and pumps and partners are in demand.

..... A man was fined lately $2 for taking an apple worth one cent. It was the principle involved, not the value.

.... Frederick Tudor, Esq., in 1805, exported the first cargo of ice ever shipped from this country.

.... A swallow lately flew into Rev. Mr. Skinner's church, of Boston, during service, and circled over the congregation.

.... Another girl in pantaloons lately appeared before one of our judicial tribunals. Where's Mrs. Bloomer?

.... A boy in Edgartown lately caught a bass weighing forty-five pounds. Its sale yielded him several "shiners."

.... It is said to be a fact that in British East India judicial torture is still applied to prisoners on trial.

.... The hemp crop of Missouri does not turn out as well as usual. Many rogues will breathe freer at this news.

.... Fifty-four barrels of peas lately arrived at a coffee-grinding establishment in Buffalo. Pure Mocha—of course!

.... A great linguist from a London Ragged School went to the Crimea as an interpreter, and often dined with Lord Raglan.

.... Three hands, discharged from the N. Y. Central Railroad, were lately arrested for the crime of throwing off a train.

.... The crops at the Sandwich Islands were magnificent this year—enough for the ample supply of the inhabitants.

NATURAL HISTORY.—INSECTS.

The splendid engraving which occupies the whole of our last page, was drawn for us by the same artist who has heretofore adorned our pages with his magnificent illustrations of natural history, and has been engraved in a style to which we invite particular attention. Below we enumerate the subjects of this interesting picture. No. 1, the Hornet, a much dreaded insect, is usually found in the woods, where it builds its nest in the hollows of trees, or it often occupies an old, deserted house or workshop. It feeds on other insects, and even attacks, vanquishes and devours the Wasp (No. 2), the paper-maker of the insect tribes. The paper of which the Wasps construct their nests is coarse, but still it is genuine paper manufactured from the fibres of decaying wood, which the insect gnaws off, mashes with its teeth, and then spreads to harden. These formidable little fellows may have suggested the substitute for linen and cotton which some of our paper-makers have recently employed. No. 3, the Stag-Beetle, is the largest of all the British insects. It is harmless to man, and only uses its formidable jaws to break the tender bark of trees, that it may feed on the exuding sap. No. 4, the Dor-Beetle, is distinguished by the dull humming sound it makes as it goes its rounds in the dusk of the evening. When captured, it simulates death to escape it. No. 5, the Cock-Chaffer, does great mischief in the spring by gnawing the roots of tender plants. The birds, however, are pretty vigilant, and destructive foes of these insects. No. 6 is the Queen Bee. The habits of this insect are pretty generally known. No insects are worthier of study than bees—models of ingenuity, industry and order, as they are. No. 7, the Drone, the antipodes of the working-bee, is faithfully delineated. No. 8 is the Working-Bee, the faithful subject of his sovereign, the industrious architect both of the store-rooms and the stores they contain. No. 9 is the common Humble-Bee, or Bumble-Bee, as country children, who narrowly watch his goings and comings, and frequently trap him in a squash or pumpkin blossom, term this active insect. No. 10, the Ichneumon Fly, is a deadly enemy to caterpillars, those pests of the orchard and fruit garden. There are several varieties of this fly. They do not, as most other insects, deposit their eggs on vegetable or dead animal substances, but they actually bore holes in other insects, while they are still in the larva state, and leave the eggs to hatch in their living receptacle. No. 11, the Ox or Gad-Fly, deposits its eggs under the skin of cattle, where they remain till they are fit to pass into the pupa state, when they bury themselves in the ground, and after a few days emerge perfect, to be the terror and scourge of the ruminating animals. No. 12 is the common Fly. No. 13 is the clouded yellow Butterfly, a truly beautiful insect. Butterflies belong to the class of Haustellate insects, so called because they suck their nutriment through an apparatus which resembles the trunk of an elephant. Butterflies and moths belong to the first order—Lepidoptera, a name given them because their wings are covered with myriads of minute scales, by which their splendid coloring is produced. No. 14, the swallow-tailed Butterfly, is a very elegant specimen. The color of its wings is black, variegated with yellow markings, and near the extremity of each hinder wing is a circular red spot, surmounted by a crescent of blue, and the whole surrounded by a black ring. No. 15, the silver-spotted Fritillary, is remarkable for the appearance of the under-surface of the wings, wich look as if they had been ornamented with burnished silver leaf. No. 16, the swallow-tailed Moth, is a very large insect. The color is a pale yellow, with transverse stripes of deeper yellow running across the wings. It derives its name from the shape of the hinder wings. No. 17, the Tiger-Moth, runs with such swiftness on the ground that it is often mistaken for a mouse. Its colors vary considerably; the throat is usually brown, and the body red, with stripes of black; the anterior wings are cream-colored, spotted with brown, and the hinder wings bright red, with blue-black spots. No. 18, the Red Admiral, is a gorgeous Butterfly with jet-black wings, relieved by a broad band of scarlet, the edges being tipped with crescent-shaped patches of blue. No. 19, the Death's-Head Moth, derives its gloomy name from the markings of the thorax, which give it the appearance of a skull and cross-bones. No. 20, the Dragon-Fly, is a fierce, voracious, active and powerful insect, devouring flies, spiders and butterflies with indiscriminate avidity. They have been known to eat flies even after having been cut in two. The head is furnished with a set of organs called the mask, which is capable of extension, and the use of which is to seize the prey and press it to the mouth. The Mole-Cricket (No. 21) is so called from its burrowing in the ground to lay its eggs. The front legs also resemble those of the mole. No. 22 is the female Silk-Worm. No. 23 is the Garden Spider, called the Geometrical Spider from the mathematical regularity of its web, each thread of which is composed of many thousand lines, spun from a gummy substance, secreted in an apparatus called the Spinneret. No. 24, the Burying-Beetle, is so called from its habit of burying any small dead animal left on the surface of the ground, the object of which is to furnish food for its young, the eggs of which are deposited in the animal during the process of its inhumation. No. 25 is the Musk-Beetle, a large insect, which emits a peculiar perfume, something like that of roses. No. 26, the Locust, is one of the greatest pests of the warm regions of the globe. They appear sometimes in vast armies, devouring every green thing in the regions over which they sweep. No. 27, the Ground-Beetle, is distinguished for its beautiful green color. It is a small insect, not exceeding one inch in length.

WILLIAM HOWITT.—This favorite author did not make money at the Australian gold diggings, but he has made a book about them which will sell. Howitt is not successful in a pecuniary light. He went through the Court of Bankruptcy a few years since.

SEPTEMBER.

Though we are fallen upon what the poet calls the "melancholy days—the saddest of the year," we cannot take a gloomy view of this, the herald month of autumn. It is to us a golden period. What if the frost touch the tender herbage—what if the summer birds have carried to other lands the gladness of their songs—the skies are still bright, the air is pure and bracing, and the blood courses merrily through the veins in an elastic current. Mind and body are both in a better condition than during the summer heats. Musquitoes have disappeared—flies are innocuous and easily slain. You can exchange civilities with a dog without incurring the danger of hydrophobia. Why should we mourn over the inevitable decay of the beautiful?

"All that's fair must fade,
The fairest still the fleetest;
All that's sweet was made
But to be lost when sweetest.
Stars that shine to fall—
The flower that droops at springing—
These, alas! are types of all
To which our hearts are clinging."

Autumn never appeared to us like the stricken battle-field of nature—but rather like the most gorgeous carnival, with the various trees for masqueraders in fancy costumes of every imaginable hue. The carnival passed, they lay aside every ornament and pass their cold lenten season in a condition of repose. But we know that life and joy linger in their hearts—that they are economizing their forces for another season, when each silent actor in the pageant will appear brighter and more beautiful than ever. If this chill autumn seems unkind to inanimate things, it deals more generously by the human intellect. It opens the season for mental exertion—for mental toil, pleasures and triumph, that the lecture-room, the library, the study and the laboratory will witness. Those climes where "ceaseless summer smiles," figure very prettily in poetry and romance, but the mind of man is dwarfed just in proportion as the forms of nature expand; and we would rather at this moment be striding over the breezy hills of New England with our free thoughts for companions, than be lounging in a hammock in the tropics, subjected to the enervating influences of a torrid heat.

"OUR WAY ACROSS THE MOUNTAINS, HO!"—Mr. Macomber is progressing rapidly with his carriage road up Mount Washington—an enterprise which, considering its private character, vies with Napoleon's road over the Simplon. It will be completed next season, and, of course, such facilities will greatly increase the number of visitors to the "monarch of mountains."

DIAMONDS.—Mons. Jacquelin of Paris, reduced diamonds to coke. Slanderers attempt the same process with the purest characters, but with only temporary success. Character may be blackened, but the very fire that at first darkens, ultimately restores it to its pristine brilliancy. A good name is less destructible than adamant itself.

REFORMERS.—The usual charge brought against reformers is that they go too far. John Neal explains this fact by saying: "To clear a ditch, the man of prudence will jump a little farther than just far enough."

SILENCE.—Silence alone is a powerful weapon. An Arabic proverb says: "Silence is often an answer." Yes, and an eloquent one.

KEATS'S EPITAPH.—The epitaph poor Keats desired to be placed on his tombstone is the most melancholy on record: "Here lies one whose name is writ in water."

"BOZ."—Charles Dickens has been lately amusing himself with private theatricals. He is one of the best actors living, and would make a fortune at the public boards.

BALLOU'S DOLLAR MAGAZINE.—This popular and wonderfully cheap monthly is outstripping all similar publications in its circulation. Mr. Ballou has large experience in periodical literature, and makes a most admirable work.—*Boston Daily Mail.*

MARRIAGES.

In this city, by Rev. Mr. Parker, Mr. Thomas Ranney, of New York, to Miss Emily R. Baxter, of South Boston; by Rev. Mr. Stowe, Mr. George C. Munson to Miss Harriet M. Augustus; by Rev. Mr. Skinner, Mr. Ashly C. Parker, of Eastport, Me., to Miss Martha S. Turner; by Rev. Mr. Smithett, Mr. William Crompton, of Calais, Me., to Miss Louisa Bailey; by Rev. Mr. Randall, Mr. Augustus T. Cramer to Miss Mary Ann Nichols; by Rev. Mr. Porter, Mr. Sylvester Stevens to Miss Harriet O. Leach; by Rev. Mr. Streeter, Mr. Darwin F. Bartlett to Miss Mary J. Call.—At Roxbury, by Rev. Dr. Wayland, Mr. Adolph Otto to Miss Margaret Lowrey, both of Boston.—At East Cambridge, by Rev. Mr. McCurdy, Mr. Benjamin F. Hatt to Miss Sarah Eaton.—At Neponset, by Rev. Mr Barrows, Mr. Horatio N. Glover, Jr. to Miss Ann Augusta Holbrook.—At Quincy, by Rev. Mr. Dean, Mr. James Edwards, Jr. to Miss Abigail Bailey.—At Lowell, by Rev. Mr. Studley, Mr James Kilgore, of Dekorra, Wis., to Miss Mary Jane Lovett.—At Newburyport, by Rev. Mr. Dwight, Mr. John M. Chase to Miss Elizabeth M. Brookings.—At San Francisco, Mr. Benjamin Bailey, of Boston, to Miss Sarah M. Patterson, of Hobart Town; Mr. David N. Hawley to Miss Grace Dunbar, daughter of E. Bigelow, Esq., of Charlestown, Mass.—At London, Eng., Mr. Charles S. Blake, of Boston, Mass., to Miss Katherine Phillips, adopted daughter of Edward Clarke, Esq., of Northampton, Mass.

DEATHS.

In this city, Capt. Andrews Blanchard, 71; Mr. John R. Fitzgerald, 28; Mrs. Ruth Neiville, formerly of Framingham, 72; Miss Grace Flagg, formerly of Waltham, 76.—At Charlestown, Mr. William Henry Arnold, 22; Miss Mary Alden, 20.—At Roxbury, Mrs. Jennie C., wife of Mr. J. H. Bowman, 29.—At Brookline, Mrs. Nancy F., wife of Mr. Charles Stearns, 82.—At Quincy, Mrs. Honora, wife of Mr. Daniel Collins, 35.—At Malden, Widow Hannah Marie Soils, late of Lexington, 55.—At Lexington, John Mulliken, Esq., 72.—At Newburyport, Mrs. Mary Haskell, 81.—At Holmes's Hole, Mrs. Polly West, 72.—At Holden, Widow Eunice Estabrook, 81.—At Springfield, Mr. Seth Andrews, 33.—At West Falmouth, Mr. Benjamin Crowell, 26.—At Manchester, N. H., Miss Ellen Byrnes, 30.—At Gorham, Me., Jacob Colum, Esq., formerly of Newburyport, 76.—At Rockland, Me., Miss Ann E. Hills, 22.—At Bath, Me., John Richardson, Esq., a native of Leominster, Mass., 85.—At Bangor, Me., Michael Harris, recently of Canton, Mass., 77.—At Bowdoinham, Me., Capt. Robert Patten 43.—At Montpelier, Vt., Mrs. Euphama Ward, of Boston, 52.—At Peacham, Vt., Hon. John W. Chandler, 88.—At Killingworth, Conn., Mrs. Mary Norton, 97.—At New Haven, Conn., Widow Ruth Hotchkiss.—At New Orleans, Mr. Alexander G. Brown, of Nantucket, 35.

EDITORIAL MELANGE.

Among the recent appointments from civil life to the army, Charles H. Webber, A. S. Coolidge, Henry A. Sargent, and Edmund Freeman, of Massachusetts, as Second Lieutenants, are mentioned. —— Sir Walter Scott said he knew a man who remembered that the London post-bag once came to Edinburg with one letter in it. One can fancy the solemn conscientious elaborateness with which a person would write, with the notion that his letter would have a whole coach and a whole bag to itself, and travel two hundred miles alone, the exclusive object of a red guard's care. —— A monster shark, weighing some 700 pounds, was caught off Great Point, Nantucket, lately, by a party of gentlemen on a pleasure excursion. —— During the recent election at Paducah, Kentucky, a man accidentally fell into the river and was drowned. Political excitement was very high at the time, and the only anxiety expressed by any one in regard to the unfortunate occurrence was to ascertain to which party the defunct had belonged, and whether he had voted. —— A lad in Shrewsbury, Vt., while leading a horse to water, fastened the halter around his body, when the horse took fright and ran a third of a mile; the boy was killed, and his body awfully mangled. —— Lynn is not more famous for shoes, than Troy is for collars and bosoms. There are fifteen of these establishments in Troy, and it is estimated that they turn out, on an average, 50,000 collars per day. One establishment employs forty sewing machines, worked by as many young ladies, who easily turn off fifteen dozen per day, and it is said they can readily earn from $9 to $10 per week. —— George N. Bigelow, of Clinton, has been appointed principal of the Framingham normal school, in place of Eben S. Stearns, resigned. —— The New York Journal of Commerce notes, that at our arsenals, the manufacture of small arms ($10,000,000 worth of which we are said to have on hand) is suspended until it is ascertained what are the last Prussian and French improvements, experimenting with which is going on by Col. Huger, of the Ordnance. —— Moses T. Cromwell has been appointed keeper of the three beacons (lights) at Holmes's Hole, Mass., at $400 a year. —— The "steam whistle" is formed of two cups, placed one above the other, and opening towards one another. The lower cup is nearly filled by a ball or gland, so as to leave a narrow opening of 1-32 inch in width, around the edge of the cup; the upper cup is hollow, and its lower edge is about one inch from the lower cup. By admitting steam through a valve to the lower cup, it escapes through the opening and impinges against the edge of the inverted cup; this produces the sound. The heaviest whistles are six inches in diameter. —— Peter Klein, just dead in France, lived fifty years after a bullet had been put in his head at Austerlitz. —— The official returns show that 13,825,730 acres of public land have been sold during the year ending the 30th of June last, and for this there has been received in cash and scrip, the sum of $10,570,386. The sales are exclusive of the bounty land warrant locations. —— The "Shanghai drill" at the fort on Old Point Comfort, Va., is ludicrous in the extreme. It is performed by the recruits bracing their arms up against their bodies, and rapidly raising their legs as if they were at work in a tread-mill. The object aimed at is to train soldiers for ascending mountains and declivities of any kind. By practising in this way, it is said they are enabled successfully to compete with the horse in running up hill. —— The Yarmouth Register states that good progress has been made in improving the Cape Cod roads. Its fish don't need improving. —— It is stated that a deputation from the Shaker village of Lebanon, New York, visited Randall's Island, lately, and by permission of the Ten Governors, selected twenty children (eleven boys and nine girls), to be taken to Lebanon, and there brought up as Shakers. —— It has lately been found that water saturated with lime produces in bread the same whiteness, softness and capacity of retaining moisture, as results from the use of alum; while the former removes all acidity from the dough, and supplies an ingredient needed in the structure of the bones, but which is deficient in the *cerelia*.

INSTRUMENTS OF WAR.—The Liverpool Times says that the first gun for the English steamer Horatio is nearly finished, and will be ready for trial in a short time. It will weigh with its carriage fifty tuns. According to the estimates which have been made of its capabilities, it will throw a shot of half a tun weight a distance of four miles. Two and a quarter barrels of gunpowder, or two hundred and twenty-five pounds, will be required for a single charge. If such guns as these are ever brought into practical and successful operation, they will make little of the walls and fortresses of engineering skill.

SELF-MADE MEN.—There are self-made men in other localities besides the United States. The seven brothers forming the firm of "Messrs. Baird," of the Gartsherrie Iron Works, in the central iron district of Scotland, have purchased estates within the last five years of the total value of £955,000. These gentlemen have been the architects of their own fortunes; they were the sons of a respectable farmer, and inherited but small portions. Now they are among the largest iron manufacturers in the world.

WESTERN NAVIGATION.—Sixty-three steamers and fifty-two flats, barges and canal boats, involving property to the amount of one million four hundred and two thousand six hundred dollars, have been lost on our western rivers during the last six months. Of the steamers, thirty-five were snagged, thirteen burned, and nine destroyed by collision.

A QUESTIONABLE TITLE.—A lawyer in Portland, Me., lately moved into an office that had been vacated by a religious newspaper; and upon the door is still seen, under his name, the extremely inappropriate words, "Zion's Advocate."

Wayside Gatherings.

The amount in the Treasury at Washington on the 23d ult., was $18,600,000.

The Germania Musical Society, with Carl Bergmann at their head, are re-united for a short time, at Newport.

Mrs. W. R. Goodall, formerly Miss Riley, of Boston, made her first appearance on any stage at the Bowery, lately, as Jane Chatterly.

In Patterson, N. J., Rev. S. Dutton, a colored preacher of the Baptist denomination, committed suicide by cutting his throat with a razor.

Mr. Ogden Hoffman, attorney general of New York, has transmitted an opinion to the capital that the liquor law is in substance "unconstitutional."

Paul Julien is concertizing in the Canadas, while his female compeer, Camilla Urso, is in New York, without an engagement and really in want. The Musical Gazette asks—"Cannot something be done for this really talented girl?"

Those who value exact and definite ideas of things will learn with pleasure that Daily, an English mathematician, has found the weight of the world to be 1,256,195,675,000,000,000,000,000 tuns avoirdupois.

The Halifax Journal learns that all the money necessary for the construction of the projected Nova Scotia railways can be obtained in London on favorable terms. The Rothschilds are named as the principal parties willing to advance the means.

It having been ascertained that many beautiful photographs fade and become blanks, the matter has been taken up by scientific photographers, and Prince Albert has contributed fifty pounds to aid in defraying the expenses attending the necessary inquiries.

Colonel Charles Russell Thompson, the last surviving grandson of Colonel William Thompson, who commanded the forces stationed at the east end of Sullivan's Island, in the ever memorable battle of the 28th of June, 1776, died lately in Charleston, S. C.

Three cases of bronze statuary, comprising the statues of Jefferson and Patrick Henry, with bas reliefs, wrought for the State of Virginia, by Mr. Crawford, arrived at New York, recently, in the barque Theresa, on their way to Richmond, Virginia.

An Irishman was detected in Lawrence, Mass., a few nights since, girdling and mutilating the shade trees on the Common. He was arrested and carried before Judge Stevens, who sentenced him to twelve months imprisonment in the House of Correction.

Edinburg surgeons say that they are guided in avoiding danger to life from the use of chloroform in surgical cases, not by its effect on the pulse, but by the state of the breathing; they cease the administration of the vapor when the breathing becomes difficult.

The court house in Taylor county, Virginia, was lately struck by lightning, while the court was in session, and one person killed and several others injured. The person killed was the Rev. Hezekiah Dunham, a young minister who had recently been ordained over the Baptist Church in Prunytown.

Hickory nut oil, considered equal to the best lard or sperm oil for burning and machinery, is now manufactured in Dayton, Ohio. The oil remains in a fluid state at a very low temperature, and it does not "gum" like the ordinary oils. It is used in very delicate machinery.

Mr. G. N. Briggs, of Smithfield, R. I., but now in California, has invented a steamboat wheel, the paddles of which are moveable, and are so made as to stand perpendicular so long as they are in the water; the invention has been examined and approved by a number of mechanics.

The new metal, aluminum, is now said to be an unquestioned conquest of science, and may be produced in any quantity for three dollars a pound. Further improvements are expected to reduce its cost to fifty cents, when it will naturally replace iron in many household and familiar utensils.

A Rochester paper states that Mr. Ely S. Parker, a civil engineer of some note, who has recently been employed upon the canals of New York, has been called to Norfolk, Va., on professional duties. Mr. Parker is the chief of all that remains of one of the tribes of Indians who formed the Six Nations—the Senecas.

A new secret society, it is said, has been organized in Philadelphia. The object is neither political nor religious; the purpose is simply to obtain a drink of the "ardent," in spite of the law, on Sunday. A headquarters has been established in a subterranean place, and regular signs and pass-words have been devised.

A triumph of manufacturing skill and ingenuity has been achieved at the Tredegar Iron Works, Monmouthshire. A railway bar was rolled 60 feet in length, all in one piece; and advancing from this success, a second bar has been rolled 85 feet 2 inches long, 75 lbs. to the yard, weighing altogether 2130 lbs. It is now astonishing visitors to the Exhibition at Paris.

New Bedford, the richest city in the world, in proportion to its population, numbers among its heavy tax-payers twenty-nine who are worth $100,000 each, four worth $200,000, a lady worth $300,000, one man who has $600,000, one worth $800,000, two worth $1,000,000, and any number that can show from $10,000 to $100,000.

Bismuth has been discovered in Shelby county, Kentucky. The metal is very brittle and fusible, and exhibits by the blow-pipe the genuine characteristics of bismuth. It readily dissolves in concentrated nitric acid to a clear solution. Muriatic acid acts but feebly upon it. The solution in nitric acid results in nearly pure bismuth, with only some slight traces of zinc and iron.

A gentleman in Seneca Falls, New York, last spring planted some Lima beans. Not being provided with poles, he supplied their place by planting in each hill sunflowers, trimming up the stalk, so that it served the purpose of a pole. For a time all went on well, till, at length, the sunflower growing so much faster than the beans, the latter were absolutely drawn up by the roots.

Balfe, it is said, is to assume the *baton* at the next season of the New York Academy; probably the truth is that negotiations have been opened with him. Signor Arditi has finished the second act of a new opera, the Italian libretto of which is based upon Cooper's novel, *The Spy*. The whole opera is expected to be ready for the next season.

The laws of Massachusetts impose a penalty of one thousand dollars upon all agents of foreign insurance companies who issue policies without having complied with the statutes of the State. The above fine is imposed for each offence, one-half of the sum recovered goes to the person furnishing the information, and the balance to the commonwealth.

Charles Matthews is said to be engaged at the City of London Theatre at the almost fabulous salary of one hundred and fifty pounds per week. This is the same Charles Matthews who, not long since, in answer to a question propounded to him by the Commissioners of Bankruptcy, said that, "with *strict economy*, he thought he could live on £10,000 a year."

Foreign Items.

The Berlin sculptor, Heidel, has just completed four colossal statues of Galileo, Cartesius, Ottai von Guerite, and Newton, for the Mineralogical Museum.

It is said that it is intended to establish *monts de piété* (official government pawnbroker's establishments) in Constantinople, in order to do away with the awful scourge of usury which desolates Turkey.

Letters from the English army before Sebastopol relate the hanging of a Greek, who informed the Russians that a storming party would attack that city on the 18th June, at 3 A. M., and thus caused the allies to be defeated.

Leverrier is about to determine the difference of longitude between the observatories of Brussels and Paris by telegraph; when accomplished, it will be a test of the accuracy of the determination already made between these two places and Greenwich.

Vice Admiral Drenger, of the Swedish navy, has invented an instrument by which the force of the winds can be measured with great facility, and with the utmost exactitude; and, by order of the King of Sweden, it is to be exhibited in the Universal Exhibition of Paris.

In return for the splendid present sent by the Queen of Spain to the Pope, his holiness has sent her the skeleton of St. Felix the martyr. The value of the gift, however, has been much diminished by the disclosure that Spain has already two veritable skeletons of the same saint!

A relict of the Irish Parliament is found in the recent death of John McClintock, of Drumear, in the county of Louth, Ireland, formerly sergeant-at-arms in the Irish House of Commons, for the loss of which office he has been in receipt of a pension of £5000 a year for upwards of half a century.

The King of Sardinia has indicated by decree the suppression of 335 monasteries, inhabited by 4125 monks and 1473 nuns. Some other religious orders are preserved, including 863 monks and 1699 nuns. The monks and nuns of the suppressed orders will continue to live each in common, and each will receive during life a pension net of £500—i. e., each suppressed monastery will receive this amount.

Sands of Gold.

.... Good is never more effectually performed than when it is produced by slow degrees.—*Du Moy.*

.... In France, one cannot triumph unless every one is crowned in the person of the victor.—*Balzac.*

.... Men's judgments are a parcel of their fortunes; and things outward do draw the inward quality after them to suffer all alike. —*Shakspeare.*

.... If we did but know how little some enjoy of the great things that they possess, there would not be much envy in the world.—*Young.*

.... It is certain that either wise bearing, or ignorant carriage, is caught, as men take diseases, one of another: therefore, let men take heed of their company.—*Shakspeare.*

.... There is a certain lively gratitude which not only acquits us of the obligations we have received, but, by paying what we owe them, makes our friends indebted to us.—*La Rochefoucauld.*

.... Good-breeding is the result of much good sense, some good nature, and a little self-denial for the sake of others, and with a view to obtain the same indulgence from them.—*Chesterfield.*

.... The great commit almost as many meannesses as the low; but they commit them in the dark, and make a parade of their virtues; they remain great. Little men unfold their virtues in the shade, and expose their wretchedness to the light: they are despised.—*Balzac.*

.... Men, by associating in large masses—as in camps and in cities—improve their talents, but impair their virtues, and strengthen their minds, but weaken their morals; thus, a retrocession in the one is too often the price they pay for a refinement in the other.—*Colton.*

.... Dress has a moral effect upon the conduct of mankind. Let any gentleman find himself with dirty boots, old surtout, soiled neckcloth, and a general negligence of dress, he will in all probability find a corresponding disposition to negligence of address.—*Sir Jonah Barrington.*

Joker's Budget.

Jellaby says that Jack is a mean and impudent fellow, always cutting his best friends. Jellaby means Jack-knife. What a fellow Jellaby is, though.

Hope, the New York liquor dealer, advertises his stock to be sold at auction.

"Hope for a season bids the earth farewell"

Why is the Duke of Cambridge like a wandering mender of kettles and pans who has left off business? Because he was once a tinker man (at Inkermann.)

The most laconic will on record is that of a man who died in 1792. It ran thus: "I have nothing; I owe a great deal—the rest I give to the poor."

An indiscreet man confided a secret to another, and begged him not to repeat it. "It's all right," was the reply; "I will be as close as you were."

A female school teacher in her advertisement, stated that she was "*complete mistress of her own tongue.*" "If that's the case," said a caustic old bachelor, "she can't ask too much for her services."

After the first representation of Voltaire's "Orestes," Madame Luxembourg sent the author four pages of criticisms on his piece. He contented him with replying in a simple line—"Madame, Orestes is not spelt with an H."

A physician ordered one of his patients to drink Seidlitz waters. The man made up a wry face at the suggestion. "It is only the first glass that is unpleasant,' said the doctor. "Very well, then," answered the sick man, "I'll only drink two second."

The following advertisement appeared in the London Times: "A young lady who has received a good education, can read and write, and is versed in geography, history, music, dancing and elementary mathematics, wishes a situation in a respectable family as a washer and ironer."

A gentleman talking very loudly to the Prince de Guéménée against Cardinal Richelieu—"Take care," said the prince; "here are some of his creatures who might hear you." The persons alluded to were poor people who came to receive their usual allowances.

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sept 1 3t

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ARE SOLICITED
TO USE
DICK'S
SPOOL COTTON.
ASK FOR IT
WHEN
SHOPPING.

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ARTIST,
DESIGNER AND DRAUGHTSMAN ON WOOD.
2t 5 TREMONT STREET, BOSTON. sept 1

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SILAS C. HERRING & Co.,
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sept 1

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PHILOSOPHICAL INSTRUMENTS.

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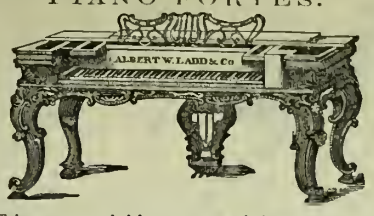
CELEBRATED GRAND ACTION
PIANO FORTES.



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AND 519 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.
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April, 15, 1853.

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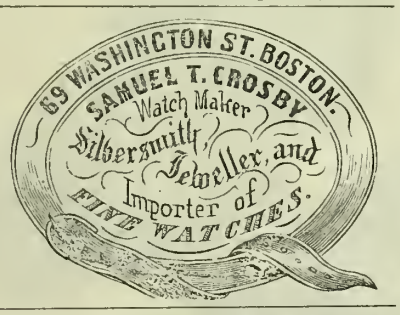

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M. M. BALLOU, { CORNER OF TREMONT AND BROMFIELD STS. BOSTON, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 8, 1855. $3,00 PER ANNUM. 6 CENTS SINGLE. } VOL IX., No 10.—WHOLE No 218.

UNION CLUB HOUSE, NEW YORK CITY.

The engraving below, drawn and executed expressly for us, represents the beautiful new club house, corner of the 5th Avenue and 21st Street, New York. It is three stories high, without counting the basement and attic. The building extends 64 feet on 5th Avenue, and 120 feet on 21st Street, the entrance being in the centre of the front on the latter street. From a vestibule, after entering, you perceive two spacious halls running at right angles with each other, with graceful arcades, the whole painted in harmonious colors. The grand staircase opposite the entrance is of black walnut, highly polished. The reading-room is 22 by 59 feet, and the drawing-room, a magnificent apartment, 34 by 56 feet, is at the opposite end of the building. The reception-rooms and office are elegant and appropriately decorated. The second story is devoted to card-rooms, private dining-rooms, library, drawing and governor's rooms. The hall of this story runs lengthwise of the building, and is decorated with columns and arches. The third story is sub-divided into private rooms, clerk's room, smoking and billiard rooms. One of the billiard rooms is 35 by 36 feet; and in this story also is an abundant supply of Croton water. The attic is devoted to bed and store-rooms. A spiral stone staircase runs from the basement to the roof. In the basement are kitchens, laundries, housekeeper's and private rooms, and other apartments necessary to the comfort and convenience of the establishment. The façade is one of the greatest architectural attempts in this country. The building is altogether very nearly a hundred feet high. The front of the first story is decorated with coupled Corinthian pilasters, supporting rich entablatures, and resting on the basement. The wall is faced with rustic ashlar and the windows are round-headed, ornamented with architraves and sculptured keystones. The centre window has Ionic columns on each side, with an archivolt resting on the entablature, and two isolated Corinthian columns supporting a broken entablature and pedestals, on which rest splendid vases. The second story ornaments round the windows rest on continuous pedestals and consoles, bearing cornices with carved pediments. The third story architraves and pilasters rest upon a continuous sill course and consoles, bearing triangular pediments. The whole is surmounted by a rich, massive cornice, with splendid frieze elaborate in detail The front we have just described is that on 5th Avenue. The front on 21st Street is divided into three parts: the centre one is similar to the 5th Avenue front, with the exception that in place of the centre opening on the first story being a window, it is the entrance, with a broad stoop leading to it. The side parts have triple windows, ornamented in the same manner as the rest. The angles are adorned with rustic groins, reaching from the entablature over the first story up to the cornice at the top of the building The whole of the building is in the Italian style of architecture, now a favorite in our constructions, and was designed by Messrs Thomas & Son, architects, on whom it reflects the highest credit No one can fail to remark, how rapidly, in our great cities, magnificent and commodious edifices, like that before us, are taking the place of tasteless, unornamented and inconvenient structures. Our architects seem to be solving the problem presented by the union of fitness and beauty, and the structures erected at the present day evince the happy combination of taste and fitness to a degree hitherto undeveloped.

THE NEW UNION CLUB HOUSE, IN NEW YORK.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

FALCONE:

—OR,—

THE MYSTERIES OF MEXICO.

A ROMANCE OF OUR DAY.

BY AUGUSTINE J. H. DUGANNE.

CHAPTER I.

THE GAMING-HOUSE.

What were the thoughts of the silent and sombre-looking man, who, closely muffled in a dark cloak, which completely shaded his bronzed face, was leaning against a tree in the street Alameda of Mexico, watching, as it appeared, the thickly curtained windows of a large mansion on the opposite side of the way, might not certainly be revealed through his compressed lip and lowering eye. That his meditations were not of a quiet cast was evident from a start or shudder which at times seemed to pervade his frame, but whether such movement resulted from anger, fear, or impatience, was difficult to surmise. Perhaps the man communed with memories of past life, perhaps reflections concerning the future agitated his mind; but whatever might be the course or tenor of his mental operations, they did not certainly prevent his keeping a fixed eye upon both doors and windows of the house before mentioned, which was one of the old, heavy-walled and turreted buildings that preserve the associations of Spanish rule as well as Spanish architecture.

Many groups and individuals passed the solitary gazer, some leaving or entering the house that engaged his attention, and as often as the great entrance door fell back upon its hinges, the muffled watcher would bend his penetrating glance upon the opening, as if to scrutinize the interior and discover the object of his search. Some there were on whom his regards fell who seemed to be familiar, and returned his look with a glance of recognition, but none stayed to greet him further, either repelled by his gloomy deportment, or undesirous of any colloquy; yet more than one turned the head after passing him, and hurriedly sought to catch another glimpse of his features, whether from simple curiosity or other motive it might be hard to conjecture. On his part, however, a single glance seemed to suffice for an examination of the passers-by, and neither grandee nor leper encountered a second expression of the bright, searching eyes which sought some object only known to their mysterious owner.

It doubtless appeared sufficiently strange to those who observed the watchful demeanor of the man, why, if he desired to behold some person then within the mansion, he did not at once enter with the persons who constantly passed within the broad arched door; as none who knew aught of the capital but was aware that the ancient house was now devoted to the service of that patron-saint of Mexican worship, the blind-eyed dame Fortuna. Indeed, there were many among those who appeared to recognize the watcher, who knew likewise that he was no lukewarm courtier of the fickle lady, and that the mansion which he scrutinized was no stranger to his footsteps. Nevertheless, at the present time, he evinced no intention of tempting the uncertain chances of the interior, but patiently maintained his post beside the tree, by turns shifting his gaze from door to window of the edifice, within which, at this hour, the dangerous charms of *monté* were fascinating a hundred eager devotees.

Thus an hour or more passed on, and the street, which, at the commencement of the stranger's vigil, had presented rather a lively appearance from the continually approaching passengers, though the time was late at night, began to grow lonely, and echoed only fitfully to the quick tread of some belated pedestrian, hurrying homeward. The watcher, it was manifest, began to grow restless, and twice or thrice left his position at the tree, to pass and repass the gaming-house, muttering as he did so, a low oath or an expression of impatience. At last, however, while his gaze rested upon the door, as if he were half in doubt whether it would not be better at once to enter the mansion, a sudden stream of light flashed out upon the walk, and the figure of a man descended the heavy stone steps which led to the pavement.

"It is he—it is Falcone!" muttered the muffled watcher, and at once crossed the street towards the person whom he sought.

Apparently, however, he had not calculated on the reception which he was to meet from the other, for his form was yet wrapped closely with his mantle, when the new-comer suddenly threw himself roughly forward, and before a movement could be made by the individual assailed, grasped him savagely by the throat and bore him to the ground.

The muffled watcher was a man, from appearance, not easily startled or thrown off his guard—nevertheless, the attack was so sudden and unexpected, that for the moment he felt himself compelled to yield, whilst the cold muzzle of a pistol was immediately pressed against his forehead, and an agitated voice muttered hoarsely in his ear:

"Your purse, senor!"

"Take your hand from my throat and your pistol from my head, and we will consider," was the quiet reply.

"Quick—your purse or you die! I am a desperate man!"

"A ruined gamester—ha, senor!" cried the assailed. "Come, come, I am your friend, and my purse is yours, Senor Falcone!"

"Ha!" exclaimed the foot-pad, starting and removing his hold, while the other rose to his feet, "you know me?" Then, endeavoring to regain the advantage he had resigned, he continued quickly, "but you shall die."

"Not so fast, my very good friend. I know you for a brave man, a reckless gamester, and this time for a gentleman of my own cloth, with whom I should be pleased to drink a glass of wine to our better acquaintance, Senor Falcone."

"And who, in the fiend's name—"

"At your service, senor. And now," said the stranger, adjusting his collar with a movement at once self-possessed and graceful, "as you have not blown my brains out so suddenly as appeared to be your design a moment since, allow me to be your banker."

Saying this, he drew a heavy purse from his breast-pocket, and tendered it to his late assailant.

"I ask pardon! Many thanks!" returned the latter, "I remain your debtor very gratefully, only asking that I may know to whom I am indebted."

"All that in good time. For the present, be content, Senor Falcone, not to look a gift horse in the mouth, as we say in Spain."

"Oho! you are then no Mexican?"

"You are very quick at conclusions, senor. Well, let us part, for I perceive that you have a mind to empty your purse once more at *monté*, and I have other business on hand. But you will meet me again, senor."

"Gladly, if you will but say when and where."

"To-morrow, at sunset, in the botanic garden. You will be there, and we shall become better acquainted."

"I shall not fail," answered the gambler, warmly grasping the hand which was extended to him, and then turning toward the threshold of the gaming-house, from which he had so recently rushed forth, a despairing bankrupt.

But at this moment, the jalousied door of the mansion was dashed violently open, and a young man, whose countenance appeared ghastly pale in the sudden light, staggered down the steps.

"Another victim!" cried the stranger, with a laugh. "But, unluckily, I have not another purse."

Falcone uttered a cry, as his eyes fell upon the new comer. He darted quickly forward, and had half ascended the wide stone steps, when a sharp, ringing report broke the night's stillness, a bright flash illumined for a moment the street, and a dull sound echoed upon the pavement, as the body of a dead man rolled down the steps.

"Shot himself!" cried Falcone, with an oath.

"Another victim to *monté*!" muttered the other personage; and then, as the noise of hurrying feet approached, he seized the arm of his new acquaintance, and hurried him from the spot.

"Come with me—*monté* is ended for the night."

Why should it not be? It had made a robber and a suicide in the short space of ten minutes.

CHAPTER II.

THE SUICIDE'S HOME.

Among the variously attired and odd looking persons attracted toward the gaming-house in the street Alameda, by the sudden report of a pistol-shot, might have been noticed one, whose exterior presented certainly as strange an appearance as did that of any.

This individual was apparelled in garments which seemed to have derived their origin in divers parts of creation, albeit noticeable neither for elegance nor costliness. A broad-brimmed palm-leaf hat slouched over his countenance, with a swaggering sort of air, and a brownish-white linen coat, lamentably tattered, draggled from his shoulders. Tight fitting breeches of yellow nankeen cotton, with parti-colored woolen stockings of Mexican amplitude drawn over them, completed his singular attire, and he marched forward with the rest of the crowd with as careless a step as if he trod land that had belonged to his ancestors ever since the days of the Conquest.

But no one who glanced twice at this person (and there were many who did so), would have been so far deceived as to fancy him a Mexican; for there was an expression about his actions and manner that stamped him unmistakably as a native of that ambitious region whose representatives are found wherever the wind blows or light penetrates, but whose actual localities are embraced in a radius of five hundred miles around Bunker Hill monument.

It was a Yankee—full-blooded, with that restless and inquisitive life which constrains its possessors "to and fro," in the great action of all the world—that life which explores, calculates, solves schemes, propels, invents and improves, upon all customs, chances, riddles, enterprises and measures, that ever have or ever will occupy the whole world—"and the rest of mankind."

Jake Dusenbury was a Yankee, and he was in Mexico, and in the street Alameda when the wretched suicide, who had staked and lost his life on the terrible chances of monté, fell from the steps of the gaming-house. This is sufficient for the present concerning our North American hero.

Borne along in the crowd that pressed forward to the spot where, rigid in the embrace of death, the poor suicide lay in a pool of his own blood, Jake Dusenbury soon reached the door of the gaming-house. The confused noise of exclamations and hurrying feet, the lights flashing over the many-colored garments of the motley throng, presented a scene both novel and striking to the Anglo-Saxon stranger, and pushing lustily forward to gain a position from which he could behold the cause of excitement, he soon found himself close to the balustraded steps, and directly opposite the body of monté's victim.

The dead gambler lay upon his face, his garments saturated with the crimson flood that dyed the pavement, streaming from his shattered forehead; and as one of the crowd stooped and raised his inanimate form, the light of a torch flashed upon his face. Jake Dusenbury bent forward, and saw that it was no Mexican countenance.

The blue eyes, clouded with the film of death, the fair complexion, slightly shaded by deep masses of flaxen hair, proclaimed at once that the suicide was of Saxon origin. One hand still clutched the instrument of self-murder, and the other was pressed tightly to the cold bosom. Dusenbury advanced, and stooping beside the body, loosened the rigid gripe of the closed fingers.

A locket of gold was held firmly between those fingers, as if clasped in the last spasm. The hand, as the Yankee lifted it, seemed to cling tenaciously to the treasured token—a miniature, upon the golden back of which, by the light of a torch, Dusenbury beheld inscribed a single line, and that revealed perchance a history of woe.

"*To my brother. New Orleans, July* 1, 1845."

"He is my countryman!" cried the Yankee, raising the mangled head of the suicide from the pavement, and looking round upon the group of dark-eyed Mexicans, who at once comprehended the feeling that led to the action. Three or four of them immediately stooped beside the body, and raising it gently in their arms, prepared to assist in bearing it to the dead-house.

In Mexico, the occurrence of a suicide or assassination is not so rare an event as to create much consternation or wonder. Indeed, save in peculiar instances, a catastrophe like this may take place without seriously breaking in upon the usual routine of business or amusement. Consequently, though the suddenness of the young man's death, and the obviousness of ill luck at play being its occasion, afforded some food for speculation and discussion among the lookers-on, there is little doubt that Jake Dusenbury's was the only breast that throbbed with sincere regret. Only the humble Yankee felt that in the cold weight he was aiding to sustain, was once enshrined a living and immortal spirit. Only poor Dusenbury really sorrowed, for he reflected that the dead man was his countryman, and, like himself, a stranger in a strange land.

The sombre procession hurried to the nearest guard-house, there to make deposition in reference to the finding of the body—for which purpose the inmates of the gambling-house were also summoned. A short examination elicited the brief story of the lost one. He was known to be a young American—a stranger, for some time resident in the capital. What was his name, or what his vocation, could not be so easily learned; but his residence was ascertained from an entry on his tablets, and thither, with Dusenbury as its only mourner, the body of the suicide was ordered to be conveyed.

And thus, while the night wore on, and the streets grew silent and deserted, the victim of monté was borne to his home—or the house which had been designated as the late residence of the unhappy young man. It was in a retired quarter of the city, and was a dwelling of modest exterior, standing apart from others in the street. Jake Dusenbury knocked at the narrow door, which, after a while, was opened by an old negro, who, as he beheld a group of men disclosed in the dim light, uttered a hasty exclamation in a language recognized at once by the Yankee as his own.

"Come down here," said Dusenbury, beckoning to the black, who evidently hesitated before descending the few stone steps from the threshold which he occupied.

But at this moment, the clouds which, during the evening, had overspread the sky, were parted by the full moon, and a stream of light suddenly fell upon the face and figure of the corpse. The negro saw it, and uttering a shrill cry of terror, rushed down the steps. Then he paused a moment with a stupified air, gazing upon the blood-stained burthen which had been deposited by its rude bearers upon the flagging, and then, with a long and almost heart-broken wail, threw himself upon his knees beside it.

"O, massa! massa Charley! O Lord! Massa is dead—dead!" cried the poor black, clasping his arms around the body, and rocking his own frame to and fro. "O, my dear massa Charley is murdered!"

"Who was your massa?" asked Dusenbury, in a low voice.

But the negro seemed to have no thought of aught save the fearful spectacle before him. He still moaned and essayed to lift the body in his arms, crying, in agonizing tones:

"Murdered—Massa Charley murdered! O, what shall I do? Massa's dead and gone!"

At length Dusenbury succeeded in arresting his attention, and sought a reply to his question, which the negro endeavored to afford, though his words were so broken by sobs, as to be scarcely intelligible. And before, indeed, any definite information could be elicited from the agitated slave, for such he evidently was, a new incident added terrible interest to the scene.

The door of the house had been left open by the black, in his hurried movement on recognizing the body of his master; and now, suddenly as the old servant renewed his lamentations, a rush was heard through the interior of the hall, and a large dog of the Newfoundland breed bounded over the threshold, down the steps, and with a loud bark, leaped upon the breast of the suicide. The Mexicans standing near, shrieked and fled away, conceiving, in their superstitious fear, that it was no mortal thing they beheld; and the animal, placing his fore paws upon the bosom of the corpse, raised its head, and gave utterance to a prolonged and dismal howl.

It was a fearful sight indeed. Stretched upon the pavement, lay the unfortunate suicide, his garments saturated with blood, his features, ghastly and rigid, upturned in the moonlight. Kneeling beside him, and wildly tearing his grizzled locks in the vehemence of his sorrow, was the old negro, sounding his monotonous wailing cry. And, erect upon the corpse, his head thrown back, and the frightful howl proceeding incessantly from his massy throat, appeared the dog that had recognized the presence of death!

Dusenbury, though stout-hearted enough, could not look calmly upon the spectacle. He dashed his rough hand across his eyes, scattering a sudden gush of tears, as he turned toward the door. What beheld he there, causing him to start back so suddenly?

A maiden—fair as an angel—stood upon the threshold. Clad in a long robe of white, one small hand pressed upon her bosom, whilst the other upheld a taper, which cast its slanting rays upon the group below, she stood as if paralyzed—her straining gaze centered upon the body of the suicide.

It seemed that this maiden could not realize the entire horror of the scene before her. Her heart throbbed not—her eyes were meaningless.

But, suddenly, as if forced from her by some great spasm, a wild cry broke fearfully upon the night air—a cry so agonizing, so heart-piercing, that it smote like a dagger-stroke upon the bosom of the listening Yankee. Then, with a bound, the maiden reached the corpse, and fell senseless beside it, her fair cheek pillowed upon the cold brow of the dead.

And there they lay together—brother and sister—a sight which might have moved the grief of a savage; whilst the negro, with clasped hands, swayed to and fro, murmuring his broken exclamations, and the dog bowled to the night the requiem of his self-slain master.

CHAPTER III.

GABRIEL FALCONE.

When Falcone the gamester was hurried away from the vicinity of the street Alameda, by the new-formed and mysterious acquaintance on whom he had made the attempt at robbery, he presented, in the dim light that struggled through the masses of gray clouds which filled the heavens, an appearance that denoted great internal emotion. His face was ashy white, and his limbs trembled violently, as he obeyed the impetus with which the stranger urged him forward.

"What, comrade! you are not frightened, I hope, that you shake so loosely? Thank your good stars, senor, that it is not yourself, instead of another, who lies stark dead before yonder gaming-house."

"Dead! dead! O, horror! I looked not for *that!*" murmured Falcone, pressing his hand to his eyes, as if to shut out the memory of what he had just witnessed. "I thought not of *that!*"

"What troubles you, Senor Falcone?" asked his companion, as he essayed to steady the gambler, whose form rocked to and fro, like one stricken with ague. "Knew you yon rash fool, that his fate moves you so nearly?"

"I swear by all the saints, it was not my work," exclaimed the gambler, frantically, and apparently heedless of the other's query. "'Twas his own act! *I* killed him not!"

And with another wild oath, Falcone wrested his arm from that of the stranger, and flung it above his head, while froth rose to his lips and an insane light glittered in his eyes. His companion saw that a mystery of which he knew nothing was connected with the awful episode that had transpired in the street Alameda, but he knew that to fathom the secret it were better to refrain from all interrogatories until the fierceness of Falcone's paroxysm should be exhausted.

And it was not long before the gambler's frenzied excitement suddenly abated, and gave place to a demeanor of almost childish weakness. His incoherent exclamations and violent gestures were succeeded by a moaning feebleness of utterance; and presently, sinking upon the steps of a house near which they now halted, he seemed about to lose the power of speech and motion. His companion saw that the strong body was overcome by the greater strength of a disordered mind.

In truth the night had been one of delirium to this wretched young man. At the gaming-table, where he had staked and lost his last dollar, he had quaffed deep draughts of fiery wine, which, coupled with the exhilaration of play, had, previously to his meeting with the stranger, operated with fearful effect upon his brain; and the subsequent bloody spectacle, of which he had so closely been a witness, appeared to have maddened his intellect to the last point. And now, as his astute companion had foreseen, the subsidence of the paroxysm left him nearly imbecile in mind and body.

"My friend—this is no place for you. Come on with me!"

The stranger, as he spoke, drew the hand of his companion, to awake him from the stupor into which he appeared rapidly sinking. Falcone raised his dim eyes, and essayed to speak, but his lips barely moved, without giving breath to an audible sound. Then the stranger bent down, and embracing the young man's waist with his vigorous arm, lifted him at once from the steps, and thus sustaining him, resumed his course through the now silent and deserted streets of Mexico.

After traversing several squares, the singular conductor of Falcone paused at the entrance of an antiquated but substantial house, standing back some distance from the thoroughfare, and almost hidden by the growth of large trees. Into the door-way of this mansion, which was wide open, the mysterious stranger led his nearly unconscious charge.

A shaded lamp burned within a recess in the hall, and near by, upon an oaken stand, was a small bell, which the master of the house, for such the unknown now appeared to be, rang violently, summoning suddenly a dark-featured servant from a couch where he had been sleeping.

"Have an apartment made ready at once for this gentleman," said the master, waving his hand.

The man disappeared, and the stranger, leading Falcone to the couch, seated himself beside him, watching the expression of the gambler's face in the light of the solitary lamp.

But the distortions and wild uneasiness that had marked Falcone's features while under the influence of the paroxysm, however caused, which had seized him in the street, were now replaced by a stolid, apathetic blankness of countenance, that indicated the depression of all feeling under deep intoxication. His head drooped slackly from his shoulders, his eyes were closed, and a general relaxation of his limbs revealed the utter prostration of the young man's energies.

Presently the dark-visaged servant re-appeared, and, with his master's assistance, conveyed the insensible Falcone to an inner chamber, where he was laid upon a comfortable bed. Then, as the servant retired, and the stertorous breathing of the ruined gambler gave evidence that he was completely wrapped in drunken stupor, the strange master of the house folded his arms across his breast, and contemplated his unconscious guest with a smile of singular meaning.

"Gabriel Falcone!" he muttered, a dark cloud flitting over his face, as his compressed lips told of the working of some strong passion within, "Gabriel Falcone! I have long sought, and have now found thee! Your *mother*, Gabriel, *betrayed* me—and I forget not—neither forgive! Therefore, Gabriel Falcone, I have you now in my power."

Thus the man muttered, with the evil smile playing around his lips. But the next moment a thoughtful expression returned to his countenance.

"*Who was this suicide?*" he murmured, half aloud. "And why should his death affect this young Falcone so powerfully? Here is a mystery which I must fathom. But—to-morrow—to-morrow! There is time enough. Falcone is securely mine!"

CHAPTER IV.

UNCLE AND NEPHEW.

During the same hours of night in which were transpiring the scenes related in our previous chapters, the common tragedy of death was taking place in many streets of the city of Mexico, not perhaps accompanied with violence and crime, but in the natural course of human dissolution. Indeed, what day or night, what hour or minute, can we fancy as free from the visitation of the dread monarch of decay? Whether he come robed in the crimson garments of war, or in the yellow drapery of pestilence—whether he breathe icily upon the young cheek of beauty, or stifle the short breath of reverend age with his nightmare embrace, still is death omnipresent, entering and departing where he lists, no man knowing the day nor the hour of his approach.

But in the passage of a good spirit from its earthly habitation there is in truth no reality of gloom. The wearied sojourner of many years upon earth, whose life hath reached its natural termination, feels not, if he be fitting to die, that aught of bitterness is in the cup which he drinks, and the o'erladen child of sorrow cannot but welcome that blessed transition wherein he lays down forever the burden of mortal endurance, and soars upward to the realms of light, gloriously plumed with the hope of immortality.

Such a being was now sweetly composing his tired senses to the sleep which knows no waking—such a spirit, "trembling, hoping, lingering," upon the threshold of two worlds, still lay garbed in human form upon a couch near the open window of a chamber overlooking the gardens of the government palace in Mexico. It was an aged man, with a broad and scarcely wrinkled brow, over which curled a few thin locks of silvery white. His eyes were bright, and quiet in their gaze, and the assurance of a blessed hereafter shone eloquently through them, imparting a calmness and peace to the whole appearance of the dying man, which was lovely and inspiring to behold. One white, thin hand clasped that sacred volume which imparts so much of happiness to the dying Christian, and the other rested lovingly upon the breast of a young man who knelt beside the bed, his face upturned, and his cheek wet with tears which gushed thick and fast from his large dark eyes.

The window of the apartment, as we have said, looked out upon the national gardens, but the house itself was no part of the neighboring palace. It was, on the contrary, a plain and humble dwelling, fronting upon a narrow street near the Alameda, but possessed the advantage of having its rear windows overlooking the public grounds and that portion of the gardens that stretched farthest from the mansion of the president. The room in which the old man lay dying, was neatly and comfortably furnished, but with no pretension to ornament, if we except a few ancient paintings upon the walls, and many maps of foreign countries disposed thickly on every side. A library of books, which occupied a large closet opposite the single window, and an oval table strewn with papers, from the midst of which rose a small orrery and a pair of globes, announced the studious character of the occupants of the apartment, and it was furthermore evident, from the countenances of both the old and young man, that more than common intellects were possessed by each. At the present hour, however, intellect, save as it sustained the higher philosophy of piety, was forgotten in the promptings of affection. The heart was ascendant when near that bed of death, and asserted its beautiful supremacy in the tender interchange of feeling which now made pleasant even the grief of separation.

"Weep not, Alonzo," murmured the old man, gently pressing the youth's breast, thus drawing him closer to his own bosom. "Weep not, for you have years of happiness before you. Calmly do I depart, for I know that the principles of goodness are firmly implanted in the nature of him whom I have cherished in life as the child of my old age. Perhaps, as we have sometimes conjectured, my son, the spirits of the dead are permitted to revisit the friends of their earthly pilgrimage. Surely, if it be so, my joy will be enhanced by the contemplation of my Alonzo's virtue and happiness."

"O, my uncle, my benefactor—my more than father!" rejoined the young man, "God grant that the lessons you have bestowed upon me may sustain my spirit in this hour of trial!"

"But our parting is but for a season, dear Alonzo," said the sage. "Have we not read together," he continued, reverently lifting to his lips the Bible which he clasped, "not alone the sublime truths contained in this volume, but the magnificent testimonies of that great book which is unrolled before the eye of reason over all the universe of matter? Have we not, my son, explored the mysteries of celestial science, and perused the face of nature in her grandest and loveliest aspects? And shall we have walked thus far together, discovering day by day new evidences of the eternal wisdom, advancing, hour by hour, new steps in the unbroken path of loftier progression—shall we have thought, believed, loved and hoped, dear Alonzo, only to be parted now, never to be re united? No, my son, my friend, we shall yet ascend together the heights of superior knowledge—we shall together kneel and worship at purer shrines, and receive into our souls the holier manifestations of immortal wisdom in the life to come!"

The aged man's eyes were illumined as he spoke, with beautiful confidence—a soft moisture suffused their lids and gave an ineffable tenderness to their expression. No longer were his cheeks pale, but tinged with the flush of enthusiastic feeling, as with hands clasped together in the emotion of his speech, he pressed the Book of God closely to his breast, and smiled with a serene joy that attested the security and steadfastness of his heavenly assurance.

Alonzo's tears could not hide from his vision the saint-like aspect of his uncle's countenance. The words of hope, too, which the latter had uttered, fell like the dews of Hermon upon the young man's spirit. More than ever did he recognize the truth of those blessed promises of immortality with which he had been familiarized from infancy, and he now experienced likewise the high utility of all the lessons of love and wisdom which had formed his past education in the retired life he had led with the aged guardian who now lay dying before him.

For much, indeed, was the youth Alonzo indebted to the sage, Don Tadeo, his reverend uncle. Left an orphan at the tenderest period of existence, the child found a father, and the boy a friend, in the only brother of his mother. Don Tadeo, disappointed in his early life, by the death of his betrothed, had chosen never to break the sweet tie which linked her memory with his hopes, by union with another of the sex: and he had thus learned to find his means of enjoyment in surrounding himself with all the appliances of study, and devoting the residue of his days to two objects—the practice of active benevolence and the constant endeavor to enlarge his intellect by the contemplation of nature's beauties, and the power and wisdom of her Author.

Don Tadeo was not wealthy, but he possessed sufficient for all the uses of his simple life, and enough to gratify, to some extent, the philanthropic promptings which were as much a part of his being as was the air he breathed. His years, from the age of thirty, had been passed amid the wildest scenery of upper Mexico—among the lofty mountains capped with snow, the silent and sombre woodlands, and the free, untainted breezes of those extensive regions known as *la tierra fria*. Here he had lived the life of a hermit, though possessed of all to render himself comfortable—for Don Tadeo was no misanthrope—until the death of his only sister (who had previously lost her husband) left to his charge the child Alonzo, to rear and protect in his future course of growth and preparation for manhood.

Perhaps—nay, doubtless, it *was* a blessing that fell in his way when he deemed only the care and trouble of an infant were to be imposed upon him. The orphan Alonzo soon found a near place in the warm heart of his bachelor uncle. Insensibly, the boy's childish graces and frank, open disposition won upon the regard and affection of the solitary man, and it was not many years before Don Tadeo began to discover that the void which had been left in his bosom by the early loss of his betrothed, was all but entirely filled with the deep love which grew upon him, day by day, for the son of his adoption—his sister's orphan child.

Inexhaustible thenceforth became his plans for the sustenance and development of the youthful intellect left to his charge. All that was worth preservation from the treasure-house of history—all that science, skill, or research had evoked from the deep heart of nature, became agents of the good uncle, Don Tadeo, in forming the generous character of his young nephew. The man shared with the boy all that he himself had won by patient vigil and assiduous seeking; so that, even while yet a child in years, Alonzo grew to be a *savant* in science and literature. Instructed by his wise preceptor, he early unlocked the casket of philosophy; foreign tongues became to him as familiar as his native Spanish; and the rise and fall of nations, dynasties and religions, the growth and decay of peoples and governments, were his every day studies in the antique library of his uncle.

But of the great world of living men—of the passions, purposes and pursuits of the multitude who make up the rushing existence of every nation—mingling their good and evil in a constant tide of action, and bearing to eternity the fruits of their unrest and turmoil—of the great world comprised in mankind and its aims, Alonzo, like Don Tadeo himself, knew nothing. Theory was all that either had acquired. Beyond theory, life was dim—an ocean, beautiful and grand, but its storms were unknown, its depths unsounded, and its limits unexplored.

Therefore Alonzo dreamed and studied through his early years, revelling in visions of the past, till the close of his seventeenth summer, when, for the first time, with his uncle, he left the quiet retirement of their mountain home, and entered upon the strange

existence of a dweller in the capital. Up to this period he had dwelt amid nature's haunts, her chosen child, yet imbued with all the misty lore of elder art. Wandering among solemn woods, musing beside still rivers, or climbing rocky highlands, with brow bared to the fresh mountain breeze, he had drank deep draughts of romance, and mingled the past with the present. His was an existence of quiet, unbroken by the world's tumult—a sunshine uncrossed by clouds.

But of late years, the youth's heart had throbbed with indefinite longings for something yet unknown. The tideless monotony of his studies, his walks and reveries, grew irksome and unsatisfying. He felt within him the promptings of some unknown power, ever and anon uplifting a corner of the curtain which enveloped his dreaming soul, and revealing dim glimmerings of a future yet unborn. Across the waveless surface of his experience, flashed the rays of a formless ambition, penetrating the inner being of the young man, and disclosing there the shadowy outlines of a vague desire. The colossal shades of earth's mighty ones had visited and talked with him in the visions of night; the shapes of those tremendous spirits, who, in past time, had ruled the world, stalked in phantom glory through his dreams, mocking the trance of his intellect. He was like one, who, by some potent charm, has evoked the shadowy semblances of fallen angels, and then lost forever, the exhalistic word which alone might exorcise them; so that they encircled him evermore, drawing and swaying his soul beneath the magnetism of their mighty minds, as the earth's tides are moved by her mysterious moon.

And for such an idealistic being destiny was weaving the chains of reality. The hours were slowly bringing to the youth's conception a new thought—a new experience. That awful idea which was first revealed to mankind's stricken progenitors, the full extent of the Eternal's judgment upon their disobedience—that immeasurably awful idea which involves the curse of death—was now about to stir the unrippled waters of Alonzo's enthusiast soul.

CHAPTER V.

THE YANKEE.

Jake Dusenbury the Yankee, as he sat by an open window, looking forth into the gray dawning of a Mexican day, exhibited very little of that self-assured and reckless expression which is supposed to characterize the North American Saxon in foreign lands. In truth he had passed a night of anxiety and unrest, for it had been his sorrowful task to watch beside the corpse of that unfortunate countryman, whose rash hand had dared to break the temple of his own despairing soul and hurl the naked and shivering spirit into the dread presence of an Almighty Judge.

Through the still hours of night, when the officers of police, and the curious Mexicans who accompanied them, had retired to their various houses, Jake Dusenbury remained in the house of death, solemnly impressed with the duty required at his hands by the claim which he recognized as sacred above all things—the kindred of country recognized in a strange land. Happily, however, he was spared the witness of another's sorrow—a sorrow that brooked no sympathy, admitted of no solace—the sorrow of that young and lovely being, the sister of the lost young man. In that dreadful moment, when, at the sight of her brother's mangled form, the reason of the maiden yielded to the blow, and with a frenzied cry, she sank beside the dead—in that moment a deep insensibility overwhelmed her, and she fell into a stupor that happily continued for the night. The old negro, assisted by a female servant, conveyed his unconscious mistress to her chamber, and then returned to aid in the disposition of his master's remains. And when the body, lifted from the pavement into an apartment of the house was laid upon the couch which had been the young man's bed when living, the faithful black resumed his kneeling posture beside it, and shared with the moaning dog the wretched vigils of the night. Dusenbury, after giving his name and residence to an official, in order that he might be found if required to undergo any further examination concerning the suicide, was allowed to remain in the house of his late countryman, and when all had departed, he took his position in an ante-room adjoining the apartment in which the corpse was deposited, and there awaited with sleepless eyes, the coming of another morn.

The checkered gray of early day began gradually to broaden into fuller light, and cocks from neighboring gardens answered one another in announcement of the sun's approach. Far away, upon the fortifications, and farther still, from the military college on the hill of Chapultepec, sounded the daybreak gun, followed by quick beats of the garrison drums and a blast from the castle's trumpeter, that was repeated and re-echoed by all the hills around. Dusenbury rubbed his eyes, which, though drooping with heaviness, had yet closed not during his long vigil, and commenced in a methodical manner to sum up the events to which he had been a party in the preceding night.

"Le' me see," soliloquized the Yankee, crossing his legs, as he shifted himself in the wide arm-chair which he had been occupying, and from which he could view the open door of another room—the one in which the corpse lay, attended by the faithful negro, and the no less devoted dog—"le' me see," he repeated, placing the forefinger of his right hand against his forehead, and then bringing it across the palm of his left, as if to assist and fix his memory of what he desired to recall—"I was comin' from the padry's house, at twelve o'clock, and makin' short tracks for lodgin's—when this ere poor chap—this tarnation fool—I mean this ere poor critter that's in t'other room, fired his hoss-pistil into his own head—so far, that's correct; I'll swear to it before any of the Mexikin p'leese-fellars—hullo! Sambo—what's wanted?"

The latter part of the Yankee's meditations found utterance in a sort of ejaculatory question addressed to the negro servant of the deceased, who had entered the ante-room unperceived, and now stood beside Dusenbury's chair. The appearance of the black denoted that he had passed a weary and painful night; his eyes were bloodshot and sunken, and the jet of his cheeks now looked gray and ashy in the light of early day. Jake Dusenbury could not but be impressed with pity for the evident anguish of the servant, visible in every lineament of his aged countenance.

"De gemman is 'Merican—is de gemman?" hesitated the negro, as he looked beseechingly at Dusenbury.

"Yes, and no mistake—American to the back bone, poor critter!" returned the Yankee. "And I calk'late your poor master was a leetle too much so, too, for these ere heathen Mexikins. Jerusalem! if a chap don't know their tricks, the p'isonest sarpints aint wuss to get along with."

"Massa was murdered—he nebber kill hisself," said the black, solemnly.

"There you're rayther too fast," replied Dusenbury, "seein's how I was one of the fust that saw him, jest as he lay, with the pistil in his hand. No, poor critter, I haint any doubt you love your massa, but depend on't, he shot himself with his own individual hand, and no mistake."

"Massa nebber kill hisself," repeated the negro, shaking his head.

"What on airth do ye mean, critter?" asked the Yankee, somewhat nonplussed at the pertinacity with which the old servant persisted, as he thought, in doubting the fact of his master's self-destruction. "What ar' ye drivin' at, with that ere word of yourn? Don't ye b'lieve a feller, when he tells you jest what he has seen, and nothin' else?"

"De gemman 'll please 'scuse de ole nigger," answered the servant, in a deprecating tone. "But de gemman nebber know'd Massa Charley. Massa Charley, Lor' bress him, hadn't de heart to kill a chicken, much less himself, an' break poor missy's heart, and leave all de family to grieve an' sorrer forebbernore. O, gorra me, what'll poor missy do? I'm afeared she'll nebber live to see de ole place agin. 'Spect they'll murder missy and de ole nigger jes' as dey kill poor Massa Charley. O, gorra!"

"But I tell ye, your Massa Charley wa'n't murdered by no one."

"'Spec's you t'ink so, sar, but you isn't knowin' to all de sarcumstances. Berry like, Massa Charley hole de pistil in his own hand an' pull de trigger. But who load de pistil, sar? Who stan' behine Massa Charley an' say 'shoot—shoot you'self, Massa Charles Glinton'?"

The negro, as he hurriedly uttered these words, fixed his eyes upon Dusenbury with a glance which at once satisfied the latter that a rare intelligence was concealed under the old slave's sooty skin. He divined, also, that a mystery rested behind the apparent natural result of suicide consequent upon a ruined gamester's despair of retrieving his fortunes, and the few sentences of the negro made him suspect that some malign influence had been exerted upon the unfortunate young American, leading him to the course of life which had ended so fatally. The Yankee, therefore, with a tact which was natural to him, prepared to glean from the black whatever might be of importance in his instantly conceived design to investigate the causes which had resulted in so sad a catastrophe to a fellow-countryman.

It was no idle curiosity that prompted this resolution upon the part of Jake Dusenbury; for, besides that his earnest sympathy had been aroused by the fact of the young suicide being an American, he had learned enough through the incoherent exclamations of the negro and female attendant on the previous night, to be aware that the suicide's sister was left alone and friendless in the foreign city, a position which, to the Yankee's mind, gave her at once a claim to all the service and assistance he could render her; for Jake Dusenbury remembered a cherry-cheeked sister of his own in their far-off New England homestead, and he resolved, like a true-hearted American as he was, to hold himself ready for aught that might be necessary in the defence and protection of his fair young countrywoman.

With this motive alone, he began to consider the best method of learning the position of the family with whom he had become acquainted so suddenly, in order that he might use the information to their immediate advantage, if necessary. But he was prevented from at once questioning the old servant by the sudden entrance of the female attendant, who had passed the night with her young mistress. Her appearance at once threw the negro into a state of increased agitation; he clasped his hands together and tottered forward to meet her, exclaiming:

"O, Lucille, whar's missy? Whar did you leave de poor chile? O, gorra, Lucille, my heart is jes' like to break in pieces."

"Hush tongue, Hannibal. Mademoiselle is to have sleep; she is to be not disturbed. *O, ciel!* What a night I have spent! *Quel horreur! O pauvre Monsieur Charles!* They have slain—they have killed him dead, and we are all lost—*perdus!*"

Lucille, a lively-looking young mulatto girl, with a truly French air of coquetry about her, seemed utterly broken down in contemplation of the sad event which had taken place. She wiped the tears incessantly from her pretty eyes with a corner of her embroidered apron, and continued her vehement exclamations:

"*O ciel!* what shall we do? Mam'selle will die! All is lost!"

Dusenbury for some moments remained silent, not knowing how to check the passionate grief of both negro and mulatto, who evidently grew more excited in witnessing each other's perturbation. At length, however, the Yankee ventured to address Lucille.

"It's a mighty dreadful case, and no mistake," he began, "and calls for a sight o' philosophy and pious fortitude, an' common sense into the bargain. Here's a young gentleman, a real fine, free-hearted American gentleman, from New Orleans—c'enmost a stranger in this ere heathen town, and a 'tarnal sight too good to walk its streets—that's Master Charles Glinton I'm talking 'bout, ye see, don't ye, Hannibal? don't ye, Miss Lucille?"

"O, gorra!" ejaculated the negro. "An' sich a noble gemman led away, an' cheated out o' his money an' his life! O gorra!"

"And by a villain—*O, ciel!* What is his name? Mam'selle does so detest—so fly away from every day when he come! Ah! he is traitor! He is the cause of all!"

"Mister Charles trusted his friend too much, I reckon," said Dusenbury, suggestively.

"I t'ink Massa Falcone no frien' at all," rejoined the negro Hannibal. "What for you call him frien' o' Massa Charley? Gorra! de good frien' no make him drink de champagne, till he rave like de mad. De good frien' no say 'Come, Charley Glinton, come to de gran' saloon, where dey play de monté?' No, no, Massa Falcone is no frien'—he is de 'casion of massa shoot hisself—an' all for spite o' missy. Eh, Lucille—don't you t'ink dat be de reason?"

"*Vraiement—c'est comme ca.* I have not one doubt. Mam'selle cannot bear the sight of Monsieur Falcone. She drive him once, twice, a dozen times away; she absent—shut herself up in her chamber, when Monsieur Falcone come."

"And Mister Charles did not like that, did he?" asked the Yankee.

"Not much. He was—what you call *tete montée*—he did think Monsieur Falcone *un bon ami—un frere.* Truly, I believe, he did think him a brother; eh, Hannibal?"

"O, poor massa! how he was fooled by dat Massa Falcone."

"And so when mam'selle refuse—declare she will not see de Spanish friend of her brother, then Monsieur Charles and Monsieur Falcone dine together, once, twenty time; and Monsieur Charles become—*O, ciel*—what you call tipsie—drunk; and then mam'selle weep so much, implore her brother that he will no more drink the champagne, and that he will return with us all to New Orleans; and Monsieur Charles promise—one dozen times—to do all that mam'selle desire."

"And, poor fellow, could not keep his promise," said Dusenbury.

"The devil did tempt him, when Monsieur Falcone come again. They drank the wine, they laughed at mam'selle's fears. Monsieur Falcone swear he will take good care of his friend Charles—and so—*n' importe!* What good care he has taken! *Voila!*"

The mulatto, saying this, pointed to the open door of the apartment wherein lay the body of her late master, and then, relapsing into a torrent of tears, covered her face with her apron and sat down on a low stool beside the negro Hannibal, who echoed every sob which she uttered.

Dusenbury needed no more to afford him an explanation of all the circumstances connected with the death of Charles Glinton. He saw at once that some false friend had exercised a ruinous influence over the destiny of the young American, and though he knew nothing of the character or station of the Falcone to whom both Lucille and Hannibal appeared to attribute their misfortunes, yet he could not help feeling that some nefarious scheme had conduced to Glinton's ruin. The fact of the sister's dislike and opposition to her brother's friend, her tender solicitude, and the heartless manner in which its influence had been counteracted, satisfied the shrewd Yankee that his countryman had been led on, step by step, to indulge in dissipation and play, until, ripened for destruction, he had fallen a victim to his own desperation, urged on, doubtless, through the evil counsel of his false friend. No sooner had this conviction settled itself in Dusenbury's mind than he resolved at once to pursue such measures as would at least preserve the desolate sister of the suicide from any peril which might arise from her unprotected situation.

The Yankee's resolves never waited long before being put in execution; so, rising from the arm-chair where he had passed the night, he enjoined upon the two servants the necessity of preserving strict watch of the house, and above all things of permitting their mistress to sleep as long as possible.

"For," said he, as he rubbed his moist eyes with a cotton handkerchief, "the poor gal 'll have to bear a mighty big load when she wakes, and it'll do no harm ef she gets a leetle strength to help her. So jes' keep watch of the house, and let your young mistress sleep as long as she can. I'm goin' arter some one who kin do ye all more good than I can."

So saying, Jake Dusenbury fixed his broad-rimmed hat securely upon the back of his head, and shaking hands with both the weeping servants, set out from the house of sorrow, just as the first rays of sunlight were beginning to struggle between the high walls of the ancient houses, or through the branches of old trees which lined the walk over which he briskly proceeded.

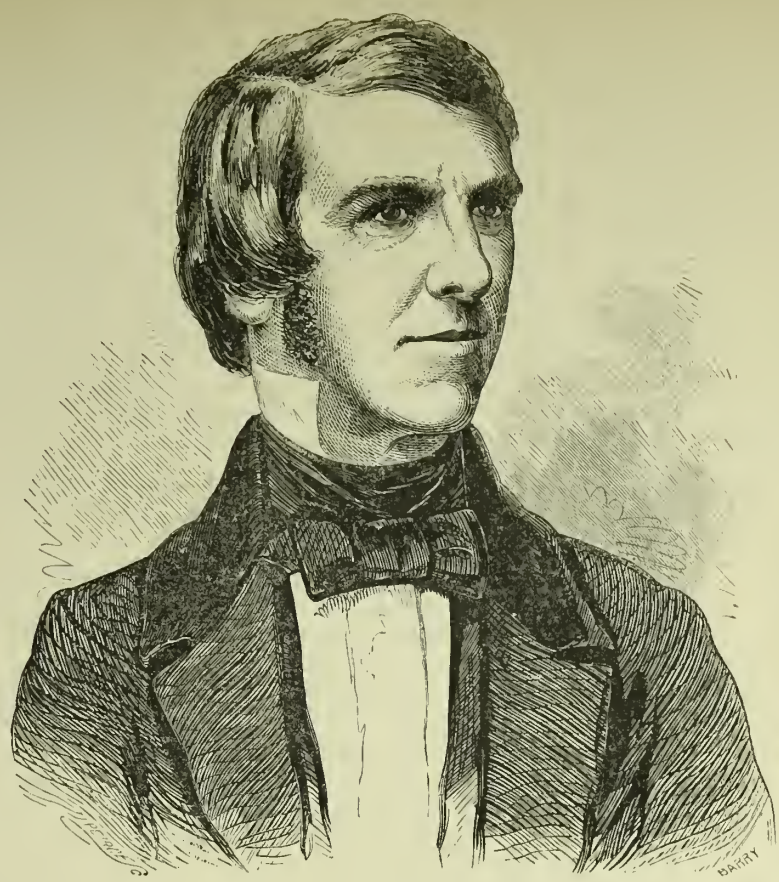
And as that humble-looking Yankee, in worn and travel-stained habiliments, hurried through the streets, no Mexican who passed him would have believed in the possibility of such a shabby individual, however good might be his heart, having any practical power to succor or protect even his own person from aggression. Nor would any Mexican grandee or lepero have credited such a foolish prediction as might have been made at the time—that this identical Yankee, Dusenbury, would himself hoist the flag of his country upon the walls of the proudest palace in Mexico—and that before many years should pass away. So ridiculous an idea would have been scouted by the meanest beggar of the capital. So, in happy ignorance of what was to come, the Mexicans who passed Jake Dusenbury, only greeted him with a look of contempt or indifference. And the Yankee heeded, as he went, neither grandee nor beggar. He was thinking of the suicide and his desolate young sister.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES, THE POET.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY WHIPPLE & BLACK.

The accompanying head, drawn for the Pictorial by Mr. Barry, will be readily recognized by those who have seen the original, one of the most noteworthy men of New England, whether we consider him as a humorous or lyric poet, a physician and surgeon, or a scientific essayist. Like another poet-physician, Dr. Goldsmith, his versatility is indeed remarkable, and he strictly deserves the same praise, that he has touched nothing that he has not adorned. It is not given to many to attain eminence in a profession requiring the severest study, the closest logic and the hardiest nerve, and at the same time to be an accepted wooer of the Muse of Poetry. Yet Dr. Holmes is both one and the other, and his facile alternations from the scalpel to the goose-quill are nearly marvellous. It is his happy privilege to assuage the physical evils that flesh is heir to, and to minister to the mind diseased, with equal success. Oliver Wendell Holmes is the son of the Rev. Abiel Holmes, D. D., the distinguished author of "Annals of America," a "Life of President Stiles of Yale College," and of various valuable historical papers—and was born at Cambridge, Mass., August 29, 1809. He received his early education at Phillips Academy, Exeter, N. H., an institution where many of the most distinguished men of New England have received their preliminary classical training. In 1825 he entered Harvard University, where he distinguished himself by good scholarship. But it was during the last year of his college life that he began to earn a literary reputation in a monthly magazine called the "Collegian," published by the under graduates of Harvard. College magazines are usually full of promise and deficient in performance—but the "Collegian" was of quite a higher stamp than the average. Among those who conducted and contributed largely to the pages of this really very clever and spirited miscellany, were the subject of this sketch, John O Sargent, brother of Epes Sargent, and since a distinguished lawyer and political writer, and the lamented William H. Simmons, one of the most eloquent men of his time. The magazine made a great sensation. Its circulation was large and its articles were read with avidity, and copied extensively by the contemporary press. The favorites were decidedly Holmes's humorous poetical contributions. They were genuine, sparkling, stamped with originality, and marked by correct versification. The lapse of twenty-five years has not diminished the popularity of some of those earlier efforts; but the vein the author then opened he has since worked with constantly increasing success. Before Holmes's advent, American humor, whether expressed in rhyme or verse, with one or two signal exceptions, was crude and inelegant in form. There were plenty of rough diamonds to be met with, but the art of grinding, polishing and setting them had not been attempted. Holmes proved that polish of form was not incompatible with the most laugh-provoking humor of idea. The success of the *jeux d' esprit* to which we have referred did not for a moment shake the constancy of our young author. Thrown off at moments of leisure, they were regarded by the writer merely as the safety valves of an elastic and mirthful spirit, and were not suffered to divert his attention from graver pursuits. On graduating, he commenced the study of the law, but after making a year's trial of it, relinquished it for that of medicine, which he commenced with an ardor that promised complete success. From 1833 to 1835, he resided in Paris, zealously pursuing his studies, obtaining a thorough knowledge of the French language, and becoming intimate with the most eminent physicians and surgeons of France. His Parisian residence produced no marked effect upon his subsequent literary performances, though it gave birth to one or two most exquisite local lyrics, one of which, entitled "La Grisette," is a perfect gem of its kind—tender, pathetic, suggestive and faultlessly musical. Early in 1836, Dr. Holmes commenced the practice of medicine in this city. In the fall of the same year he delivered the Phi Beta Kappa poem at Cambridge, and distinguished himself greatly on that occasion. His election, in 1838, to the chair of anatomy and physiology in the medical department of Dartmouth College, was an honorable proof of his professional ability. This professorship, however, he retained only two years, at the expiration of which period he married, and devoted himself to the practice of his profession In 1847, he had the honor of succeeding Dr. Warren as professor of anatomy in the medical department of Harvard University. Dr. Holmes has more than once obtained the Boylston prizes for medical essays, while his contributions to the North American Review have exhibited his general scholarship and ability as a prose writer. Such is a brief outline of his useful and brilliant career. He has delivered long poems on several occasions, and few who "build the lofty rhyme" among the American artificers of that commodity have sustained their flight so well. His popularity has procured for him solicitations from literary societies in all quarters, and he has responded very liberally to these various calls upon his time and talents. Even a brief notice of Dr. Holmes is not complete without mentioning the fact that he has not escaped the vortex which has swept all the available talent of New England into lecturing, and few are more felicitous. As a specimen of the purely humorous vein of our author, we present entire the poem which D. C. Johnston, the American Cruikshank, has illustrated for our Pictorial in his characteristic manner. It is entitled:



OLIVER W. HOLMES, THE POET.

THE HEIGHT OF THE RIDICULOUS.

I wrote some lines once on a time,
In wondrous merry mood.
And thought, as usual, men would say
They were exceeding good.

They were so queer, so very queer,
I laughed as I would die;
Albeit in the general way,
A sober man am I.

I called my servant, and he came;
How kind it was of him,
To mind a slender man like me,
He of the mighty limb!

"These to the printer," I exclaimed,
And in my humorous way,
I added (as a trifling jest),
"There'll be the devil to pay."

He took the paper, and I watched,
And saw him peep within;
At the first line he read, his face
Was all upon the grin.

He read the next; the grin grew broad,
And shot from ear to ear;
He read the third; a chuckling noise
I now began to hear.

The fourth; he broke into a roar;
The fifth; his waistband split;
The sixth; he burst five buttons off,
And tumbled in a fit.

Ten days and nights, with sleepless eye,
I watched that wretched man,
And since, I never dare to write
As funny as I can.

One of his best addresses is entitled "Poetry, a Metrical Essay." Like all his productions of this class, it abounds in brilliant passages, and lines which have passed into familiar and established quotations. In it occurs an admirable description of the different English measures, among which, the Spenserian is finely characterized as follows:

"The sweet Spenserian, gathering as it flows,
Sweeps rolling onward to its dying close,
Where waves on waves in long succession pour,
Till the ninth billow melts along the shore."

One of his most stirring lyrics is entitled "Old Ironsides," and it is not saying too much of it to pronounce it worthy of Campbell in his palmiest days. It was written at a time when the project of breaking up the glorious old frigate was seriously entertained. Striking a chord of popular sentiment, it ran like wild-fire through the Union, appeared in almost every newspaper, and was printed in handbills and circulated broadcast. As a most powerful expression of a popular idea, it had the same effect as some of Beranger's songs; and that the Constitution still rides the deep, is attributable in a great degree to Holmes's poem. His little poem, entitled the "Last Leaf," and commencing:

"I saw him once before,
As he passed by the door
And again,"

is a most felicitous blending of the humorous and pathetic. We could easily fill up our whole paper, were we to quote only the favorite minor poems of our author—such as the "Dilemma," "L' Inconnue," the "Treadmill Song," the "Last Reader," the "September Gale," and the "Camhridge Churchyard." Dr. Griswold has very happily expressed the merit of our author in the following paragraph: "Dr. Holmes is a poet of art and humor and genial sentiment, with a style remarkable for its purity, terseness and point, and for an exquisite finish and grace. His lyrics ring and sparkle like cataracts of silver, and his serious pieces—as successful in their way as those mirthful frolics of his muse for which he is best known—arrest the attention by touches of the most genuine pathos and tenderness. All his poems illustrate a manly feeling, and have in them a current of good sense, the more charming because somewhat out of fashion now in works of imagination and fancy."

ILLUSTRATION OF POEM

HENRY J. FINN.

Charles Durang, now publishing his reminiscences of the Philadelphia stage, in the Philadelphia Sunday Mercury, after relating some anecdotes of the lamented Henry J. Finn, thus concludes his notice of that excellent actor and man: "The dramatic pieces that fell from the pen of Finn, were the 'Fall of Montgomery,' 'Casper Hauser,' 'Removing the Deposits,' etc. The dialogue of his best productions is very chaste, originally and vigorously written, the humor sprightly and piquant, embracing none of those materials that good taste, such as his, would most certainly reject, and only adopted to meet the spirit of the age and its depraved appetite. They were lively without being trashy; sentimental without mawkishness; moral in tendency and not staining the language or fable with undue extravagant means to gain a strained effect. Some melo-dramatic effects must necessarily be thrown in, or it would be nugatory to write for the stage at all. We saw poor Finn climb the Thespian ladder, from its lowest to its topmost round, rising from *Thomas* in the "Sleep-Walker," where he gained notice from the London critics at the Haymarket theatre, to *Sir Peter Teazle;* wherein the approbation of honest and unprejudiced judgment has unqualifiedly pronounced upon his claims to the name of comedian, good and true. He finished his professional labors almost on the boards where he began them on his native soil. The last engagement he ever played was in Pittsburg, with Mr. Wemyss, on his way from the South to his home at Newport, R. I., where his numerous family resided. On his way thither he passed through Philadelphia, where he was solicited to act for Madame Celeste's benefit, at the Chestnut Street theatre. He complied and appeared, but, alas! it was the closing night of his professional life. In consequence of this unfortunate detention of one night, he was doomed to be one of the passengers of the steamer Lexington, which fated vessel and its living freight terribly perished by fire and water, January 10th, 1840. It is not as an actor that we are to view Mr. Henry J. Finn solely. It is in the mild endearments of private life, in the relations of husband, father and moral man—there did his merits shine most conspicuously, and gave to him his respectable position in society. These attributes made him really a star in the profession—now dimmed to the widow and children forever."

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE DYING IMPROVISATRICE.

Daughter of dreams! away! away!
  Thy soul hath lost its fire—
There's weeping through the citron groves
  For thy departing lyre.
All glorious is Italia's sun,
  All blue Italia's sky;
There's wailing for the wasted founts
  And melodies that die!

Thy brow, the shrine of burning thought,
  Is like the marble pale,
Young spirit! dost thou shrink and fear
  Alone to tread "the vale?"
Thou, the beloved in princely halls!
  Thou, the caressed of earth!
Why should the song-bird dread to soar
  Where all its lays have birth?

All meekly bind the myrtle bloom
  Upon thy yearning heart!
In the dim gardens of the tomb
  The laurel hath no part.
Thy soul is troubled as the rest
  Of leaves upon the sea—
Thou of the bright and mournful dower,
  Alas! alas for thee!

Alas for thee! alas for all
  Who strive as thou hast striven!
Woe, for the bird whose holy song
  Hath to the winds been given!
Woe, for the waters spent and gone!
  Woe, for the wasted fire!
Woe, for the poet-heart that gives
  To earth its God-tuned lyre!

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

HARRIET GREEN.

BY EMERET H. SEDGE.

The little parsonage of Laneville nestled among the trees midway on the south side of a gentle acclivity, which was crowned by the plain and ancient church, and by a more venerable grove. It was a low building, rustic and quaint in its general appearance, with its dimensions enlarged by odd little wings that evidenced no conceivable relation to the internal necessities of the establishment. These wings were decorated and hidden by fantastic trellises and thrifty climbers, and altogether the house looked like an overgrown arbor that was seeking to branch out and run off in various directions like the vines themselves.

Parson Green had lived there a score of years, and expected to die there, and he strove to make the place as attractive as his limited means would allow. Flowers and graceful trees are the cheapest of all luxuries and adornments, and the minister had succeeded in working wondrous transformations on the acre of land that he called his own, and the parsonage, from being the most arid, forsaken-looking home in Laneville, had become the freshest and sunniest, and Parson Green's colossal bouquets, which he bestowed munificently from his inexhaustible garden, made the air fragrant from one end of the parish to the other.

Notwithstanding the pleasant lawn and grove, and flower borders without, and the excellent house-wifery and easy hospitality within, the minister's house would have been spiritless and monotonous in the summer and dreary in the winter, if the laughing, shouting gipsy, his daughter Harriet, had not been there to keep everything astir. She was a great, strong, healthy girl, with a clear brown complexion, and the reddest of plump cheeks glowing beneath black, mischievous eyes, and swept by untamable masses of jetty hair. She was a fearless, daring, adventurous creature, and was never quiet except at meeting. She had her own way of doing whatever she attempted, which she generally succeeded in recommending to the favorable opinion of others by the resolute determination that won success, and by her unfailing good nature. The minister's daughter was better loved than his flowers that she reared and gathered for his parishioners, and happy in the kindness which she everywhere received, and brimming over with high spirits, it was not strange that her mother's mild remonstrance and her father's graver admonition failed to make her a model child, for the special benefit of the community, and to afford a convenient practical illustration of what a good education might accomplish.

The man who owned as much land and as many dollars as the entire parish beside, who held all the honorable offices and discharged their functions with commendable fidelity, who formed the sole aristocracy of Laneville, and, by virtue of his secular position, lived on terms of great intimacy with the minister, was Squire Smith, or John Smith, Esq., to speak more definitely.

His stately house was not far from the parsonage—it was the very next and nearest as you went from the church,—and had an air of refinement and cultivation about it that did not seem native to the straggling village. But this is easily explained, for Squire Smith had married a gentle, stylish little woman from the city, who, either for love or for money, had consented to hide her pretty face and handsome dress and respectable accomplishments in an obscure township, where she might console and amuse herself only with setting off her own premises in as much fashion and as luxuriantly as her circumstances would allow, and by going to visit the world once a year.

The squire was not blessed with a more numerous progeny than the minister, and had a much less promising child. The sickly babe was overwhelmed and stifled at the very outset by a magnificent name, which was designed to carry off with eclat the one he inherited, that was considered more suggestive of mechanics and sootiness than of gentility, and could be made to obtain no alleviation of its worst features from heraldic investigation. It was at first generally thought by the unlearned neighbors that the lengthened appellation, Ernestine Egbert Marcellus, had originated entirely with Mrs. Smith, whose capacity in every department of science and taste was unchallenged, and if there was any dissatisfaction among the interested old women, in consequence of the deviation from the usual custom which gave the name of the parent to the eldest child, thus perpetuating extraordinary cognomens through many generations, it was abundantly allayed by an incomprehensible scrap of history and romance which Mrs. Smith obligingly doled out in a way intended to be explanatory. So every doubt was set at rest, and the child was duly christened Ernestine Egbert Marcellus, in the sight of the admiring congregation. A few weeks afterwards, the minister's child went through the same ceremony, and the imaginations of the people were yet so dazzled that the simple and hackneyed "Harriet," by which she was to be known, was almost deemed a pitiable misfortune.

The little Smith was expected to die from week to week, then from month to month, and then from year to year. But he kept hold of life bravely, considering his size; while his patrons, the old women, collected herbs and dried roots, and invented mysterious decoctions and inconceivable syrups to build up his constitution withal. They succeeded in keeping him alive notwithstanding his weakness, or he managed to live despite their interference and constitution-tinkering, whichever you please, and in process of time there was a fair prospect of his arriving at maturity.

It was the first wish of Mrs. Smith that her son should be reared uncontaminated by contact with boorishness and vulgarity. It was her serious concern that there was no one with whom he could properly associate. Harriet Green, the only admissible companion, would have been called a hoyden anywhere save in Laneville; but then she was intelligent and courageous, and her protection was worth something, and the children were allowed to play together, while their exclusiveness was understood and respected by the little people of the vicinity.

Harriet, though younger, was much larger and stronger than her friend, and she taught him her own accomplishments, coasting, skating and riding, which she continued to practise perseveringly, in the face of appeals and expostulations, and scandalized expressions, on the part of those who had nicer ideas of feminine propriety than she possessed.

She had only one answer for the parson and Mrs. Green, for the squire and Mrs. Smith, and for anybody else who ventured a rebuke. She wondered where Ernestine would learn anything if she did not teach him, and she only wished there was water enough anywhere about to float a large sail-boat, and he should then learn everything that boys should know.

When it seemed probable that, by good nursing and the pursuance of every alluring salutiferious measure ever conceived or heard of by his natural guardians, they might be able to detain Master Smith long enough upon the earth, parental ambition immediately determined to develop his extraordinary ability, which, of course, the squire and his wife had early detected, by the advantages of a public education. Accordingly, the little Ernestine who was still too delicate to encounter the adversities and tumult of a large school, was committed to the special superintendence and instruction of Parson Green, that he might be conducted through his preparatory studies.

Harriet, when she found what plans had been formed for her friend, loudly proclaimed her intention to go through college also, but upon being assured that custom had reserved this privilege for the exclusive benefit of clever young gentlemen, she very sensibly lost no time in bewailing her disappointment; but, with her usual hopefulness, fell to dreaming of social revolutions that might at length aid in the gratification of her wish, and she determined to prepare herself thoroughly, so that, in case anything should happen, and girls should be permitted to go to college as well as boys, she could enter with distinguished success. No one interfered with her purposes, for it was neither easy nor agreeable to gainsay her resolutions. Parson Green was decidedly satisfied, and was not a little proud of his emulous pupils, and he spent hours with his nose between the leaves of his musty lexicon, reviewing his classical lore.

Mrs. Smith, in the excess of her gratitude to her minister for his paternal supervision of her child's education, felt a generous warmth of enthusiastic interest in his daughter, and fearful from her very heart that, between athletic sports and the dead languages, the boisterous girl would be utterly spoiled, recommended music and the French verbs by way of antidote. Harriet was ready to undertake anything of a reasonable nature, and accordingly victimized her neighbor's ears and piano three hours daily; stayed to read a little more about that marvellous luscious youth, Telemachus, and then hastened to her father's study to have a treat in saying Greek conjugations, and then, with Ernestine, to the squire's stables to saddle the horses for a mad gallop on the highway.

Thus occupied, the children reached the age of fifteen, Harriet being then a large, full-grown woman, in long dresses, and with her prominent features and dark complexion, looking twenty; while Ernestine, who was just beginning to live without special effort, with his slender person buttoned up in a thin jacket, with hair and eyes like primroses and forget-me-nots, would scarcely pass for twelve. People wondered what Harriet Green could find in him that she should spend hours in his company; but she stoutly defended her preferred friend, and declared that he knew more than anybody in the town except her father, and that if they would only wait, with a spark of candor and patience, they would see him a great man yet. Squire Smith and his wife were thoroughly possessed of the same conviction.

Ernestine, at last, must go from home, and Harriet reckoned it an affliction, that she was forced to remain there with little to do, and nobody in particular to talk with. She had also an additional trouble, a sort of teasing, unending harassment, more than a downright catastrophe, and this was no less than another Miss Harriet Green, her father's sister, known familiarly as Aunt Hetty. This respectable individual was very short, and plump, and fair; was known to have existed a long time, for a period that was generally supposed to transcend the ordinary calculations of her acquaintance, and chiefly busied herself in rejuvenating her person, an operation which, with her, consisted in frizzling her pale hair, sleeping a preposterous number of hours, and in making over her light dresses in the newest fashion. She had a meagre fortune of two hundred a year, which she contrived to eke out to the measure of her necessities, by making herself agreeable in the houses of several relations and friends, among whom she coursed in an eccentric orbit, the turnings of which could be easily calculated when the respective and relative attractions of weddings, funerals and recent widowers were fully understood.

She called Laneville her home, a place that she despised when she was in it, and glorified when out of it. It was astonishing to observe how it grew in her estimation when she was removed at a considerable distance from it, and quite inspiring to hear her rapt descriptions of the druidical oaks behind the church, which became, in her narrations, a Gothic pile, or something near it, the enchanting manse steeped in fragrance from a wilderness of flowers, gathering to itself moss and ivy enough to overrun a cathedral; the village swains and the rustic nymphs, and rural avocations, and her star-friends, the Smiths and their promising son, and her clerical brother, who was sacrificing himself to his benevolence, and wasting his talents in this lovely seclusion, and her fascinating and learned niece, and her amiable sister, all these and everything else jumbled together, and served up with exclamations and rhapsodical glances, easily leading an impressible stranger to the conclusion that Laneville was assuredly either paradise or a picture.

The purple and golden hues that enrobed Laneville with wondrous enchantment, in Aunt Hetty's imagination, vanished as she drew near, and the parsonage became dingy and incommodious, and her brother prosy, and Mrs. Smith strangely dowdy and old-fashioned, and the squire brusque and unpleasant; yet she found it advisable to favor the place with her frequent visits. There were economical considerations that made it specially desirable that she should possess a recruiting harbor, and since it was possible to pack away her silk dresses and wear faded ginghams, and be more than approved in the smartness of last year's bonnets, she allowed her love of good works, and her active desire to benefit and elevate the laggard and benighted parish, to operate as an incentive to her remaining where sobriety of apparel was the surest passport to universal favor. Especially was it her desire to transform her niece into a pattern young lady, by the united force of precept and example.

Aunt Hetty arrived with the birds that same year that witnessed the departure of Ernestine for college. She found great necessity for the execution of her reformatory schemes. Harriet was more and more shocking, and, strangest of all, no one seemed to notice or think of correcting her unwomanly propensities. Accordingly, she commenced the practice of preaching her niece sententious sermons hourly. Young ladies should not run. Young ladies never sing in the streets. Heaven help us! young ladies don't whistle. Young ladies don't clamber up crooked apple-trees every day to look into a bird's nest. Young ladies embroider and curl their hair, and don't play with little boys.

Harriet listened with all the patience that she could muster, screwed up her lips, her eyebrows and her courage, and hastened away as fast as she could to see Ernestine all that was possible before he should leave her.

The intimacy between Harriet and Ernestine was the particular object of the spinster's attack. *She* was never indiscreet in the selection of her companions, and with renewed zeal inspired by the consciousness of her own correctness, she teased and belabored all parties, so offended Mrs. Smith as to find the squire's home no longer agreeable, raised sullen clouds on the laughing face of her niece, and in every practicable way made herself a martyr to her spleen.

At length the necessity of circumstances forced her inoffensive enemy from the field, and Aunt Hetty, with sighs of satisfaction, congratulated herself upon having obtained a complete victory, and that more especially, since the departure of Ernestine, Harriet stayed within doors, spent hours in quietly reading and writing, and even undertook to mend her torn gowns. It was much to succeed so perfectly after having been sacrificed to the displeasure of those whom she sought to benefit.

Her complacency was soon disturbed by painful suspicions concerning Harriet's employment. The girl was writing continually, not in a diary evidently—that would have been most praiseworthy, —not sermons or moral essays—it was absurd to suppose it,—but real letters on real letter-paper. Her conjectures went to the point at once; there was but one person to whom Harriet could write. But Aunt Hetty would not be unjust; she would wait for evidence before she should express her sentiments, and propose a regimen of bread and water for her niece, and such like taming and corrective processes.

It presented itself one day, a letter that she discovered upon the table, folded, sealed and addressed to Mr. Ernestine E. M. Smith, in Harriet's own open hand. She captured it, and hastening to her brother's study, placed it, triumphantly, before him.

"Well, what of that, Hetty?" said he.

"Is it possible that you do not see that your child is on the high road to ruin?" was the spinster's reply, aghast at the sight of her brother's imperturbability.

"Ruin! Eh?" and the parson rubbed his eyes and brushed up his hair. It was his usual manner of calling back his thoughts from an absorbing consideration of the "five points."

Aunt Hetty condescended to explain the enormity of the case, and clinched her argument by the usual nail, that *she* had never written to a young man in all her life, though, to be sure, it was not for want of opportunity, and humbly adduced her honorable respectability to justify the wisdom of her conduct.

"But Ernestine is only a mere child," ventured the parson.

"He is old enough to be in college," was the conclusive answer.

The clergyman, who dreaded nothing like an interruption of peace in the family, strove to appease his sister, and declared, with ecclesiastical moderation, that though he was not able to discover anything objectionable in a correspondence between the young people, which was freely submitted to parental inspection when desired, he yet might not be so fit a judge in a matter of mere propriety as a lady whose native delicacy and good sense, and enlarged observation and experience, eminently qualified her to be a guide and instructor.

A compliment would sometimes divert Aunt Hetty, and the parson, without malice, threw her one in self-defence, and promised that, if she would send Harriet to the study, he would converse with her immediately, and endeavor to persuade her to withhold the letter already written.

What passed between Harriet and her father, during that interview, never transpired; but when it terminated, Aunt Hetty was not particularly edified or consoled by beholding her rebellious niece marching, with unladylike decision, towards the post-office, the letter conspicuously exhibited in her hand.

This signal defeat put a climax to the unfortunate skirmishes of the whole season. It was demonstrated past question that her influence and authority were on the decline in her brother's house, and swallowing the lamentable fact, and hearing, by a fortunate conjuncture, that the wife of a certain deacon had deceased, she compassionately and promptly resolved to supply, in person, the deficit in the population of the town where the sad event had occurred.

Two years passed, bringing only improvement and happiness to Ernestine and Harriet. The young student had rapidly developed in mind and body, and was already even taller than his old friend, and had become, not only the pride and admiration of his parents, and of the inmates of the parsonage, but also of all Laneville. This prosperity and gladness received a melancholy interruption by the death of Mrs. Smith, which took place suddenly in the midst of the second summer vacation. Ernestine wept convulsively over his mother's remains, and Harriet shed her tears with him in affectionate sympathy. Squire Smith received the stroke with becoming resignation.

Autumn came at length, and Ernestine went sorrowfully back to his studies; and Aunt Hetty appeared at the parsonage with a new bonnet and a sky-blue dress, and filled with compunction because of her protracted absence from her dearest friends. She was enchanted with everything; she found her niece improved beyond her fondest expectations; she could not hear enough of Ernestine; her heart was torn with pity for the young man, and she entreated Harriet to write to him very often, and suggested many consoling thoughts, while she regretted that it was not her privilege to offer them in a more direct way.

The squire did not seem to be in need of particular comfort, and so, of course, he was not so often mentioned. What solace he desired he obtained in occasional interviews with his minister, and it was to be anticipated that the loneliness of his house would drive him to seek society elsewhere, and there was none more congenial than that which the parsonage afforded. He paid more attention to his personal appearance than had been his recent custom, but that, of course, was only an innocent way of diverting the attention from gloomy thoughts.

Aunt Hetty was not less solicitous respecting her external decorations, and she divided her time between the needle and studying the significance of their neighbor's movements.

The first bold stroke that the squire made, was to offer to remove the piano to the parsonage for Harriet's convenience—a proposal that Aunt Hetty considered an important advance towards one of a more delicate nature, and, in family conclave, she regarded with a degree of favor, which may be deemed typical of that which was bestowed on the imaginary one. Parson Green, quite overwhelmed with a sense of obligation, finally consented to receive the instrument to his house temporarily, that his daughter's previous musical education might not be lost for want of its continuance. The squire sent to town for a regular supply of new music, and came every day to hear Harriet play, and to chat with Aunt Hetty, who was invariably present, because, as she asserted, harmony and melody formed such an important part of her being that she could never be satisfied with listening to the performances of the lovely and gifted niece.

The months sped on without any change, save that the squire appeared to grow younger and blither daily, and spent more time in friendly calls at the parsonage. As spring arrived, he brought flowers from his own garden, and as summer came he added fruits. Aunt Hetty could not remember ever having received so many graceful gifts of this kind with more satisfactory compliments. To be sure, she shared these attentions with Mrs. Green and Harriet; but it was very thoughtful in the squire not to make her uncomfortable by singling her out prematurely.

She did not waste this period of suspense, but busied her interested imagination with the details of her prospective household arrangements, and had carefully projected the entire expenditure of her little fortune for the increased splendor of her establishment. Her fancy had completed every plan, and she only waited the signal from the squire to put them all in operation.

It came at last, on a beautiful midsummer day, when Aunt Hetty, walking in the garden which stretched down towards the squire's grounds, thought nobody was placed in so enviable a position as herself, and she went up and down the lengthened path, and raised her eyes towards the south, and feasted them on the wide fruitful fields, and the great house, whose owner they nourished. Ernestine was expected home, and she had fixed upon the period of his arrival as the crisis of her destiny. Her premonition had not led her astray.

She was walking close by the low wall that did not hide the beauties of the garden from the street, when she descried Squire Smith's man coming up on the other side. He had a note in his hand, and Aunt Hetty took a conspicuous position as he approached. The messenger was not a courtly youth, and as he came near the lady, he paused, and giving her the note, said the squire had sent that thing and wanted an answer, and if she'd see to the thing, he'd sit under the pear tree till she brought the one in return.

Aunt Hetty obligingly took the commission and the note, which was directed to "Miss Harriet Green." It had come at last, and she hurried to her room, and, with blushes and smiles, eagerly perused it. It was full of ardor and devotion, and if the style smacked of deeds and conveyances, it only the more directly suggested advantages that silently backed the suit of the writer. He had long admired the many virtues of Miss Green; he had been affected by her tender interest in his son, and by somewhat extraordinary rhetoric, he strove to convince her that though he was an old lover, he should prove a fond one, and concluded by making over to her himself and his promises, and by laying them figuratively at her feet. He awaited an answer, which, he trusted, would give him permission to go to her at once, and explain everything to her best friends.

Aunt Hetty wrote the reply in a moment, a choice little sentence of diffident, loving, fluttering acceptance that she had by her, and taking it down to the man, remained in the garden, and watched for her lover. Her patience was sorely tried before the messenger, not the squire, was seen approaching, and another note was placed in her hand. The squire lamented his detention from his bride, but Ernestine had just arrived, and he was greatly occupied. But he would do himself the pleasure to bring his son and take tea at the parsonage. Meanwhile, he requested that nothing be said concerning their correspondence, until he had spoken to his old friend, the Rev. Mr. Green.

Aunt Hetty sped into the house to announce the expected visit, and leaving her sister and niece to prepare the extra dishes for the tea-table—that were immediately resolved upon—sought her room, to make herself as presentable as possible in a new white cambric. Squire Smith and Ernestine came very early, and in the highest spirits, and shook hands with Mrs. Green and Aunt Hetty with the greatest cordiality.

Both gentlemen inquired after Harriet. She was gone into the back garden to pick berries for tea. She was belated; but she would be in directly. Both offered to go for her; but Ernestine got the start, and was out of sight in a twinkling, and the squire turned with dignity and asked for Mr. Green. Mrs. Green regretted exceedingly that he had gone that morning to the next parish, and would not return till late in the day. Aunt Hetty blushed and fidgeted a very little, and looked out of the window, and the squire sat down to wait.

Two mortal hours passed. Ernestine and Harriet did not come; the parson did not come. The patience of the squire was almost exhausted; Aunt Hetty was nearly overcome by the protracted excitement, and the unconscious Mrs. Green had quite fatigued herself in her amiable effort to keep up conversation.

Squire Smith at last discerned the parson coming slowly along the road, and seizing his hat, rushed out to meet him. Directly Harriet and Ernestine entered, and having submitted to a playful chiding from Mrs. Green for loitering, they went to the window, and seemed interested in watching the landscape and each other.

In a little time the squire returned, with a joyful air, bringing the parson with him. He marched directly up to Harriet, and took her hand with more eagerness than circumstances seemed to demand, while her father solemnly commenced addressing her:

"Squire Smith has just made me acquainted with the substance of your recent correspondence with him, and the formation of your mutual engagement, which is a step to which I accord my full sanction and approval, and I have no doubt that Mrs. Green entirely sympathizes with me."

Harriet grew excessively red, and, half-choking, exclaimed:

"You make a mistake, father; I am engaged to Ernestine, not to Squire Smith!"

Squire Smith, thunderstruck, receded a few steps, and stared blankly at the young people.

"How? What!" exclaimed the parson, in equal bewilderment.

"That Harriet and I are engaged, with the permission of our parents," said Ernestine, bravely coming to the help of his friend, and blushing to his very hair.

Squire Smith produced Aunt Hetty's note, and pensively inquired, as he gave it to Harriet, how she could change her mind so quickly after writing it.

"I never wrote that," cried Harriet, glancing at it. "I never used pale blue ink in my life. It is Aunt Hetty's hand."

"Aunt Hetty's!" echoed the squire, with a little gasp.

"Our sister Harriet's," observed Mrs. Green, advancing, who began to understand the mistake that had been made.

"I did not know that *her* name was Harriet," said the squire, half contemptuously; and, for the first time, comprehending the scope of the blunder, and the hopelessness of his position, he turned on his heel and strode off home, too suddenly for the parson to detain him.

Aunt Hetty had vanished long before, and did not come down to tea. She had her trunks packed before she slept, and, in the morning, left Laneville. Squire Smith went away also the next day, and succeeded, before winter, in bringing home a dashing, sensible wife.

When Ernestine had completed his collegiate and theological courses of study, he was united to Harriet, and they went to live in a pretty parsonage by themselves.

Aunt Hetty so far recovered from her mortification as to send her love and two salt-spoons to the happy pair; but she did not venture to be present at the wedding.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

LA POESIA.

Inscribed, with esteem, to Evelina M. F. Benjamin.

BY WILLIE E. PABOR.

The dark-eyed maids of Egypt stand
  Beside the sacred Nile—
A wreath of flowers in each hand,
  And on each face a smile.

They watch the river's bosom swell—
  They see the billows speed
To where the palm trees sentinel
  The lotus and the weed.

At twilight's mellow fall, the wreath
  They cast upon the tide,
And passionless to time bequeath
  The hopes that with it glide.

So—by the flowing stream of thought
  The sons of song abide,
To scatter buds and blossoms, brought
  From the Castilian tide.

The purple waves of poesie
  Their numbers bear along,
And rich and rare each argosie
  That seeks the sea of song.

Each freighted with the hopes and fears
  That rack the minstrel's heart;
The sunny smiles—the bitter tears—
  That into being start!

Yet, if, within some sinless mind
  The echo of some strain
Of his dear muse is haply shrined,
  He did not sing in vain.

His, then, the heritage of time,
  And his Erato's smile,
Who sends his history in rhyme
  Down an eternal Nile!

GENERAL WASHINGTON'S LAST VOTE.

Every incident in the life of Washington is full of interest. That plain, heroic magnitude of mind which distinguishes him above all other men was evident in all his actions. Patriotism, chastened by sound judgment and careful thought, prompted all his public acts, and made them examples for the study and guidance of mankind. It has been said that no one can have the shortest interview with a truly great man, without being made sensible of his superiority. Of too many who have some way earned the title of great, this is by no means true. Its applicability to the character of Washington is verified in the following interesting circumstance related by a correspondent of the Charleston Courier.

"I was present," says this correspondent, "when General Washington gave his last vote. It was in the spring of 1799, in the town of Alexandria. He died the 11th of December following. The court-house of Fairfax county was then over the market-house, and immediately fronting Gadsby's tavern. The entrance into it was by a slight flight of crazy steps on the outside. The election was progressing—several thousands of persons in the court-house yard and immediate neighboring streets, and I was standing on Gadsby's steps when the father of his country drove up, and immediately approached the court-house steps; and when within a yard or two of them, I saw eight or ten good-looking men, from different directions, certainly without the least concert, spring simultaneously, and place themselves in positions to uphold and support the steps should they fall in the general's ascent of them. I was immediately at his back, and in that position entered the court-room—followed in his wake through a dense crowd to the polls—heard him vote—returned with him to the outward crowd—heard him cheered by more than two thousand persons as he entered his carriage, and saw his departure. There were five or six candidates on the bench sitting, and as the general approached them, they arose in a body and bowed smilingly; and the salutation having been returned very gracefully, the general immediately cast his eye towards the registry of the polls, when Colonel Deneale (I think it was) said: 'Well, general, how do you vote?' The general looked at the candidates, and said: 'Gentlemen, I vote for measures, not for men;" and turning to the recording-table, audibly pronounced his vote—saw it entered—made a graceful bow, and retired."—*Tribune.*

THE EARL OF CHATHAM.

The first William Pitt (Earl of Chatham) appointed General Wolfe to the command at Quebec, though contrary to the wishes of the Minister of War, and even to the appointment of King George II. "I know," says he, "that man will do his business properly, without sheltering himself under forms or trifling expediences; he is young and vigorous, too, and will not be so subjected to personal attentions." Lord Chatham's general maxim, upon this and similar occasions, was that ministers should look out men for offices, not offices for men. (What a commentary upon the present administration of military affairs in England!) Two of the leading features of Lord Chatham's character were *promptness* and *decision*. When minister, he wanted a great number of transports to be got ready directly for service, which Lord Anson, the first Lord of the Admiralty, said was impossible. "Come, come," says Lord Chatham, "I'll show you the possibility of it directly. There's a large fleet of colliers just arrived; overboard with the coal into the Thames, and put the soldiers on board directly. The service of government must not stand still for a paltry expense.—*New York Sunday Dispatch.*

SCENES OF EASTERN LIFE AND MANNERS.

The series of engravings presented on this and the next page of our paper were executed expressly for the Pictorial, from a series of original drawings kindly presented to us by Mr. Victor Ismaine, a French topographical engineer, who has travelled extensively in Algeria, Egypt, Palestine and Turkey in Europe, and made himself perfectly familiar with the picturesque types of Arab character to be found in the East. Some of his notes and memoranda, kindly placed at our disposal, will aid in expressing what his graceful pencil could not convey to paper. No. 1 represents the females of an Arab family preparing food. The burthen of domestic labors of all kinds falls upon the women, the men, like the Indian chieftains of North America, deeming it a degradation to engage in them. The women whatever may be thought of the style of their gastronomy, are very dexterous in their performance of culinary operations, baking and broiling even when mounted on camels, in the case of a retreat before an advancing enemy. Ordinarily the cooking is done in the manner represented in our sketch. No. 2 represents the Arab's tent, his moveable home—all the house that he can call his own in his long wanderings. Here he finds shelter from the parching rays of the noontide sun, and rest after the fatigning journey of the day. To this tent the stranger who claims hospitality is ever welcome, and though the host might rob the same man if he met him in the desert, still he is secure from pillage when once beneath the shadow of the tent. A violation of the rites of hospitality, in this respect, is very rare, and regarded as very discreditable. Still, it chanced, some time ago, that an Arab of the tribe of Zerdezas, who was going to Constantine (in Algeria) to buy cattle, was plundered in a douar of Hamma, a village on the road to Phillipeville, where hospitality had been accorded him. The sight of his girdle, swelled with specie, was the cause of this violation of the sacred rites of hospitality. When he had partaken of a hearty supper, and was sound asleep, his disloyal entertainers seized him, tied his hands behind him, gagged him to prevent his outcries, then took his money, unbound him, but did not remove the gag. When his hands were once free, our hero, who did not lack courage, was suddenly inspired with an idea which he acted on. Seizing his knife, he cut off a piece of his burnoos, dug a hole in the ground opposite the offending tent, and placed the fragment of cloth in it. This operation accomplished, he went to Constantine with all possible speed, where his first care was to lodge a complaint before the Arabic bureau. "Hast thou witnesses?" asked the officer. "No, Sidi," replied the Arab; "but you can send and seek for the guilty ones." These last, arrested and brought before the officer by the Moorish police, energetically denied the theft, and declared that they did not know the complainant. The latter, then, showing the hem of his garment from which the piece had been cut, related what he had done, and indicated the precise spot where the officers would find the piece, buried before the robbers' tent. This was done, and the fragment fitting the gap exactly, the chief ordered the accused to restore the stolen money, inflicted a heavy fine upon them, and, moreover, sent them to prison. The largest cut on the opposite page exhibits one of those diamonds of the desert, an oasis with its welcome spring of water. They are like sunny spots in the waste of a fruitless life. If the desert has been like to the ocean, the camel to the ship, then these verdurous patches are islets in the sand-deep. Who can describe the joy of the caravan, as after toiling through many weary miles of burning sand, the supply of water nearly exhausted, even the patient and long-enduring camels showing tokens of suffering, the feathery crown of the palm-trees, serving as land-marks, indicates that the place of rest and refreshment is near at hand,—where the hand of God has placed an ever-during fountain, and the hand of man walled in and fenced it from injury. Fatigue, even despair, is forgotten in a moment. Every foot regains its elasticity. The horses and camels, surer in their instinct than man in his reason, feel that relief is at hand, and need no urging to press forward. And O the delicious draughts of gladness that are quaffed from that abounding fountain. The halt of a caravan at a well is one of the most interesting episodes of desert life. No. 3 represents an Eastern bazaar. These bazaars present the most ample field for the study of the European tourist, or the artist who wishes to familiarize himself with the costumes, manners and *physique* of the East. Here are to be seen those costly wares which have a world wide reputation, the splendid shawls, slippers, pipes, robes, sabres, dyes, perfumes, etc., much prized in the East. Jewels, fruits, the "kohl," henna and other articles indispensable to the ladies' toilettes, are here exposed for sale. All colors and costumes are mingled in the tide of life that flows among the bazaars. The Eastern ladies pay much attention to their personal appearance—indeed they have little else to occupy their minds about. They wear no stockings. Their pretty feet, undistorted by tight shoes, are as spotless and well kept as their hands. Yellow morocco, or richly embroidered velvet slippers, a kind of pointed shoes, without heels or lacings, are commonly worn on the feet. In their toilette they adopt many curious practices to heighten their natural charms. Instead of allowing their eyebrows to grow freely, they diminish their breadth, and preserve only a very narrow arch. They dye the edge of the lids black with a preparation of antimony called *kohl*. To heighten the whiteness of their skin, they commonly dye their nails, the ends of their fingers and the soles of their feet black and red, with a preparation of the leaves of the *henna*, the *lawsonia inermis* of Linnæus. Large black eyes, shaded with long lashes, and sparkling with vivacity, impart a grand expression to their countenances. Their noses are small, and often slightly flattened. They have large but well formed mouths, although the lips are sometimes thick. Their teeth are very even and brilliantly white, and contrast with their complexions. They are generally remarkable for the elegance of their shape. The vertebral column is arched, the limbs regular and rounded, the hands and feet small and smooth. The bust is large and well developed, and undisfigured, as in Europe, by the tyranny of fashion. Their step is light and firm; their attitudes majestic; their gestures, full of grace, remind you of the souvenirs of antiquity of which they have preserved some practices and traits of resemblance. No. 4 represents an agricultural scene in the East, and shows a group of Arabs threshing out wheat, an operation which is performed by spreading the straw over a large space and driving several horses round in a circle, the animals being fastened together and also attached to a post in the centre of the space round which they revolve. The practice of employing animals to thresh grain is of the remotest antiquity, and is spoken of in scripture. The Dutch at the Cape of Good Hope employ the same process, and the descendants of the Dutch and German settlers of New York and Pennsylvania thresh out their oats with horses, in the manner of the Arabs, to this day. No. 5, the last of our series, depicts a party of gazelle hunters returning to their tent with their prey. A trained falcon is used in taking this beautiful animal, as its speed baffles the fleetness of the swiftest hounds. The hawk dashes swiftly on the gazelle, and so terrifies and confuses the poor animal that it easily becomes the prey of the sportsman. The gazelle is the smallest of the deer family, and is exceedingly slender and graceful. It is easily tamed. Its large eyes are celebrated by the Eastern poets for their lustrous darkness, and no higher compliment can be paid an Eastern belle than to tell her that her eyes are like those of the gazelle. Though retaining many of the traits and customs of their ancestry, and occasionally boasting of some chief, such as Abd-el-Kader, worthy of their old renown, the Arabs of to-day are a sadly degenerate race. The invasion of the west by the Arabs, in the 7th century, is, without question, one of the most surprising revolutions in the history of humanity. In the Asiatic peninsula designated by the name of Arabia, lived, from time immemorial, a people who, although they had acted as intermediaries in the commerce of Europe and Asia, never felt any of those great shocks of which the East had been the theatre. Their sands or their valor had always shielded them from foreign invasions and conquests; they had never experienced the want of changing their country, or of exercising any influence whatever on the destinies of the world. If, as certain philologists assert, they had, at one time, extended outwardly, they soon fell back on their peninsula, and there their independent and solitary existence surrendered them to all the influences of the soil they inhabited. "The earth," says a contemporary writer, "had acted profoundly on man, and in the midst of their constantly-moving sands, the Arabs had accustomed themselves to a wandering and vagabond life, and ceaseless evolutions. No common centre, on this shifting ground, had been able to group their numerous tribes, which seemed constantly to float at hazard in a wild independence. They lived without order or rule. The anarchy which consumed them armed them continually against each other, and they wore out, in these intestine struggles, the energy peculiar to their race." Their religion had first been Sabbaism, that is to say, the belief in a divinity chiefly inhabiting heaven; but, at the same time, spread throughout the whole universe, and communicating to all things, through the medium of the stars, motion and life; one in his essence, manifold in his exterior manifestations, appearing in the world in various forms, which were his successive personifications, and which changed incessantly from one to the other; a god, in a word, the cause and material of a universal and eternal metamorphosis, very similar to the divinities of India, and the god of the Stoic philosophy. This religion they dated back to Abraham, the father of Ishmael, and first author of their race. They ended by sinking into a superstitious adoration, either of celestial bodies, or of terrestrial symbols, designed to represent them on the earth, temples, idols, sacred stones, amulets, etc., and their religion was almost entirely changed into a gross idolatry. This people, who lived in ignorance, almost unknown by the rest of the world, and who hardly knew their own history, were yet summoned, in the 7th century, to high and glorious destinies. The old world had just perished; the new world was not yet born. To the painful death throes of antiquity succeeded, amid a terrific chaos, the laborious birth of the modern age. For the accomplishment of this great transformation of humanity, it was necessary that the East and the North should strive together, and mingle, in some way, on the battle-fields of the West. In this encounter, and necessary commingling of all the great races, the Arab nation was the champion, the representative of Asia, the oriental element. They possessed, in fact, all the qualities useful to the great part they were going to perform for the first time in the history of the world. They were young—so young that they had hardly passed the bounds of infancy; they had the force, the fire, the daring, the faith and the courage of youth; they were not only brave, they knew how to fight; for their internal struggles had, for a long time, accustomed them to the difficulties and dangers of war; if they cultivated neither the arts nor the sciences, if they did nothing but pillage or raise flocks, they were apt for everything; if they sometimes were guilty of acts of rapine and cruelty, they often showed themselves great, noble and generous. They had ardent imaginations; they loved poetry passionately; they spoke a magnificent language

ARAB WOMEN BAKING.

AN ARAB TENT.

AN ARAB BAZAAR.

in fine, they were as little attached to the earth as the burning sands in the midst of which they had wandered, the sport of chance, for so many centuries with their flocks. As the writer above quoted says, they had only to trace a path in the stormy waves which beset them, to make a river, broad and deep, capable of sweeping away, in its course, nations and empires. The pathway was traced, and the river rolled, at the command of Mahomet, the last of the prophets, as the Arabs call him. Who knows not that, at the voice of this man of genius, the Arabs, before so divided, rushed, as one man, and with irresistible fervor and enthusiasm, to the conquest of the entire world? Who is not aware that if Karl Martel had not arrested them at Poitiers, they would have realized the dream of their ambition, which was to supplant by violence, everywhere, Christianity by Mahometanism? Who has not remarked that, as soon as they had quitted their native land, they became civilized and civilizing, pouring forth a torrent of imagination and learning; that they cultivated, with marvellous success, arts, sciences and letters, while all the rest of Europe was plunged in profound barbarism; that their civilization perished with them, when they were driven from the countries they had conquered; and that, after Mahomet, Arabia, becoming what she was before him, relapsed into that stagnant, motionless condition in which we now behold her plunged?

ARABS THRESHING.

HOW THEY MAKE GUNPOWDER.

A correspondent of the New York Tribune, in a letter from Wilmington, Delaware, gives the following interesting sketch of the process by which powder is made at the celebrated mills of Du Pont in that city: Of course, of the details of the business of the Messrs. Du Pont, even if known to me, I could not make mention, unless by their consent; but the process of manufacture is in reality no secret; every book of chemistry treating of it to some extent. All know that gunpowder is composed of saltpetre, brimstone and charcoal, though but few have any idea of the trouble and labor gone through to have these materials of a proper quality. The saltpetre, as received at the yards, has the appearance of dirty coarse salt, filled with a short fibrous matter; by a process of refining, two or three times repeated, it assumes the appearance somewhat of fine table-salt, in which state it is fit for the powder-mill. Great care is also taken to have the sulphur pure. But the most labor and forethought seem to be necessary in procuring the charcoal, which is made of the willow and poplar, the former being used for the best kinds of powder. To procure supplies of these woods, the proprietors set out, yearly, in every nook and corner, trees, which are hewn down every three years, and the branches are converted into charcoal. This method of procuring the wood gives a singular appearance to the country; for in many places alongside the roads, or by the streams, may be seen old tree trunks, standing but little higher than a man's head, and topped only with a bunch of small branches. I saw some trunks that appeared to be forty or fifty years old, without a limb bigger than my wrist. The mill buildings in which the materials are ground or mixed, are scattered along the banks of the stream, each one containing a mill. They are built of stone on three sides, with heavy walls strengthened with piers; the other side, facing the stream, is of wood, and the roof also slopes toward the stream. The plan of construction is to lessen the damage from explosions; for, should an explosion take place, the force would be diverted toward the stream. The mills consist of two heavy iron rollers on wheels, moving in a trough. I saw one pair, each of which weighed 15,000 pounds—about seven tons. The materials being well mixed up, and pulverized in these mills, is slightly moistened, when it is pressed into casks, till it becomes almost as hard as plaster of Paris. These cakes are then broken up into small pieces, and taken to the granulation mill, an operation which, on account of its danger, I was not permitted to see. After granulation, the powder is taken to the glazing mill. Here 600 or 700 pounds are put into a wooden cask, revolving moderately fast for twenty-four hours, there being six or eight of these casks, and close by each were 700 pounds more, ready for another charge. From the glazing mill the powder is taken to the drying house. Here, at the time of my visit, were nearly four tons of powder, spread out on trays, while close by were two furnaces roaring away at the rate of a ton of coal each, in twenty-four hours. Danger there was not, yet I could not but think of Sebastopol and the story of its mines. From the drying house the powder is taken to the packing house, where it is put in barrels or canisters, and thence taken to a magazine, of which there are several, built with the same regard to non-damage in case of explosion as the grinding-mills. While standing in one of the packing-houses, and just as I had given a kick to a hundred pound keg of powder, intended for his excellency Santa Anna, Mr. Du Pont called to a man to bring him some powder in a scoop shovel, and therein I inspected about half a peck of powder, destined to knock out of this world some enemy of his said excellency. Great care is exercised, the yards and the various buildings being under the direct and constant supervision of some of the firm, and to such an extent is this supervision carried, that one of them visits the yard every night at one o'clock; the discipline is more efficient than in the army or navy.

OBJECT OF SALT IN THE SEA.

Professor Chapman, of University College, Toronto, has published an interesting paper on the object of sea water being salt and after giving his objections to the usually received opinions, he urges the theory that the object is to regulate evaporation. If any temporary cause renders the amount of saline matter in the sea above its normal value, evaporation goes on more and more slowly. If this value be depreciated by the addition of fresh water in due excess, the evaporating power is the more and more increased. He gives the results of various experiments in reference to evaporation on weighed quantities of ordinary rain water, and water holding in solution 2.6 per cent. of salt. The excess of loss of the rain water compared with the salt solution, was from 46 to 54 per cent.—*Philadelphia Ledger.*

THE WELL IN THE DESERT.

ARABS RETURNING FROM HUNTING GAZELLES.

AMERICA—ITS AGE AND ANTIQUITIES.

The only knowledge which the present can obtain of the past, anterior to written history, must be gathered from the lessons taught by the monuments that have survived the devastating wars of ignorant and infuriated man, the crash of the elements, and the slow corroding power of untold time. The two continents of this Western hemisphere abound with these mute, enduring records. The labors of the antiquarians in Asia, Africa and Europe, have disclosed monuments of art, now in ruins, that were reared by a people whose history has passed down to us in written records. With the general history of the Assyrians, the Israelites, the Egyptians, the Carthaginians, the Greeks and the Romans, we are already acquainted, and all the discoveries made by antiquarians in their researches in those countries, among the ruins of ancient palaces, temples and cities, serve but to illumine some portions of written history that are now dark, or illustrate others that are imperfectly detailed. But such is not the case in America. The antiquities of America extend from the shores of the Atlantic to the Pacific Ocean, and from the great lakes and British Provinces to Peru and Brazil, in South America. These ruins are not illustrated, nor even alluded to, by any written history. Their origin is lost to view behind the impenetrable veil imposed by unnumbered cycles of unchronicled centuries. Immense forests growing over the ruins of large cities, and the gigantic size of the trees, with indications that other generations of trees sprung up and grew and decayed before them, prove that these ruins preceded the Christian era. Neither history nor tradition indicates the origin or the rise of those vast mounds that are found scattered over the North American continent. They stand in silent grandeur, monuments of a race of people who have long since passed away, leaving no other trace of their existence. It is fashionable to speak of the Eastern continent as the Old World, yet it is not known to be entitled to this appellation. Who can say that the Andes and the Sierra Nevada are not the seniors of the Alps and the Himalaya? Who is prepared to prove that the ruins of Uxmal and Palenque, and the pyramids of Cholula, in Mexico, do not take precedence in age of the sphinxes and pyramids of Egypt, and the winged lions of Assyria? History traces the rise and fall of Nineveh, of Babylon, and of Thebes; but we have no record of the rise, progress or fall of those great cities in Central America, which the laborious researches of Stevens and Catherwood brought to light. There the human-faced bulls and the winged lions of Nineveh find their equivalents in the grotesque carving in stone of hideous forms of men and animals. Who can say that these rude sculptures of America did not precede those of Asia? But we will not speculate on a subject that offers no basis on which even a plausible argument can be erected. The existence of numerous and immense ruins in America of what were once large cities is a fixed fact, and we must be content to remain in utter ignorance of the epoch in which they flourished. The most extensive of these ruins are to be found at Uxmal and Palenque, in the southeastern part of Mexico. At Uxmal are immense pyramids, coated with stone, and quadrangular stone edifices and terraces. The highest of these pyramids is one hundred and thirty feet, and on the summit it supports a temple; on one of the façades of the temple are four human figures cut in stone with great exactness and elegance. The hands are crossed upon the breast, the head is covered in something like a helmet, about the neck is a garment of the skin of an alligator, and over each body is a figure of death's head and bones. At Palenque are immense ruins—a city of great extent, with the remains of a royal palace. One temple, that of Copan, was 520 feet by 650, and is supposed to have been as large as St. Peter's at Rome. Another temple of great dimensions is here, having an entrance by a portico 100 feet long and 10 feet broad; it stands on an elevation of 60 feet. The pillars of the portico are adorned with hieroglyphics and other devices. Different objects of worship have been found, representations of the gods who were worshipped in this country. These temples, with fourteen large buildings and many other objects of curiosity, stand here as monuments of ancient greatness, to remind us of the remote origin of a mighty empire. This city has been described as the Thebes of America, and travellers have supposed that it must have been sixty miles in circumference, and contained a population of 3,000,000 souls. The pyramid of Cholula in Mexico, is described as covering forty-four acres of ground. On its summit was a temple, and in the interior has been discovered a vault, roofed with beams of wood, containing skeletons and idols. Several smaller pyramids surround this large one. It appears to have been formed by cutting a hill into an artificial shape. Its dimensions are immense, being nearly three miles in circumference and about four hundred feet high. It is divided into terraces and slopes, covered with platforms, stages and bastions, elevated one above the other, and formed of large stones skilfully cut and joined without any cement. In some respects the style of architecture resembles the Gothic, being massive and durable; in others it resembles the Egyptian; yet the general construction, manner and style of its architecture are different from anything hitherto described in the world.—*Louisville Journal.*

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

GOOD-NIGHT.

Good-night! good-night! the world is still;
The stars their watch are keeping;
The hum of day has died away;
And all the flowers are sleeping.
Good-night!

Good-night! the mountain stream
Is singing to the shore;
The fairies quaff from lily cups
With nectar running o'er.
Good-night!

Good-night! good-night! sweet dreams be thine!
And may the angels bending
From heaven above, behold in love
Thy sleep, protection lending.
Good-night!

Good-night! good-night! when thou shalt sleep
That sleep which knows no waking,
May seraph care conduct thee where
The eternal morn is breaking!
Good-night!

L. H. F.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

COMPANY FACES.

BY MRS. M. E. ROBINSON.

Men and women have company faces. They put them on with their best clothes, as a part of their toilet, wearing them as long as there is anybody to please, deceive or dupe, and then put them off just as readily. Some persons seem to have two individualities; one for home, the other for the public. Yet they never antagonize, having a sphere of operation so widely different, that they cannot well compromise each other. The world is apt to judge by the exterior; therefore, say they, we must blind the world. It forms its opinions from tangible evidences; therefore, let us appear to the best advantage. This resolve is strengthened by the whispers of policy, which adds, that much may be gained, but nothing lost by this course. And so truth, that unappreciated genius, is pushed from the stage of action, to make way for inferior but more showy stars, who shine in borrowed garments.

The evil effects of this baneful practice cannot be calculated. Candor looks with apprehension upon the deceit, good old honesty bluntly testifies its disapprobation, and sincerity sends in an eloquent protest against the dissimulation. These wise counsellors are unheeded, or complacently assured that there is really nothing to fear; that a trifling evasion is not a prevarication; that a little false coloring is far from being falsehood; that an innocent white lie should not be classed with a guilty black one; in fine, that what is done by so many people, so many times, cannot be morally wrong. Let us see; we will look at results, then we will judge of the cause.

Mrs. Vail, an unmarried sister, and a young daughter sat in a pleasant parlor, the first two sewing, and the latter alternately reading and looking out of the window.

"I should like to know whether your new minister will be fortunate enough to please the majority of his parishioners?" said the young lady.

"I can't tell, I'm sure; but one thing I do know—he does not please *me*," replied Mrs. Vail, pushing her needle in and drawing it out with a sort of jerk, implying that her mind was in a positive condition.

Miss Danforth looked up inquiringly.

"Has he been here?" she asked.

"Yes, once; but I have no great desire that his calls should be frequent. His manners do not please me, and I dislike his way of preaching."

"He has some reputation, I have heard."

"Yes, for oddity and peculiarity; nothing more. He speaks bluntly, and people call him original; I do not. I think that a minister should not be at all peculiar; I don't like these quaint, out-of-the-way ideas, they sound so strange and unfamiliar. Then he's awkward going in and coming out of the pulpit, handling books, etc.; a minister should study gracefulness as much as his sermons. His voice, too, is harsh and wiry, and he reads as though every word hurt him, without—"

"Mother, Miss Bates is coming up the walk," said Ella, interrupting her.

"Dear me! that woman is everywhere; she's been here three times within a month! A dried up old maid, Emma," added Mrs. Vail to her sister, by way of explanation. The bell rang; the lady of the house went quickly to the door and opened it herself.

"Ah, good morning, my dear Miss Bates! What a stranger you are!" she exclaimed, with animation, kissing the visitor on both cheeks. "Come in, come in!"

"Thank you, Mrs. Vail, but I merely called to return this book you were so kind as to lend me. I am going farther," was the polite response.

"But that wont prevent you from coming in a few minutes. I can't let my friends off in this manner, when they are on the threshold." And thus urged, the lady followed Mrs. Vail, who, after introducing her sister, placed herself very near her dear "Miss Bates," and began to chat as though she had everything to say, and but little time to do it in. Why had she neglected her so long? Why didn't she run in without ceremony, any day? How were her worthy parents? And so rosy and well she was looking, was she not in excellent health?

Miss Bates smiled gratefully, and thought Mrs. Vail a charming woman.

"Now, I want your opinion of our new minister," said the former, when the string of inquiries was duly asked and answered.

"O, I am much pleased with Mr. Wade. He is a ripe scholar, a clear reasoner, a profound thinker, an eloquent speaker, and I know he must be a good man. I think we must congratulate ourselves, Miss Bates."

"I knew you would like him—nobody could help it!" rejoined the lady, gratified with this enthusiastic panegyric. "Don't you think he has a peculiarly sweet and mellow voice?" she added.

"Perfectly musical!" replied Mrs. Vail.

"And his manners—manner is something, you know."

"O, in manners he is *au fait*. A perfect Chesterfield, Miss Bates."

"I have heard him called awkward and clumsy; and I feared that because that hymn book fell off the pulpit last Sabbath, people would really believe he *was*," continued Miss Bates, in a slightly anxious tone.

"Ah, that was merely an accident—a mischance likely to happen to anybody; it could not be called awkwardness or embarrassment. I am glad to see," resumed Mrs. Vail, "that Mr. Wade has independence and moral courage sufficient to make him speak his thoughts boldly. We want a little something out of the beaten track, and certainly he has original ideas, and a way particularly his own for expressing them."

Mrs. Vail was not chary of her commendations of the new minister; his extraordinary merits were discussed and enlarged upon, until Miss Bates took leave, fully satisfied that the worthy man had a warm advocate in her friend.

Mrs. Vail re-entered the parlor, dismissed her company face, and summoned a very self-approving, complaisant countenance to take its place.

"That was a master stroke—a cunning piece of policy!" she exclaimed, after a great laugh. "Do you know, Emma, that in just thirty minutes from this time, Mr. Wade will be acquainted with every word I have uttered concerning him?"

Miss Danforth shook her head.

"Well, he will; Miss Bates and Mrs. Wade are very intimate, and what the wife knows, the husband wont long be ignorant of. So you perceive that I have secured three friends, and can still maintain my own opinion. Dear me, what a multiplicity of ways one has to look in this world!"

Miss Danforth did not reply; perhaps she was thinking. Ella, who had been gazing steadily at Mrs. Vail's face, first spoke.

"Mother," she said, suddenly, "do you like Miss Bates?"

"Not very well, I'm afraid. Why?"

"Because you kissed her; I never kiss anybody I don't love."

"That is only custom, my dear; love has nothing to do with it."

"Do you like to have her visit you?" continued the young girl.

"Not so well as some other people," laughed Mrs. Vail.

"Then, what made you tell her that she had neglected you?"

"Why, my dear child, because I couldn't think of anything better to say. It is a common expression, and sounds very well, too. It wouldn't have been at all polite in me to say, 'Miss Bates, your calls are not agreeable to me;' so I say, instead, 'Don't forget me so long again, my dear friend.' Do you understand, Ella?"

"Yes, mother; but isn't that wrong?"

"Wrong!—wrong to tell her not to forget me?"

The young girl blushed. Mrs. Vail had chosen her words so carefully, that she quite confused the juvenile reasoner.

"You are old enough now, Ella," continued the mother, "to know that people do not mean *all* they say—that is, in company. Make people pleased with themselves, and they will be pleased with you, is a safe motto. Agree with them when they are present, and differ from them as much as you like when they are gone. Never allow your real feelings to show themselves in your face. If it is for your interest to flatter anybody, there is no harm in so doing. Friends, Ella, are always preferable to enemies, and can be made without much effort or self-sacrifice; only be careful of your face, and circumspect with your tongue, and you need displease no one."

This was the counsel Ella Vail received from day to day; these were the examples she was told to imitate as she passed up to maidenhood. The few, faint throbs of conscientious feeling that strove to take root in her heart, were soon hushed by counter influences that met her at every turn. An apt scholar, she trod in her mother's steps with scrupulous exactness.

Ella had not Mrs. Vail's naturally amiable disposition. She was passionate, selfish and obstinate; yet with her company face, she acquired the reputation of a winning, prepossessing girl, with bewitching smiles and captivating manners. Not deficient in good looks, and well educated, the young lady had suitors; but as she treated all alike, it was difficult to tell which was the favored one. Her encouragement was dispensed so impartially, that four aspiring swains avowed an engagement with her at the same time. A great many hard looks and hard words resulted from Miss Vail's company face and flattering words; but she finally settled the matter by a public acceptance of the most eligible of the four; that is, the one said to have the most money.

"People wouldn't congratulate me on this engagement, did they know how disagreeable Mortimer is to me; I wouldn't think of marrying him, if I hadn't an eye to the position he can give me," she said, confidentially to her mother. "And he is silly enough to think," she added, with a laugh, "that I am ardently attached to him! As if I meant it! What if I *do* smile pleasantly and blush prettily when he is near me?—if he misconstrues their import, I surely am not in fault."

Mrs. Vail was in buoyant spirits on Ella's wedding day. There was only one slight drawback; the bride was escorted to a boarding-house, and not to a handsome residence of her own, as had been expected. But this, Mr. Mortimer assured them, was owing solely to the neglect of his business agent, who had been entrusted with the matter; a fortnight would complete every preparation. So the young bride consoled herself by choosing the best suite of rooms in the house, and making the servants as much trouble as possible, to show her consequence.

After waiting a reasonable time for an invitation, Mrs. Mortimer ventured to propose a call at the house being fitted up for them, to see how things were progressing. Mr. Mortimer made answer that really the premises were not in a presentable condition—mason, painters and paper-hangers having created their usual amount of dirt and confusion. This was a trifling obstacle to a curious woman, and assuring him that a plain dress and a little care were all that were required, she ended by affirming, in the sweetest of voices, that "her dear Mortimer could not have the heart to refuse such a slight favor." This induced a "My love, how can you doubt my judgment?" in a slightly reproachful tone. Ella pouted prettily at his unwillingness to gratify her, and at last dropped the subject as the idea suggested itself that he was planning an agreeable surprise, which might be thwarted by the desired call at the place in question.

"Ella," said Mr. Mortimer, after a short interval of silence, "I have heard that your mother is worth considerable property. Now, as I have never before mentioned the subject, and am not certain of the truth of the report, I cannot be accused of interested motives, if I ask you how much she is possessed of."

Ella glanced furtively at the speaker's face, as if to read his object for making an inquiry which made her color in spite of herself.

"O, of course not, my love! But, then, ten thousand seems such a small sum in comparison with—"

"Only ten thousand!" he interrupted, with manifest surprise. "Why, I was told that it was double that amount!"

"She has not even ten; you jump at conclusions, it seems to me, Mr. Mortimer," said the bride of a week, coldly.

"Not even ten!"

"Only the income of ten. My mother, as you well know, is a widow, and was left by my father in destitute circumstances; but for several years she has had the income from the amount I named."

"The principal being yours, I suppose?"

"I beg your pardon. If it was mine, I should retain it; but, unfortunately, at her decease it reverts to another branch of the family."

Mr. Mortimer's expression changed perceptibly.

"I don't see why you need look so disappointed, considering you did not marry for money!" retorted the wife, with decided symptoms of annoyance.

"Disappointed, madam! Who shows disappointment? I simply discover that you have deceived me, that is all."

"In what way?" she asked, with forced composure.

"By significant hints and false representations."

"If you have seen fit to put a false construction on a few idle, unimportant words, you must take the consequences."

At this point both flung aside their masks, too much in earnest to sail longer under false colors.

"Then you have no property?"

"Not a cent."

"Neither have I; we can sympathize with each other," replied the husband, smiling bitterly as Ella's astonished eyes met his own. "But, of course, this trivial information will not occasion disappointment, as you have so often said that you married me for love alone. Ah, Mrs. Mortimer!"

"And you have been playing a part!" exclaimed the bride.

"I have had that honor, madam, and have been fortunate enough to meet with an actress fully competent to sustain me in different *roles!*" he retorted, in a provokingly polite tone.

"You are a double-tongued hypocrite!" she exclaimed.

"And you a double-faced dissembler!" he ejaculated.

Ella burst into a flood of passionate tears, and Mr. Mortimer laughed as though it was the best joke of the season. A knock at the door interrupted this interesting *tableau*, and Mrs. Vail walked into the room before the daughter had time to wipe her eyes, and too soon for her son-in-law to adjust his company face. One sobbed and used her handkerchief freely, the other bowed stiffly, and left the chamber.

We shall not attempt to describe the reflections of Mrs. Vail, when Ella related what had happened; she was quite as much afflicted by the unhappy development as the latter, lamenting most of all the scandal such an event would surely occasion, did it become public; while the victim of this false marriage mourned her lost "position" and blasted hopes. Mortimer was denounced as a "vile impostor," a "scheming pretender," a "designing villain," for which confinement in the State's prison for life was too light a sentence. In dwelling upon his dishonest pretences, they forgot their own culpability. Had not both intimated in language ambiguous enough to mean anything, that there was property in the family, which, they well knew, would be classed in Ella's "prospects?" Had not the latter shown every preference for the man, who, in deceiving her, had deceived himself? Had she not often said, with apparent truth, that she could not be induced to marry for money? Was Mortimer more to blame than herself?

Mrs. Vail's son-in-law was found to be a penniless speculator, who had run deeply in debt to play the agreeable gallant to the fascinating Ella. The latter, shamed and humbled, insisted upon a separation, but was finally induced by her mother to live with the man the law called her husband, in order to deceive the world as far as possible. But now the company face is hard to wear; angry upbraidings and bitter recriminations are doing their work; the recompense of deceit must be paid in full, for truth can never be violated without a penalty.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

SETH SNIPE'S SAILOR EXPERIENCE.

A HUMOROUS SKETCH.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

SETH SNIPE was raised in the State of Maine, and until the age of four-and-twenty he had worked on his father's farm. His home was not far from the Kennebec, and often had he seen the noble vessels sailing to and fro up and down the river. It happened that Seth got sick of farming at an early age, and at one period of his earlier youth he had entertained the idea of being a schoolmaster; but somehow he never could get the committee to believe that he was qualified. Seth learned enough, but it would not stay learned. He had ciphered clear way over to the "single rule-of-three," but the "pesky" rules slipped his mind as soon as he left his book. It also happened that Seth fancied he should like the sea. To him there was something noble and grand in the appearance of a ship coming up the river. And then he had been on board the different vessels that chanced to be at the wharves when he was in town, and once he "climbed clean way up to the top of one of the great tall masts." O, it was beautiful up there, and he could see all round the country.

One other thing happened which put the clincher upon Seth's sea-going proclivities. One summer—the season that he was twenty-four years old—a man worked for his father on the farm who had been to sea one voyage from Portland to Havana. This individual was excessively salt. He talked *sailor*, and wore big-bottomed trowsers without suspenders, and his hat was painted and adorned with a long, wide black ribbon. Seth listened to this man until his head was fairly turned. There was nobody else like Wilson—such was the man's name—and the young aspirant used to sit by the hour and listen to fabulous accounts of sea life. Old Mr. Snipe was very indignant at Seth's plan, but that made no odds.

"Let him go," said uncle John, a younger brother of Seth's father. "Let him go, and you may take my word for it he'll come back cured. You see he's crazy about it, and you'll never get any good of him till he's been to sea."

So the elder Snipe at length consented that his heir should take a peep at life on the raging sea. The old horse was harnessed to the still older wagon, and preparations were made for starting off after a berth.

"Mind 'at yer starboard riggin' is fast, there!" uttered Seth, as his uncle hooked the off breeching strap. He had heard Wilson talk *sailor*, and *he* loved to talk so, too.

Uncle John smiled, and said 'twas all fast.

"Neow jest haul yer wind in here, uncle, an' off we go right afore the wind. Avast there, ole Jericho!" Seth cried to the old horse, who was snapping at a fly. "By my tarry toplights, I'll rig a bolum to your head piece!"

Whether the horse understood this direful threat, or whether the fly left, is not certain, but he stood still from that time until they were ready to start. Uncle John was to accompany Seth, for he knew several ship-owners, and might therefore be of service. In due time the old horse reached the town, and Seth and his uncle went down to the river. The ship "Eliza Downs" lay at one of the wharves; and to her master uncle made his application. Seth was called forward, and the captain commenced to catechize him. But the hero was not to be bluffed now. He had resolved to be a man, and he spoke up boldly.

"I doan't know noth'n 'bout yer ship neow, but I want tew larn. I've been clean way up tew the tip top of the great high mast, an' I done it just as easy as grease."

Uncle John saw that the captain was becoming incredulous, and he took that functionary one side and conversed with him some time in a whisper. The result was, that Seth was engaged for a voyage to Liverpool and back. His wages were to commence at the commencement of his second month's service, and then to be regulated according to his usefulness.

"You'll be on board in just a week from this time," said the captain.

"Ay, ay, sir."

"And mind that you have clothing enough."

"Ay, ay, sir!"

Seth was almost crazy with joy. He went down on board the ship, and strolled about awhile like a commodore. He seized the ropes and shook them with a professional air, gave the wheel a turn, caught hold of a backstay and leaped upon the rail, and ended by kicking a coil of rigging out of his way, which some careless fellow, not knowing that he was coming, had left in the scupper-way.

Seth's next movement was towards a furnishing store, where he purchased a full rig of seaman's clothes; and after this he went home. His mother wept when she found that he was really going, but he laughed at her.

"Don't worry," whispered uncle John, "for you'll see him again before long. He wont go far."

On the next morning Seth appeared in all his glory. He was rigged in full sea costume, even to having a sheath-knife hung to his belt. His usual expletive, "darn," was now changed by leaving out the *r*, and substituting an *m* in its place, and this word he applied in a most extraordinary manner to all sorts of imaginary things, such as "buttons," "timbers," "top-lights," "my eyes," and so on. He told the oxen to "haul their wind," and the cat was ordered to "haul in the slack of her tail."

"Starboard yer helm a bit!" he shouted to his father, who was coming round the corner of the barn in his ox-cart, "starboard, old man, or you'll be afoul of somethin'."

Towards evening Mrs. Snipe went out to the barn, and a cry of horror burst from her lips as she saw her son standing erect on one of the beams, with his arms folded across his breast. But Seth did not hear her.

"Come, you lubbers, in with them tops'ls. Clue 'em up quick! By the lightnin', how it does blow! Starboard your helm?"

"Seth! Seth! O, Lord a' mercy, you'll fall!"

The youth looked down and saw his mother.

"Come down out of that, Seth. You'll sartinly fall!"

"Go in, mother. Go below; you don't know noth'n' 'bout it."

But Seth's energy was gone now, and with a show of astonishing boldness he sidled along upon the ten-inch beam towards the point where the hay-mow reached nearly to it.

"Oho—you was a leanin' agin that brace, eh?" uttered the anxious mother, as she saw her son had had support for his back.

"No I wa'n't a leanin' agin it, nuther," retorted the hero, contemptuously. "Do yer think I'm afeared up here? Ef yer do—then—th—a—ah—"

He came nigh losing his balance, and his face turned very pale. But with steps of striking caution he reached the hay, and then let himself down.

"I aint afeared—not me!" he uttered, shaking himself proudly.

And during that week Seth visited all his acquaintances, and wherever he went he gave a glowing account of the brilliant career that was open before him.

"Wont you put on your coat?" asked his mother. "It'll look better than that jacket does."

"I want none of yer lubbery land-toggs on me!" was his majestic reply. So his mother accompanied him in his "little boy's jacket," as she called it.

At length the week wore away, and Seth started for his ship. The parting was dreadful, but he told what magnificent things he should bring home from Europe, and this served to lessen the blow a little.

"Dew I sleep in sich a leetle place as that?" asked Seth, as he was shown to his bunk.

"Rayther guess so," said his guide.

"Kind o' funny lookin' place, aint it, though? Jehosiphat, I should think as heow they might afford better beds than these."

"O, they will by'm-by; but ye see they aint got things fixed."

"O—ah—yaas. But I s'pose I'll be wanted up on deck neow."

And with this Seth went up. The sail down the Kennebec was fine, and Seth was in ecstacies.

"By mitey," he said to himself, "I rayther guess these chaps thinks as I'm green. Neow I'll jest show 'em 'at I aint. By the mincin' Jemina, I will." And with this remark Seth made his way into the main rigging with some difficulty, and then began to ascend the shrouds. He seemed a little jealous of the rattlings at first, but when he found they held him, he went on more boldly. At length, by dint of much perseverance, he reached the futtock shrouds, and here he got stuck.

"Gaul blast it," he muttered, "dew they s'pose sich a feller 's I am ken git through sich a leetle hole as that is. Hellow, yeou sailor man, up there; heow 'n thunder dew yer git up there where yeu be, hay?"

"Ah, spooney, is that you?" cried the topman, looking over.

"My name is Snipe, mister—Seth Snipe. Mebbe ye didn't know it. But how *dew* ye git up thar?"

"Come right up."

"But this pesky hole aint big enough for me to git through."

"We don't come through the lubber-hole, spooney; we come right over here."

Seth looked up and saw that the futtock shrouds were rattled down, and after some consideration upon the subject he concluded that he would go back, and he would have done so had not the man above him laughed at him. This quickened his energies, and he made a desperate effort. At last he was able to reach the topmast shrouds, and with a convulsive scrambling he reached the top. He looked down upon the deck, and turned pale. Then he sat tremblingly down, with his arms wound tightly about the stoutest rigging he could find, and began to get his breath.

"Kind o' ticklish up here, aint it?" he said to his companion, who was engaged in getting the studding-sails ready for setting.

"Is it?" was the laconic response.

"By gaul, aint it though. But say, did yeou come up over jest as I did?"

"Just about."

"But what d'ye call them leetle short rope ladders right under here?"

"Them's the flapwhack railways."

"Jerewsalum! I should think they was flapwhacks. Why, a feller's rite bottom side upwards there, aint he? By gaul, I thought I should 'a' catnipped rite off. I s'pose you don't never come up here in the dark, dew yer?"

"You'll think so, I guess, afore you've been here long."

"But a feller could't clime up them wigglin' ladders, an' hold his lantern, both."

"Main-top, there!" at this moment came from the deck.

"Ay, ay," returned the topman.

"Come down here and help stow the anchor."

The sailor secured the studding-sail, and then swung himself easily around the topmast rigging, and in a moment more he had disappeared below the edge of the top.

"Wal—neow that feller did that kind o' slick—I vum he did."

"Come, spooney, come down and give us a lift."

"Yi—yi—yi," returned Seth.

But the thing was not so easily done. He had managed to get up over the projecting edge of the top, but getting down was another matter. He laid down upon his face and looked over, but he could not imagine how he was ever to reach those "little ladders clean way in under thar." And the longer he looked the more difficult it appeared. He turned his attention to the lubber-hole, but that was closed to him. He might have got through the hole itself, but he couldn't get through the "tarnal great ropes that were strung all round rite under it."

The ship passed Bath before the topman went down, and ere long Seguin was on the beam. In fifteen minutes more the great ocean was opened, and the heavy swells began to show themselves. There had been a stiff northeaster blowing, and the sea was rough.

"O! O! O!" groaned Seth, clinging to the topmast shrouds with all his might. "Murder! Fire! Brimstone! O!"

The ship's course lay her directly in the trough of the sea, and she rocked and rolled considerably. Poor Seth was performing such evolutions as he never dreamed of before. The place where he sat moved in an arc of some thirty feet in length, and the motion was not of a very agreeable kind.

But a new source of trouble presented itself. Seth began to feel a motion in his stomach unlike anything he had ever before experienced. He grew pale as death, and a mortal sickness came over him. His grasp upon the shrouds began to weaken, and nothing short of death presented itself to him. To get down from the top he could not, and he knew that he should not be able long to remain there.

"Mercy! O, Jerewsalum! what *did* I cum here for?" he groaned. "Hellow! fire! murder! I'm dyin'! Come an' take me down!"

In a few moments after this the order was passed to set the studding-sails, and the maintop-men came up into the top.

"Hallo, spooney. Sick, eh!"

"O, mercy! save me! Dew git a ladder an' set it up agin the back side of this ere place! I shall die ef yer dom't."

"What's the matter! Why didn't ye come down afore?"

"'Cause I couldn't. O, my bowels! O, I daren't go onto them flapwhacker ways, thar. The plaguy things puts a feller rite bottom side up! O! O! I'm dyin'! Git me daown!"

The topmen saw that the poor fellow was weak and faint, and they concluded to let him down. So they made a running bowline on the end of the top-rope and drew it taut under his arms.

"By the great bar, ye aint a goin' tew hang me!"

"Easy, easy, spooney."

"Snipe, my name is. O—awah!"

In a moment more poor Seth was over the after part of the top, and as the line was let out he began to sway to and fro in a most unpleasant manner. He yelled and shouted with fright, but he could only kick the air in his wild contortions. When he at last reached the deck, he shook the rope off for fear he should be again hoisted up. He had just got the line clear, and was about to turn to the captain and mate, who stood convulsed with laughter, when there came a heavy sea dashing over the rail. The ship broached to leeward, and Seth was thrown upon his back, and away he went into the lee scuppers, where he floundered in the cold salt water until the captain hauled him out. He had contrived to swallow full a pint of the briny liquid, and such another picture of absolute despair and misery was never before seen on board that ship.

"O, cap'n, dear, dew go back an' let me git out. O, I can't stan' this. Why can't ye go back?"

"Pooh, nonsense. You'll soon get over this, my brave fellow. Why, I wouldn't lose such a noble sailor for anything. I mean in less than a week to have you do wonders."

"Jerewsalum! only jest look at that feller clean way out on the tip end o' that great long cross-beam. My gracious, what a careless dog."

"You'll have to go out there pretty soon, Seth."

"Me? Never! O—aw! O, my stomach! No, sir. Yeou doan't git me up onto that ere darned top agin. I tell ye, I aint a goin' to be made—"

At this moment the ship gave another lurch, and away went Seth again into the scuppers, this time striking his head against the bulwarks. Once more he was helped to his feet, and now he began to cry in good earnest. He blubbered like a sick calf, and at length the black cook came and helped him below.

On the next morning the ship entered Boston harbor, where she put in for part of her cargo. Seth got permission to go on shore, and with long, quick strides he made his way up into the city. Within himself he swore that he would never go aboard the "tarnal ole thing agin." And he was as good as his word. He took a day's rest, and then he started out through Charlestown to Malden. He got several opportunities to ride, and before night he reached Haverhill.

In just one week from the day on which Seth Snipe sailed he reached his home. He came by the way of fields and woods, for he dared not show his face on the highway. His mother was delighted, and his father was satisfied.

"Why Seth, how's this?" asked uncle John.

"Haow *is* it?" iterated the youth, with a most comical expression, in which disgust and shame were about equally blended. "Why, I rayther thought as haow I'd cum hum an' see the folks. The fact on't is, our ship stopped to Bosting, an' when I was ashore the ole thing went off an' left me."

But of course the truth leaked out. Seth went to work once more on the farm, and he was content, for he had seen enough of the sea. For a long while he had little peace among his mates, for the story of his experience as a sailor was too good to be lost. And even now, though years have elapsed, he is known as "Captain Snipe," or "Snipe the main-topman." And once in a while some of his waggish relatives superscribe his letters after the same fashion. Not long since I saw, in the post-office at Gardiner, a letter directed to "Captain Seth Snipe, of the ship Eliza Downs." And then in one corner was added, "To the care of the main-top." It was there I learned the story of his sea-going experience.

HON. ABBOTT LAWRENCE.

The recent death of this distinguished and excellent man seems to call on us for a parting tribute to his memory. We have rarely noticed more true feeling exhibited by the public than was manifested during his lingering illness. Men of all classes inquired of each other, at all hours of the day, how Abbott Lawrence was; and all felt that a good and valuable man—one of our most sterling citizens—was passing away. The portrait accompanying this sketch is a correct one, and will recall those benevolent and intelligent features we shall never again look upon in life. The subject of our notice was born in the town of Groton, Massachusetts, Dec. 13, 1792, and here he received that rudimentary education, which was the basis of those acquirements his unaided exertions added in after life. At the age of sixteen, young Lawrence came to this city to seek his fortune. Thousands before him had abandoned the country with the same purpose, and, from inaptitude, or through a want of strong moral principle, had failed—as thousands will follow in the same career. But young Lawrence had that self-reliance, which commands success, intelligence, earnestness, habits of economy and self-control, and the sound, immutable principles of Christian morality to sustain him. It was soon evident that he had not mistaken his vocation. His shrewdness, foresight and untiring industry and activity gave earnest of his success as a business man. Accordingly, in a very few years, we find him successfully engaged with his brother as an importing merchant. But it was not in this line of business that he was destined to build up the colossal fortune which he afterwards enjoyed. Early in the present century, he directed his attention to manufactures, and determined to build up a great manufacturing district in this country. The scene selected for this grand experiment was Lowell (then Chelmsford), a locality, the vast water power of which afforded all the conditions necessary for a thorough trial. It was a bold movement, although the date of the enterprise, and the existing policy of the government, warranted the step. Mr. Lawrence's plans were vast and liberal. He built extensive factories for the manufacture of calicoes, and probably, even in the infancy of these undertakings, beheld the future magnitude of the business he was commencing with such zeal and faith. He lived to see every anticipation realized; to behold a small country village increase to a magnificent city—to see its manufacturing establishments multiplied by hundreds, and its goods shipped to every quarter of the globe. When Willis was wandering through the bazaars of Constantinople many years ago, he saw bales of cotton marked "Lowell Mills," ranged along the passage-way, and it gave him a realizing idea of the magnitude of the Manchester of America. With fewer vicissitudes than might have been expected, Mr. Lawrence now rapidly accumulated wealth, each year adding largely to his honorable gains. While yet a young man he had passed that coveted bound of so many aspirations—a million—and enjoyed all the influence which wealth can command. But Mr. Lawrence must not be classed with those sordid spirits who regard wealth as the end and not as the means of a true life. He prized it so far as it enabled him to indulge in extensive charities, to extend the circle of a liberal but unostentatious hospitality, to found or foster institutions of learning or benevolence. His soul was not wedded to the pursuit of wealth. He devoted much of his time to self-culture, much to the society and guidance of his family, the scene of his true joys, much to the society of his friends—in a word, his conduct was such that none but base spirits envied the wealth his commercial genius commanded—wealth not inherited, not extorted, but created by himself. He so lived that the summons to the life to come found him prepared and ready to obey. The popular mind did him justice while living, and will do yet ampler justice to his memory. Men will now sum up the amounts he dispensed with a liberal hand, and will be surprised at the magnitude of the total, for in the course of his life he gave away, not simply a fortune, but fortunes. We have not space to enumerate here his magnificent donations and bequests. His endowment of the Scientific School of Harvard University, for which purpose he gave fifty thousand dollars, is a single instance of his princely liberality. Churches, schools, hospitals, were benefited by his wealth. Whenever an enterprise, sound in idea, lagged for want of funds, resort was always had to Abbott Lawrence. But the world will never know the extent of his private charities. He was the providence of many families. We have not yet spoken of his public career. He was a zealous politician, and shared the honors and abuse which in this country await every man of ability who enters the turbulent arena of politics. In 1839 he was chosen Representative to Congress, and for four years discharged the duties of his office to the acceptance of his constituents, and of course, the dissatisfaction of his opponents. He was well adapted for legislative business by his practical character, industry and foresight. In 1842 he was appointed one of the commissioners to adjust the North Eastern boundary line—a question which at one time threatened to produce a collision between this country and Great Britain. On the election of General Taylor, he was appointed Minister to England, a diplomatic trust of the highest importance. He had more than once before visited England and received a warm welcome from its best society. It was yet to be seen whether his abilities were adequate to the discharge of his new duties. But he accomplished the task, like everything he undertook, with perfect success. In private his urbanity and simple manners commended him to universal esteem, while the public business entrusted to his charge found in him an intelligent and faithful administrator. His addresses on various public occasions were characterized by sound sense. To Americans abroad he was always kind, courteous and hospitable. He lived in generous style, and there was not the slightest shadow of exclusiveness in the circle of his hospitalities. He left London with the reputation of a fair and intelligent diplomatist, a polished and hospitable gentleman, a worthy representative of this great republic. His reception at home was kind and cordial, and his return would have been marked by a very great public demonstration, had it not coincided with the mourning for New England's greatest statesman. He immediately resumed the even tenor of his business and private life, showing that a residence at a foreign court had not estranged his American sympathies, or changed his natural habits. By his death we lose an able public man, a great public benefactor, and a citizen who was a model of the domestic virtues. He leaves a widow, three sons and two daughters to lament his loss, and to cherish with pious love the memory of his many virtues. Mr. Lawrence's constitution was a robust one, fortified by habits of the strictest temperance, which protracted his last illness for several weeks, by its struggles with the disease which finally overmastered it. During the course of his malady he frequently rallied strength, and was enabled to take nourishment, thus rekindling hopes destined never to be realized. After losing his consciousness, he would regain the use of his faculties, recognizing the members of his family, his pastor and his friends, and converse with them placidly and calmly. The death of such a man, fully prepared to meet his end, closing peacefully a well-spent life, with the sweet ministrations of religion and the presence of friends to preside over his last moments, however mournful to the sorrowing circle of which he was the centre, is an event to be dwelt upon calmly and hopefully. If the departed had not reached the utmost limit of man's allotted span, still his was a complete existence. The broken shaft would be an inappropriate monument for him; his life might rather be typified by the finished column, complete from base to capital. We may sympathize with those from whom his wise counsel, his warm heart and his guiding and liberal hand have been suddenly withdrawn, but may not sorrow that one so prepared has passed through the dark portals of the valley of the shadow of death, and emerged into that brighter than sunlit atmosphere that smiles eternally beyond.

Abbott Lawrence

HORSE-CAR, NEW ORLEANS.

The accompanying engraving is from a drawing made for us at New Orleans, by Mr. Bellew, and represents the horse-car in use upon the city railroad. It is unlike any employed at the north, and will doubtless prove interesting to our readers, now that the introduction of horse railroads here is a settled thing. It will be seen that it is intended for the accommodation of both outside and inside passengers; the entrance for the latter being at the extremities, as in the New York horse and the common steam-car; while the upper deck passengers, as they may be termed, mount to their lofty station by a flight of steps, accessible from two sides. It is evident that with no greater area than that of a common car, a much larger number of passengers can be accommodated, and in fine weather the roof seats must be quite pleasant. The introduction of railroads and horse-cars into New York city was quite an event in the history of internal locomotion, and there, with the broad, rectangular streets, as in New Orleans, they have been found to work to a charm. The immense travel over the streets of great commercial emporiums will always keep their surface full of irregularities, so that a passage over them in an ordinary conveyance reminds one of a run across a chop sea. All this jolting is avoided on the rail. The cars glide along as smoothly and as pleasantly as a row-boat over a quiet stream. These channels of internal communication will be multiplied till all the broad avenues of the city are occupied by them. In the city of Brooklyn the cars are running continually from Fulton Ferry to Greenwood Cemetery, and even beyond it in the direction of New Utrecht and Bath, while another railroad, at right angles with the preceding, connects the Brooklyn with Williamsburg and Greensport. We have no doubt that in a few years many of our suburb villages, which are now served by omnibuses, will be connected with the city by horse railroads.

STREET RAILROAD CAR, NEW ORLEANS.

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL.

THE CHEAPEST WEEKLY PAPER IN THE WORLD.

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GOSSIP.

The Rachel fever is at its height. Racine has been printed, translated and studied; the emperor's French has been murdered worse than the queen's English ever was, and simulated raptures take the place of real enthusiasm. We could never relish French tragedy, even with so great a central figure as Rachel; but in genteel comedy they lead the world. And the reason is, that genteel comedy, being a reflex of highly artificial society, the French shine in it, from their habitual artifice. How artificial and conventional are the relations of man and wife in France! And speaking of double blessedness, did ever any one hear anything so utterly audacious as the last "gift enterprise" scheme—the highest prize a "marriageable young woman and 20,000 dollars?" Every handsome girl, with a handsome dower, is a prize to the man who wins her, and marriage is in some sort a lottery. But the idea of a young lady being willing to take any one of forty thousand ticket-holders for better or worse, is, as Dominie Sampson says, "pro-di-gious!" The originator of this wonderful scheme perhaps borrowed his idea from Moore:

"A lottery,
A lottery
In Cupid s court there used to be:
A pair of eyes
The highest prize
In this his famous lottery."

But then this scheme is not only a matter of beauty, but a matter of money. Singular generation! If this marriageable young lady be a flaunting belle, the interest of her 20,000 dollars will hardly serve to dress her *comme il faut;* for the single article of handkerchiefs is pretty expensive. The fashionable code divides handkerchiefs into seven classes. There are morning, evening, dinner, walking, ball, riding and bridal handkerchiefs. Each handkerchief has its appropriate perfume. But who thinks of extravagance? Is not California within the limits of the United States? "Fine feathers make fine birds." Even the garments for the grave are costly now-a-days.

"One would not, sure, be frightful when one's dead."

COMFORT FOR BACHELORS.—Single gentlemen, when too severely rallied on their celibacy, may retort with a quotation from Lord Bacon: "Certainly the best works, and of greatest merit for the public, have proceeded from the unmarried or childless men, which, both in affection and means, have married and endowed the public."

ELECTRIC TELEGRAPH.—An Italian professor is said to have discovered the means of sending counter messages simultaneously on the same wire. We should be afraid of the despatches getting mixed, corkscrew-wise.

SPLINTERS.

.... Ridiculously small waists are getting into fashion again. When Venus led the ton, there was no such heresy.

.... M. Thomassay thinks salt can be made here from evaporation of sea water at two cents a bushel.

.... The Attorney General has given his opinion that our citizens can purchase foreign ships and hold them.

.... The New York Times thinks it hard to find both reading matter and brains to comprehend it. Very.

Some of the papers are down on the book of P. Q. Philander Doesticks. Yet it abounds in good things.

.... A man, the other day, would not try to save a drowning girl for fear of wetting his clothes. Sentimental!

.... Mr. Green, an American, has discovered and deciphered the Egyptian calendar mentioned by Champollion.

.... An excellent spirit is rife with regard to the projected steam line from Boston to Liverpool. We shall have it.

... Isaac C. Pray, Esq., a gentleman and scholar, has written the life of James Gordon Bennett of the New York Herald.

.... The city marshal of Memphis has ordered all the free negroes out of that place to quit the State.

.... George Peabody, the American banker at London, says that Europe will require all our surplus grain this year.

.... Dr. Waterbury has discovered that the mummied bull in the Egyptian museum is a species of our common ox.

.... The order of Jesuits contains 5510 members. In its palmy days it boasted no fewer than 19,816 members.

In old times, at the South, it required a fine of 40 pounds of tobacco to make a man serve as constable.

.... The corner stone of the State House, displaced in the course of the late repairs, was recently re-laid.

... The Chinese men get up after breakfast, and go to bed before dinner; while the women are working like beavers.

.... Every tree is known by its fruit, except dogwood, which is known by its bark.

.... Sydney Smith said Mrs. Siddons carried her tragedy into private life, and used to "*stab* the potatoes."

.... A white crane with black wings, and presenting a long bill like a tailor, was shot lately in Litchfield.

.... In Russia there are only eight souls to an area of a square; in England two hundred and thirty souls. Poor souls!

.. The Maidstone (England) Swimming Club lately assembled, and each man ate his breakfast floating in the river.

.... Mr. George Raynes, of Portsmouth, N. H., is building a white oak ship of 1200 tons for a Newburyport firm.

WHAT MARSHALS ARE MADE OF.

We do not mean United States marshals, nor yet those honorable gentlemen who conduct the array of our civic processions; but individuals much more dangerous to the peace of the world—Marshals of the French army. We have lately been reading some of the letters of the late Marshal St. Arnaud, the favorite of Louis Napoleon—the hero of the Alma—who did not live long enough to see his laurels fade in the long and dreary siege of Sebastopol. Their contents are not of a kind to endear the memory of the writer to members of the Peace Society. St. Arnaud loved war for its own sake, and confesses it frankly. His military career commenced in 1815, when he was admitted into the guards of Louis XVIII., and here he disgraced himself by his unbridled dissipation. Long afterwards, however, he first earned distinction in the African service, particularly at the storming of Constantine. In a letter, describing this event, the following passages occur:

"An admirable resistance—men who had to be killed twice—a city taken with the bayonet, under a murderous fire, house by house, street by street, and the massacre continuing on both sides for three hours:—you may imagine what blood was shed. As for myself, what shall I say? I brought my men to the bayonet charge ten times, under fire; broke into the houses, and rushed through the blasts of shot and missiles with that fury and spirit which you know I can exhibit. I told you I would die or distinguish myself; I told you I wanted to gain the cross. I don't know whether I shall have it; but I am rewarded already; for my officers and comrades have embraced me, and declared that I deserve it. * * * * After climbing the breach, loud cries of 'Forward!' arose, and the French, momentarily driven backward, rallied to the charge. These shouts brought up Lamoriciere with reinforcements, and he arrived just as the assailants were once more upon the walls, with the Turks flying before so close that we stabbed them in the backs as they retreated. Our soldiers fell over one another, pell-mell, with their officers, and a fearful disorder followed. Lamoriciere sprang up, sabre in hand. We reached the summit of the breach. Destiny willed it that one company should be in before mine. At that instant a terrible explosion took place. The silence of death succeeded. Those who remained on their feet, startled by the shock, sought to lean on one another, or on their swords, or against the walls. All who were nearest the mine had their eyes filled with dust and powder, and were momentarily suffocated. But then ensued the most horrible scene. The wretches who retained their limbs, and who could emerge from the ruins, came running down the breach, exclaiming: 'Save yourselves, friends; we are all lost; the whole place is mined; advance no further, but save yourselves!' When I remember those scorched figures—those heads without hair, without skin, and dripping with blood—those flaming garments, dropping away with the victim's flesh,—when I recall those miserable cries, I am astonished that the entire column did not recoil from the breach. In a few moments, however, with one accord the soldiers waved their weapons in the air, shouting: 'Forward! forward!' That shout, my brother, I re-echoed to them; I cried to my soldiers: 'On with me, legion! on with me, bayonets! It is nothing—it is only *mitraille!* forward! forward!' and I flung myself into the gulf, in which, on my conscience, I expected another explosion."

The war which the French waged against the Arabs was conducted with great severity; but St. Arnaud did his part with a keen relish, burning hamlets and harvests, and driving women and children into the gorges of Atlas, where death by cold or starvation awaited them. St. Arnaud adored the sword, and had an unphilosophic contempt of the pen—that mightier weapon. He raves against editors and literary men: "If my evil star should ever put me at the head of a regiment, or any other force, during a revolution, I would make myself remembered. But it is thither that we are being led by your journalists, and by all your scribblers, of the meanest description. It is this set that vitiates the ideas of the age, and impresses our generation with the seal of bad tendencies and false ideas. They are a terrible plague, these literary men and journalists, sprung from nothing, adhering to nothing, but who cling together, praising themselves, admiring themselves, offering incense to themselves, advancing, coalescing, forming public opinion, making and unmaking reputations, destroying honest men, exalting rogues upon their shields, and wielding a power which we submit to while we blush for it. It is a veritable plague, I tell you, and increases every day. I detest all these intriguers—these Robert Macaires." What wonder that, with such sentiments as these, enjoying bloodshed, hating freedom of thought and expression, he should have been selected by Louis Napoleon as an available tool for crushing the liberties of France, and rewarded for his aid by the baton of a marshal. Let us, however, observe that his conduct afterwards, regarded only in a military point of view, justified his nomination. But there is a wide remove between this soldier of fortune, ready to any dirty work for which he was well paid, and the high-souled paladin of the palmy days of French chivalry.

ACCIDENTAL POISONING.—This is of far too frequent occurrence, and indicates gross carelessness. Where the poisoning of vermin in a house is undertaken, too great care cannot be observed in the operation, and where deadly preparations for such a purpose are kept on hand, they should be always under lock and key in the charge of one person. Four children in this city were lately poisoned by eating arsenic and sugar prepared to kill flies.

SANTA ANNA.—What an up and down life this man has led! His star has sunk low enough now, but who can say it will not again shine in the zenith? He is a man of unquestionable ability, civil and military; but what a country he has to govern! He is another Napoleon, *minus* the soldiers.

FOG-BOAT.—An iron fog-boat, the third which Mr. T. Cunningham has constructed for the U. S. government, is now moored at the Hardings, just outside Boston harbor.

DAGUERREOTYPING.—Who ever thought, twenty years ago, that the operation of being "sun-struck" would produce an imperishable likeness of a man's features?

SABBATH IN NEW ENGLAND.

A Frenchman of to-day, "newly caught," complains bitterly of the lugubriousness of a New England Sabbath, and contrasts the observance of the day, as he notes it, with the riding, racing, promenading, drumming and fifing, picnics, theatricals, gay music and balls of his godless native city. But what would a rattle-pated Parisian say, were we to renew the rigidity of the Puritanic Sabbath of the old colonial days—when no man was allowed to "walk in his own garden or elsewhere, except reverently to and from meeting"—when no woman was allowed to kiss her children, or man to kiss his wife—and when Sunday began on Saturday night? We have lapsed away sadly since those days of grace. And the structures devoted to worship with us differ as much from the old colonial meeting-houses, as the people of to-day do from their remote ancestry. To the good old pilgrims, one of our splendidly ornamented Gothic churches would have appeared an abomination—a temple of Dagon. The old meeting-houses were another guess sort of affair. The earliest one was built of logs and mounted with cannon, while, during service, a grim sentinel, with breast, back and head-piece of iron, and a firelock on his shoulder, strode to and fro on the lookout for "heathen salvages," who were wont to choose the Christian Sabbath as the most promising season for their incursions on the infant settlements. Within, a sense of the sanctity of the place and the day rested on every individual of mature age—while the boys were kept in awe by the close vicinity of "ye constable," and "ye whipping-post and stockes also." Those rigid days are gone—but with all our boasted liberality, can it be said that the tone of moral and religious sentiment is higher now than then?

ART DEPOT.

Messrs. Chandler & Clapp have just opened a suite of rooms at No. 24 Winter Street, opposite the church, for the exhibition and sale of engravings, photographs, water-colored and oil paintings, casts, and books on art, exclusively. The apartments are furnished in the style of drawing-rooms, and rendered so attractive, that they must become a resort for ladies and gentlemen interested in art. We have rarely passed a pleasanter half hour than that spent in examining the already fine collection, to which additions will be constantly made. This art depot is unlike any other in the city, and cannot fail to succeed.

THE REPUBLIC DODGE.—This is said to be the last card in the hand of that imperial gambler, Napoleon III. It is now said that he means to make republics of Hungary and Poland, to atone for his depriving France and Rome of free institutions. The "Napoleonic idea," on which he harps so much, is to educate people for freedom by keeping them in slavery. Luminous!

AFLOAT.—A man in New York has got up a floating circus. The great difficulty with theatrical managers has been to keep their heads above water. We hope the affairs of the new enterprise will go on swimmingly, and that much capital may not be sunk on it. It will be cruel to throw cold water on such a scheme, as *divers* people will be tempted to do.

KEPT STANDING.—We believe some of the newspaper offices keep a certain amount of foreign news standing against the arrival of each steamer. The items it is perfectly safe not to "distribute" at present are: "Nothing important from the seat of war;" "Sebastopol not yet taken;" "More Russian reinforcements arriving."

ENGLAND AND THE UNITED STATES.—The chief social difference between us and the folks on the other side of the water is, that, in England, wealth and poverty are *entailed* on two classes, and that here we have no such fatal *inheritance.*

COAL.—This article has been plenty and cheap, and those householders have done well who remembered the biting days of January in the sunshine of September.

MARRIAGES.

In this city, by Rev. Mr. Streeter, Mr. Alden B. Smith to Miss Hannah T. Clark, both of Cambridge.—At Charlestown, by Rev. Mr. Miles, Rev. Franklin Holmes, of Norton, Mass., to Miss Martha C Sawyer.—At Quincy, by Rev. Mr. Beau, Mr. John F. Pool to Miss Ellen F. Alden, both of Randolph.—At Lynn, by Rev. Mr. Cushman, Mr. Henry H. Goodridge to Miss Elizabeth P. Dearborn, of Newburyport; by Rev. Mr. Richards, Mr. Thomas Newhall to Miss Sarah P. Sweetser, both of Saugus; by Rev. Mr. Sewall, Mr. Nathaniel T. Davidson, late of Newburyport to Miss Mary D. Adams; by Rev. Mr. Miller, Mr. Rogers D. Jerrett, of Essex, to Miss Margaret J. Jackson, of Nova Scotia; by Rev. Mr. Jewell, Mr. Edward A. Chandler to Miss Lois A. Ashton.—At Salem, by Rev. Dr. Emerson, Mr. Abraham Berry, of Windham, Penn., to Mrs. Elizabeth Symonds.—At Lowell, by Rev. Mr. Dadnun, Mr. Thomas C. Constantine to Miss Ellen M. Allen, both of Lawrence.—At Fitchburg, by Rev. Mr. Marvin, Mr. Peer M. Bowen, of Palmer, to Miss Eliza Ann Ellenwood.—At New Bedford, by Rev. Mr. Thomas, Capt. Humphrey W. Seabury, of Westport, to Miss Susan M. Gifford.—At Williston, Vt., by Rev. Mr Barber, Mr. Henry H. Mitchell to Miss Esther B. Sprague.—At Portland, Me., by Rev. Mr. Moor, Mr. Charles G. Richards to Miss Annie E Gates.—At Belleville, N. J., Mr. James S. Grennell, of Greenfield, Mass., to Miss Ann E., daughter of the late Col. John Stanard, U.S.A., of Virginia.

DEATHS.

In this city, William Barry, Esq, 79; Mrs. Mary E., wife of Mr. Albert Morse; Mrs. Eliza T, wife of Mr. Joseph H. Sears.—At Somerville Charles E., son of Mr. E. H. and Mrs. J. S Blake, 3 years.—At Quincy, Mrs. Martha Baxter, 71.—At West Wareham, Mrs. Mary J. O'Neill, 23.—At North Bridgewater, Miss Rossaline Theresa O'Neill, 21.—At Feltonville, Mr. Jotham Gates, 84.—At Newburyport, William Ellery Channing, only son of Mr. Joseph B. and Mrs. Martha H. Morss, 15 mos.; Mrs. Hannah Floyd, 82; Miss Dorothy Blanchard, 66; Miss Ann Flood, 17.—At Plymouth, Mrs. Elizabeth, wife of Mr. Nathaniel Hoxey, 29—At Taunton, Widow Nancy Stall, 73.—At East Taunton, Mr. Richard Kenefick, 63; Mrs. Abby, wife of Mr. Thomas Seekell, 31.—At New Bedford, Widow Mary E. Cuffee, 62; Mr. Joseph Bennington, 54.—At Duxbury, Mrs. Susan, wife of Mr. Charles Drew, 78.—At Worcester, Mr. Henry Stocking, 29—At Springfield, Mrs Persis Maria, wife of Mr. Tyler R. Blake, 33.—At Weston, Mr Henry William Cutter, 20.—At Nashua, N. H., Rev. John M. Ellis, 62—At Gifford, N. H., Mrs. Lydia, widow of the late Mr. Israel Potter, 92.—At Chesterfield, N. H., Mr. Nathaniel Atherton, 82.—At Newark, N. J., Mrs. Cornelia, widow of the late Rev John H. Townley.—At Baltimore Co., Md., Mr. James Monroe, eldest son of Gen. James Bankhead, U. S. A.—At Portsmouth, Va., Mrs. Imogen, wife of Commander James Barron, of the U. S. Navy, 47.

EDITORIAL MELANGE.

London has five hundred firemen; New York, three thousand. The rates of insurance are five times as much in New York as in London. —— Mr. Scott, at Peoria Junction, Illinois, has two thousand acres of wheat now being harvested; and Jacob Strawn, the well-known cattle-raiser, has one field of four thousand acres of corn. —— A New York jury has decided that "Wolfe's Aromatic Schiedam Schnaps" are not intoxicating, but merely a compound of Holland gin *and* juniper juice, their only action being upon the kidneys. —— The New Haven Register says, that the rapid growth of episcopacy in New England is, in a great degree, owing to the fact, that the church avoids the discussion of all extraneous matters. —— Queen Pomare, of the Society Islands, goes barefoot, with her great toes dyed red, and encircled with gold rings. —— A stocking knitting machine is now on exhibition in New York. A girl ten years old can knit half a dozen pairs of stockings in a day, working the machine by hand or foot. In a factory, with motive power, one person can manage a dozen machines. The stocking is entirely made by the machine, from top to toe. —— A party of gentlemen from Fall River, one day, lately, caught sixteen sword-fish. This fish has been more plenty this summer than for a great many years past. —— The Scientific American announces a machine for picking geese, the result of a number of years of labor, and one of the most ingenious pieces of mechanism ever seen. It not only plucks the feathers, but separates the long ones from the short ones, and cleans them perfectly while passing through the machine. It will pick forty-five geese per hour, and must materially affect the price of feathers. —— Mr. Benjamin Crane, of Pine Brook, New Jersey, recently found a land turtle on his farm, marked "N. S., 1711," one hundred and forty-four years ago. Mr. Crane is of the opinion that it was marked by one of the first settlers of the place. —— The quantity of bakers' bread daily consumed in New York within sight of the cross on Trinity steeple, must be enormous. Allowing a sixpenny loaf to every inhabitant, we have, say a million of loaves consumed every day; value, sixty thousand dollars—barrels of flour consumed, four thousand five hundred. —— Joshua Evans, of Virginia, has received intelligence that an estate of $1,800,000 has been left in Wales, and that he is one of the three heirs to it. The sum may reach $2,500,000. —— In the year 1784, the legislature of Pennsylvania, to abolish a practice then prevailing, passed the following resolution, after considerable opposition: "That, hereafter no member shall come into the chamber barefooted, nor eat his bread and cheese on the steps of the capitol." —— Beware ladies, in town and country, of fine looking, but bogus satin, peddled by pretended sailors at three and four dollars, but not worth fifty cents. —— Three men attempted to rob the safe in the custom house at Milwaukee, lately, by blowing it to pieces with powder. One of the burglars, who had a wooden leg, was detected by its print in the ground; he confessed his guilt, implicating two other men. —— The laborers of New York are very much opposed to the introduction of street-sweeping machines, and have had a meeting upon the subject. —— A married lady cowhided a young doctor in Atlanta, Georgia, lately. The valiant disciple of Esculapius offered no resistance; but when the performance was over, he immediately sent a challenge to her husband, probably afraid to try the experiment of making mouths at her sister. —— It is said that the small twigs of cedar chopped fine, and mixed with their grain, will cure cough in horses; and it has been used with complete success. —— Seventy-six new banks and thirteen old ones are already applicants for charters from the Pennsylvania legislature at its next session. The total increase of banking capital contemplated by these applications is $37,350,000, of which, $23,000,000 is for the city of Philadelphia alone. —— The Spiritual Telegraph tells of the spirit of a "six foot" Yankee, who lifted a table, with a Mrs. Kellogg, weighing 180 pounds, sitting on it; and promised to "saw all her next winter's wood," if he did not produce certain other phenomena in the interval. —— A new line of steamers is to be established between Quebec and Montreal and Liverpool. Vessels of 1750 tons, and 350 horse power, are to make fourteen fortnightly trips from Liverpool to Canada, and five monthly trips to Portland, in each year.

His own Servant.—A writer in the Christian Witness says of the late Bishop Griswold, that not one man in a thousand ever gave so little trouble to his friends. What he could do for himself he allowed none to do for him. He was a hewer of wood and drawer of water, made his own fires, polished his own boots, carried his own valise, and did his own errands. The bishop was peculiarly orderly in all his habits, and accordingly sensitive to all disorder. If a corner of a rug were accidentally lapped over, he would leave his chair and replace it; and this perhaps two or three times in a single evening. If a crumb fell upon the floor, the bishop would not rest till it was discovered and taken up.

English Advertisements.—Advertisements appear occasionally in the English papers, which show a queer connection between business and religion. For instance, a London apothecary, of evangelical sentiments, has a vacancy for an apprentice; a man, whose sentiments are strictly evangelical, wants to borrow £20 for six months at five per cent.; an elderly widow lady would take a young man not over 23 or 24, who would conform to a dissenting family, as a boarder.

Sunday Labor.—A work has recently been published in France on Sunday observance in that country, and particularly in Paris, from which it appears that in all buildings undertaken at the expense of the government, working has been stopped long ago on that day; and the number of stores closed has considerably increased in all the departments.

Wayside Gatherings.

The following toast was given at Biddeford, July 4th:—"The Clergy—all honor to the clergyman who follows his *Master* instead of his *Pay-Master*."

Home-sickness (mostalgia) is said, according to the Gazette de Medecine, to be the predisposing cause of the greater part of the sickness among the allied troops in the Crimea.

The quantity of cotton cleared at the custom house, New Orleans, on the 31st of July, reached the large aggregate of 12,150 bales; and that of tobacco, 1861 hogsheads.

Mrs. E. Oakes Smith is out in favor of female lawyers. She says three ladies have already commenced the study of law. Female lawyers ought to be good at *cross* questioning.

On the 1st of November, an Englishman in New York received $100 from an American on condition that he should pay him back $25 a month until Sebastopol be taken by the allies.

Dr. Renney, physician of the lunatic asylum on Blackwell's Island, says, that many of the patients are specially fond of engravings, and that the influence of such upon them is very beneficial. A decided puff for our Pictorial.

The cornice of the new building in progress of erection for the Ohio Life and Trust Company, Cincinnati, fell on the 7th ult., crushing to death six persons, and injuring two so seriously that their recovery is despaired of.

A destructive fire has occurred on the island of Bermuda, by which the government lumber yard and buildings were totally destroyed, involving a loss of property estimated at £30,000. The fire is supposed to have been the work of an incendiary.

As the steamer Alice C. Price was coming out of Cone River, on her up trip to Alexandria, Va., lately, a horse-mackerel leaped from the water and fell on the hurricane deck of the steamer, a distance of sixteen feet above the water.

Margaret Cain, at Albany, lately, stole a covered basket from the steps of a grocery store, and made haste to get away with her booty. What was her astonishment and chagrin to discover, on opening the basket, a pretty little baby snugly tucked in and sleeping!

The American Iron Trade is spoken of by the Philadelphia Gazette as being in a healthy and prosperous condition. Pig iron is now in far better repute and demand than it has been for a long time; and by the attention of the manufacturers, it has been so improved as to possess all the valuable qualities of Scotch pig.

The eastern tunnel on the Blue Ridge Railroad has been cut 1556 feet; it is sixteen feet wide, and twenty-one feet high. The whole is of solid rock; the western tunnel has been cut 1704 feet. During the last month, seventy-seven feet have been cut in both tunnels; there are 1000 feet to finish, when daylight will shine through the Blue Ridge.

Dr. Turnipseed, of Tennessee, who joined the medical staff of the Russian army in the Crimea about fourteen months ago, with the understanding that he was to continue during the war, has obtained his discharge on account of ill health. In accepting the doctor's resignation, the czar conferred on him the order of St. Ann, and presented to him 700 silver roubles.

Chauncey Jerome, the great clock builder of New Haven, and late mayor of that city, has ordered one of Hook's best organs for his new church. But while he is building a Christian church, he is also affording the heathen shrines for their idols; for the Chinese, to whom he sends hundreds of clocks, tear out the inside works, and placing the little images in the cases, worship them.

The Philadelphia Bulletin, in an article on the recent Dental Convention, remarks that it is universally admitted that the dentists of America are the first in the world; that the most eminent in Paris for years have been Americans; and a German dentist knows no higher praise for any improvement in his profession than to term it American.

The production of iron by the smelting furnaces of Great Britain has reached 3,000,000 tuns annually; and for every tun of iron two tuns of slag are formed, making an aggregate of at least 6,000,000 tuns of this hitherto useless material. At the present time, it costs the smelters no less than £150,000 to cart it away and get rid of this refuse.

The steamship Iberia, of the Peninsular and Oriental Company's line, left Southampton last month, on her one hundredth trip. It is a three weeks' voyage, and upwards of 2000 miles in length. The Iberia has taken ten years to perform these one hundred voyages, and has done so without an accident worthy of note, and traversed a distance of nearly 250,000 miles.

The Arctic Committee, appointed by the House of Commons to investigate the claims of the commanders of the recent Arctic expedition for a reward for the discovery of a northwest passage, have come to a determination to recommend that £5000 should be given to Captain McClure, and £5000 to his officers. This is a graceful conclusion of the Arctic expeditions.

Hen fanciers in England are just now interested in a new species of domestic fowl brought from the Black Sea, which is likely to rival the Shanghai and Cochin China breeds. It is as large as the former, crested, has feathered legs, and is either all white or a glossy raven black. Its tail feathers droop and lie close to the body, so that it appears tailless. It is pugnacious and lively.

One of the three young lady graduates of the Oread Institute, in whose proficiency the principal takes so much pride, and whom he has placed against any three of the college graduates for examination, is a Nashua factory girl. She left the mill to get an education, and now temporarily returns for the purpose of obtaining money for the support of indigent parents and younger sisters.

Accounts from the West state that the coming crop of apples promises to be very abundant. In many sections, propping up of the limbs of the trees, on account of the great quantity of fruit, has already become necessary, to save the branches from destruction. On the Western Reserve, Ohio, farmers have made contracts to sell them on the trees, the buyers to pick them, at six to ten cents a bushel.

The great silk factory at South Manchester, Connecticut, with its branch in Hartford, gives employment to about five hundred operatives, and brings into use the best machinery French or Yankee genius can supply. Italy produces no silk of finer texture or greater strength, than that of the Manchester mill; while, in point of elegant finish, beauty of color, and brightness of lustre, the Connecticut establishment bears off the palm.

Near a charity school in the neighborhood of Liverpool, there is a full sized brig sunk into the earth, all rigged and equipped. The intention of this is to teach such children as intend to follow the sea, the nature and management of a vessel. Sometimes, on very stormy nights, the boys are piped out of bed, and sent on board and aloft to unfurl and furl sails, in order to acquaint them with some of the duties they will have to perform in after life, as soon as they get into deep water.

Foreign Items.

The Grand Duke of Tuscany has released the unfortunate cigar-maker, Cecchetti, who was sentenced to a year's imprisonment for reading the Bible in company with the members of his own family.

The English engineers spent ten days in erecting an eight-gun battery in order to oppose a small Russian work of six guns near the Redan. When finished, it was found to be several feet too low to command the irregularities of the intervening ground.

Paris is going to indulge in new taxation, after the example of the State; the bread affair has cost it many millions. The first tax to be applied is that of a franc a day on all the hacks, cabriolets, and public carriages of every nature. This will produce 1,200,000 francs a year.

Prince Lucien Bonaparte, a grandson to Joseph, has adopted the ecclesiastical career, and been enrolled among the supernumerary chamberlains of the pope. The reverend prince is just now in Paris, having accompanied his brothers and sisters thither at the recent call of the emperor.

Jenny Lind and her husband, it is said, are harmoniously and actively engaged in carrying out her plans for the establishment of public schools in Sweden. She keeps up her correspondence regularly with the friends she made in this country during her professional visit.

One of the naval surgeons on duty at the Crimea was recently court-martialed upon charges of neglecting the sick, behaving in an unfeeling manner towards them, and calling them by offensive names. Being found guilty, he was sentenced to be mulcted of the pay due him, to be dismissed from her majesty's service, and to be imprisoned for two years in one of her majesty's jails.

Some experiments have been made in France with a coupled cannon, which, with one breech and touch-hole, fires two shots at the same time. A new self-breech-loading and priming carbine has also been satisfactorily proved. It weighs seven pounds seven ounces, has a barrel twenty-two inches long, a range of from one hundred and fifty to seven hundred yards, and can be fired ten times a minute. Damp, or plunging into water, scarcely affects it.

Sands of Gold.

.... Life has always action; it is our own fault if it ever be dull.—*Bulwer.*

.... In diving to the bottom of pleasures, we bring up more gravel than pearls.—*Balzac.*

.... I confess God has no need of any man's parts or learning; but certainly, then, he has much less need of his ignorance and ill behaviour.—*Dr. South.*

.... Few authors are ever so aware of the admiration they excite as to afford to be generous; and this melancholy truth revolts us with our own ambition.—*Bulwer.*

.... With every one, the expectation of a misfortune constitutes a dreadful punishment. Suffering then assumes the proportions of the unknown, which is the soul's infinite.—*Balzac.*

.... You may depend upon it, religion is, in its essence, the most gentlemanly thing in the world. It will *alone* gentilize, if unmixed with cant; and I know nothing else that will *alone*. Certainly not the army, which is thought to be the grand embellisher of manners.—*Coleridge.*

.... It is averse to talent to be consorted and trained up with inferior minds, or inferior companions, however high they may rank. The foal of the racer neither finds out his speed, nor calls out his powers, if pastured out with the common herd, that are destined for the collar and the yoke.—*Colton.*

.... There is no difference between knowledge and temperance; for he who knows what is food and embraces it, who knows what is bad and avoids it, is learned and temperate. But they who know very well what ought to be done, and yet do quite otherwise, are ignorant and stupid.—*Socrates.*

.... Truths of all others the most awful and mysterious, yet being at the same time of universal and acknowledged interest, are too often considered as so true that they lose all the powers of truth, and lie bed-ridden in the dormitory of the soul, side by side with the most despised and exploded errors.—*Coleridge.*

.... Those who have resources within themselves, who can dare to live alone, want friends the least, but, at the same time, best know how to prize them the most. But no company is far preferable to bad, because we are more apt to catch the vices of others than their virtues, as disease is far more contagious than health.—*Colton.*

Joker's Budget.

The most tuneful Choir—A quire, every note of which is a bank-note.

The Peruvian navy is an institution. It consists of three captains, eleven boys, two flat boats and an eleven ounce cannon. A dangerous body that.

"Small thanks to you," said a plaintiff to one of his witnesses, "for what you said in this cause."—"Ah, sir," replied the conscientious witness, "but just think what I *didn't* say."

Stock brokers should be named breakers, since they break about everybody that has anything to do with them. If you want to get broke to a certainty, go to a broker.

A young lady on pulling open a fig was shocked to find an insect burrowing in the core, and instantly threw the fruit into the grate. "There," said she, "I have burnt the creature in F-I-G!"

The following is a copy of an advertisement posted at West Medford:—"Hog straiet. a shoiat waying 1,30 with one ear cropt long tail any one will give enformason whare he can be found will receive due reward."

"Grandmother," said a little girl, "buy some of these cucumbers."—"No, my child," replied the lady. "Why not?" asked the little girl. "Because I should hate to be seen carrying them home, when everybody knows they are only a cent apiece."

A blundering compositor, in setting up the toast, "Woman, without her, man would be a savage," got the punctuation in the wrong place, which made it read, "Woman, without her man, would be a savage." The mistake was not discovered until the editor's wife undertook to read the proof.

On the afternoon of the Fourth of July last, a swipy individual, who had been for some time swaying to and fro, in earnest contemplation of the great telescope on Boston Common, finally mustered his powers of locomotion, and approaching the proprietor, said, in a persuasive tone, "See 'ere, you—a' say—w-when you goin' to touch her off? More'n a dozen people's sighted the darn thing—now, why don't you touch her off?"

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sept 1 3t

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sept 8

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WIRE BRIDGE ACROSS THE RIVER DNIEPER, AT KIEV, IN RUSSIA.

THE WIRE BRIDGE ACROSS THE DNEIPER AT KIEV.

The accompanying engravings embrace a splendid view of the Wire Bridge across the Dneiper, at Kiev, which was drawn on the spot, on the occasion of its opening and sanctification, and a representation of the ceremonial which was peculiar to Russian custom. The foundation of this bridge was laid August 30, 1844, and from that day the work of its erection progressed steadily onward, until September, 1853, when it was completed. For a long time the practicability of laying a bridge across the proud river Dneiper was held exceedingly questionable by scientific men, from the fact, that every spring, when the ice which binds the river in winter breaks, it causes an overflow of its banks, extending miles around, and sweeping away in its current everything before it. In the face, however, of this serious difficulty, with the aid of the Holy Spirit, as the devout Russians say, the project was at length brought to a successful issue. At the request of Emperor Nicholas, a plan was drawn and presented by an English engineer, named Charles Vinioly, and others by engineers of Russia. That by Vinioly was preferred, and he being forthwith supplied with workmen and aids, the emperor pronounced a blessing upon them, and attended in person at the laying of the foundation. Though the disadvantages which the natural characteristics of the Dneiper, as already described, opposed to the task thus auspiciously commenced, were abundantly manifested in the course of their operations (and more especially, perhaps, in the early stages of them, as the bed of the river was found extremely soft and uneven), to the triumph of labor, judiciously directed by science, the bridge was completed, elegantly and substantially in every part, and ready on the 28th of September, 1853, for the ceremony which was to throw it open to the public. The Grand Duke, Nicolai Nicolaewitch, son of the emperor, accompanied by Count Kleinmichel, Prince Wasillchikoff, and several chief engineers, had journeyed from St. Petersburg to take a part in this dedicatory service, the description of which will acquaint us with the manner in which every bridge in the Russian empire is opened for the first time. A large concourse of people having assembled, they were formed in line of procession before the bridge, a body of priests in their official robes, occupying a place in the front. After sprinkling some holy water and swinging a censer, the head priest, Mitropolit Felaret, made a formal prayer, and at its conclusion the procession moved across in the following order:—the Grand Duke Nicola Nicolaewitch, suite of the grand duke, and the head priest, corps of engineers, corps of workmen, people, etc. When they reached the other side, the grand duke stepped into his equipage, which had followed after, and started for St. Petersburg. The materia progress of Russia—indeed, its whole modern history—affords curious matter for study and comment. Impartial travellers, who have made themselves familiar with its present condition, are astonished at the rapidity of its improvement. Its splendid cities, noble monuments, its magnificent roads and bridges, seem like the work of to-day, compared with the slow movement, or positive stagnation of adjacent European countries. The two countries fullest of the material signs of industry and intelligence are Russia and the United States of North America—one, an unmitigated despotism; the other, a free republic. The mainspring of action in Russia is the will of one man; the motive power in this country is the intelligence of the mass. In both, the results are the same. Whether prosperity based on despotism is likely to be permanent, is a question that can only be decided by experience. Hitherto, the history of the world goes against it.

RELIGIOUS CEREMONIES AT THE CONSECRATION OF THE BRIDGE.

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL

M. M. BALLOU, { CORNER OF TREMONT AND BROMFIELD STS. BOSTON, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 15, 1855. $3,00 PER ANNUM. 6 CENTS SINGLE. } VOL. IX., No. 11.—WHOLE No. 219.

STATE OF CALIFORNIA.

The fine picture designed for us by Billings and engraved by Andrew, is emblematic of the youngest of the sister States—the far-famed Eldorado. In the upper part are the State arms—a figure of Minerva, supported by the grizzly bear, miners and ships in the middle distance, and far off the snow-capped peaks of the Sierra Nevada. The nearest foreground of the design exhibits the stratagem employed by the native Indians to approach near enough to the deer to shoot them. In the upper right hand corner is a miner's camp, a group of Californians being engaged in digging, washing and cradling the precious ore, while a Chinaman is seen equipped with a ponderous pair of scales. A rude log lodging house is facetiously designated as the Astor. California is the youngest star in the galaxy of States. It is the golden land of promise, teeming with the precious metals, embracing a great variety of climate, and agricultural and commercial resources, which will make it the great empire State of the farthest West. It is the great golden gate of the Pacific, as New York is of the Atlantic shore. As early as 1542, a Spaniard named Cabrillo discovered a part of this country. In 1578, Sir Francis Drake, in command of an English expedition, visited it, and conferred on it the name of New Albion. Spanish colonies commenced the settlement of the seacoast in 1768, and it remained a Mexican province until 1836, when the people revolted, drove the Mexican officials from their posts and declared themselves independent. For ten years the Mexican government feebly and vainly endeavored to reclaim their revolted province. In July, 1846, Monterey was seized by a squadron under Commodore Sloat, the American flag hoisted on the citadel, and a provisional American government established. The progress of California would have been slow, but for the discovery of gold at Sutter's mills in 1848. The extraordinary wealth thus developed attracted the attention of the world—people flocked thither from all quarters of the globe, and in September, 1850, California was admitted into the Union as a sovereign and independent State. Its length from north to south, is 764 miles, its average breadth, 212 miles; area, about 188,500 square miles. It is bounded on the north by Oregon, east by Utah, south by Lower California, and west by the Pacific Ocean. The finances of the State are in a flourishing condition. Education has received the attention of the State, and a system of free schools has been established. In its surface the country presents a great variety of features.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

FALCONE:

—OR,—

THE MYSTERIES OF MEXICO.

A ROMANCE OF OUR DAY.

BY AUGUSTINE J. H. DUGANNE.

[CONTINUED.]

CHAPTER VI.

PADRE HERRATA.

In the back room of a single-storied, squalid-looking house, or rather hovel, situated on one of the principal streets, and surrounded on every side by imposing palaces, under the shadow of which it seemed to shrink and hide, like a scared beggar-child in some gorgeous cathedral—in the solitary back room of that unpretending hut sat a man whose age might not be determined by his features, since in their expression was observable that mixture of youthful freshness with the wisdom of mature years, which distinguishes some countenances, to the manifest perplexity of the best physiognomists. Nevertheless, though it was difficult to settle upon the man's exact age, it was not hard to conjecture, by the mingled softness and determination stamped in his every lineament, that the priest, for such his vesture denoted him to be, was neither of a harsh nor common nature. His eyes were bright and penetrating in their gaze, his cheeks ruddy, and his brow thoughtful, but neither deeply worked with wrinkles nor sallow from midnight vigils. The capacity for action as well as reflection was plainly apparent to an observer in both face and figure of the good father, who now bowed his head against the wall of the hut, as he sat on a block of wood which answered for a chair, and who, as if in assistance of his meditations, smoked quietly a cigarette which he had just rolled up.

The smoke of this cigarette, ascending in the confined apartment, soon encircled the priest's head with a grayish cloud, which suited very well the dim light that entered the hut through an unglazed aperture in the rear wall. The morning breeze, for the sun had but just risen, slightly agitated the wreaths of smoke, and blew aside the stray locks of hair which grew on either side of the padre's tonsure—but otherwise a character of intense quiet and repose was presented within the hovel, in which the occupant seemed to share equally with the place.

But a sudden tap upon the outside of the wooden window-pane followed by the appearance of a grotesque-looking head at the aperture above-mentioned, aroused the good priest from his reverie, and caused him at once to remove his cigarette and to turn his head toward the new comer. A glance of pleased recognition accompanied the movement, and he said, in a low voice:

"*Benedicite*, my son! you are stirring early this morning."

"Yes, and I calk'late I was stirrin' late last night, padre. And that's the why and wherefore I'm here now. I want your advice, padre, seein's how two heads are better than one, and I want you to come straight along, if you can conscientiously, for I'm in a hobble, an' no mistake."

"The saints preserve us, son Jacob, you have not been getting in trouble with the police, I trust?"

"O, nothin' o' that sort, padre. 'Taint for myself I'm afeard, no how. Jake Dusenbury can hoe his own row, now I tell ye. But if you want to save as purty a young critter as ever wore calico, from some consarned chap that's been a-plottin' agin her, and gittin' her brother shot, and actin' like pizen ginerally, I reckon now's your time, and no mistake. So padre, beggin' pardon, supposin' we hurry up our teams, and push along!"

The worthy priest smiled at the Yankee's earnest adjuration, and proceeded to interrogate him further in relation to the object which he had in view. When, however, the incidents connected with the suicide of Charles Glinton had been communicated by Dusenbury to his reverend friend, the latter acceded with alacrity to the Yankee's request that they should at once repair to the house of mourning.

"There are, I fear me, some dark purposes threatening this poor young lady," said the priest, "and it may be that the Almighty will permit us to be the instruments of counteracting them. We must learn more from those faithful servants, and if need be, signor, we have powerful friends, as you know, in the capital."

"I know you kin du jest about what you please with Mister Herrera, padre. But, arter all, I'd like to see our old friend Gamozin, that's got to be a great nob now, and that ere real fightin' chap, Capting Nunez—I'd like to see both on 'em standin' right side o' you this minute. Jehosophat! them two fellars are the sort o' critters to walk into rascality, an' no mistake."

"Our friends are noble spirits, and would doubtless be of much assistance to us in any crisis. But Montognono seldom leaves his retired estates in the mountains, and Colonel Nunez, as you know, is with the army on the frontiers. But, we may need them not at all, my son. Perhaps our fears are magnified in regard to your countrywoman. However, of that we shall soon learn more. Let us depart at once."

"Padre, I aint afeard o' any harm while you're about, for by the eternal hokey, I know you're the clean grit when occasion requires. I only kind o' hunker arter a sight o' Capting Nunez, because he's a hoss, and no mistake. But, as you say, padre, there's no tellin' whether we shall want any assistance whatever; so let's be movin' spry."

The padre at once proceeded to the door of the hut, to reach his North American coadjutor, for the conversation we have related had taken place between the two through the medium of the aperture before alluded to. Wrapped in his cloak or holy cowl of black bombazine, the good priest passed through the front portion of the hovel, only pausing a moment to glance at the olive face of an old woman, the hostess of the hovel, who was quietly slumbering upon a rude pallet in one corner of the room. Then, softly unbarring the frail outer door, he emerged into the street, and being at once joined by Dusenbury, hurriedly proceeded in the direction of the house occupied by the latter's unfortunate countrywoman.

Already the noise and bustle of daily life was beginning to fill the streets along which the two took their way, and on arriving at their destination, they found that the officers of the police were busily engaged in making an examination of the premises, interrogating the servants, and with all the airs of authority, placing the seals of official interference upon such cabinets and desks as they deemed the repositories of papers or documents likely to be of importance in the event of further action on the part of the district alcalde. At the appearance of a priest, they bowed respectfully, but continued their scrutiny; and Dusenbury, as his eyes glanced hurriedly around the apartment, which was the room that he had occupied alone during the night, and contiguous to that in which lay the corpse of Glinton, saw that another was present beside the two weeping servants of the household. This was the suicide's sister.

The maiden was very lovely, though at the present moment her face was pale as marble, and her eyes heavy with a bitter grief. She sat in the large arm-chair near the window, her beautiful figure wrapped in a loose white robe, secured about the waist by a blue sash, and clasped upon her agitated bosom by a small golden cross. In her dark brown hair was twined a wreath of yesterday's roses, drooping and withered now, alas! like the sweet child whose brow they had decked. She was indeed but a child to look upon, for scarcely seventeen summers had passed over her, and the light of girlhood had, until this fatal hour, been bright within her bosom, and a clear, ringing laugh and sunny smile more natural to her than sighs or tears. But now, oppressed and bending beneath the dead weight of her loneliness, with the image of her bleeding brother evermore present in her thoughts, she sat motionless in the great arm-chair, her eyes shaded by her small hands, her tresses falling down and disordered upon her white neck, and a deep abstractedness of sorrow in her whole appearance that showed how perfectly her spirit was crushed, how measureless was the abyss of her despair.

The padre, as his pitying eye rested upon the young girl, felt at once, with the quickness of a good heart, how vain would be all common modes of solace for the anguish of the bereaved one. He was well read in life's sad lore, and to read the pages of many a book of grief, had been his duty often in the past; for the priest's existence had not been dreamed away in cloistered idleness. His experience, gleaned in many lands and among various sects and qualities of men, was narrowed by no arbitrary application, and his charity, expanded by his acquaintance with suffering and endurance, was something more than a mere mantle of conventionalism; it entered into and radiated from his every act and word, so that unconsciously he won the trust of others, and he administered consolation because he had first awakened interest.

It was therefore with rare delicacy that the good man approached the stricken maiden, to tender her the spontaneous sympathy of his soul. Whilst Dusenbury turned aside with the chief official, to answer some interrogatory which the functionary addressed to him, the padre softly laid his hand upon the bowed head of the young girl, and said gently: "Daughter, I sorrow with thee."

The tone of the priest's voice and the gentle pressure of his hand aroused the maiden from the apparent stupor into which she had fallen. Her own hands dropped slowly from before her eyes, and she lifted her glance to the speaker's face, with an expression of such mingled fear and anguish that it penetrated at once to the priest's heart. But his own look, so mild yet earnest, so full of love and pity, yet withal with such an influence of strength irradiating from it, seemed to arrest the current of the mourner's reflections. She gazed a moment upon the stranger's features, her troubled countenance revealing naught but perplexed and wondering emotion, her eyes tearless, as if the fountains of their grief had been wept to desert dryness, and then, with an inexpressibly touching movement, shook her head in silence, as if in utter abandonment of every hope of consolation.

"Nay, my child—my poor child, I would not see despair in one so young. I know the sorrow which oppresseth thee is stern and difficult to bear. But it is not amid flowers alone that the path of life conducts to heaven. Behold! through chastening trial cometh sweetest mercy, and He who tempers the wind to the lamb that hath been shorn, will tenderly look down on thee, my stricken one."

The padre took the maiden's hand within his own, as he uttered these hopeful words, in a voice whose earnest melody penetrated to her heart. His gaze, still calm but lofty in the high confidence which beamed from its clear depths, began to exercise an influence of kindly power. It was the magnetism of a soul pure and good, calling to its aid the faith and love which are from Heaven, and must sway all natures in which heavenly instincts dwell. Insensibly, the harsh grief which had well nigh crazed the young girl's brow, appeared to yield before the soothing gentleness of the padre's voice and look. Her eyes, fixed and arid before, soon grew more natural in their melancholy; a moisture trembled on their silken lashes, a dewy softness suffused their orbits, and then, as the good priest tenderly drew her fragile form towards him, she sobbed, and breaking into sudden tears, reposed her drooping head upon his bosom.

O, blessed tears! what heart would break not, were their precious flow denied? What nature, steeled though haply it may be against all chances of the world's hard field, what self-reliant spirit, proudly mailed in triple panoply of harsh resolve, what soul encased in custom's adamant, but yet will own the healing charm of tears? They are the medicine of desperate grief—they quicken better moods in baser hearts, and melt the rough, unkindly will. But to the good they are like angel-food, that beautifies and strengthens while it fills—the balm of sorrow, that with healing charm overflows the heart and waters in its mould new germs of living hope.

Such tears, such blessed tears, now softened the sister's heart, raining upon the bitter memory of her brother's death, and cleansing it of that blood-stained horror which had well-nigh driven her mad.

In the meantime, Dusenbury, after satisfactorily replying to all the questions which the Mexican police thought proper to inflict upon his good-nature, received a permit from these worthy officials, authorizing him, as a countryman of the deceased, to take charge of the preparations which might be necessary, both for his funeral and for the protection of such property as he might have possessed. In obtaining this liberty, the Yankee owed much to a paper which he exhibited, signed by the president of the Republic, vouching for his respectability, and for his excellency's confidence in him, as one who had rendered good service to the commonwealth. Though the sight of this document occasioned some expression of wonderment on the part of the Mexican functionaries, inasmuch as our friend Dusenbury's grotesque and careless appearance did not tally well with the character or services which were indicated in its contents, yet, as there was no disputing the authenticity of the paper, the Yankee was elevated at once in the eyes of his examiners as a personage of no common pretensions—perhaps some grandee of the neighboring republic, on an incognito mission to General Herrara. Consequently, it was with great show of courtesy and respect, that Jake Dusenbury was invested with full authority to bury his countryman, and the Mexicans, in taking their leave, invoked a thousand saints to aid the "noble American" in his disinterested service to the dead.

The Yankee, relieved from the presence of the police, and remarking with gratification the soothing influence which his friend the padre had exerted upon the mourning sister, who reposed, still softly weeping, on his breast, turned his attention at once to the steps requisite in order to perform the last duties to poor Glinton's remains. Quietly beckoning to the two servants, he led the way into the inner room.

The suicide's body lay where it had been deposited on the previous night. A mantle concealed all but the bloodless features, which were also hidden by a white cambric handkerchief, bound around the forehead. A dark stain was visible upon this handkerchief, but on one corner might be perceived, inwrought with figures of lace, evidently the work of some graceful female hand, a small scrolled shield, in which were embroidered the same words that Dusenbury had read upon the locket of Glinton—"To my brother. N. O., 1845." Alas that the gift of sisterly affection should now be devoted to so sad a use!

Upon the heart of the corpse was a small wooden crucifix which some pious enthusiast among the Mexican police had there laid, perhaps in the hope that it might be beneficial to the soul which had been evoked so suddenly to its account. Dusenbury remarked the emblem, but he did not remove it, nor smile at the superstition which had caused it to be placed there; Protestant by education as he was, our American could respect the sincerity of another's faith, though he might not himself subscribe to its dogmas. He prepared to make the necessary dispositions for interment, giving directions to the two servants, who appeared to recognize in him a friend on whom they might rely, and in a brief space, the poor victim to a ruinous passion was arrayed in the habiliments of the grave, and stretched upon the last couch which he should press above the green sod that must, sooner or later, be the couch of all.

CHAPTER VII.

DON TADEO'S REVELATION.

The solemn moments lingered, yet passed quickly enough, for they brought nearer and yet nearer the dissolution of the good Don Tadeo. Alonzo still knelt beside the couch of the dying man, his unnerved will vainly endeavoring to stifle the expression of that grief which was yet no unworthy manifestation, for it sprung from the deep and abiding affection which he entertained toward his noble uncle.

Don Tadeo had remained silent for some moments, his lips moving in quiet prayer, and his eyes glowing with sublime confidence in the mercy of that Being in whose presence he was soon to enter. At length, however, as if a sudden resolution had been forced to his mind, the uncle spoke in a low voice to his nephew.

"Dear Alonzo, before I depart, I have a brief history to relate, which has ever till now been locked within my own bosom. The tomb closes all earthly memories, and I thought to have borne to my grave the reminiscences of sorrow and disappointment which made my youth a desert till Heaven vouchsafed a boon and blessing in giving to me my Alonzo. But now I feel a strange desire in my heart, urging me to recall the story of my youth, and perhaps, in its recital, you, my boy, may at once learn all that your uncle has ever concealed from you, and gather from the story some knowledge of the strange world on which you are about to enter. Listen!—but first, dear Alonzo, reach to me yonder ebony casket."

The young man arose from his kneeling posture, and proceed-

ing to the bookcase opposite the bed, brought from one of its shelves a small box of ebony, curiously carved and ornamented, which he knew had ever been much prized by his guardian as a memorial of his younger years. Don Tadeo unlocked the casket with trembling fingers, and then, after covering his face for a moment, and pressing his forehead as if to revive his recollections of the past, clasped the hand of his young relative within his own, and began his narration.

"My Alonzo, when youth weaves for itself a golden future, in which all excellence of enjoyment seems to be natural and possible, there is ever one blessing shining with purest halo and inviting the holiest anticipations. That blessing is the union, sweet and enduring, of a heart which dreams to a kindred heart—its counterpart, its sun, its other self. To such a loving union my heart looked anxiously forward—in the realization of every dream of earthly bliss, *one* form, one *soul* was ever present to my hoping vision. Around this beautiful *ideal*—for at first it was but an ideal—I twined all the highest attributes of virtue, intellect and affection. In the possession of such a being I centered all my life's desires, and what enthusiastic purposes, what glorious schemes, entered into my kaleidoscope of the life which I was to share with this, my ideal bride, may only be appreciated by one who, loving as I afterwards grew to love, can fancy the intensity with which I thought and hoped. And at length, Alonzo, I encountered the reality of my visioned love—at last, while yet my heart throbbed with all the ardor of early youth, I met the being of my pictured hope. And she was the bride of another.

"Alonzo, you behold tears in these aged eyes—you feel my heart wildly beating even with its failing pulses. Judge then, Alonzo, what must have been the strength, the devotion of that passion, which, through all the lapse of years, still clings to this frail heart—judge how I loved, who, never having possessed, has still unceasingly adored the object of my boyhood's first affection. She was another's, and I learned that she was unhappy. I know not how it chanced that fate so often threw us in each other's society—a fate which, as if in mockery of my love, that grew daily more intense, revealed each day new virtues, brighter charms, in her I never might possess. I learned that she was unhappy—that she was that too common sacrifice to pride and mistaken interest—a bride betrothed from childhood. Her husband, older than she by some score of years, was not a man to win or keep the love of a woman like her he had espoused. Proud, passionate, cunning and unscrupulous, he had passed a youth in wild dissipation, indulging his lawless passions to their full extremity, and even in the possession of the beautiful being he had literally bought, for his wealth was enormous, of her unfeeling parents, he refrained not wholly from the excesses which had marked his previous life.

"Maria had been betrothed to this man in infancy, and whilst all his selfish and ignoble passions were strengthening into habit by his evil course of life, her gentle being, passed in a religious seminary, had been familiar only with quiet lessons and pure associations. Her parents were of an ancient but reduced family, and doubtless the expectation of restoring the shattered grandeur of their house had entered largely into their calculation in the matter of betrothing their only child to the even then dissipated son of a wealthy friend of the family. Whatever might have been the motive, however, betrothed Maria was, and hardly had she stepped from the school which had secluded her childhood, over the threshold of her father's dwelling, when she was transferred at once to the home of another—a man from whose companionship she shrunk with all the instincts of her virtuous and sensitive nature.

"The facts I learned at intervals and by degrees; not, at first, from Maria's own lips, though afterwards her heart was opened to me with all the confiding sincerity of a sister; but by observation and the remarks of others, who little suspected my absorbing interest in the theme. At my first meeting with the lovely but unhappy lady she had been married but a year, and an infant clung to her gentle bosom. Why it was that I knew at the first glance, that this wife of another was in truth the being of my secret and passionate painting, the realization of my youth's dreaming, I cannot tell, but such assurance I felt, my Alonzo, and its strength grew as I gazed, till my brain whirled with a thousand delirious thoughts. How I brought under control the passion which immediately took possession of me, how I afterwards refrained from declaring it to Maria, when I became a constant visitor at her husband's house, and daily in her company—how I concealed, as a miser does his gold, all manifestation of the flame which was consuming my heart, He alone knows who o'erlooks all spirit, and who in mercy chastened that he might subdue my heart.

"But such a struggle could not last. I fell dangerously sick, and for months my life was despaired of. In the ravings of delirium, the form of my beloved was evermore present, and when at length a strong bodily frame resisted the disease which had overthrown it, and I awoke once more to reason and the hope of life, my first collected thoughts were clustered round the memory of her who was not, never could be, mine. Her name was the first word that trembled on my lips, and then I learned the destiny of my life—to live in loneliness."

Don Tadeo paused in his recital, overcome for the moment with the poignancy of his recollections. Alonzo gazed upon his face with a look which told the old man how deeply his young nephew was affected by the mournful story. Indeed, the picture which his uncle had presented, of a bright ideal shrined in his youthful heart, had penetrated Alonzo with the truest sympathy; for indeed, had he not himself thus portrayed in his silent dreams, the vision of a being to be his in blessed union at some future period of life? Ah! when did not youth paint thus its glowing hopes? Who has not dreamed of a radiant ideal bride?

"Maria," resumed Don Tadeo, mastering his emotion, though his voice, as he proceeded, grew more and more feeble, "Maria was to me and to her husband lost forever. In the few months during which I lay balanced between life and death, a fearful drama had taken place—a sad but fitting finale to a selfish betrothment and loveless marriage. My adored Maria had fled from her husband, as rumor said, with one of his reckless companions—left her home, her child, and threw herself, weak and inexperienced as she was, upon that great unknown world, of which she had merely passed the threshold. The villain who was suspected to have enticed the young wife away, was a young libertine, of fortune equal to that of Maria's husband, and of a character much like his. This man, soon after the flight of my poor beloved, had returned to his old haunts, and, when called to account by the husband, swore that he knew nothing of Maria, and that he was not responsible for the step she had taken. His statement was disbelieved, as many circumstances conspired to fix upon him a direct agency in the elopement, and his character, moreover, was known to be so bad, that he was even suspected of having added the crime of murder to seduction, and buried all proof of his wickedness by the death of his hapless victim. Maria's husband challenged him at once, dangerously wounded and left him apparently dead upon the field. The authorities examined into the case, but no proof was elicited in support of the popular suspicions, and the libertine, recovering from his almost fatal wound, soon after left the capital."

Again Don Tadeo paused and covered his face with his hands. Alonzo, though deeply interested in the recital, implored his uncle to cease, and no longer bring to memory events which were so harrowing to his soul. But the aged man shook his head and proceeded with the story.

"When I recovered so far from the severe malady that had prostrated me, as to be able to go forth, I learned that another act in the wretched tragedy had taken place—Maria's husband, tormented with chagrin at the flight of his wife, and perhaps conscious that his own unworthiness of character had induced the rash step she had taken, gave himself up from the period of his duel to a career of reckless dissipation, which speedily destroyed his health and brought him to the gates of death. At the time I became acquainted with these details, he was prostrated and raving under the horrors of *mania a potu*. He never recovered."

Don Tadeo ceased his sad relation, and lifting the cover of the little cabinet, which had remained on the couch beside him, took from it a small golden locket, the spring of which he pressed, and disclosed the miniature portrait of a beautiful lady.

"This is her likeness," murmured Don Tadeo, "and this, my Alonzo, I give into your keeping as the most sacred memento of your poor uncle, who, loving its dear original through his lonely life, welcomes the approach of death, in the sweet hope of being united with the angelic spirit of his Maria, in that blessed land where we shall 'see no longer through a glass darkly, but face to face.'"

With these words Don Tadeo pressed the portrait fervently to his lips, while bright tears rose to his eyes and rolled slowly down his aged cheeks. Then after replacing the locket in the casket with his own trembling hand, he fell gently back upon the pillow; and with a sigh so low that it seemed but a gentle inspiration of the air, the spirit of the good man passed from its earthly home forever.

Alonzo, reverently taking up the casket, waited a moment in expectation of hearing his uncle's voice again, and it was not till some moments had elapsed that the youth became aware of the dread change which had taken place. So calm and quiet had been the transition, doubtless Don Tadeo was clasping the hand of his immortal spirit-love ere yet his mortal friend had ceased to muse upon his dying words, so full of tenderest hope.

CHAPTER VIII.

FALCONE'S FRIEND.

"GABRIEL FALCONE, we must confide in each other."

These words were addressed by the stranger whom we have noticed as watching for and encountering the reckless gamester in his egress from the gaming-house, and subsequently conducting him to his own dwelling, after the dreadful scene of suicide which had so powerfully affected young Falcone. A night's slumber had operated to restore in a great degree the usual appearance of the latter, but his mind remained still strangely excited. His first words, on recognizing at his bedside in the morning, the acquaintance whom he had made so unpremeditatedly upon his own part, were to advert to the fearful act they had witnessed, and it was in response to his agitated remarks that his singular companion uttered the sentence which begins our chapter.

"Gabriel Falcone! you would know who I am," continued the host, perceiving that the young man's memory still dwelt upon the last night's incidents. "Your father knew me well."

"What know you of my father?" cried Falcone, abruptly, as he turned his bloodshot eyes upon the stranger at his bedside.

"What the world knows, partly," replied the man, in a quiet tone, "that he trusted too much to a woman and was fooled, as he deserved to be."

"By what right do you thus speak of my mother?"

"Oho! do you defend the lovely sinner?" sneered the host. "She was indeed a mother who could desert her infant, and fly with a stranger from her husband's house! Gabriel, you are more forgiving than was your sire."

"But who are you who thus dare to speak of my unhappy mother! And for what object have you recalled her memory?"

"I have said, Gabriel Falcone, that we must confide in each other. Listen then, to what I have to say. But first, if you please, look at this scar."

Speaking thus, the host unloosed the girdle of a robe-de-chambre which he wore, and baring his side disclosed an oval scar, evidently the mark left by the wound of a bullet.

"You mark this token of a skilful marksman. You may be proud of it, for it was your father, Gabriel Falcone, who did me the honor of putting his shot within a hand's breadth of my heart."

"You are then—"

"I am that poor devil of a friend who had the luck to incur the jealousy of your good father, for no reason at all save that I was good-looking and your mother a woman of taste. In fine, I am Don Ricardo Ramos, of whom you have doubtless heard, and who is very much at your service."

The flippant manner in which the speaker delivered this sentence did not conceal a certain bitterness of tone that impressed his listener with a sudden disquietude. The young gamester's course of reckless improvidence and dissipation which had resulted in his last night's desperate attempt to rob the man with whom he now conversed, had not entirely blunted his sensibilities, and the stranger's sinister allusions to his family affairs aroused a feeling of anger which at once found vent in his rejoinder.

"I have heard of you, Don Ricardo Ramos," he exclaimed, "as a villain of the deepest dye—a wretch whom—"

The young man paused, as if in want of language to employ in painting the character which report had given the strange, dark man who now stood, calm and smiling, at his bedside.

"Go on, Gabriel! Proceed, my excellent young friend!" said Don Ricardo Ramos. "By my patron saint, whoever that holy personage may be, I would not like to spoil so brave an eulogy."

Falcone turned abruptly to the head of the couch on which he lay, and hastily seizing his coat which hung near it, tore from its pocket the purse which he had the night before received from Don Ricardo and threw it angrily at its donor's feet.

"There," he cried fiercely, "there is the gold which I had better have wrested a prize from your dead body, than received, a gift from your living hand."

"Very well done, Gabriel Falcone," remarked the host, in the same, unmoved voice and manner that had before marked his address. "I see that among your other accomplishments you have acquired a truly dramatic mode of expressing your sentiments. Allow me to admire you, Gabriel Falcone."

"It becomes the devil to sneer," muttered Falcone.

"Nay, nay," cried Don Ricardo, suddenly changing his manner, and speaking in a tone of apparent feeling. "We must be friends with each other, and I was very wrong to speak as I did. Now hear me while I declare to you, on my life and soul, that in the wrong done your father, I was guiltless. In this body, now," continued the man, with a sudden contraction of his brow, "I carry about the bullet which he lodged in my breast, and I may be pardoned if the presence of such a reminder of the injustice done to me has made my language somewhat rough. I never won the favor of your mother, but on the contrary her dislike; and when she eloped with another to a foreign land, her flight was as much a mystery to me, as to her husband. This I swear to you, Gabriel Falcone,"

Don Ricardo paused and watched the effect of his address upon the young man, who, weak from his late excitement, had fallen back upon the pillow of his couch. Receiving no answer, he proceeded:

"I now have offered you my friendship in consideration of that which I once bore to your father. Though he wronged me, yet he was deceived. And, in truth, what was the injustice which he did to me, compared to that which he inflicted upon your innocent head?"

"What mean you by that?" exclaimed Falcone, hurriedly.

"Simply, that, whereas you should have inherited the entire wealth of your father, his unjust suspicions of your legitimacy made him transfer the greater portion of his possessions to the younger branch of his family. While your uncle and his kin have enjoyed the revenues of the Falcone estates, you have been allowed to squander your inferior portion, until now you stand stripped of all—a genteel lepero of Mexico."

Falcone struck his forehead with his clenched hand and muttered savagely:

"By the fiend, that is too true. But how know you that my father thus denied me my rights? I have ever thought that the estates which my uncle's family possess were inherited from a distant relative of our house."

"It was as well, perhaps, that you should think so, since the will was sufficient by which you were cut off with a few thousands of all your fortune left. 'Twould have been vainly disputed, had you known the facts."

"By heaven, I would have torn his ill-gotten wealth from that gray-beard uncle of mine, if my life were to be the forfeit."

"You could not have done so," returned the other, calmly. "Answer me—how many days is it since you went to that same gray-beard uncle, to implore a simple and not enormous loan, and were most cavalierly refused, though the good Don Manuel did not know the money you asked was to be staked at the gaming-table?"

"Are you the devil, that you know all my movements?"

"The devil certainly ought to know all that interests him, good Gabriel, but I have no claims to satanic omniscience, and must refer my acquaintance with your affairs to its natural cause—my old friendship for your father, and a wish to serve yourself."

Again the man's brow contracted, and his lips writhed as these words escaped them. But Falcone did not notice the expression, or he might not have reached out his hand, as he did, saying:

"Pardon me, Don Ricardo—I have done you wrong in my anger. If you are disposed to serve me, I neither desire, nor can afford to reject your friendship. There is my hand again."

"And now, as we *are* friends," said Don Ricardo, "I *would* serve you. But first, let us, as I said, confide in each other. Tell me, Gabriel, why the death of that gambler last night so strangely affected you. Did you know him?"

"Know him?" echoed the young man, with a sudden tremor evident in his voice. "Yes—he was a sort of boon companion—that is all."

"A spendthrift, doubtless, and gamester; fair representative of Mexican youth."

"He was no Mexican," rejoined Falcone.

"What! a European?"

"No—an American from New Orleans. Doubtless his name is now well known to all the city—Charles Glinton."

"Glinton!" exclaimed Don Ricardo, with a start.

"Ay—Glinton! Did *you* know him, that his name agitates *you?*"

"Doubtless I have met him or his kindred in my wandering life. The name, it is true, awakened vivid reminiscences, which yet may have no connection with this youth. Was he a stranger here?"

"He resided here a few months, and—"

"Well—why do you stop?"

"What do *I* know of the wretched suicide?" cried Falcone, in a fierce tone, as if he would shake off a fearful recollection. "How many ruined fools have preceded him in the same course and end? It may be *my* fate yet," continued the young man, gloomily

"Well, despair not yet, Gabriel," said Don Ricardo. "I saved you from one crime last night, and perhaps can put you in a way to repair your shattered fortunes. For the present, I request that you will remain quiet in this apartment, for you are yet weak and require rest. On the table yonder is a bell, by which you may summon your attendant. By eve, I trust to find you much restored, and till then will leave you to yourself."

With these words, Don Ricardo Ramos stooped to the carpet and lifting the purse of money which Falcone had thrown at his feet, deposited it, without further remark, upon a small table near the bedside. Then, with a parting salutation, he retired from the room.

Falcone listened to the departing footsteps of his host with an expression of mingled distrust and satisfaction, apparent in his handsome, though dissipated countenance. He raised himself slightly upon his pillow, and gazing scrutinizingly around the apartment, seemed desirous of familiarizing his glance with every object visible. Grim, old-fashioned, wainscotted and grotesquely carved, the walls and doors of this apartment appeared to shadow forth the sinister character of their master, Don Ricardo. A bookcase of black, polished wood stood in one corner, an escritoire of the same fabric stood in another nook, and the heavy-armed chairs, a massy couch, half covered by the thick window drapery above it, and the bedstead on which the guest lay, that seemed a relic of the Spanish invasion, all bore token, not more of an antique taste than of a sombre disposition in him who possessed and preserved them.

Falcone noticed everything in a brief glance, and then, smiling bitterly, muttered, as he fell back upon his pillow:

"This man was my father's friend and enemy, so all report has vouched. Whether his friendship for me be worth my preserving, is to be seen. At present, I will profit by his advances, for, by the fiend, I have no other resource,"—the gamester's eye fell upon the purse which Don Ricardo had placed upon the table near him—"truly, it was a silly freak of passion that prompted me to dash his gold at the man's feet. I must be more cautious in the future, for such purses grow not on every bush in Mexico. And—now," continued Falcone, while his eye glowed with an expression of cunning resolve, "now that Glinton's death has beggared his lovely sister, it may be that Gabriel Falcone will not be so unwelcome to the maiden—provided that his purse be full. This Don Ricardo shall assist me *there*, at least."

So saying, the young man, brooding over the means of furthering his schemes of villany, snatched the purse from the table, and placed it once more in the garment from which he had taken it. Then, apparently exhausted, he closed his eyes as if to sleep.

CHAPTER IX.

THE DOUBLE FUNERAL.

The sun was descending upon the islands and lagunes of Mexico's incomparable valley—bathing the quadrangular city itself in a flood of yellow light, beneath which the lofty churches, the turreted convents, and splendid private mansions glittered like a fairy panorama. On the beautiful Lake Tezcuco, skimming amid the still attractive remnants of its once magnificent floating gardens, the light boats of pleasure-seekers darted to and fro, and the souls of romance-lovers, won by the beauty of the approaching evening, dispersed themselves at various points, enjoying the cool mountain breeze that floated mysteriously from the *terra incognita* of the north.

Wherever beauty reigns, it is tempered, perchance sanctified, by sorrow, and so, upon the quiet loveliness of the Mexican evening, when the perfume of a thousand flowers imparted a delicious aroma through all the air, and when the flute-like warbling of a hundred golden-plumaged birds united in a dreamy strain of music, till the atmosphere seemed loaded with its mingled wealth of harmony and fragrance, it was no wonder that a shadow intervened between the setting sun and those whose hearts were fitted to enjoy its brightness.

A funeral cortege emerged from the city, near the national bridge, and slowly took its way towards a quiet burial place, where thick-embowered groves, garlanded with vines, and emerald openings, tessellated with flowers, marked the chosen spot of all for nature to receive her wearied children in the bosom of their mother earth. Slowly and solemnly over the highway and through a shaded road diverging from the lake, and up a gentle rise of verdure-covered hills, the funeral procession proceeded. It was not a large one. Scarcely a dozen persons composed the followers of the simple bier; but there were flowers upon the dark pall, and tears of heartfelt grief had watered them.

Behind the funeral carriage, a small caleche was driven by an aged negro. In it were a young girl clad in plain but deep sable, and a man, who, by his garb, appeared to be a priest. Another vehicle followed, in which were seated two other persons, male and female. Under either vehicle, alternately, walked a large dog of the Newfoundland breed. He followed the body of his master. This funeral cortege was that which conveyed the body of Charles Glinton the suicide to his last home, and the mourners, few but real ones, were his young sister and her two servants, the faithful Yankee—Dusenbury, and the good clergyman, Padre Herrata.

Slowly, until they reached the gate of the quiet burial place, the procession passed along. No word was spoken, but the priest held the trembling hand of the young sister within his own, and the maiden felt that the sympathy of a strong and tender nature was sustaining her spirit in its hour of trial.

At the entrance of the graveyard, another hearse, followed by a single carriage, with but two persons in it, joined the cortege of the suicide, and together, for some time, the trains proceeded to their destination. Two open graves, nearly side by side, were to receive the bodies of two, who in life had been strangers, but were here to be united, to sleep quietly in the same earth till the time when the "corruptible shall put on incorruption." Padre Herrata, as the stranger hearse passed opposite to that which bore the remains of Glinton, recognized in one of the occupants of the solitary carriage which followed it, a clergyman known to him as a most esteemed and worthy brother of his order. He addressed him with the customary salutation, at the same time pronouncing his name, Fray Pedro, and was responded to by a hearty "peace be with you." At the same instant the eyes of the other person in the carriage, a young man of perhaps twenty years, who was clad in simple black, were raised slowly, and their gaze fell upon the face of the maiden who sat by the side of the priest Herrata.

At once a singular change was noticeable in the countenance of this young man. His cheeks, before pale as marble, became flushed with apparent excitement, his lips trembled, his eyes dilated. Padre Herrata noticed his agitation, and looked inquiringly toward Fray Pedro. The latter, however, was descending from the carriage, and did not catch the glance of his brother priest, but, so soon as he had alighted, took his station near the hearse, from which the undertaker and an assistant were now engaged in lifting the coffin. The same sad portion of the funeral duties was taking place at the other hearse. Hannibal, the negro, lifting one end of the coffin which enclosed the form that he had often supported in its childish days, in their happy American home, assisted the solemn-looking hearse driver to bear it to the narrow grave, while Lucille, the mulatto girl, and the Yankee, Dusenbury, stood silently by. Padre Herrata sustained the shrinking frame of the sister, with whom he had left the carriage, and thus the rites of burial proceeded, and two mortal bodies were consigned to their neighboring graves, while the mellow sunbeams slanted through the thick-leaved grove, and the birds sang thrillingly a requiem for the dead.

Nor were the warbling inhabitants of that graveyard the only choristers at the strangers' graves. Full and tenderly arose from the lips of the two priests that impressive chant for the dead which their church ritual enjoins particularly to be sung on the occasion of interring strangers. Up through the leafy arches of that glorious cathedral of nature, swelling and rolling amid the woody aisles, and sinking gently among the flowers and vines, the sad but beautiful melody of that funeral chant dispersed itself upon the quiet evening air. And, while tree and sward and grove were flooded with the golden sea of light that filled the western skies, and while the song of birds and requiem of priests arose together unto Heaven's throne, the mourners for the dead knelt down together—the young and old, the bond and free, and murmured their responses to the solemn music of the funeral hymn.

The graves were near each other—the buriers worked side by side as they cast the sods upon the coffins. Was it strange that, as the priests sang together, the two chief mourners for their respective dead should draw near unto one another? Was it strange, as the sister of Glinton, with eyes closed and heart communing with her departed brother's memory, knelt beside his grave, that she should feel her hand pressed by another hand, and hear low sighs mingling with her own? She thought it was Padre Herrata who was near her, but in truth it was the young mourner who had followed the other hearse. His eyes were filled with tears, his breast heaved and sunk tumultuously, and uttering a low moan, he clasped the maiden's hand within his own, and raised it to his trembling lips.

At this moment the chant of the priests ceased, the last sod fell upon the graves, and the Padre Herrata, drawing near the young man, just as the wondering eyes of Glinton's sister opened upon her stranger companion, said, in a low voice:

"My children—do ye know one another?"

"O, indeed, indeed, it must be she!" was the hurried exclamation of the young man, as he hastily thrust his hand into his breast and drew forth a small locket. Then opening its case, while the tearful eyes of Glinton's sister were fixed upon his face with a look, half of terror, half of interest, he disclosed the portrait of a young girl, which, in every lineament seemed the "counterfeit presentment" of the maiden by his side. "'Tis she—it must be she!" he murmured wildly.

"What means this, brother?" asked Padre Herrata, turning to his fellow priest. "Who is this youth, and what would he with this mourning maiden?"

Fray Pedro glanced for a moment at the picture which the young man held, and a sudden light broke over his features.

"I see—I see it all!" he cried. "Alonzo—speak! Did not this picture belong to your uncle—the good Don Tadeo, who now lies at our feet?"

"Reverend father, it did. 'Twas the last gift that I received from my uncle's hands. It was the portrait of one whom—"

"I know it all, my son," rejoined the priest, "I was your uncle's confessor—his only confidant, save it might be yourself. That picture is the likeness of one whom Don Tadeo passionately loved in his youth, and who died in a foreign land. You, brother Herrata, well know the sad story, though many years have passed since the unhappy Donna Maria Minas—"

"Donna Maria Minas!" interrupted the young girl, with a sudden start, as she heard the words pronounced. "It was my mother's name."

"None may doubt that, who look upon this portrait of Donna Maria and then upon your face, my daughter," responded Fray Pedro. "Doubtless the hand of Heaven is in this meeting. Mark! this picture, long preserved as the dearest treasure of his existence, by one who cherished your mother's memory to the forgetfulness of all the world—"

"Save only me," cried Alonzo. "My generous uncle was ever to me all that a father could be."

"He was a just man," said the priest, solemnly, "and his reward is not to be doubted. O, Padre Herrata—"

This last exclamation was occasioned by the sudden discovery made by the good priest that the young maiden beside them had fallen into a state of insensibility. She still knelt upon the sward and clasped the portrait of Donna Maria in her hands, her eyes fixed upon it with an intense earnestness. But no rays of intelligence fell from them—they were fixed but expressionless. The unhappy child, overcome by conflicting emotions, had swooned as she gazed, and now, as the two clergymen looked toward her, they beheld that two ready assistants were supporting her sinking form—on one side was the Yankee, Dusenbury, and on the other, the youth Alonzo.

"Dead—dead! O, no—she is not dead!" cried the latter, his countenance growing ghastly with apprehension.

"Let the gal hev air, or she will be," rejoined the Yankee, with his prompt understanding and quickness of action. "Gently there—she's only a faintin', and poor innocent—she's had a heap o' trouble enough for one weak critter. Jes' stan' aside and she'll be all right again in a minute."

Saying this, the stalwart Dusenbury with his right arm brushed every one aside, and lifting the maiden's slight figure in his left, as a mother would her babe, carried her in a moment from the grave to a small marble basin at a short distance, where the dripping of a cool fountain was making music in unison with the song of birds.

Alonzo followed closely the Yankee's steps, whilst the two servants, Hannibal and Lucille, seized with dread that some new misfortune threatened their unhappy young mistress, gave way at once to violent grief, moaning and clasping their hands together, and calling upon their mistress to revive.

"O, Missy Teresa," cried Hannibal, passionately, sobs almost stifling his words, "don't-a go way from us—don't-a die, like Massa Charley—dat's a darlin' missy—don't-a die!"

And Lucille, running back and forth like one distracted, echoed the negro's plaints in her own half-broken exclamations:

"*O, ceil! ma chere maitresse!* O, what shall we do ourselves? *Marie! reine du ceil—priez pour nous.* Save my sweet mistress—*ma mignonette*—my dear Mademoiselle Teresa, and let *pauvre* Lucille die once, three times—one dozen times."

"My good child, trust in God. He will not desert your mistress in this hour of trial," said Padre Herrata, striving to check the mulatto's vehement grief. "Look! even now the maiden revives! Yes! her eyes unclose to the light."

"*Ah! mon Dieu!* I am so glad!" cried the girl, a torrent of tears gushing from her eyes, while Hannibal uttered a loud cry of joy.

Mademoiselle Teresa had indeed opened her eyes, once more restored to animation by the cool water with which Dusenbury had bathed her temples and sprinkled her pale face. But no consciousness appeared in the dim look which she cast around. It was evident she did not recognize any one.

"I'm mortal 'feared the poor gal has taken it too hard," whispered the Yankee to Padre Herrata. "Her strength was e'enmost gone when she got here, and this ere new business has overset her mind completely. Poor little critter—she's as tender as a hummin' bird, an' no mistake."

Uttering these words, Dusenbury ceased not to bathe the maiden's head with the cool fountain water; and Lucille, kneeling beside, chafed her hands and wrists, calling upon her mistress with the most endearing names. At length the numbness which had terrified all so much, began to disappear from the young girl's frame, and a slight flush revisited her pallid cheeks.

Recovering in some degree, she was taken to the carriage, and they returned to the city. Dusenbury, Alonzo and Fray Pedro followed in another carriage; on the way Dusenbury recounted the story of Glinton's death. Alonzo listened with deep interest. Destiny had brought before him on the occasion of his uncle's funera the daughter of her who was last in his living thoughts.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE OLD HOMESTEAD.

BY MRS. SARAH E. DAWES.

I've crossed the threshold once again,
With thoughts of mingled joy and pain;
Unchanged it stands, an ancient pile,
But O I miss the well-known smile
Of the aged form, who, still and cold,
Is sleeping in the churchyard old.

The same green carpet covers o'er
The yard before the old front door;
And there's the grove across the way,
The scene of many a merry play,
When we from city homes would come,
To visit grandpa's pleasant home.

The frog-pond still is smiling there,
Close beside the garden fair;
How oft within its depths we've caught
Some careless frog when fish we've sought.
'Tis just the same, save, white as snow,
Lilies now on its bosom grow.

And there's the barn with its wealth of hay,
And the pasture near where the cattle stray;
And there's the rock o'ergrown with moss,
And the babbling brook I used to cross;
And just beyond is the woodland shade,
Where oft in childhood's hours I've strayed.

'Tis joy each dear old scene to view,
Though many have gone who loved them too;
Some dwell in distant homes away,
And some in yonder churchyard lay;
While I have come once more to roam
Around the old ancestral home.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE MAJOR'S STORY.

FROM THE LIFE OF A SOLDIER OF THE EMPIRE.

BY FREDERICK WARD SAUNDERS.

"Go, my child," said my uncle Pierre, to me; "shoulder thy musket like a true Frenchman and soldier. It is surely but just that those who cannot give money should give themselves to their country. Go, therefore, my child; serve the emperor; remember thy prayers; kill as many of the enemy as possible, and may Heaven prosper thee." With this pious ejaculation, my worthy uncle placed a five franc piece in my hand, pushed me into the street and closed the door.

My uncle Pierre, with whom I had lived from a time to which my memory runneth not back, was my mother's only brother; for many years he had occupied the same house from which he, with so much feeling and eloquence, had expelled me. His profession was that of a fancy baker and confectioner, and report intimated that he baked to some purpose, as he had been enabled thereby to accumulate quite a snug little fortune. Be that as it may, he destined none of his savings for my benefit, as was evident from the grudging manner with which he parted with the five francs.

I had come under my uncle's protection at the somewhat immature age of five days. My father—whom my mother had married against the will of her friends—was, by all accounts, a harum scarum, rattle-brained scamp, who busied himself more with the politics of the barricades than with the support of his family—a course of action which eventually brought him into collision with the government, and resulted, after a brief interview with several eminent legal gentlemen, in his being suddenly deprived of his head.

My mother, poor woman, was not noisy in her grief, but took it more to heart, and five days subsequently, after commending me to the care and protection of a kind Providence and her brother Pierre, she closed her eyes upon a troublesome world, and—I was going to say, followed her husband, but upon second thought I am inclined to think the contrary—took the, at that time, little travelled path from Paris to heaven.

My uncle Pierre, like a dutiful brother as he was, and a good Christian as he called himself, took me to his own house, and placed me in charge of his excellent wife, who found the care of an infant so excessively pleasant as to induce her, shortly afterwards, to present her husband with a daughter of his own, and having fulfilled her mission, she too passed to that other country. Thus, amid a general stampede of my relatives, was I introduced into the world, and to Paris life.

My cousin Annette was certainly the dearest little treasure that a benignant Providence ever bestowed upon a fancy baker, and her father was fond of her, as it was possible for a somewhat tight-fisted old hunks like him to be of anything beside money. Being nearly of the same age, and both orphans, we were naturally very much together, and, until we arrived at the age of sixteen, I do not think we were separated for a day. Both were employed in the shop; she selling pies and tarts, and myself delivering them, through the medium of a little chip basket, to the customers.

Annette had grown up a beautiful girl, and was the attraction of the quarter in which we lived. I am inclined to think half the patronage my uncle enjoyed was distinctly traceable to her bright eyes and rosy cheeks. At all events, before she was sixteen, at least half a dozen very eligible persons had solicited her hand; but she always excused herself to her father, by saying she would marry no one whose rank was less than that of a general of division—an answer with which he was very well pleased, as he had rather ambitious views for her himself, and, furthermore, did not care to spare her from behind the counter.

All this time we were enjoying ourselves mightily, although we did not know it,—at least, I did not realize my happiness; as for Annette, she being much more of a woman, at her age, than I a man, I cannot speak for her; but we were very loving and very familiar, and many a sweet kiss from her ruby lips was mine, that some of her father's customers would have given a handful of golden Louis to receive with half the freedom and affection that was lavished upon me.

How long this state of things might have continued, it is hard to say; not a great while, I fancy, for we were fast getting to an age when such things are not permitted; indeed, I had already began to notice a diminution on Annette's part of the display of affection of which she had formerly been so liberal.

About this time, the emperor was preparing for the grand expedition against Russia, and in the levy for recruits in our quarter, I was drawn as a conscript. The idea that we were to be separated, first opened our eyes to the real state of our affections, and Annette and myself threw ourselves into each other's arms, weeping and sobbing in the most approved manner, vowing and protesting that we would continue to love each other from that moment to the final consummation of all things; and, as a clincher upon this, the further assurance that we would never, under any circumstances, entertain the slightest degree of affection for any other human being.

We had scarcely concluded this little scene, when my uncle entered, and upon being informed as to the state of affairs, quieted our fears by remarking that he should at once procure a substitute, as he could not spare me from the shop. He had no sooner turned his back to go to an inner room, than we again precipitated ourselves into each other's arms with mutual kisses and congratulations, in the midst of which my uncle re-entered; he said nothing, but regarding us with a peculiar look, left the shop, and we saw no more of him that day. I did not feel very comfortable, for his manner alarmed me, and Annette was sure something dreadful was about to happen. I tried my best to comfort her, but, at the sight of her tears, I could not help roaring and blubbering like a great big booby of a boy as I was. In doubt and conjecture, we passed the remainder of the day gloomily enough. Nor were our fears without foundation; for, upon closing the shop, my uncle called me into his private room, and addressed me in the words with which this history commences.

The whole extent of my misfortune forced itself upon me as I heard the door close and found myself in the dark wet street. It was raining heavily. I glanced up at the little window of Annette's room, hoping to get a glimpse of her; but all was dark. I felt friendless and deserted enough, and, as if the rain did not make it sufficiently damp, began to blubber afresh. I am convinced the tears I shed that day would have filled a moderate-sized camp kettle. However, I could not stand there snivelling all night; so, with a great deal of hesitation and reluctance, I wandered slowly toward the rendezvous. But for leaving Annette, I should have been overjoyed at the prospect of being a soldier. The constant reports and descriptions of battles and victories which followed in the train of the emperor, had inflamed the youth of France with a wonderful military ardor, and I was by no means exempt from the mania for soldiering. But my desire of remaining with her was so strong that, if the idea of entering the army occurred to me, it was only to wish that she could be a soldier also. When together, I had no doubt, we could easily conquer the world.

Arrived at the rendezvous, I sneaked in, looking, I dare say, ludicrously miserable; for I was saluted with a loud laugh from some half a dozen military gentlemen of all ranks, from a colonel to a corporal, who were seated at a long table, drinking poor wine and smoking poorer cigars. Without daring to lift my eyes, and feeling very sheepish, I seated myself in a dark out-of-the-way corner, hoping to escape any farther observation, and was soon completely absorbed in the contemplation of my sorrow. But I was not destined to be miserable, comfortably, that night, for I was speedily aroused from my revery by a staggering slap upon the shoulder, which drove every particle of breath out of my body, administered by one of the before-mentioned military gentlemen, who accosted me in an immensely loud but hearty and good-humored tone, which at once inspired me with confidence.

"Hallo, my lad! you wish to be a soldier, I take it,—volunteer, eh?"

"N-n-no, sir. I am a conscript," I gasped, as soon as my breath returned sufficiently to allow of speaking.

"A conscript!" he repeated, in surprise. "Well, you are in a deuce of a hurry; you are not required to present yourself before day after to-morrow. Conscripts are not usually so anxious to anticipate the time. I suppose, however, you are desirous of becoming one of the grand army soon as possible. Why, then, did you not volunteer?"

"So I would, sir, but for l-l-leaving An-Annette—boo—hoo—hoo!" With the remembrance of her, tears and sobs completely choked my utterance.

The officer regarded me with a look of mingled pity and amusement, and in a kindly tone, which at once won my heart, he inquired who Annette was. This was a subject upon which I could enlarge to any extent, and I poured forth a flood of eloquence that must have astonished my worthy comrades. Commencing as far back as I could remember, I gave every circumstance connected with Annette, expatiating in glowing terms upon her miraculous beauty, her angelic goodness of heart—not the least part of which was her love for me, and wound up with an account of the almost fabulous wealth she would receive from her father, whom I denounced as the most unnatural baker that ever made a tart; who would thus sacrifice the happiness of his child for money. This recital of my private history, which was given with all the artlessness of verdant youth, raised a smile upon the countenances of my auditors; and one colossal captain, with a face as hairy as a lion's, gulping down something less than a gallon of wine, declared he had been so much pleased with the narrative that he had quite fallen in love with Annette, and should make a point of calling upon my worthy friend the baker, that he might receive one of those delightful kisses from her own lips, in order to decide whether my description was too highly colored or not.

I was not particularly charmed with this speech, and angrily retorted that "she would as soon think of kissing a baboon as such a great fuzzy monster as him."

"By Jove!" returned the captain, not at all pleased with the laugh which this speech had raised against him; "what I said was partly in jest, but now I am in earnest, and I will convince you to-morrow, my young malapert, that you are not the only one who receives favors from the charming Annette."

"You will convince me of no such thing," I replied, working myself into a furious passion. "You are fitter to frighten children in a wild beast show, than to please such a dear little angel as Annette, and, furthermore, I will warn you to be more cautious in your remarks concerning her, or else—"

"What then?"

"I shall give myself the pleasure of poking a sword into that overgrown carcase of yours."

"Well done—well done, my little bantam! no fear but you'll make a soldier!" shouted the other officers, who had been excessively amused at my unexpected boldness. The captain, seeing that all were in my favor, had the good taste to recover his temper, and I suddenly found myself quite a lion, and from that time was treated with marked respect and consideration.

The officer who first accosted me, and came so near dislocating my shoulder, I discovered to be a colonel of cavalry, and, what was more to the purpose, a man of excellent heart, as the many favors, for which I afterward became indebted to him, fully proved. Upon this occasion he took considerable pains to raise my spirits, which had fallen below zero, now that my passion was over.

"Never mind a short separation, my lad," said he. "She says that she loves you—what more can any reasonable man ask? If she remains constant, it is well; if not, it is better; for then you will be well rid of a woman who is unworthy the love of a soldier. If she loves you now, will she not love you better when you return with an epaulet upon your shoulder, a general of division, perhaps, and, it may be, with a few of your arms or legs shot off in the service of your country?"

I could but answer yes; for what woman would not be better pleased with a valiant general for a lover, than a baker's apprentice? As to the wounds, I could hardly bring myself to believe but that she would like me quite as well with my full complement of legs and arms, as if I were made mince meat off. The idea of promotion, however, pleased me greatly, and with charming *naïveté* I asked:

"Do you really think I shall be made a general, and how long does it usually take to arrive at that rank?"

"Why, really, my friend," returned the colonel, with a comical smile, "I will frankly own to you that there is a possibility you may never reach that particular grade. As for the time required, look at me; I have been sixteen years in the service, and, as you perceive, am not a general yet. Let not that dishearten you, however; for I have known a general made from the ranks in two campaigns."

The next day found me one of the grand army, arrayed in enormous jack boots and spurs, a ponderous sabre swinging and jangling at my heels, a smart uniform brilliant with scarlet and gold, and a gigantic horse with a gait more like an ox than other quadruped with which I am acquainted. You can fancy the pleasure I experienced in trotting my unwieldy Bucephalus past the shop of the worthy baker, a proceeding which I repeated every half hour until we left Paris. Annette was constantly at the window to greet me with a pleasant smile. But her father took good care that we should have no opportunity for an interview; he could not, however, prevent an infinity of letters passing between us, a young friend of mine, an apprentice in the adjoining shop, acting as our Mercury.

The time at length arrived for the army to march. The regiment in which I was placed was one of cavalry, commanded by a no less person than my kind friend the colonel; the third in command being the fuzzy-faced captain, who never entirely forgave what he termed my insolence at the guard house on the first night of our acquaintance. Passing over the events of the glorious march of the grand army into Russia, the most magnificent spectacle earth ever witnessed, and also the disastrous retreat therefrom, I will relate one incident only as being at all connected with Annette. Three weeks had we continued the retreat through drifts of snow and over bodies of our fallen comrades; starvation threatening us on the one hand, and clouds of Cossacks hovering on our flank and rear, and the bitter cold literally strewing our route with frozen corpses. Upon this occasion a portion of the army, about twelve thousand in number, became separated in the battles and skirmishes, which were of almost daily occurrence, from the main body. Ney, with his command, was nearly a day's march in advance, while a still larger force followed, at about the same distance in our rear. The ground occupied by our encampment for the night bore fearful evidence of the multitudes who perished from the cold; the gray light of dawn making visible nearly two thousand little mounds of snow, each covering the body of a soldier. Gloomy and desponding, benumbed with cold and hunger, we endeavored to infuse sufficient life into our frost-bitten limbs to enable us to resume the weary march. Upon every

side, for hundreds and hundreds of miles, stretched the wintry solitude; one broad and ghastly trail covered with the corpses of men and horses, shattered and abandoned gun-carriages, tattered standards trampled into the discolored snow beside the men who bore them, marked the track Ney had followed. Our only hope of safety was in joining him, for the enemy were advancing upon us from every side. With all possible speed we pushed onward, abandoning cannon, baggage wagons, even the ambulances and the wounded,—everything, in short, that impeded our march. The emperor, who had not yet left the retreating army for France, was everywhere inspiriting and encouraging the troops, and sharing equally the hardships and privations with the meanest camp follower. About two hours had the toilsome march continued, when, upon reaching the brow of a hill, we beheld, directly in and upon each side of our path, an army of at least forty thousand cavalry and infantry; while beyond, on either side of a defile, through which our route lay, was posted an immense park of artillery. To advance was our only course. Halting to form in closer order, we pressed onward toward the centre of the overwhelming force. Rattling volleys of musketry fearfully thinned our numbers; swarms of Cossacks threw themselves again and again upon our serried ranks, only to be as often repulsed by our sharp bayonets; while a storm of cannon shot, from the hills beyond, plunged and ricocheted from end to end of our little column, opening frightful breaches, which were instantly closed up by our men falling in, in still closer order. Without artillery to reply, and lacking ammunition, or with fingers too numb to use it, as could the well fed and clothed enemy, we could only oppose the bayonet to every engine of destruction known to the art of war. With the sharp steel we pressed onward with desperate haste, crushing or scattering squadron after squadron of the foe from the path of our fierce and bloody despair.

The Russians, who had anticipated our unconditional surrender, were appalled at our unexpected and almost presumptuous courage. Already we had passed the whole force of infantry, the cavalry only being able to hover on our rear, from the nature of the ground, we having entered the defile; the artillery alone opposed our progress, which, sending a storm of canister and grape on our devoted ranks, threatened total annihilation. It was necessary the batteries should be taken. The regiment to which I belonged was the only one of cavalry, consisting originally of a thousand sabres; it was now reduced to four hundred. As the guns were placed, only cavalry could hope to take them. Our orders were first to storm the battery upon the right, then, if successful, to storm the left, while the infantry marched up to retain possession. Making a wide circuit, we came unexpectedly on the rear of the first battery; a short but desperate conflict ensued, and the enemy, to a man, were slaughtered at their guns. Our loss had been severe; but, with the courage of desperation, we wheeled to attack the second battery. At that instant, a cannon shot, from the opposite hill, passed completely through my horse, barely escaping taking my legs with it, and exhausted its force in the flank of the colonel's horse, severely injuring the colonel himself, his foot being badly crushed. Before we could disengage ourselves from the fallen animals, our regiment was out of sight in the smoke of the battle, and we were alone in the battery.

On one side of the hill, a column of French were rapidly advancing to secure the guns. On the other side, considerably nearer, the Russians were advancing for the same purpose. The fate of the battle evidently depended upon the possession of this battery, and from the nearness of the enemy, it was certain they would arrive first.

Simultaneously a thought struck the colonel, who, spite of his wounded foot, was stumping about quite vigorously, and myself. Springing to the guns, most of which were already loaded with grape, and exerting a strength which, until that moment, I was ignorant of possessing, I turned them, one after another, on the enemy, while the colonel levelled and fired. The whole thing was accomplished so rapidly, and the heavy charges of grape, at short range, occasioned such fearful havoc, that the enemy were thrown into confusion, and retreated precipitately down the hill; while our own troops marched up and took possession.

The colonel, from loss of blood and exertion, fainted. I could not leave the man, who had been such a good friend, to be trampled to death in the snow. While hesitating what course to take, a riderless horse galloped past. Calling to him, as I was accustomed to call my own horse, he stopped, looked inquiringly at us, neighed and came slowly up to me. Placing the inanimate form of the colonel across, before the saddle, I mounted and began to look for our regiment. It was nowhere in sight. Thinking it might be concealed by the smoke in the valley beneath, I made a short circuit to a hill beyond, that I might obtain a better view. I had nearly reached the summit, when, on looking forward, I found myself in the presence of the emperor and his staff. I instantly turned to retreat, hoping I had been unobserved. But the emperor had seen me, and riding up, he demanded what I was doing away from my regiment.

"My horse was shot, your majesty," I replied. "The one I am riding I have but just caught."

"And do you think this a time to carry about wounded men on your horse, when you should be fighting?" he asked, in an angry tone.

"My colonel was wounded in the battery yonder, and I intended but to remove him to a spot where he would not be trampled upon."

"Was your colonel in the battery?" he asked, with animation. "Who else was there?"

"My colonel and myself," I replied.

"You only? Did you turn those guns against the enemy?"

"We did, sire."

A pleasant smile lighted up the countenance of the emperor as he replied:

"You have done well. I shall remember your colonel. As for yourself, here," and taking a cross of the legion of honor from his coat, he presented it to me, with the remark: "You may be a colonel yourself some day, young man."

The capture of the battery removed the last obstacle to our advance, and the whole force, now reduced to less than five thousand men, passed through the defile. Our regiment of cavalry had been almost entirely annihilated; the major was killed, the colonel wounded, and, of the whole rank and file, we mustered but thirty-seven. This small force, not requiring the services of many officers, was placed under the command of a lieutenant, and our captain was selected, among others, to carry despatches to Paris. Here was an opportunity, the first which had presented itself since leaving France, of communicating directly with Annette. The frost and snow of a Russian winter had not cooled the ardor of my affection, but had rather served heighten it. Materials for writing were among the impossibilities; accordingly, obtaining an interview with the captain, I repeated, over and over again, a message he promised faithfully to deliver to Annette as soon as he arrived in Paris. Enclosing the precious cross of the legion of honor, together with an enormous lock of my somewhat tangled hair, in a strip torn from an old regimental coat, I entrusted it to his care, again and again refreshing his memory by repeating to him my message. The certainty that she would hear from me, and be made aware of the distinguished honor I had received from the emperor, rendered me almost as happy as if I were to see her myself, and it was with feelings of real pleasure I saw the captain depart for France.

Three months elapsed before the skeleton remains of our regiment entered Paris. The feelings with which I passed through the gate, and up the well-known streets, can only be appreciated by the men who accompanied me. It was like a restoration from death to life, and to me more than life, for I should see Annette.

With what anxiety I waited, and how interminable seemed the time until we should be reviewed and allowed to depart. For a short period, we were allowed to go whither we chose. Depositing my arms in the guard-house, I rushed out of the building, all tattered and shabby as I was, to fly to Annette; but I had reckoned without my host. As I was about to pass the guard at the door, the sentries crossed their muskets before me, and a corporal of the guard stepped up and placed me under arrest. In vain I protested; I could not even learn with what offence I was charged, and soon I found myself incarcerated in a strong room, with a sentry pacing lazily before the door.

All that day I raved like a maniac; but night brought me sound sleep, and I awoke in the morning much refreshed and with a clearer idea of my situation. At first I tried to bribe the sentry, but he was incorruptible. In consideration, however, of all the money I had about me, he kindly consented to go to Annette, and also discover what was to be done with me. He soon returned. He had been but partially successful in his efforts; he indeed saw Annette, but not to speak with her. She looked, he said, pale and unhappy. From the apprentice in the adjoining shop, our former post boy, he learned that the captain had indeed delivered the cross and lock of hair, but substituting in the place of my message a speech of his own composing, which, however prettily it might have been worded, I did not in the least admire; it being to the effect that he had taken the mementoes from my dead body on the field of battle, according to a promise exacted of him previous to my decease. He also learned that the captain, from the time of his arrival in Paris, had been a daily visitor at the baker's, and a suitor for the hand of Annette,—a proposition very favorably entertained by her father. Although she did nothing but weep, and utterly refused to think of the captain as a husband, she treated him with the greatest consideration as having been my friend. As to what was to become of me, he learned that I had been arrested, by order of the captain, for some imaginary offence, what, he could not discover, and was to be sent, on the morrow, to the army of the Rhine, without being allowed a moment's liberty in Paris.

The whole thing was now plain to me. I must see Annette,—that, I was determined upon. Again I tried to bribe the sentry; but he was inexorable.

"What!" he at length exclaimed, in virtuous indignation; "do you think a soldier of the empire is to be bribed? No—no! the men who composed the grand army are only to be overcome by force." Having concluded this disclaimer of his corruptibility, my worthy friend turned his back on me, with an air of injured innocence, that he might no longer be troubled with my importunity.

I was forcibly struck with the soundness of his views, and, stepping up behind him, I floored him in an instant. I must own that he came to the ground very easily, and appeared not at all surprised at the suddenness of the assault. So jumping over his prostrate form, I was making off with all possible speed, when his voice recalled me.

"What sort of a way do you call this to leave a conquered enemy? Don't you know I am bound to give the alarm? which I most certainly shall be forced to do."

The idea was a good one. Hastening back, spite of his resistance, which was not very powerful, I made his hands fast to a staple in the wall, during which process he abused me in unmeasured terms, winding up by remarking:

"You are not at liberty yet, my fine fellow, and what's more, you want be; for the sentries at the gate will be sure to arrest you, I'm happy to say, and I shall take good care to have you under lock and key, when I have you in charge again. All that I'm afraid of," he continued, in a sort of soliloquy, "is that, instead of attempting to go out by the gate, you may take it into your head to turn to the right, for about thirty paces, and scale the wall which faces the street, where there are no sentries."

By a singular coincidence, I did precisely as he was fearful I would do, and, to my joy, I found myself at liberty. I hasted down the street toward my former home, and arrived, breathless and trembling with expectation, at the door of the shop. Annette was alone; she looked up in surprise at my abrupt entrance. At the moment she did not recognize me in my altered and shabby dress. But instantly, with a cry between surprise, delight and fear, she sprang toward me, and, as of old, we were folded in each other's embrace.

With hurried words I was recounting the events that led to the present state of affairs, when the door was thrown suddenly open, and a corporal's guard, with the captain at their head, filed in, and I was a second time under arrest. The captain, feeling that any defence would be useless while I was present, hurried me off to the guard-house. But Annette, hastily donning her bonnet and shawl, and leaving the shop to the protection of the public, followed, keeping close to me and declaring she would never leave me until I was released.

Arrived at the guard-house, I made a frantic attempt to escape, but was speedily secured, and hurried toward my old quarters. They could not, however, prevent my using my lungs; for I was determined my comrades should know that I was a martyr. We had traversed about half the length of the passage, when a sudden confusion at the entrance announced something unusual.

"Silence!" exclaimed the guard at the door. "The emperor! the emperor!"

"Silence!" echoed the captain, vainly endeavoring to put a stop to my outcries. "The emperor!"

But I would not be silenced; I was wild with rage; ten thousand emperors were as nothing to me at that moment.

"What is all this disturbance?" asked the emperor, of one of his attendants.

"The re-arrest of an escaped prisoner, your majesty," replied the captain, endeavoring to hurry me out of sight.

"What is his offence?" persisted the emperor, noticing the action and fixing his piercing eyes upon him.

"Insolence to his superior officer," faltered the captain.

"That is *not* his offence, your majesty," boldly exclaimed my brave Annette, her pretty face flushed with excitement, and with truth beaming from her sparkling eyes. With hurried accents she recounted every particular which had led to my arrest, not forgetting to give the reason why the captain wished me out of the way.

"What have you to reply to this, sir?" asked the emperor, in an indignant tone and with a withering look.

"Simply that it is all false," replied the captain, with an attempt at boldness which miserably failed.

"It is not false, sire,—it is not false!" returned Annette, with energy, at the same time drawing my cross from her bosom. "Could the man, whom your majesty thought worthy to receive this cross from your own hands, be guilty of the offence he charges?"

"Ah!" ejaculated the emperor, in surprise, looking toward me. "Did I give this cross, and where?"

"In the retreat from Moscow. My colonel and myself turned the guns of the enemy's battery against them, when we were—"

"I remember,—I remember," interrupted the emperor; and turning to the captain, who, with his face of a beautiful crimson hue, was evidently wishing himself in Russia or any other place than where he was, he tore the epaulet from his shoulder, remarking in a significant tone: "You will take your place in the ranks to-morrow." Then turning to Annette with a pleasant smile, he asked: "What is your lover's name, my child?"

"Pierre Carnot, sire," faltered Annette, blushing at this public announcement of her lover.

"Well, my child," he continued, "say to Captain Pierre Carnot, from me, that he shall have his commission this afternoon."

This little incident worked a wonderful revolution in my favor. My friend, the baker, suddenly discovered there was a great difference between a hopeless, penniless subaltern and a captain of cavalry, wearing a cross of the legion of honor, and possessing a commission signed by the emperor's own hand.

My old friend, the colonel, was in the hospital, and when I called on him, which I did the next day, after receiving my commission and mounting my epaulet, I found his wounded foot nearly well, and himself chuckling over a general's commission, which he had just received.

"My dear boy!" he exclaimed, with tears in his eyes, as he grasped my hand, "to you I owe not only my life, but this commission."

"Not a bit of it," I replied. "You owe the commission to Annette. The emperor never would have thought of you in the world, but for her reminding him of you, and she has sent me to command you to appear in person, and in a general's uniform, to express your gratitude in a proper manner, and there can be no better opportunity for so doing than to-morrow night, when, you must know, our wedding takes place."

"Of course,—I shall be present," said the delighted colonel.

"What did you say became of Annette?" called out one of the major's auditors.

At that instant the door opened, and a beautiful girl of about sixteen, with rosy cheeks and eyes as black as a very large piece of jet, multiplied by four, came bounding into the room, with a merry laugh, and step as light as a butterfly; but catching sight of the number of visitors, she blushed vigorously, dropped her bright, roguish eyes, and instantly darted out again.

"Annette! Annette!" called the major. But Annette did not choose to hear. "There, gentlemen," he continued, "you have the exact picture of what her mother was at her age. Do you wonder at my falling in love with her?"

VIEWS IN QUEBEC.

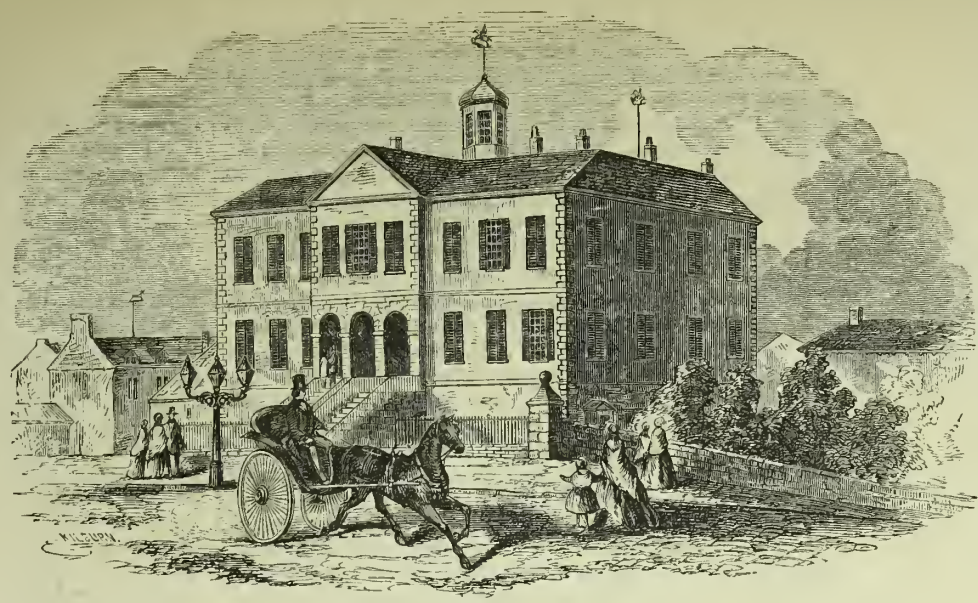
The present series of beautiful views, representing some of the most interesting localities in the city of Quebec, was drawn from nature and engraved expressly for the pages of the Pictorial. The city of Quebec occupies the extremity of the point of land which terminates at the junction of the St. Lawrence and St. Charles Rivers, about three hundred and forty miles from the mouth of the former. The population of the city is somewhere between thirty and forty thousand. It is located on an elevated ridge of land, terminating in the angle formed by the junction of the rivers above mentioned, the apex of which bears the name of Fort Diamond, and is nearly three hundred and forty feet above the level of the river. On this point stands the citadel, which is delineated with spirit in our fifth engraving. The scenery here is bold and striking. The fortifications and barracks crowning the highest point are defined sharply against the sky, and the appearance of the upper town is strikingly picturesque. To the steep rocks forming a natural fortification, the engineers have applied the resources of their art so as to render them as impregnable as the rock of Gibraltar. Below, and skirting the water, lies the lower town, while the river, bearing on its breast a heavy fleet of steamers and sailing vessels, rolls its deep tide onward towards the ocean. The tall shaft seen among the trees is the monument to Wolfe and Montcalm, in the governor's garden, delineated on a larger scale in our third engraving. Both Wolfe and Montcalm perished on the field of battle in 1759, when Quebec was taken from the French by the British. General James Wolfe was the son of Lieutenant-General Wolfe, and was born at Westerham, in the county of Kent, in 1726. He early adopted the profession of arms, from enthusiastic love of it, and a burning aspiration for military glory. He possessed every requisite for a brilliant military career—energy, gallantry and a chivalric cast of character. At the age of twenty he was already distinguished, and he served in Germany with great credit. His talents commended him to the notice of the elder Pitt, and when the expedition against Quebec was decided on, he was appointed to the command. The bold plan which achieved the victory was entirely his own. The English army embarked in boats on the St. Lawrence, approached the city unsuspected by the foe, and effected a landing by scaling the precipitous Heights of Abraham, to the west of the place. Holding commissions and in the ranks of the invading army were some of the best and bravest of New England's sons. It was while floating down the St. Lawrence, on the night before the attack, that Wolfe read or repeated Gray's Elegy, and remarked to one of his officers: "I had rather be the author of that poem than the conqueror of yonder city to-morrow." The French, astounded at the presence of an enemy on the Plains of Abraham, flew to arms to repel the attack, but they were beaten at all points. In the heat of the conflict, Wolfe received two balls, one in his wrist and the other in his body. Falling into the arms of his soldiers, he was carried out of the fire a short distance to the rear. As he lay fainting on the field, a loud shout rallied his expiring energies. The cry of "they run" fell upon his ear. "Who run?" eagerly inquired the dying general. "The French!" was the reply. "Thank God," said Wolfe. "I die content," and almost instantly expired. The French commander, the Marquis de Montcalm, mortally wounded in the same battle, died thanking God that he should not survive the defeat of the French arms. Quebec was taken September 13, 1759. Wolfe was but thirty years old. A magnificent monument was erected to his memory by the British government in Westminster Abbey—for England cannot be accused of being ungrateful when fortunate soldiers, as Marlborough, Nelson and Wellington are the idols of their country. In this monument the names of the French and English generals are united in honor, as they were united in death, though one perished in the arms of victory, and the other in the shadow of defeat. The city of Quebec is, as we have remarked, divided into the upper and lower towns. The old town lies wholly without the walls, and its streets are narrow, dirty and irregular, reminding one very strongly of portions of the city of Edinburgh in Scotland. The ascent from the lower to the upper town, which crosses the lines of fortification, is by flights of steps. The traveller, on landing in the city, finds himself in the lower town, with the fortress, grim with its threatening batteries, frowning three hundred and fifty feet above him. Winding his way through the narrow and steep streets we have noticed, with quaint, antique and picturesque stone buildings on either hand, he reaches the fortified barrier, and enters the upper town by the Prescott gate, shown in our first engraving. The contrast between the two parts of the city will here strike him forcibly. There is a passageway for carriages through the Prescott gate. This, and the four other gates, are constantly guarded by sentries night and day. This military preparation is a novelty to the eyes of a visitor from the States, but it harmonizes with the character of the city, and invests it with a peculiar interest. In both the upper and lower town, the buildings are entirely of stone, and many of the private residences in the former, as well as all the public buildings, are roofed with tin plates, which send a thousand reflected rays in the sunshine, stamping the city with a peculiar individuality. The streets are paved or macadamized, and are well kept and clean. The most prominent object which arrests the attention of the stranger, after his passing through the Prescott gate, are the Parliament buildings, which are on the right. The walls are built of stone, and stand firmly, though the interior was destroyed by fire a few years ago. Our second view represents the market square and the French cathedral, a picturesque and prominent edifice, which cannot fail to be regarded as a very fine structure. This square is in the highest part of the city. Opposite the church, and not shown in our engraving, are the Jesuit barracks. The court-house is a plain, neat and substantial building, not unlike many of our United States court-houses. Passing through the city to the St. Louis gate, we emerge upon the Plains of Abraham, the scene of Wolfe's death and of a monument to his memory, depicted in our last engraving. This monument bears two inscriptions. That on the western side reads: "Here died Wolfe, victorious, September 13, 1759." That on the other side is: "This pillar was erected by the British army in Canada, A. D., 1844, His Excellency, Lieutenant General Sir Benjamin D' Urban, G. C. B., K. C. H., K. C. T., etc., commander of the forces, to replace that erected by Governor General Lord Aylmer, G. C. B., in 1832, which was broken and defaced, and is deposited beneath." Quebec has been styled, and very appropriately, the Gibraltar of America, and is nearly as impregnable as a place can well be, though "nothing is impossible to him who wills." Some idea may be formed of the vast extent of the artificial defences of this natural stronghold, when it is borne in mind that the citadel covers an area of forty acres!

PRESCOTT GATE, QUEBEC, FROM WITHOUT.

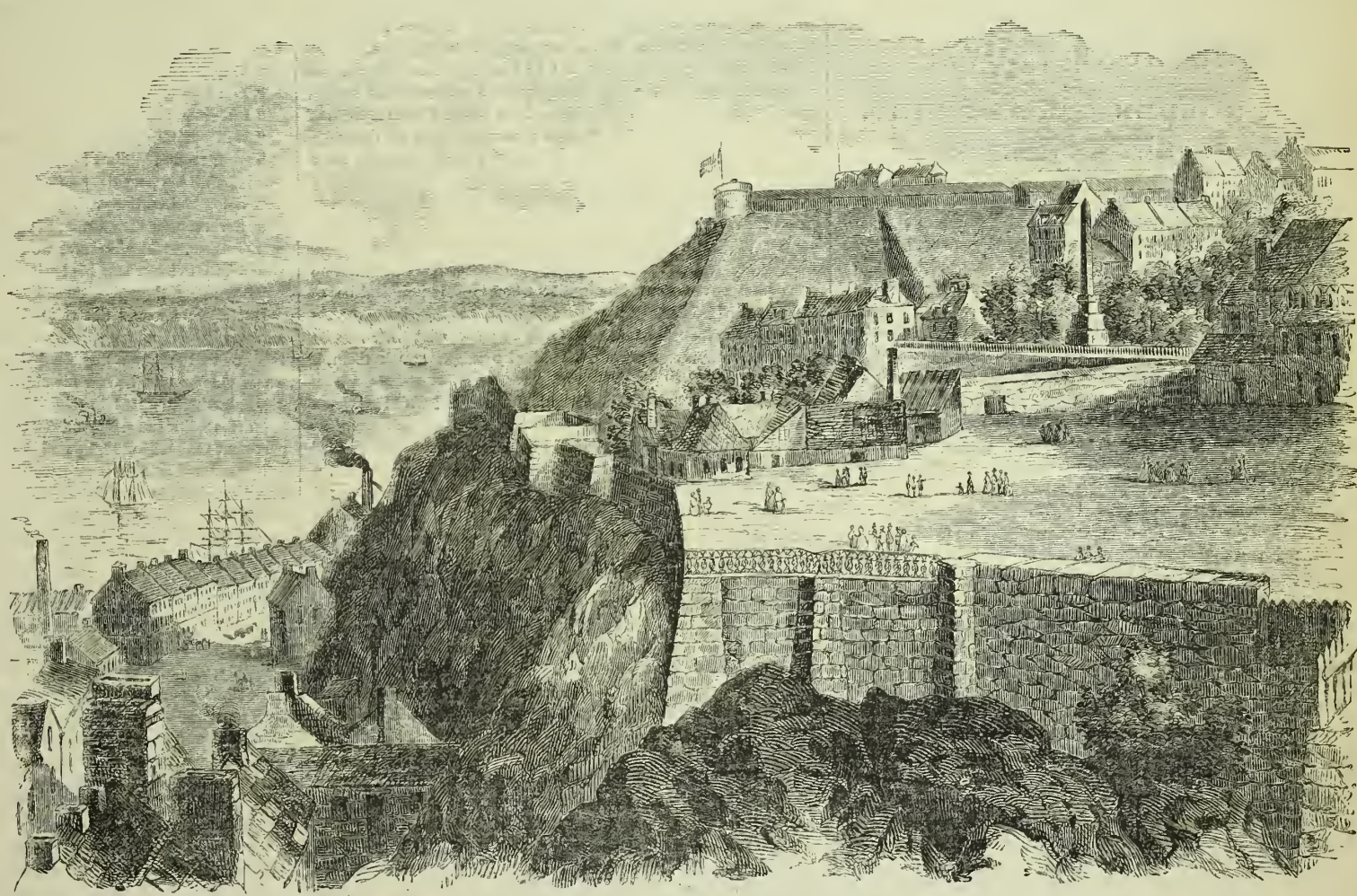
FRENCH CATHEDRAL AND MARKET SQUARE. QUEBEC.

MONUMENT TO WOLFE AND MONTCALM, GOVERNOR'S GARDEN, QUEBEC.

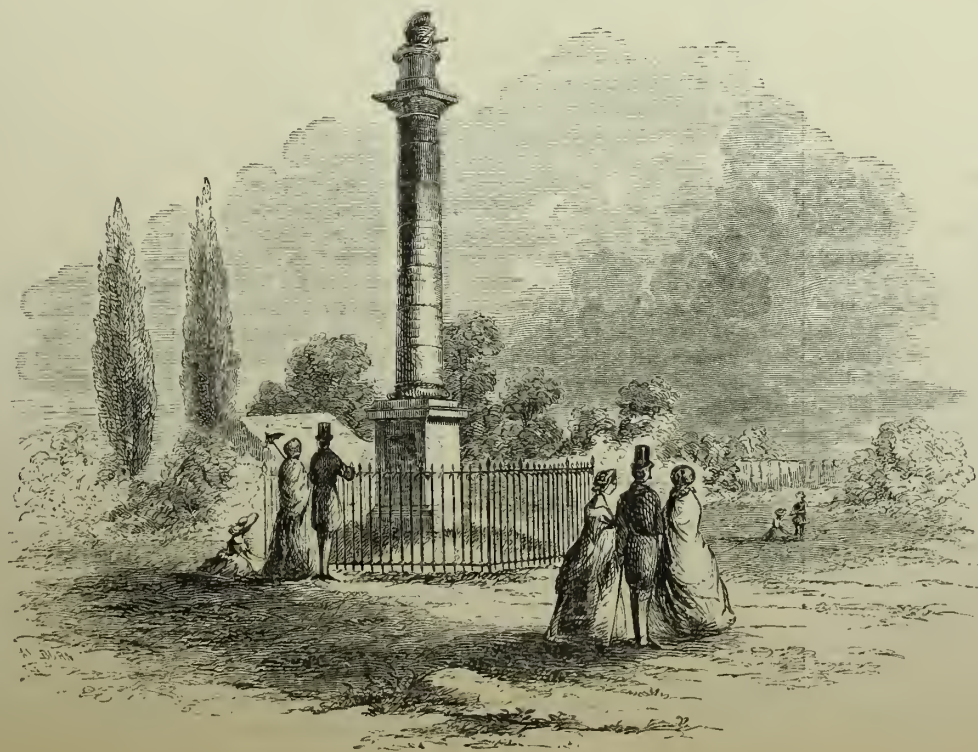
The line of the fortifications stretches nearly across the peninsula, and all the works are constructed on the best principle and the most gigantic scale. The public buildings, the churches, Roman Catholic and Protestant, with the exception, perhaps, of the cathedral we have depicted, are rather substantial than elegant. Neatness and solidity are also characteristic of the private residences. The whole place has an old world air about it. There are three nunneries in the city, one of which, the Hotel Dieu, is a hospital. The French college, a Catholic institution, enjoys a high repute. It has a principal, professors of theology, rhetoric and mathematics, with five regents for the Latin and Greek classics. There are also in Quebec a royal grammar school, a classical academy, a national school, and a number of private educational institutions for both sexes. The Royal Institution for the Advance of Learning, the Literary and Historical Society, the Mechanics' Institute, and the Public City Library deserve honorable mention. There are some manufactories in Quebec; many fine ships have been built here, and the community is flourishing and industrious. The climate is healthy, although the inhabitants are subject to vicissitudes of heat and cold during the year, which requires care in the article of dress. They have, in fact, Italian summers and Russian winters. The St. Lawrence is early, in winter, closed by ice; snow falls to a great depth, and the frost-spirit asserts its empire for many months. During the summer, on the other hand, the heat is sometimes almost tropical. A large proportion of the population is of French extraction, and this gives a lively tone to society. The gentlemen and ladies of French descent, whom you meet in the higher circles of society, are even more polished than the Parisians of the present day. They have preserved the social traditions, the usages and manners of the old regime, which the new school of the revolution and the empire extinguished and replaced in France. The manners of some of the Canadian ladies lead back the imagination to the Court of Versailles in the days of Marie Antoinette, or to the yet more gallant circles of preceding reigns. The English in Quebec are a high-toned and substantial people, and certainly nowhere in British America is better society to be met with than in this picturesque northern capital. The trade of the city is quite extensive, and it enjoys great business facilities. Vessels of the largest tonnage can reach the quays. The harbor, which lies between the city and the island of New Orleans, is very large and commodious. McCulloch says that Quebec "engrosses almost the entire trade of the province with the mother country, the West Indies, etc., and is annually resorted to by vast numbers of immigrants who partly settle in Canada, but mostly re-emigrate to the United States. It has a regular intercourse, by means of steamers, with Montreal, and other ports higher up the St. Lawrence, and with Halifax and other ports on the Atlantic. Still, however, it must not be forgotten that, in so far as the United Kingdom is concerned, the trade with Canada and Quebec is wholly forced and factitious, and is not a source of profit, but the reverse." We have thus sketched rapidly some of the principal features of this interesting city. It receives annually many visitors from the United States, but not near so many as it would were its attractions known. No tourist to the north, with a little time at his disposal, should fail to visit Quebec. Those who are projecting a foreign tour, and wish for a foretaste of foreign travel, cannot do better than to cross the line, and climb the streets of the great Canadian city. Within a comparatively short distance of Boston and New York—close at hand if we reckon only time—they may place themselves in a locality which will possess all the charms of novelty, and of a diametrical contrast to familiar scenes. The view of Cape Diamond from the St. Lawrence is alone worth the trouble and expense of the journey. The environs of Quebec, too, are quite inviting and picturesque. Here you see villages almost wholly French, and buildings which exactly resemble those in the rural districts of France; barns thatched with straw; strange farming implements, and, above all, a people who do not speak English, but use a dialect of the musical language of la Belle France. Quebec and its environs are very gay in winter, but one must have a good deal of nerve to encounter the climate.



COURT HOUSE, QUEBEC.



CITADEL, LOOKING OVER DURHAM TERRACE, QUEBEC.



WOLFE'S MONUMENT, PLAINS OF ABRAHAM, QUEBEC.

THE FRENCH LOAN.

The eagerness with which the masses of the French people subscribe to the national loans asked for by the emperor is remarkable, though unmistakably characteristic. As many of our readers may not be aware how these loans are raised, we copy, from the letter of a Paris correspondent of the Pennsylvania Enquirer, the following account of the plan adopted for a similar object on a former occasion:—"On that occasion, persons wishing to subscribe to the loan were furnished with tickets, one only to each individual, and were obliged to *faire queue*, that is, form a line, and wait their turns at the offices of subscription. They began to collect as early as four o'clock, A. M., and during the interval, until the books were opened, a brisk trade in places was driven. Considerable sums were paid for advance places in the *queue*. Stopping a few hours at Havre, about three months since, on my way to Paris, I fell into conversation with an intelligent French gentleman on various topics, and among others, the last loan. He told me that when the books were opened at Havre, nothing could exceed the eagerness of all classes, and particularly of the humbler classes, to secure a place upon the register. Mechanics, servant girls, beggars, sour, at least, in appearance, were seen in the long *queue*, waiting their turns, with their little heaps of coin, not always so very little either, tied up in handkerchiefs, stockings and rags of every description. Joy was depicted upon every one who secured a place on the 'big book,' while those who were excluded, from the excess of the offers over the demands of loan, retired homeward with sad faces, as if from the obsequies of a near relative. This system of popular loans is the grand *coup-d'état* of Napoleon III. It has opened for its treasury resources perfectly inexhaustible, while it has attached the masses of the nation to his government, by the strongest of all ties—those of pecuniary interest. It will be difficult to overthrow a government which has its guarantee in the purses of the million; and even should another dynasty succeed that of Napoleon, the loans will still be an element of stability, since one of the first acts of the new government would necessarily be the ratification of the public debt. Napoleon III. has, therefore, done an invaluable service, not only to himself, but to France, to all future time. In this instance a national debt may be truly said to be a national blessing, inasmuch as it interests the entire nation in the stability and permanence of its government." This event is a most important one, in several points of view. It shows how abundant the resources of France are; and it shows, moreover, that the French people not only tacitly acquiesce in the rule of Louis Napoleon, but that they are ready to sustain his throne. For a long period—so long, at least, as Louis lives and governs wisely (and it is his interest to do the latter), the internal prosperity of France will be undisturbed by revolutions.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

'TIS THE LAST RAY OF SUNSHINE.

BY WILLIAM B. LEARY.

'Tis the last ray of sunshine
That peeps o'er the hills,
That sadly entwineth
The hearts that it chills.
No red light is streaming,
No bright beam is nigh,
To cheer up the sad heart,
Or weep for its sigh.

And darkness is coming
To sadden the heart,
The sunbeams have vanished,
'Tis time to depart.
And soon it will leave thee
In sorrow and pain;
That last ray of sunshine
Shall ne'er beam again.

And thou shalt soon follow
That bright beaming ray,
As the flowers of spring-time
That live for a day.
Prepare thyself, then,
That no darkness or gloom
May encounter thy footsteps
When thou meetest thy doom.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

TREASURE TROVE:

—OR,—

THE GOLDEN GATE OPENED.

BY BEN: PERLEY POORE.

"To-morrow we shall land."

A joyous announcement to any tempest-tossed mortal, but it was especially so to Col. Stevenson and his command, after a tedious passage from New York to the then rarely visited shores of California. Enlisted in the "Empire city," the regiment embraced nearly every variety of character, which the long passage around Cape Horn had fully exhibited. A few, too indolent for the toils of an honest livelihood, had evidently enrolled themselves in the hope of an easy vagabondage; others, fond of daring adventure, exulted at the exciting prospect of stirring life, free from the restraints of civilization; and many, very many, had joined the regiment, because to them any position in a strange land was preferable to their home-existence.

Charles Eynard was one of this latter class. A graduate of Columbia College, he had entered upon the practice of law in New York city with the most flattering prospects. Clients multiplied, and he would soon have amassed a fortune, had he not met with a young lady of Brooklyn, who awakened emotions previously unknown. She reciprocated his affection, and they soon loved with that indescribable attachment, born in the heart, ineffaceable as it is engrossing. A beautiful, accomplished, true-souled girl was Fannie Raymond, but there was no reason to hope that her wealthy father would give her hand to a young lawyer, so Charles persuaded her to take that fatal step, a clandestine marriage. As they had expected, Mr. Raymond refused to see his daughter or her husband, but the young couple, buoyant with hopes of a reconciliation, were none the less happy. Charles leased a handsome house, where he was so petted by his bride, that his clients soon began to grumble at his absence from his business. What cared he, if Fannie smiled!

Months glided away in happiness; nor can any day-dreamer, in his most gorgeous dream of happiness, vision purer felicity than theirs. But when New Year's day arrived, bills came in from all quarters, and Charles Eynard started from his delirium of enjoyment into stern sanity. The dream was dissolved!

Removing into a smaller house, Charles Eynard hoped to weather the storm of debt. But it was in vain that he essayed, for usurious interests, with Shylock-like lawyer's fees, swallowed up his earnings, and fettered his progress. He was a father; he possessed that trinitarian poetry of existence—a wife, a child and a home. His son was the incarnation, the embodiment of the the heart thoughts of himself and wife—the ideal affection of two wedded hearts wrought into palpable life—but soon, father wife, and son wanted food!

Sitting down in his now clientless office, he addressed letters to those on whose friendship he had claims, which he fancied would not be despised; but the responses showed him that there is little dependence to be placed on friends. One was in difficulties himself, another had nothing to spare, another advised prudence, another abused his wife's father, but no one gave him a copper. They all told the same plausible, lying tale, and but added to Eynard's humiliation. As to Mr. Raymond, he was a miser. There are fewer misers, as there are fewer hypocrites in the world, than people generally believe. Yet there are misers—men whose being is buried in money, who have no pulse of love, no aspirations of religion, save for gold. Such was Mr. Raymond, director in many boards, yet deaf to the cry of destitution from his son-in-law.

At last, after a sleepless night, Charles Eynard went out early in the morning, determined to throw himself into the broad tide of the Hudson from Castle Garden. Providentially, there was a boat-load of recruits embarking from the Battery Bridge, on their way to California, where they were to serve "until the close of the war," and the sergeant jestingly asked him to enlist. Without a moment's thought, he seized at this offer of expatriation. An hour afterwards he was on board the ship, where he enlisted as Charles Clark; then wrote his wife a sad letter of farewell, carefully concealing his new position and his destination. He also wrote a bitter letter to Mr. Raymond, commanding him to take his daughter home, which the hard-hearted miser did, when he found Eynard had really gone "to parts unknown." Poor Fannie! She had known her husband's troubles, and the only consolation was the consciousness that he had ever loved her. Alas! some may underrate the power of money, others may affect to despise it, but human happiness is too often dependent upon it. Here were two fond hearts severed, and from no fault of theirs.

Education (no thanks to our legislative jurists) cannot be levied upon, and the accomplishments of "Clark" soon attracted the attention of his colonel, who appointed him sergeant quarter-master. This removed him from the degrading duties to which a private soldier is subject, and by his attention to the duties of his office, he not only won the confidence, but the esteem of his superiors. Of course, the barrier of rank remained between them, yet they saw his mental ability, and gave him free access to their libraries. A good classical scholar, he was enabled by the aid of books to master the Spanish language, and to familiarize himself with the strange land whither they were bound.

"Navarette's Digest of Spanish Discoveries" had been presented to Colonel Stevenson by some kind friend, and the sad-hearted soldier read with interest of those daring followers of Columbus to the new world. Some sought the famed fountain of "Bayuca," which gave perpetual youth to those who bathed in it; others wished to discover the famed "Cibola," where the houses were roofed with plates of gold. Nor was there a more interesting record in the narratives of these "conquadistores," who had followed the setting sun in quest of "El Dorado," than that of Juan Rodriguez Cabrillo, the first European who ascended the Pacific coast. "Ah, me," murmured Eynard (or rather Clark) to himself as he closed the work, "would that I was animated by the hopes of discovering mines of wealth, wherewith I could return to those I love."

"To-morrow we shall land," said the captain of the vessel, as Point Lobos loomed up in the distance, and soon they hailed a coaster, in the hope of obtaining information. The frightened Californian lowered his "dug-out," and came on board, but no one could converse with him, until "Clark" made practical use of his Spanish studies. All were delighted, for they learned they could land without opposition. Once on shore, with their cannon and other munitions of war, all Mexico might attack them, if agreeable.

"That 'Clark' is a valuable man," remarked Col. Stevenson that day at dinner, "but he appears sadly depressed at times."

"Yes," replied Captain ——, "probably some love affair." Poor fellow, he himself had left New York because an avaricious brother-in-law refused to aid him in business transactions, and thus threw him into insolvency. A few months, and he was buried at Los Angelos, leaving his widow to mourn his loss until she followed him to the grave.

Morning came, and as the vessel passed through the strait known as the "Golden Gate," little did the volunteers dream that to them it would prove a golden gate indeed. Indeed, they were almost sadly displeased at the scene of desolation around them. San Francisco was then the small hide-trading "adobe" village of Yerba Buena, nestled in at the base of the sand hills, which looked very unlike the "land of promise" so poetically described by their recruiting officers in New York. There was not much time for reflection, however, as the large armament had to be landed. "Clark's" knowledge of Spanish was invaluable, not only to the officers of his own regiment, but to Colonel Mason, of the regular army, who commanded that military district.

When General Kearney came, as governor of the new territory, he found "Clark" the most useful man in his government. Nominally stationing him under Major Hardie, at the old "Presidio Barracks," General Kearney employed him as a confidential messenger, sending him in various directions with his orders. These journeys led the exile through the fertile valleys of the Sacramento and the San Joaquin, where gorgeous wild flowers were generated in a soil of virgin richness, unturned as yet by the bright ploughshare. Sometimes his path would wind along the slope of a broad hill scatteringly decked with tall pines of exquisite symmetry, and then he would descend into a ravine so densely wooded that he would at every moment expect to see a grizzly bear peer from the matted undergrowth. Then, at a dirty "rancheria," he would enjoy the hospitable feast of beef-ribs, "tortillas" and "frijoles."

The "Missions" were "Clark's" favorite resting-places, and often did he think of those days when around them were gathered happy communities of Indians, rescued by the priests from savage debasement. It was a sad day for old California when the Spanish government, longing to finger the profits, sent out to these Missions "gonerbadores," to whom was entrusted the chief authority in matters temporal, while the good "padres" were restricted to spiritual affairs. The poor neophytes were soon driven back into barbarism, leaving only the ruined Missions, and their traditions, to tell of their prosperous days. Falling in the social scale, their half naked descendants subsisted upon the roots dug from the soil replete with treasure of which they knew nothing, and which would have been valueless to them had they known of its existence.

Months passed away, and in the spring of 1848 "Clark" was somewhat indisposed. The surgeon at the "Presidio" reported that he needed rest, and Colonel Mason ordered him to "Sutter's Fort," to take command of a detachment stationed there, the officer having been sent with the rest of the garrison to Sonoma. This fort was the home of Captain Sutter, a brave Swiss, who had obtained a large grant of land from Alvarado, the then Mexican governor. His stronghold was constructed of brick, with towers and batteries, mounted with cannon purchased from hide-gathering vessels from Yankee land. Martial law prevailed, and about two hundred Indians were regularly at work.

Captain Sutter took a great fancy to "Clark," and one day insisted on his joining him in a trip up the hills to inspect a new saw-mill at Coloma. It had been built by a Mr. Marshall, but did not work over well, as the "race" was too contracted. To enlarge its capacity the water was let directly into it, and as "Clark" was examining the action of the current, he discovered something glistening in the mud. What could it be? Catching up a handful of mud, he washed out several of the shining lumps. "Eureka!"

The honest Swiss and his enterprising millwright at first thought the sergeant quarter-master was mad, but he soon convinced them that it was gold—that the whole soil teemed with the coveted ore.

"My good friend," exclaimed Sutter, "you shall have one half."

"Stop," said Marshall, "don't say a word about it till I get Col. Sutter's grist-mill done. If there's gold to be got for the digging, men wont build water-wheels at eight reals a day."

When they reached the fort that night, "Clark" received a letter from his commanding officer, enclosing him, as a mark of approval for good conduct, ten town lots in "Yerba Buena." These, Eynard at once saw would be valuable if a portion of California turned out to be a succession of caves of Aladdin, and with a letter of thanks he forwarded his real name, that his title might be duly recorded by the alcalde. That night he dreamed that he had erected a fort upon these lots, into which he was wheeling lumps of gold, while his wife kept watch at the door. His wife! Alas, when he awoke and found it a dream!

"Is Sergeant Eynard here?" asked a keen, legal looking man, as he alighted one night at the fort.

"That is my name, sir," replied Charles Eynard.

"You own ten lots of land in San Francisco, I believe?"

"I do—ten lots."

"Will you take ten thousand dollars for them?"

Ten thousand dollars! Half of that sum would have relieved him from all his pecuniary difficulties in New York, and have kept him along swimmingly. Now it was, as it were, thrown at him. But the thought then struck him, that if the lots were not of immense value, so high an offer would not have been made. The would-be purchaser saw his hesitation, and eagerly exclaimed:

"Say fifteen thousand, then."

But Eynard would not sell until he had seen them, and as in addition to his military duties he was making an average sum of two hundred dollars a day, he determined to keep along where he was. One by one, he saw his old companions pass on to the diggings, having deserted in their thirst for gold, and he had but few comrades when the regiment was mustered out of service by "Department Order, No. 50," dated August 7, 1848.

Eynard was again free; not only free, but wealthy. On visiting San Francisco, he found that his lots were in the very heart of the embryo city, and soon disposed of them at ten-fold what was first offered him for them. His ambition was gratified, but his heart yearned for home.

In 1849, Charles Eynard, Esq., was one of the passengers in the "California," homeward bound. On the Atlantic side, he found an old Brooklyn acquaintance acting as purser of the steamer, who greeted him as one risen from the tomb.

"Why, Eynard, is that you? We have all thought you dead, man, since your pretty wife came back to her father, dressed in deep mourning. Why, I saw her in widow's weeds not a month since, and well did they become her."

A few days more, and the impatient Eynard saw with delight the well-remembered scenery of the "Narrows."

"Any news?" he inquired of the purser, who was perusing the "Herald" of the day previous.

"Not much—yes, there is, though. [He reads.] 'Stocks are down; the Treasurer of the Grand Junction Trunk Railroad has cleared out, and we regret to learn that Jacob Raymond, Esq., is likely to be a loser.' That's your father-in-law, Eynard."

About two o'clock that afternoon a bearded and whiskered individual, carrying a heavy carpet-bag, entered the broker's office of Mr. Raymond. The old gentleman was conversing with a well-known notary public, who said:

"I must protest the notes, then. Yet I dislike to do it."

"And I," replied Raymond, "see a life-toil swept away. Six thousand dollars would pay these notes; but these newspaper reports have so destroyed confidence, that I don't believe a man in Wall Street would lend me a tenth of that sum."

"I will—the whole of it!" coolly remarked the stranger.

"And who are you?" exclaimed the notary.

"Charles Eynard, Mr. Raymond's son-in-law."

"No jesting," sharply replied the notary. "I know your circumstances, for I have protested your paper."

"Begone," said the angry broker. "I had—"

"No, no," interrupted Eynard, "you had no such hopes, any more than you had of having me enter with this load of pure gold. Take it for my wife's board bill. I have more in the steamer."

Ere the sun had set, as Fannie Eynard was gazing vacantly from the window of her father's house, not even heeding the prattle of her son, who sat playing with some pewter soldiers at a table, she saw the old gentleman approach, accompanied by a commonly dressed man, who had a wilderness of whiskers masking the lower part of his face, while a slouched hat concealed his eyes. She feared he had come home, as she had seen her husband, in charge of a deputy sheriff. The door opened. She could not raise her eyes, but soon she heard a well-remembered voice exclaim, "Fannie! my own Fannie!" And she was folded to the heart of her long lost husband. With softened, yet joyful hearts, their days have since been passed in domestic enjoyment, consecrated by the blessings of the poor, who have received a goodly share of the wealth brought home by the discoverer of gold in California.

THE MIDDLESEX CANAL.

BY FRANCIS A. DURIVAGE.

The Middlesex Canal has "gin out"—"snaked out" would be a more appropriate expression. Where late a tranquil water-course reflected in its polished mirror the green banks, the over-arching foliage, the light bridges, the rustic farm-houses, all the magical incidents of summer scenery; or, in winter, a bright serpentine belt of steel sustained a thousand gay forms of skaters, skimming along with the rapidity of swallows, there is only a dull gravelly or sandy furrow, like the dry moat of some abandoned fortress of the olden time. The Moorish arch on the Brooks estate, at Medford, no longer sees its inverted counterpart below. The useless locks stand gray and dry at intervals along the route. The good old Middlesex Canal, the gigantic enterprise of its day, that respectable line of communication between Boston and Lowell, is no more. It was too slow for this fast age, and it has been sacrificed to the spirit of progress. And it has been suffered to die

"Without the meed of one melodious tear."

There are no water-nymphs in America, no stromkerls or boys of the stream, else the sacrilege might have been bewailed in strains of touching melody. We are not sure, however, that any spirits were ever appropriated to canals. They were the invention of the Chinese, and the pets of the Dutch—and who ever heard of a Chinese or Dutch water-nymph or fairy?

Very pleasant was voyaging on the Middlesex Canal in the olden time, in fine weather. Your progress was slow, but it was sure. Three miles an hour was about the maximum. It was a good day's work to go from Boston to Lowell. You embarked at Charlestown in a trim-built barge with a very comfortable cabin occupying near all the length of the craft inboard, drawn by two horses harnessed tandem. At the very outside you entered a lock. The gates enclosed you in a damp wooden receptacle, and you seemed to be hopelessly lost to society in the bottom of a mouldy chest. But right ahead of you the water came sizzling and streaming down from above, and you gradually found yourself rising in the world, finally coming up to quite a respectable elevation. Then the gates swung open; the horses were put to, and you resumed your voyage. Slowly moved the laden boat through the still water, between smiling hedge-rows, through patches of woodland, under low bridges, and past pleasant villages, with delicious glimpses all along of charming, romantic, or pastoral scenery. Sometimes the canal widened into a miniature lake, mirroring the azure vault of heaven, and the bending foliage of the surrounding trees. Ever and anon a "sail ahead" would appear in the shape of a vast flat-boat, laden with flour or lumber, or the produce of some of the nascent factories, or it may be a huge raft of timber came floating down with two or three mariners in charge, an old spavined horse dragging the establishment along. Many points on the line were exceedingly picturesque. One, in particular, was quite charming—the place where the canal skirted Horn Pond at a much higher elevation, and you looked down through the button-wood trees on the broad expanse of water, with its little wooded islet in the centre, and across to the mountain that guarded and guards, like a giant sentinel, its southern shores. In fact, a panorama of the Middlesex Canal, after the fashion of Banvard's Mississippi, would have been by no means an uninteresting exhibition.

But the condition of this pleasure was fine weather. To embark on the "raging canawl," in a storm, required a hardihood and nerve vouchsafed to few. Then furious waves, at least an inch in height, disturbed the usually placid surface of the water. The little ponds into which the canal frequently widened realized the descriptions of a mud-puddle in a thunder-storm, to be found in ancient poetry. Your safety depended on the strength of the tow-rope, the skill of the rider-boy, the docility of the horses, the vigor of the mariner with the setting-pole, and the experience and energy of the captain, who usually managed the helm. The captain, the ruling spirit of the elements combined in canal voyaging, must needs be an "ancient mariner" of unequivocal force of character. Fabius told the Roman Senate—and a very sensible gentleman was that same Fabius—that any of the sailors could steer in pleasant weather, but when a storm had arisen, and the deep was disturbed, then the helm required a strong hand. This was emphatically true of canal navigation. In pleasant weather, the very cabin boy could steer; in a storm, it took a man, and he "couldn't hardly."

We never saw one of those noble canal-boats, breasting gallantly the fury of a summer storm, the ripples flashing round her bows, the cabin windows all closed, the captain in his "sou'wester," standing to the tiller like a Trojan, the man in the pea-jacket with his "settin'-pole" well "for'ard," and the boy bending over the neck of his drenched leader, without a thrill of that pleasure which sublime spectacles awaken, without a glow of that enthusiasm which the contemplation of high courage imparts. On went the gallant boat. It mattered not that the dripping branches sent down showers of rain on the head of the devoted boy, it mattered not if there was a perceptible oscillation in the boat—its progress was onward, for every being connected with the establishment, boy on horseback, man with setting-pole, "cap'n" with helm, felt the awful responsibility that devolved on him. The boats generally got through safely, though doubtless some were lost, and went down with their precious burthen to the depth of that relentless canal, and were never recovered till the water was drawn off. We expect some thrilling revelations were made when the heart of that mysterious canal was compelled to give up its hidden secrets. What wealth was strewn along that furrow!—lost jacknives embedded in the sand—copper coins and pistareens—rings from the fingers of careless beauty, lost while dallying with the treacherous wave! We wonder if the stockholders will ever recover the money they have lost in it!

But the voyages of the canal-boats on the Middlesex, though pursued frequently in the midst of storms, had this alleviating feature—they were never made in the night. That horror, at least, was spared the hardy mariners. When darkness covered the face of the earth and heaven as with a pall, the canal-boat rode out the storm either at Chelmsford or Boston, with both bower and stream anchors under foot, fast grappling in the mud, a stopper on the tow-rope, and the tiller lashed amidships. There was no stove on board, and if there had been, the funnel would have been sent down and housed. Far different was it and is it with the Erie Canal in New York. In that State, where a reckless disregard of human life characterizes all the modes of travelling, the passenger boats continue their voyages in the night time. The imagination would seem to recoil from the contemplation of a night on the Erie Canal.

Fortunately, however, for the lovers of the sublime and terrible, a local poet, whose name, though not his verses, is unknown to fame, has recorded his own experience in strains worthy of Falconer, and which have already become classical. They are probably familiar to many of our readers. To us they are and always were as thrilling as Campbell's "Battle of the Baltic."

Who does not remember the perils that beset the bard?

"Our oil it soon gave out, and our lamps they gave no light,
Our horses gave a stumble, and our drivier gave a squall,
And there he was a splashin' in that raging canawl."

The captain's advice to "cut the horses loose," saved the boy's life. The captain appeared to have possessed all that presence of mind we have stated to be imperatively necessary in his position, but that "ministering angel," woman, proved the salvation of the craft in the extreme imminence of her peril.

"The cook she lent the steersman a portion of her dress,
Which was hoisted on a setting-pole in token of distress,
And then our gallant bowsman, who was a man of sense,
He jumped on the shore, and he swubbed her to a fence."

Thus ended the perils of this particular voyage on the "raging canawl." The last words of the bard contain the golden rule of navigation on these dangerous water-courses:

"Now would you learn to navigate in spite of wind and weather,
You must closely hug the tow-path, lay her 'feather to feather;'
And if the night is dark, so 's you cannot see the track,
You must call the drivier down and tie a lantern to his back."

But alas! these golden rules can never more be put in practice on the Middlesex Canal. No more will blooded steeds strike fire from the flints upon the tow-path in their fleet career. No more will the boatman's mellow fish-horn summon the lock-tender to the gates. No more will pleasant greetings be exchanged between raft and shore. No more will playful boys from graceful bridges drop pebbles on the heads of subjacent mariners. The fountains of the great deep are dried up. Many frogs have doubtless perished for want of water. Many pickerel, and perch, and bream, and eels have died a cruel and unnatural death, and the race of hardy, fresh-water mariners have been driven from that school of American seamanship, the best, next to the whale fisheries, that ever existed.

Tears! tears!—but we cannot go on. The subject is too painful. *Fuit Ilion!* The Middlesex Canal is no more!

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

KISSING THE BABY.

BY TIM TIMMINS.

One would certainly have said that, if any person's lot in this world was fortunate, it was that of Mr. Joshua Potts. A man of middle age, unmarried, but with loads of nephews and nieces that answered the purpose of children in every respect, except entailing parental responsibility—a fortune, certainly not colossal, but amply adequate for himself, and, as the poet says, "a little more, sometimes, to oblige a friend;" these alone would be, in themselves, enough to captivate any man's heart. But when we add to this, that Mr. Potts enjoyed the title of "honorable" from having actually been a State senator in former years—that he had inherited and purchased a neat little store of pictures, statues, and other valuables—that he possessed a lovely little place on the Connecticut, and that he was a superb chess and whist player; in our opinion, Mr. Potts was decidedly to be envied.

Yet no man is entirely happy, and why should the Hon. Joshua Potts be exempted from the category of ordinary mortals? This one drawback of his forms more particularly the subject of the following story.

Mr. Potts, though dearly loving children, had an objection to *kissing babies*. He would play with them, talk with them, make them presents, do anything to amuse them, and flatter their parents, but kiss them—this he stoutly refused to do. His reasons we will not give here; but we are of the anti-baby kissing school ourself, and if called upon by affectionate mothers for the reasons which could have induced Mr. Potts from kissing the little cherubs, we shall give our own, which probably much resemble his.

One would suppose that this resolve of Mr. Potts would not have had more effect than to draw down a few mild execrations upon his head, at the moment, from young mothers, and that a new rattle or so would have made up the affair with ease. The case, however, was not so, and we will proceed to show how.

Mr. Potts was sitting in his library, one morning in April, when the sky was not perfectly clear, and he, therefore, preferred a warm room to a doubtful out-of-doors ramble, when a carryall drove up to the door, and a portly lady got out, accompanied by a gentleman in tremendous whiskers and moustache. This latter personage proceeded to "see to the horse," while his lady rang, and asked for Mr. Potts. She was ushered into the library, and it then appeared that a large baby constituted a part of her travelling apparatus.

Mr. Potts courteously requested her to be seated. She complied after a deal of fussing with her various trappings, and began her oration as follows:

"Hon. Joshua Potts, sir, my name is Matilda Hobson. My father was Mr. Timothy T. Jenkins; you may have heard of him; his brother was in the Senate two years before you; married a Wilkins—her mother was a Tomkins. This Mr. Jenkins, my father, married a Perkins; her sister, Amanda Perkins, was rather celebrated in the school-keeping line; her husband was a Hodgkins," (and so on, as any gentleman, whose female acquaintances have a turn for genealogy, can well understand); "but, to come to the point, about two years ago, as I was travelling in Greenfield with my sister—she afterwards married Mr. Hopkins, of Waterville,—I fell in with Mr. Henry Hobson, who won my young heart," (here her handkerchief went up to her eyes), "married me, and we emigrated to California. In a short time this sweet babe was born. The mines failed; our little all was seized by bandits. My husband was attacked with yellow fever, and I hastened to you, my husband's early friend, to seek for succor-r-r." Here she fell at Mr. Potts's feet, thereby considerably discomposing her progeny.

"My friend?"

"Yes—at least his father, John A. Hobson, who married a Dodson, was your friend."

"Yes, yes; I certainly knew Mr. Hobson, but not intimately. I cannot see that your husband has any claim upon me."

"Perhaps not as the world judge; but can you look in the face of his innocent offspring and refuse assistance?" and the worthy lady ran on, holding up a remarkably healthy baby.

"But, my dear madam," said Mr. Potts, parenthetically, "I don't kiss babies."

"You reject, then, my last plea; you refuse to look upon the sweet face of a helpless child; then I spurn you, and despise you. I want not your assistance!" And her husband entering at this moment, Mrs. Hobson poured forth a terrible tirade against Mr. Potts, which resulted in Mr. Hobson being quite as incensed as his wife, and leaving the house, with the expression:

"Your kindred and mine shall know your hard-heartedness."

Till then, Mr. Potts had never thought of a certain mortgage which Hobson held over him, the foreclosal of which he had contrived to delay, but which, he was afraid, this contretemps would hasten. He was obliged, therefore, to call back the Californians, and bring them over with a considerable sum not to tell. His disgust was still farther increased by the fact that, meeting Mr. Hobson some time after, Mr. Hobson told him that an impostor and his wife had been going the rounds, assuming the name of Hobson, and telling of a story of distresses in California.

Here was a blow. Mr. Potts reflected that had he kissed the baby, such a storm would not probably have been excited, his fears not been aroused, and he could have got off from giving anything, or only a moderate sum at most. But his foible brought him afterwards into more serious trouble.

Mr. Potts was staying in New York, once on a visit, when a lady and gentleman, with a baby, walked down, one morning, into the parlor of the hotel where he was staying. Mr. Potts fell into some conversation with the lady, in consequence of sitting next to her at dinner, and the baby naturally formed a part of the conversation. The child was apparently used to kissing, and Potts, perceiving the lips approaching his, and entirely forgetting his late experience, motioned the baby away. His hand moved a little farther than he meant, and the baby's head and his hand both hit the lady. Potts was apologizing for and laughing at the occurrence, when the appearance of the lady's face, of compassion for the screaming child, and horror with which she regarded him, induced him to think that something was the matter, and he was confirmed in this opinion by hearing her scream "Al—fred!"

The husband advanced—evidently a Southerner.

"Alfred," said she, "will you permit your wife and child to be insulted—nay, even struck? Instantly demand satisfaction from this *man!*"

"Who are you, sir?" said the Southerner; "or, rather, are you a gentleman?—if so, I *do* demand satisfaction; if not, beware of my wrath."

"I believe I am a gentleman, sir," said the innocent Mr. Potts, "as my title of honorable would show; but, really, I am opposed to duelling. My name is Joshua Potts."

"Joshua Potts!—you will hear from me." And he and family sailed out of the room.

In a few days, the unfortunate Mr. Potts received the following letter:

"Sir,—I understand, from my son, that you grossly insulted him and his wife at New York, lately, and refused to give satisfaction. I *had* thought to recollect you to the amount of nearly $100,000 in my will, as a return for kindnesses done by your father to me, but this is now impossible. Remember that such beings still exist as gentlemen of honor.

"Charleston, S. C. Alfred K. Percy."

Here was another blow! Mr. Percy—from whom he had decided expectations—a main-stay gone—the enmity of the family, too! Mr. Potts returned home a wiser man. He has been noticed frequently, when playing with babies, to gesticulate vehemently with his lips near the baby's face—the nearest approach he can make to that, the want of which has cost him a pretty penny—Kissing the Baby.

The first step to self-knowledge is self-distrust. Nor can we attain to any kind of knowledge, except by a like process.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL, THE POET.

[FROM A DAGUERREOTYPE BY WHIPPLE & BLACK.]

The age of poetry has not yet passed away. The shriek of the steam-whistle, the thunder of the locomotive, the din of factories, the roar of life in great cities has not hushed the "still small voice" that translates the music of nature, that syllables the fall of waters, the song of birds, the mute eloquence of flower, and sky, and wave, and breeze, that echoes the sighs of passionate hearts, and gives expression to the aspirations of the soul. If Willis rarely wakes the lyre now, if Dana's harp is hushed, if Percival has abandoned poetry for science, if only at long intervals Bryant shows that the divine fire still animates his soul, if Halleck, grown peacefully old, reposes on his unfading laurels, if the lyre of Hoffman is sadly shattered, there is yet no dearth of poetry and poets. Longfellow, in the plenitude of his resources, gladdens us with frequent songs, exquisite works of art, in which the workmanship is veiled by a sweet simplicity. Read follows with those delicate pencillings, which are as graceful and glowing as his pictures; and Lowell, in the vigor of his life, affords us the hope of many a golden fruit of his matured genius. And there are listeners to this minstrelsy. These songs are not warbled only to the echoes. The American people, thrifty, energetic and enterprising, like the Scotch, are, like them, passionately fond of poetry. Of the thousands of newspapers, dated from obscure and inconsiderable towns in this country, there is not one that does not have its poet's corner,—not one that does not publish occasionally some original piece not unworthy of preservation. And these published poems bear but a very small proportion to the number written. Of course, where there is such a multitude of verse-makers, there must be a multitude of verse-readers; and the booksellers, who look on poetry, as they should, from a purely business point of view, will all tell you that good poetry is sure of a sale. There is, therefore, all the encouragement to be met with here that genius need demand. The poet of to-day, and of this country, commands a respect and love which the bards of other times and other lands never experienced. One of the most prominent of those thus honored in our day and land, is James Russell Lowell, whose portrait, drawn for us by Mr. Barry, from a photograph by Whipple & Black, accompanies the present sketch. The poet is the son of the Rev. Dr. Lowell, and was born in Cambridge, Mass., about the year 1819. He was educated at Harvard University. During his collegiate course, we are not aware that he gave any public proofs of his poetical genius. After graduating, he commenced the study of law, but his position not requiring professional exertion, he abandoned its practice, after a brief experience, for literary pursuits. His first publication, a volume of poems, entitled "A Year's Life," was issued in 1841, and at once attracted respectful attention. If it had some of the faults incidental to a first book of poems, it had also a degree of merit unusual in a maiden effort. Some of the poems needed pruning and condensation, it is true; but there were few pages that did not contain bold and original ideas, and images and expressions at once beautiful and forcible. It was evident that the author had overleaped a wide gulf of time in going back for a model. It was apparent that he was enamored of Spenser and those stately and vigorous writers, his compeers, who were the glory of the Elizabethan era. On the whole, this book was full of golden promise. After an interval of some three years, it was followed by another, which contained some of the finest poetry its author has ever written. The "Legend of Brittany," embraced in this collection, more than justified the warmest expectations of the author's friends. It is Spenserian in its tone and manner, without the servility of direct imitation. The march of the versification is stately and imposing, and pours along in the full tide of melody. The following stanzas show the boldness and strength of the young poet, and describe the effect of church music with extraordinary success:

Then swelled the organ: up through choir and nave
  The music trembled with an inward thrill
Of bliss at its own grandeur; wave on wave
  In flood of mellow thunder rose, until
The hushed air shivered with the throb it gave;
  Then, poising for a moment, it stood still,
And sank and rose again to burst in spray
That wandered into silence far away.

Deeper and deeper shudders shook the air,
  As the huge base kept gathering heavily,
Like thunder when it rouses in its lair.
  And with its hoarse growl shakes the low-hung sky,
It grew up like a darkness everywhere
  Filling the vast cathedral;—suddenly
From the dense mass a boy's clear treble broke
Like lightning, and the full-toned choir awoke.

Through gorgeous windows shone the sun aslant,
  Brimming the church with gold and purple mist,
Meet atmosphere to bosom that rich chant,
  Where fifty voices in one strand did twist
Their vari-colored tones, and left no want
  To the delighted soul, which sank abyssed
In the warm music cloud, while far below
The organ heaved its surges to and fro.

Mr. Lowell has not, as many poets have done, kept himself aloof from the movement of the world around him. On the contrary, he has evinced a deep interest in the great political questions of the day, and has chained his Pegasus to what he and his friends believe to be the car of Reform. Strongly opposed to the admission of Texas, the war with Mexico, and with certain existing institutions, he has lent their opponents the aid of his poetical genius. The poetry, however, which he has written, with the zeal and purpose of a reformer, will not, we think, enjoy more than an ephemeral existence; while such glorious productions as the "Legend of Brittany" will have an enduring life. A notice of Lowell as a poet would be incomplete without an allusion to his humor. That he possesses an abundance of this quality is conclusively shown in the "Biglow Papers," a production bearing the genuine American stamp. Satire, irony and sarcasm, veiled by simplicity, subtle delineation of character, smartness, wit and humor, give vitality and interest to this performance. The genuineness of the Yankee dialect in which Mr. Biglow's lucubrations are written is an admirable feature. It is undeniably authentic, and when the Yankee dialect becomes a dead language, these papers will prevent its passing into oblivion like the tongue in which Elliot's celebrated translation of the Bible is written. In the "Courtin'," a little fragmentary piece, Mr. Lowell has given us the only Yankee pastoral ever written. But though it is exceedingly well done, it shows conclusively, in our opinion, that the Yankee dialect can never be employed, like the Lowland Scotch, on tender and pathetic themes, but must be confined to subjects requiring broad humor or satire. The following verse, describing Huldy's feelings at the approach of her lover,

"She heered a foot, an' knowed it, tu,
  A raspin' on the scraper,
All ways to once her feelings flew
  Like sparks in burnt up paper,"

reminds us, by contrast, of the beautiful passage in an old Scotch song, which expresses the love of a wife for her husband:

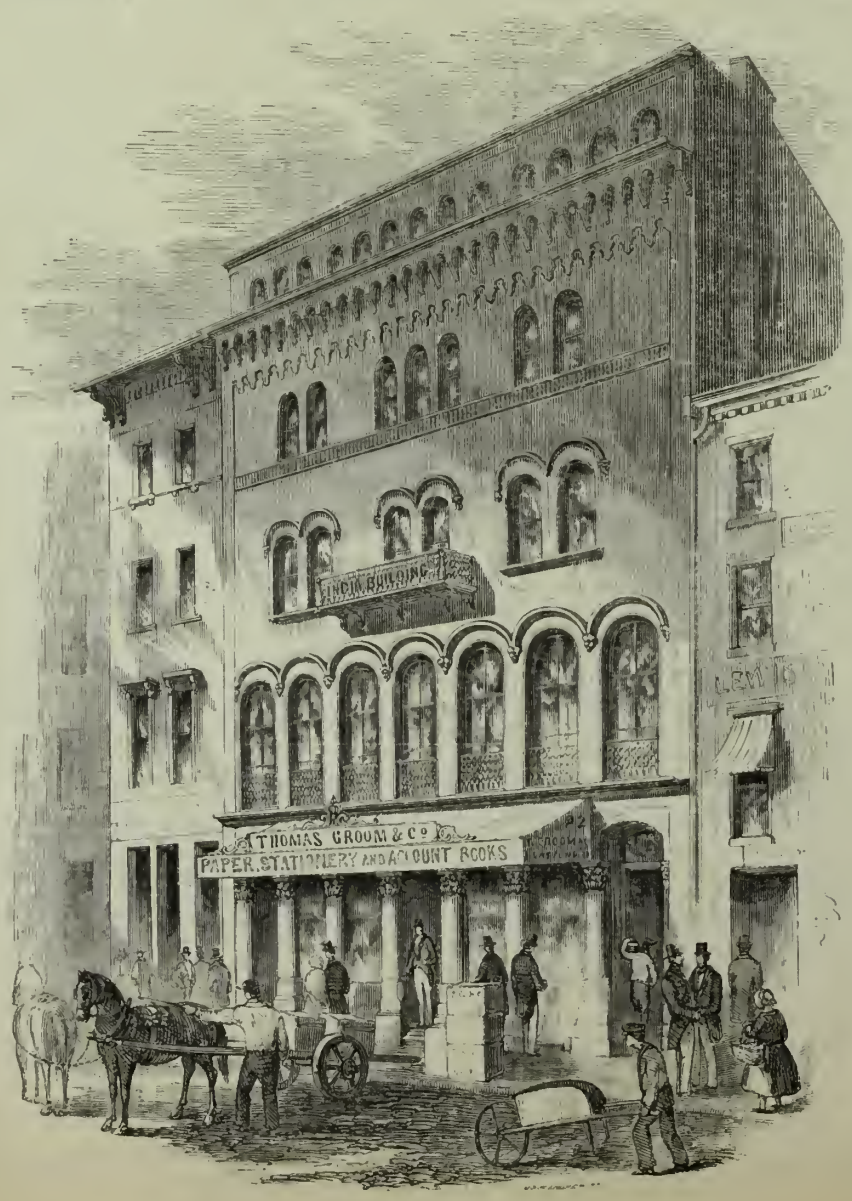
"His verra foot has music in't
  As it comes up the stair."

Mr. Lowell's prose is good, sound Saxon, drawn from the well of English undefiled. The vigor and beauty of his prose style may be learned from his "Conversations with some of the old Poets," published in 1845. His lectures on poetry, delivered in this city last winter, and admirably reported in the Daily Advertiser, have added greatly to his reputation. Their eloquence is of a high order, and their views, in the main, sound. Mr. Lowell has lately been appointed to the professorship in Harvard University vacated by the resignation of Mr. Longfellow, and is at present travelling in Europe.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

INDIA BUILDING, STATE STREET.

We present our readers with a view of the beautiful building on State Street, recently erected, and well known as the head-quarters of Thomas Groom & Co., the celebrated stationers. The drawing was made for us by Mr. Worcester, so well known for the accuracy of his delineations. The design of the building was furnished by Mr. Paul Schulze, the architect, and is a creditable effort. It is in the Romanesque style now so popular, and the material employed is Connecticut freestone, which works easily, is of a fine warm neutral tint, and is represented as quite durable. Messrs. Paul & McNutt were the builders, and the stone work was executed by Mr. John Foote. The basement and the first and fifth stories are occupied by Messrs. Groom & Co., and it is really worth while for a stranger to go through their establishment and see how complete and extensive their assortment is, and how admirable are their interior arrangements. Every article in their line, both domestic and imported, may here be found, and we know of no similar establishment, either in England or this country, where a superior stock is kept on hand. The name of the firm is well known abroad, and we remember seeing a view of their old establishment in the Paris "Illustration," there given, very properly, as one of the noted places of Boston. The business done by them is commensurate with the capital employed and the liberal scale in which they transact business. "India Building" stands on the north side of State Street, near Merchants Row, and its external appearance at once attracts the eye; forming quite an addition to the features of that old historic street, down which the old State House looks as it looked upon that memorable night of 1770, when the first blood of the revolution was poured upon its pavements. We suppose that one of these days we shall be obliged to give up this old landmark, which forces the tide of travel into two channels too narrow to contain it. The *coup d'œuil* presented when looking either up or down State Street is sufficiently picturesque. Uniformity is not to be expected in the streets of an American city. Each sovereign possessor of a lot of land, and particularly where land is as valuable as gold dust, will put up such a building as suits his own individual fancy, without any reference whatever to the taste of his neighbors, or the general effect produced by his structure. Thus we see a Gothic temple shouldering a Grecian church; an Italian villa elbowing a Romanesque pile; the style of the Renaissance contending with a building ornamented in the Saracenic manner. This makes a sort of carnavalesque melange, not at all disagreeable to the eye, however it may offend against severity of taste. This is of less consequence, however, in a city where the tortuosity of the street does not admit of a very rigid alignment. But we must take matters as they come, and it is certainly possible to render Boston a picturesque, if not a symmetrical and well balanced city. Within the past ten years our local architecture has taken a rapid start. The purely utilitarian principle has been discarded, and a style more or less florid has been introduced, not only into churches and private residences, but in stores and warehouses, to the manifest improvement of the aspect of the place. The building represented in our engraving is a proof of the effect of this reformatory spirit, which we believe will eventually prevail



INDIA BUILDING, STATE STREET, BOSTON.

RACHEL'S POWER.

Gautier, a French critic, thus hints at some of the features of the acting of this great *tragedienne*:—"Master-pieces alone will no longer attract. There must be the most perfect interpretation. When we have become so familiar with an author that we finish, in our thought, each verse as the actress commences to deliver it, we will not be satisfied with any delivery short of the perfect. * * * This wonderful perfection of delivery is Mademoiselle Rachel's peculiar excellence. Outside of her talent as an actress, she is undoubtedly the best reader in the world. Possessed of every secret of an elegant diction, she gives to a fine line a wonderful power, and to a poor one even, often a Corneillian dignity. * * * Mademoiselle Rachel has, probably without knowing it, introduced an almost melodramatic style into tragedy, and this is clearly one of the secrets of her immense success. With her marvellous instinct, mademoiselle has taken a new conception of the part of Phedre; she has presented, not the mother-in-law, filled with incestuous love, but the instrument of the vengeance of Venus—a Greek conception, but new to the beautiful tragedy of Racine. Here she has presented to us a delineation of that antique love that resembles an intoxication—that burns with fires inextinguishable—a fever in the blood and a flush on the cheek. She was foolish, furious, wonderful, as if she had drunk the magic wine of the Thessalian magician. The evening was a brilliant one. A storm of applause greeted the tragedienne at every entrance—and as for bouquets, Phedre was more than once in danger of being missed. Mademoiselle improves at every new representation."

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL.

THE CHEAPEST WEEKLY PAPER IN THE WORLD.

MATURIN M. BALLOU, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.
FRANCIS A. DURIVAGE, ASSISTANT EDITOR.

ABSENCE OF MIND.

It is the privilege of great geniuses to be absent-minded, but it does not follow that every absent-minded man is a genius. While many a man is laughed at for his abstraction from little things, while his mind is soaring to the empyrean in the pathway of the stars, the wits of many a dolt are wool-gathering, without an idea in his noddle. An exchange paper tells of a man in Boston who went to the post-office to inquire for his letters, and did not know how to frame an interrogatory, having forgotten his own name; and of a farmer in New Hampshire who, while revolving some deeply important problem, sat down on his milk-pail and milked the cow into the stool. We knew a gentleman of this city who, the next day after he was married, called at the house of his bride's father, asking for her by her maiden name. The reply of the astonished servant girl: "She's married, sir, and gone to live at your house," brought him to his senses. Old Parson Blank, who, when pruning his apple trees, would sit on the end of a limb and saw it off inside of him, was a case in point. But the most melancholy termination of a life of blunders, was that, as well attested as the history of the Kilkenny cats, of the unfortunate gentleman, who, on retiring to rest at night, put his patent leathers to bed and pulled off his head with the boot-jack. The coroner's jury brought in a verdict of "accidental suicide."

"THE MISTAKE OF A LIFE-TIME."—W. V. Spencer has just issued a new and convenient edition of this popular work, the previous large editions having been all exhausted, and the work in constant demand. It is a narrative crowded with character, adventure and incident, and belongs to the class which always captivates the million.

DESTITUTION.—A man and his wife applied for a free railroad pass at Buffalo, pleading destitute circumstances. As it turned out, however, he had 175 dollars in gold, and so was compelled to deduct the price of a couple of tickets. The unfortunate couple did not go on their way rejoicing.

RAILROADS—It is anticipated that before long—how long we cannot say—there will be an uninterrupted line of railway communication between the Falls of St. Anthony, on the Mississippi, and the Gulf of Mexico, a distance of twelve hundred miles. Success to the iron horse!

OLD AGE.—There are plenty of old people round now-a-days. An old gentleman on the northern shores of Oneida Lake, N. Y., lately celebrated his 105th birthday. He is hale and hearty, and his "little boy," aged 80, was quite smart at the last accounts.

HEALTH.—The ravages of yellow fever at the South have been dreadful. The cold weather is looked for with anxious expectation to put a stop to the dreadful scourge.

CALIFORNIA.—The steamers for the land of gold continue to go out crowded, and the return boats to bring plenty of the *oro*.

SPLINTERS.

.... The Germans intend to erect a splendid theatre in Milwaukie, where they are numerous and thriving.

.... Rev. Dr. Watson has been appointed a chaplain in the U. S. navy. He formerly officiated at Trinity Church here.

.... Whipple & Black's daguerreotypes are hard to beat here or elsewhere. They are indeed "counterfeit presentments."

.... George Barrett, "Gentleman George," is about retiring to Long Island, N. Y., for life. He was a capital actor.

.... De Soto, the Spanish dancer, has been performing at the Metropolitan, New York. She is the best dancer we have.

.... The Californians are sick of theatricals, and actors are leaving a land no longer golden for them.

.... The corner stone of the new public library in this city is to be laid with appropriate ceremony on the 17th.

.... It is now denied that the noted Richard P. Robinson died lately at the Galt House, Louisville, Ky.

.... Mr. de Korponay, who introduced the polka here, is in the Crimea, giving *balls* to the Russians.

.... The Harvard Society are about erecting a chapel at the corner of Edgeworth Street, Charlestown, in the Gothic style.

.... Throwing a stone is now called "projecting a boulder"—a refinement on the vulgar phrase.

.... In six week-days a person may now travel two thousand four hundred miles in this country.

.... Mohammed Ali is about to publish an Egyptian newspaper called the Bulah Independent. What a name!

.... George Sand went to relieve a man who said he was dying of starvation, and found him eating sausages.

.... The tapestry alone of the imperial retiring-room, at the Paris exhibition building, cost $4000. Whew!

.... Sydney Smith said he held out awhile against Dickens, but was finally conquered by "Nicholas Nickleby."

.... A Shaker community in Ohio has imported an entirely new breed of cattle. What are they?

.... The Boston Theatre was opened with the *eclat* that might be expected of that popular establishment.

A LOOK ABOUT US.

In the month of August we had a foretaste of the fall. The old croakers, who had predicted in the spring a cold summer, were delighted by the realization of their prophecies. When pinched and blue noses were prevalent in the dog days, their countenances alone were radiant with joy. These are the men who have a keen, unerring scent for evil—who anticipate the canker worm amidst the bloom of the orchard, and scent the potato rot before the seed is fairly in the ground.

They'd wrinkle with deep cares the prettiest face,
Pour gall and wormwood in the sweetest cup,
Poison the very wells of life, and place
Whitechapel needles with their sharp points up,
E'en in the softest feather bed that e'er
Was manufactured by upholsterer.

But now that "an eager and a nipping air" legitimately bites us, now that paletots are justifiable, and do not seem a paradox, now that the yellowing elm leaf and the reddening maple are the appropriate livery of the season, we can walk abroad and meet the kiss of coming winter with a clear conscience. We suppose we ought to moralize and meditate upon decay. Let us stroll into the Common, and, seated beneath the shade of melancholy boughs, be as sad as Jacques in his forest solitude. It will not do. These fallen leaves, decayed though they be, gleam like scales of gold in the sunshine, and flutter in the eddying breeze, and dance a most irreverent waltz about our feet.

And the fountain, too! There is not a bit of melancholy in the glad upward rush of its bright water, and the musical tinkle of its diamond drops as they strike the surface of the pond. How can one be "melancholy and gentlemanlike" while those pretty cherry-checked *bonnes* are romping and frolicking with that group of little fairies on the green sward? One might as well seek to "hold a fire in his hand by thinking of the frosty Caucasus," as to conjure up black melancholy out of the brilliant sights and sounds about him. And, by a strange coincidence, that foreign gentleman in the montero cap and velveteen smalls, the happy proprietor of a monkey, which looks like a miniature and rather flattered copy of himself, extorts "Away with melancholy" from his hand-organ.

"Gentle musician, let thy dulcet strain
Proceed."

The organ is wheezy and has a bad cold—is very shaky and unsatisfactory on the demi-semiquavers—slept on the turnpike with the gate open last night, probably; but no matter,—there is a faint likeness of the old air, sufficient for recognition, and memory and imagination supply the rest. After all, everything depends upon the condition of the individual. There goes a thin, pale man, whose seedy garments ill fence his worn body from the eager air; he can hardly look on the approach of winter with much satisfaction. He sees a perspective of fading embers, and wet feet, and shivering midnights passed under scanty coverlets, with the cold hand of the northern blast rattling his crazy sashes, and even in this gush of genial sunshine he turns blue—poor old fellow! But yonder comes a portly, well-fed gentleman, just descended from the steps of his mansion in Beacon Street, whose views of life's vicissitudes are very different from those of the old mendicant we have just been observing. There is a faint possibility of "generous Burgundy" in the florid flush of his smooth cheek. His spectacles have Claude glasses, and all his views are rose-colored. To him this great elm is the tree Ygdrasil, and this plashing pool the fountain of Mimers; for we are told in the northern mythology (and we are so far north that we ought to embrace it) that a squirrel (Rotatoskr) runs up and down the "tree of the world," and may not this glorious Common be likened to "Glasor, the forest of golden trees?" Go on, well-filled waistcoat and brilliant patent leathers. The club-house is thy Gladheim,—the hall of joy, and the Boston Theatre thy Valhalla. We will not stop to ask what harm that portly gentleman has done us that we should suppose his brain filled with Scandinavian notions instead of stocks and consols, but dismiss him, all unconscious of the wrong, to his business or pleasure, while we return to ours.

APPLICATION REJECTED.—A number of colored persons in this city, who had organized into a military company, under the title of the "Massasoit Guards," were refused the use of the State arms on application. We believe that military charters can be granted only to free white citizens. We remember that when the colored men used to parade to celebrate the abolition of slavery in the West Indies, they were restricted, in their display, to the use of tin-headed spears, which made, however, a very good show.

NEW TACTICS.—A German surgeon in the Russian service, who has written a very clever book describing what has taken place during the campaign on the Russian side, attributes the Russian defeats outside the walls to the persistence of the Russian commander in attempting new manœuvres which had failed even on parade ground.

FLOUR.—Look out for a heavy decline of this article next month. It is a little queer that while housewives are doing their best to make their bread rise, their husbands are waiting for it to fall.

THE "FRETFUL PORCUPINE."—One of these curious animals, whose quills are its defence, like those of controversial writers, was killed, lately, at Chester, in this State. It was what an Englishman would call "an 'edge 'og."

FAST PEAR TREE.—Mr. Lyons, of Greenfield, has a pear tree that has borne two crops of pears already this season, and is trying to raise a third. "Sure such a *pair* was never seen."

THE ROTUNDA OF THE CAPITOL.

On page 165 of the present number will be found a large engraving giving an exact representation of the great Rotunda in the Capitol at Washington. It is a vast circular hall, 95 feet in diameter, and the same number of feet in height, surmounted by a dome, from which it receives light. Our engraving exhibits two of the large paintings which fill the panels on the sides of the apartment, the "Embarkation of the Pilgrims at Delft Haven," by Wier, of which we presented an engraving in No. 6 of this volume, and the "Landing of Columbus," by Vanderlyn. Other panels are filled with Trumbull's pictures of the "Signing of the Declaration of Independence," the "Surrender of Burgoyne," the "Surrender of Cornwallis," and "Washington Resigning his Military Commission." The series just mentioned have a great historical value, for the portraits of the characters introduced are all of them authentic, and most of them painted by Colonel Trumbull from the life. Chapman has contributed a "Baptism of Pocahontas," and Powell his grand composition of De Soto. Besides the paintings, the hall is further decorated by alto relievo sculptures, representing the "Rescue of Captain Smith by Pocahontas," "Penn concluding a Treaty with the Indians," and "Daniel Boone engaged in Conflict with the Savages." The Capitol at Washington is certainly one of the most striking objects in the Federal city, and when the additions liberally provided for by Congress are completed, it will be one of the most commanding structures in the United States. It is built of freestone, and the old portion of it occupies an acre and a quarter of ground. It is 352 feet long from north to south, by a breadth of 121 feet. The splendid projecting portico on the east front, 160 feet wide, has been much admired for the beauty of its design and the elegance of its lofty Corinthian columns. The steps which give access to the building are adorned by two very large statues, representing War and Peace. On the western front is a projection 83 feet, adorned by a recessed portico of Corinthian columns. The Senate Chamber is in the northern and the Hall of Representatives in the southern wing. The architect of the Capitol was a Bostonian—Mr. Charles Bulfinch. It was commenced in 1793. The southern wing, which alone was completed in 1814, was ruthlessly burned by the British, according to their usual style of conducting warfare. The extension of the Capitol consists in two wings of marble, placed at the north and south ends of the present structure, and connected therewith by corridors. The entire area covered by building will be three and a half acres. The additions will cost, when completed, about two millions and a half. The Capitol grounds comprise twenty-two acres, and are beautifully laid out, planted with shrubbery, trees and flowers, and adorned with fountains. The tasteful decoration of these grounds was planned by the lamented Downing, a landscape gardener, who was, in the truest sense of the word, an artist, and whose loss has left a sensible void in the profession he had adopted.

THE COMING HARVEST.—In speaking of the prospect of abundance of crops in the country, the Hallowell Farmer says:—"We are—if we may judge from present appearances—to be blessed this fall with the most bountiful harvest that has ever been gathered into the store-houses of the nation. Accounts from every quarter—North, South East and West—are alike encouraging, and begin already to affect the markets."

A SEA-QUAKE.—While the ship Bostonian was on her passage from Liverpool to Hong Kong, she experienced two shocks of a submarine volcano. These sea-quakes are not very common—old Neptune being rarely troubled with the ague.

LADIES' DRESSES.—It is said now that a belle full dressed, with plenty of whalebone in her garments, requires ten square feet to stand in. This must be death to the system of crowded entertainments.

MARRIAGES.

In this city, by Rev. Mr. Streeter, Mr. Joseph Francis to Miss Mary Rose; by Rev. Mr. Miner, Mr. Miles S. Cahill to Miss Henrietta G. Perry; by Rev. Mr. Muir, Mr John McCahill to Mrs. Catherine Hayes; George L. Gibson, Esq., of Marysville, California, to Miss Henriette Molineux, of Boston.—At Chelsea, by Rev. Mr. Leouard, Mr. Henry G Fay to Miss Clara C., daughter of Capt. George W. Pearce.—At Brighton, by Rev. Mr. Whitney, Mr. Henry Lloyd, of Birmingham, England, to Miss Mary Jackson Thwing.—At Waltham, by Rev. Mr. Frost, Mr. James Smith to Miss Lucy Spoor.—At Lexington, by Rev. Mr. Frost, Mr. George M. Bascom, of Westboro', to Miss Ophelia M. Stearns.—At Lawrence, by Rev. Mr. Foster, Mr. Oscar Coburn, of Dracut, to Miss Eliza Cleveland, of South Royalton, Vt.—At Plymouth, by Rev. Mr. Harvey, Mr. Stephen Perkins, Jr., to Miss Mary A. Edmunds.—At Westfield, Mr. C. A. Robbins, of the News Letter, to Miss Lauraette Woodworth, of East Suffield, Ct.—At Barre, by Rev. Mr. Fuller, Mr. F. H. Houghton, of Brattleboro', Vt, to Miss Sarah M. Thomas.—At Oakham, by Rev. Mr. Kimball, Mr. Sandford B. Kellogg, of St. Louis, Mo., to Miss Martha Louisa, daughter of the officiating clergyman.—At Newport, R. I., Henry Lohoyns, Charge d'Affairs de Belgique, to Harriette Livingston, daughter of the late Capt. Lowndes Brown, U. S. A.—At East Turner, Me, by Rev. Mr. Hill, Mr. Ralph Davenport to Miss Eveline R Gilbert, both of Boston.—At Belfast, Me. by Rev. Mr. Cutter, Mr. A. L. Allen to Miss Emilie F. Howe, both of East Boston.

DEATHS.

In this city, Mr. Benjamin Simpson, 50; Mrs. Margaret Higgins, 84; Warren Bowker, Esq., 78; Mr. Ignatius Sargent Amory, 30; Mr. Wm. D. Terry, 52; Mr. Abel Baldwin, 73; Henry Gassett, Esq., 81; at South Boston, Mrs. Ruth Wellington, 86.—At Charlestown, Mrs. Mary Ann Thompson, 22, formerly of Lovell, Me.—At Somerville, Mr. Aaron Endicott, of Salem, 27.—At Roxbury, Mr. Whiting Hewins, 65.—At East Cambridge, Mr. Emor Winsor, 81.—At Cambridge, Widow Abigail Gorton, 82.—At South Malden, Mrs. Lydia Kimball, 66, widow of the late Deacon Eliphalet Kimball.—At North Chelsea, Elizabeth Cruft, 90.—At Salem, Mrs. Malvina T. Hart, 41.—At Audover, Mr. Charles A. Cooper, printer, of Boston, 26.—At Lynn, Mrs. Rachel Morse, 72.—At Marblehead, Mrs Mary Ann Eastland, 36.—At Rockport, Deacon Solomon Poole, 74.—At Chelmsford, Samuel Davis, Esq, a Revolutionary pensioner, 90.—At Taunton, Mrs. Hannah B. Gove, widow of the late Timothy Gove, of Deerfield, N. H., 83.—At Newburyport, Mr. Nathaniel G. Pierce, 28.—At West Newbury, Martha, widow of the late Enoch Dole, 67.—At Worcester, Mrs. Mary E. Breckenridge, 22.—At North Providence, R. I., Mrs. Anna, widow of the late Elisha Olney, 96.—At Pembroke, N. H., Luther Thompson, formerly of Medford, 55.—At Bucksport, Me., Mrs. Charlotte B., wife of Col. S. Skinner, formerly of Mansfield, Mass., 68.—At Vincennes, Ind., Horace F. Parkhurst, formerly of Boston, 37.—At Shelbyville, Illinois, of cholera, Rev. Joseph M. Grout, formerly of Westboro', Mass, 42.

EDITORIAL MELANGE.

Wilson Shannon has accepted the governorship of Kansas, and will depart immediately for that territory. —— A girl thirteen years old, at Hartford, Conn., is a splendid swimmer and diver, and boldly jumps into the water from a pier thirty-five feet high. She is not encumbered with a bathing dress on these occasions. —— All agree in affirming that since the discovery of gold in California, the present year has been the most successful one. —— Dr. Waterbury has examined the jaw bone of a mummied bull in the Egyptian Museum, and has ascertained the animal to have been of the species of our common ox, and that the bone does not differ in size from that of a full-grown ox of the present day. —— Michael Maloy, Irish, died at Providence, R. I., lately, at the advanced age of 108 years. —— The Cleveland Plaindealer says, that by the first of January next the single State of Iowa will contain over half a million of persons. The census of the State in 1850 was but 193,000. —— The lady visitors at Cape May propose a movement for the purchase of Mt. Vernon. The sum of $200,000 is necessary, and the ladies at the Cape gave a dollar each. —— It is estimated that this year the crop of wheat will reach the aggregate of 115,000,000 bushels in the United States. In 1850, it was 92,000,000, and last year but 70,000,000. This would give an increase over last year of 45,000,000 bushels. —— There was but one solitary female who refused to reveal her age to the census takers, during the recent canvass in Boston. She lives in Washington Village. —— Dr. Stenhouse, a London physician of eminence, has discovered that a very thin layer of charcoal effectually absorbs the very minute quantities of infectious matter floating in the atmosphere of what are called unhealthy localities; and this has led him to the construction of a charcoal filter, which is applicable to ships, to the gully-holes of sewers, to respirators, etc. It consists of a thin layer of charcoal powder enclosed between two sheets of wire-gauze, and has been used very successfully. —— Mr. John B. Green, an American, has succeeded in discovering the celebrated Egyptian calendar, of which Champollion could only copy the first lines. —— Goblets made of quassia wood are now sold at the leading druggists' shops in New York. Water is poured into them, which, after being left for some minutes, is drank as a cure for dyspepsia. The quassia is a valuable corrective. —— The late Rev. Sydney Smith, so it is narrated in his published memoirs, once read a sermon of Rev. Dr. Channing's in St. Paul's Cathedral, London. —— Henry Stowe, Esq., a prominent merchant of New York, has presented to the Mercantile Library Association, of that city, two pieces of statuary from the studio of Mosher at Florence. The pieces are "Silence" and "Truth," of the life size, and have been the admiration of travellers visiting Italy. —— "Mary Lyndon," a new work of fiction from the pen of Mrs. Gove Nichols, is ignorantly imputed by several critics to Mrs. E. Oakes Smith. —— A nice looking young man went round among the citizens of Nashua, N. H., the day before a circus was to exhibit, to accommodate the public with tickets, just to save them the trouble in the midst of the rush. He realized about a hundred dollars, and of course the circus repudiated the bogus tickets. —— The grasshopper scourge still fearfully continues in Utah Territory; the saints are in despair. —— The new census of the provinces of Upper and Lower Canada shows a large increase of population since 1851. At that time the population of Upper Canada was 952,000; that of Lower Canada, 890,261. The population of Upper Canada is now, in round numbers, 1,332,000; the Lower Province has 1,050,000; total, 2,382,000. —— Three families of gipsies, numbering twenty-seven persons in all, landed at New York from England, lately, and pitched their tents at West Hoboken. —— Lord Rosse, in one of his addresses to the Royal Society, announces that some nebula are in physical connection with stars, as bright as some other stars whose parallax is approximately determined. If so, the nebular hypothesis, in one main point of it, is almost proved. —— Some of the New York papers are in favor of establishing a Zoological Garden in that city, similar to the one in London. —— There are 37,800 dozen eggs consumed at the United States Hotel, Saratoga, per week. At the United States Hotel, in this city, we think there are 33,000 dozen per week consumed—and throughout the year.

ADULTERATION IN MEDICINES.—An English writer in one of the Reviews gives some curious items concerning the extensive adulteration of medicinal stuffs. For instance, epsom salts are adulterated with sulphate of soda; carbonate of soda with sulphate of soda—a very injurious substitute; mercury is sometimes falsified with lead, tin and bismuth; gentian with the poisonous drugs aconita and belladonna; rhubarb with tumeric and gamboge; cantharides with black pepper; cod liver and castor oils with common and inferior oils; and opium in a dozen different ways.

THE WAR.—Russia is apparently preparing for a long war. The government has commenced the construction of a road which is to unite Finland to Sweden around the northern extremity of the Gulf of Bothnia, by means of which Russia may procure from Sweden all the merchandize which the blockade prevents getting into Russia direct by sea.

HOUSE RENT.—This heavy item of expenditure is high here, and very high in New York, though there are plenty of empty houses in the latter city. Landlords wont come down, and house-hunters wont give in. This makes good business for the boarding houses and hotels, but it is a great social evil.

FASHION.—Young ladies shine in *moire antique*, and even more antique females figure in the fashionable stuff. Feathers and diamonds will be much worn this winter by those who can get them.

Wayside Gatherings.

The Mount Vernon Hotel, at Cape May, was recently sold for $80,000.

Mrs. Barron, wife of James Barron, U. S. N., lately died at Norfolk, Va., of the prevailing epidemic.

Mr. Lambert Allen, of Palmer, has a small apple tree, four feet high and three years old, which has upon it *sixty* fair sized apples.

The latest news from the Sandwich Islands reports the death of Hon. A. Paki, the last of the family of the old chiefs.

The Odd Fellows have, in the United States, 3129 lodges, with 199,197 members, and the revenue was $1,334,935 last year.

The assessors of Boston have, this year, found three million dollars of real estate, and ten millions of personal property heretofore unassessed.

The Maple Leaf says that four dollars per day is held to be moderate harvest wages in Wentworth, C. W. In York county, the farmers are paying California wages, also.

The yield of wheat in the Fox River region, Wisconsin, is said to be larger this year, by five bushels to the acre, than it was last. It is also said to be of a far better quality.

The Albany Transcript says the copper mines of Bristol, Conn., owned by the venerable Dr. Nott, bid fair to be a profitable concern; a vein of ore, worth over $1,000,000, have been discovered.

Rev. Mr. Channing, minister of the Renshaw Street Unitarian Chapel, Liverpool, has been invited by his congregation to continue his ministry with them for the further period of two years, at a salary of $2500.

The corporation of New York is beginning to introduce larger sized hydrants, which have six or eight apertures, for the simultaneous supply of as many different streams of water to different fire engines.

The placards of theatres sometimes publish the announcement, "No performance on account of indisposition." The Zouave theatre at Inkerman lately posted the following notice upon its door: "No performance on account of wounds."

As Mr. Jonathan H. Dow, of Westbrook, was leaving a river in which he had been bathing, he stepped upon a log, which, rolling, threw him down and passed over his body, crushing him so severely that he died shortly afterwards.

The New Orleans Picayune, in noticing a new theatre to be opened there on a grand scale, says that one of the manager's rules is to have no "ugly women" in his *corps dramatique*, and that his motto is to be, "youth, beauty, profusion of light, flowers and gayety."

Several of the crowned heads of Europe have homœopathic physicians attached to their courts. The present Emperor of France, when in London, was a patient of Dr. Quin. The King of Hanover is a homœopath. The Queen of England gives the system no favor.

An old man named Martin, who kept a curiosity shop in Gosport, took it into his head that he had discovered a cure and preventive of yellow fever. His wife being sick, he dosed her, and to prevent his getting sick, he dosed himself. He is dead, and she is expected to die. So much for the nostrum.

The total importation of guano into the United States, during the last seven years, ending June 30, 1854, was 321,086 tons. The largest importations were from Peru, and the smallest from Africa, being only 148 tons. In 1854, the importations of guano nearly quadrupled those of any preceding year.

The Commissioners of Appeal in cases of taxation, at Trenton, N. J., meet with many ludicrous scenes. One lady, formerly a school teacher, gave as a reason for reducing her tax that the assessor was a former pupil of hers, and was taking his revenge for whippings, received long ago, by imposing heavy taxes, alleging, at the same time, that she had not given him enough.

The best gambogo is brittle and inodorous, and may be resolved in resin and gum by the successive action of ether and water. The finest article contains about 70 per cent. of resin. Gamboge is used as a pigment und in miniature painting; also to tinge gold varnish. An artificial gamboge, of very little value, is manufactured with tumeric and other materials.

A writer in the Christian Intelligencer claims the credit of the invention of printing for Holland. It is stated that as Lawrens Janse Roster, of Harlem, was walking in a wood, he inscribed a letter upon a piece of bark. The bark falling to the ground, an impression of the letter was made in the sand; and this was the origin of printing.

A company in Ohio is engaged in making portable steam engines, to be used for various agricultural purposes, such as threshing, winnowing, shelling and grinding corn, etc. It is also asserted that over 15,000 reaping machines have been made and sold in this country during the present year. The cost of the machines amounted to nearly $2,000,000.

Dr. McLochlan, a physician of the old school, having been sent by the English government to inspect the hospitals, during the cholera last autumn, states in his report that the results in Golden Square Homœopathic Hospital far exceeded in success those of any other hospital, and that if he himself should have the cholera, he would wish to be treated homœopathically.

A. C. Bullitt, Esq., one of the editors of the New Orleans Picayune, has become a member of the Christian Church in Louisville, and was immersed by Elder Henderson. He has given fifteen thousand dollars toward the endowment of the Christian University in Missouri—such being the desire of his wife, the late Fanny Smith Bullitt.

Two magnificent rings, presented by the Emperor and Empress of Russia to Colonel Samuel Colt, of Hartford, are on exhibition in that city. One of the rings contains diamonds worth $3000—each contains the cyphers of Alexander and wife, set with very minute diamonds in enamel. The shank of one of the rings glitters with numerous petite diamonds, and the whole affair makes a gift worthy of an emperor.

Street preaching is gaining great favor in Great Britain, and seems to be the only means of reaching the masses of the people in the cities with religious instruction. The Bishop of Winchester has recommended street preaching to his clergy; and the celebrated and eloquent Hugh McNeil, of Liverpool, has adopted the practice himself. In London, they have a society to sustain street missions, and, last year, had some sixty stations where their laborers gathered the people.

The editor of the Charlottesville (Va.) Jeffersonian has in his possession a pistol that was dug up three feet beneath the surface of the house, at Camp Holly, some forty-two years since. It, in all probability, belonged to and was used by some person engaged in Bacon's rebellion, in 1640. A fight took place in that vicinity between Bacon's troops and the government. The barrel of the pistol is made of very fine wire, welded together in a superior manner. It will be good for service a century or two longer.

Foreign Items.

M. Calvi, a Mazzinian agent, has been arrested and executed at Mantua.

A reunion of the chief naturalists of Europe was to take place at Vienna, at the close of August.

Cholera is spreading desolation and dismay through the fertile provinces of Navarre, Arragon and Andalusia. In other districts the public health is not affected.

Sir Edward Banks, the builder of three of the noblest bridges in the world (Waterloo, Southwark and London) began life as a common laborer, and worked as a navvy on the Merstham Railway.

The London News announces the arrival in that city of General Count Zamoyski, a distinguished Pole, who came by special invitation of Government. It is supposed that this visit has some reference to the affairs of Poland.

Professor Botta, of the University of Turin, has at length completely succeeded in establishing the practicability of sending counter messages simultaneously on the same wire; which was tried some months ago at Vienna with only partial success.

The emperor of the French has sent over to the Institute Canadien, several beautiful and costly pieces of sculpture in marble—the Group of the Laocoon, the Venus of Milo, the Apollo Belvidere, some beautiful candelabra, and a number of books.

A return, just published at Rome, shows that the order of Jesuits at present consists of 5510 members, 1515 of whom are in Italy, 1697 in France, 463 in Belgium, 364 in Spain, 177 in Germany, and 1294 in England, America, and other countries. In 1797, when the order was at the height of its glory, it possessed not fewer than 19,815 members.

The societies that have been formed in England and Scotland for the "protestantizing" of Spain, are said to display the greatest activity. Rich contributions have been made in Glasgow and Dundee for spreading the Bible in Spain. A Protestant paper in the Spanish language, *El Alba*, which is published in London by converted Spaniards, works successfully; and some presses for printing the Bible and Protestant books in Spain itself, are under way.

Sands of Gold.

.... Resignation is a daily suicide.—*Balzac.*

.... Old friendships are destroyed by toasted cheese, and hard salted meat has led to suicide.—*Sydney Smith.*

.... Hatred without the desire of vengeance is seed sown on granite.—*Balzac.*

.... Trust him little who praises all, him less who censures all, and him least who is indifferent about all.—*Lavater.*

.... Certain persons are like zeros; they require a figure to precede them, and then their value is increased tenfold.—*Balzac.*

.... The ready way to the right employment of life is, by a prospect towards another, to have but a very mean opinion of it.—*Addison.*

....Thou must content thyself to see the world so perfect as it is. Thou wilt never have any quiet if thou vexest thyself because thou canst not bring mankind to that exact notion of things, and rule of life, which thou hast formed in thy own mind.—*Fuller.*

.... There was a certain vastness of mind in the adoption of utter solitude in which the first enthusiasts of our religion indulged. Say what we will of the necessity and charm of social life, there is a greatness about man when he dispenses with mankind.—*Bulwer.*

.... If you suppress the exorbitant love of pleasure and money, idle curiosity, inquitous pursuits, and wanton mirth, what a stillness would there be in the greatest cities!—the necessaries of life do not occasion at most a third part of the hurry.—*La Bruyere.*

.... You see men of the most delicate frames engaged in active and professional pursuits who really have no time for illness. Let them become idle,—let them take care of themselves,—let them think of their health—and they die! The rust rots the steel which use preserves.—*Bulwer.*

.... Youth will never live to age without they keep themselves in breath with exercise, and in heart with joyfulness. Too much thinking doth consume the spirits; and oft it falls out, that while one thinks too much of doing, he leaves to do the effect of his thinking.—*Sir Philip Sidney.*

Joker's Budget.

When should you apply a *sovereign* remedy to your tooth? When it is *a-king.*

The gentleman who kissed a lady's "snowy brow," caught a severe cold, and has been laid up ever since.

What street in London puts you in mind of a tooth which has pained you for a long time? Ans.—Long Acre.

When is music like vegetables? When there are two *beats* to the measure.—What is it that goes when a wagon goes, stops when a wagon stops; it is of no use to the wagon, and yet the wagon can't go without it? Why, the noise, to be sure.

A butcher in Dansville shot his dog on suspicion of hydrophobia. Whether his suspicion was well founded, must ever remain a matter of doubt; but there can be no doubt that the butcher's customers who bought the sausages the next day had cause to be mad.

A gentleman, having occasion to call for Mr. Joseph Gullen, found him at home in his writing-chamber. He remarked the great heat of the apartment, and said it was "as hot as an oven."—"So it ought to be," replied Mr. G., "for it is here I make my bread."

"No use of my trying to collect that bill, sir," said a collector to his employer, handing the dishonored document to the latter. "Why?"—"The man who should pay it is *non est.*"—"Then take it and collect it, sir. A *non est* man will not fail to meet his obligations."

The new Russian minister to the United States is called Somonsoff (saw my nose off). An attache of the same legation at Washington, Blowmanosoff (blow my nose off); besides which we have Col. Kutmanosoff (cut my nose off), of the Imperial Guard; Marshal Polmanosoff (pull my nose off); General Nosbegon (nose begone), and many others.

At the commencement of the sporting season in 1853, the following important information was exhibited at Lord Camden's seat, the Hermitage, Sevenoaks. "This is to give notice that Lord Camden does not mean to *shoot himself or any of his tenants* until the 14th of September." A considerate lord to give such timely notice of his desperate intentions.

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Office of the Maryland Consolidated Lotteries,
Baltimore, Maryland, 20th June, 1855.

THE Commissioner of the *Maryland State Lotteries* has deemed it his duty to caution the public against the numerous swindlers who circulate by mail and otherwise, fraudulent Lottery schemes, and pretend to be agents for the sale of tickets in Lotteries which are wholly fictitious.

The only legal Lotteries in Maryland are those drawn under the superintendence of the Commissioner elected by the people of the State, under the new Constitution, to examine and approve the schemes and attend to the drawings.

All the tickets in these Lotteries, and all certificates of packages of tickets, have the lithographed signature, "F. X. BRENAN, General Agent for the Contractor. Office of the Maryland Consolidated Lotteries, Baltimore, Maryland." All others are fraudulent. For full information on the subject of these frauds, address
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aug 25 3m

LITERATURE, ETC.—The subscriber, having resumed his residence in New York, will, as heretofore, act as attorney and councillor for authors in the reading and disposal to publishers of manuscripts, in matters of copyright, in the preparation of works for the press, and in the purchase of old and new books and works of art for individuals and public institutions.

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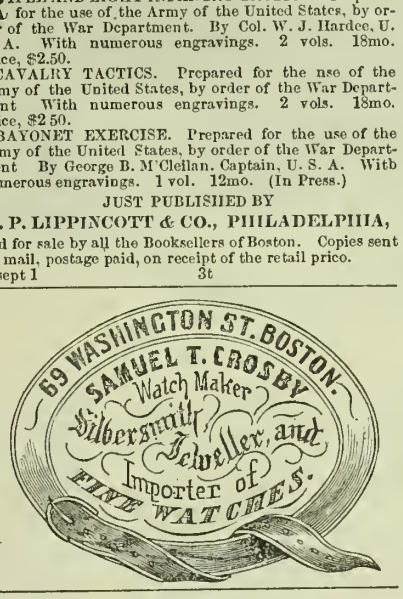

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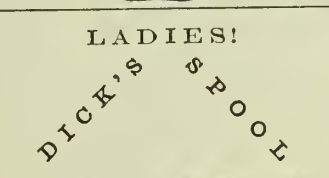

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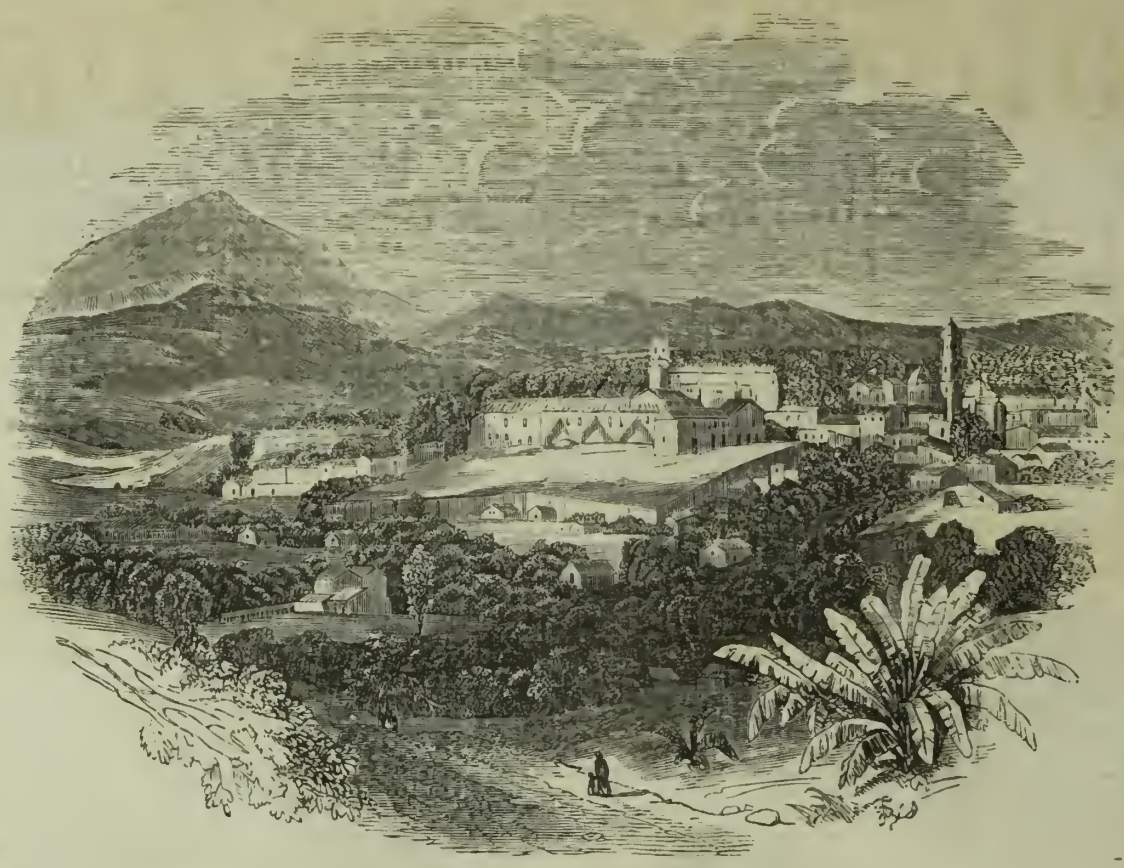
Corner of Tremont and Bromfield Sts., Boston.

CITY OF JALAPA, MEXICO.

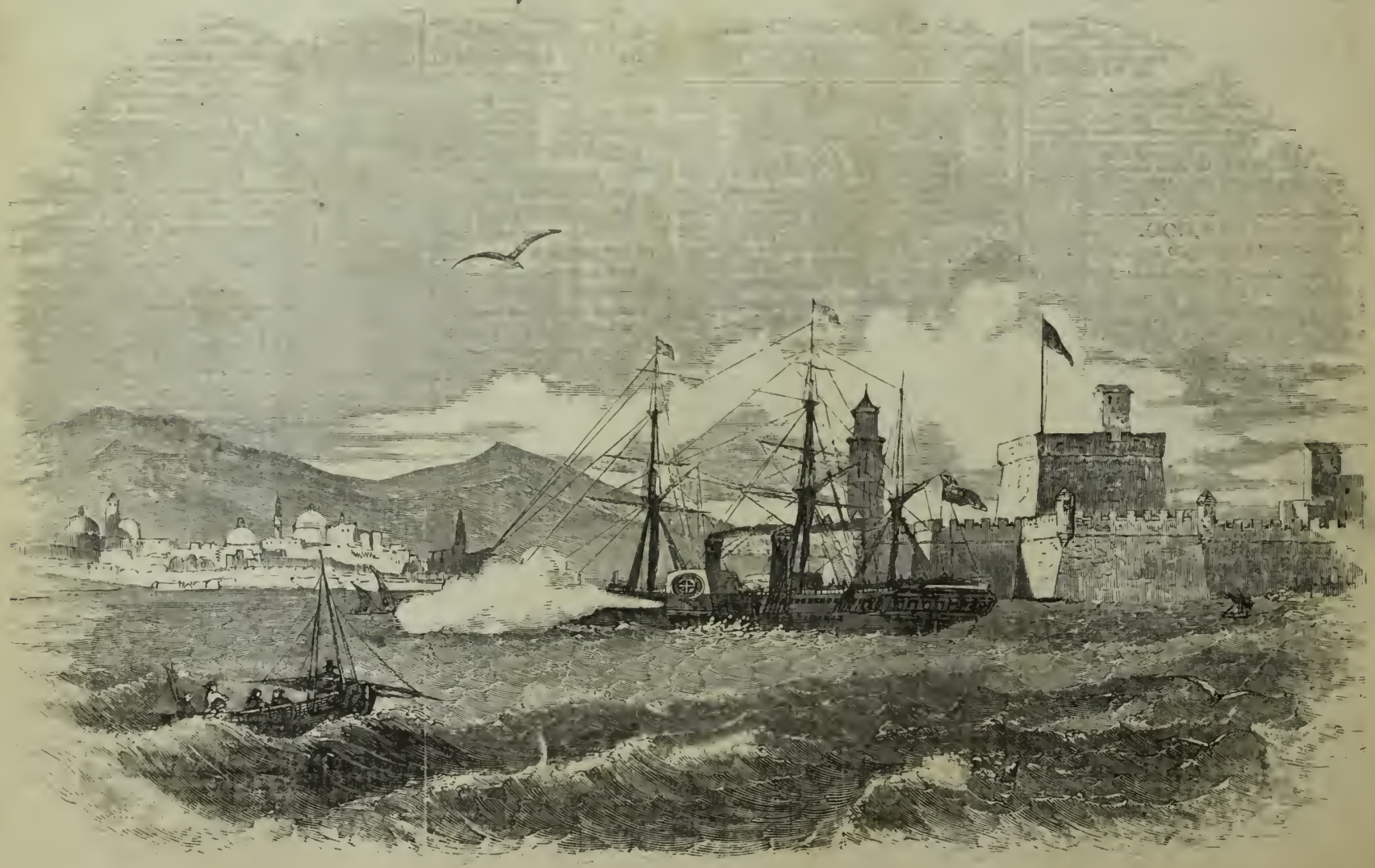
We present our readers with a striking and authentic view of the city of Jalapa, on the road from Vera Cruz to Mexico. The picture shows to advantage the site of this noted place, the scene of memorable occurrences during our war with Mexico. The foreground displays the luxuriant growth of the vegetation in the environs; the centre exhibits the peculiar aspect of the city, while the distance is crowned by those bold and commanding eminences which add so much to the picturesqueness of the site. At Jalapa, within the compass of a few miles, the characteristics of temperate and tropical climates are singularly blended. The city is built on the declivity of a range of mountains that slope easterly to the Gulf of Mexico, so that the heat arising from the valleys is modified by the cool airs from the most elevated regions, causing an agreeable temperature, even in mid-summer. Yet, descending but a short distance, you find yourself in valleys where the temperature permits the growth of the richest vegetable productions of the tropics. Here, almost in juxtaposition, the foliage of trees usual to our climate are found beside the strange, fleshy leaves of gigantic cactuses. The Mexican chapparal and the American maple growth blend together. We should imagine that no place on the continent was better suited to the residence of invalids, since a slight change of locality would at all seasons of the year give them the exact temperature, either warm or cold, suited to the feelings of the moment. The full beauty of this climate is felt by the traveller who is journeying towards Mexico from Vera Cruz. The latter place—arid, sandy, suffocatingly hot and pestilential during the summer months, does not prepare the traveller for the agreeable surprise which awaits him when he emerges into the delicious atmosphere of Jalapa. The weather is so intolerable at Vera Cruz during mid-day, that the diligence does not start upon its way to the city of Mexico until eleven o'clock at night. The next day higher latitudes on the mountain are attained, and in the cool of the evening the cumbrous conveyance rattles into the pleasant, paved city of Jalapa, landing its passengers perfectly happy if they have escaped a visit from those murderous salteadors who infest the road and punish resistance with death, when their claims to a traveller's money are disputed. The unsettled political condition of Mexico causes great insecurity of life upon the highways, and adventures with robbers on the road from the coast to the capital are common.



CITY OF JALAPA, MEXICO.

CITY AND HARBOR OF VERA CRUZ.

Our engraving shows the world-renowned castle of San Juan d' Ulloa on the right, with a British mail steamer firing a gun as she enters the harbor. A portion of the city of Vera Cruz (the true cross) is seen in the middle, with the line of arid hills which serve as a background to the place. The castle of San Juan d' Ulloa was for a long while regarded as the Gibraltar of America. Yet it failed to protect effectively the city, which has been taken three times—once by the buccaneers, in the palmy days of those freebooters, when they were lords of the Spanish main—once by the French, on which occasion General Santa Anna lost his leg, and lastly by the Americans. The successful debarkation of the American army by General Scott, was one of the most brilliant achievements of that veteran soldier. Not a man, nor a boat was lost, and the world regarded the achievement with astonishment. Then followed the capture of the city, which was accomplished with a comparatively trifling numerical loss, though among the officers killed on our side were some of the most gallant spirits in the American army. The city of Vera Cruz is a well built place, and its towers, cupolas and battlements give it an imposing appearance as seen from the harbor. It is, however, a very unhealthy residence, and here the yellow fever rages annually to a fearful extent. The houses in the city are mostly large, some of them three stories in height, built in the old Spanish or Moorish style, and generally enclosing a square court with covered galleries. They have flat roofs (azoteas), glass windows, and frequently balconies and verandahs in the front. There is one large plaza with the government house on one side and a church on the other. There are six churches in use and many more in ruins. Provisions are dear here and the water bad. The city is so much affected by drought that the inhabitants are very careful to collect all the rain water in cisterns as it falls. The badness of the water is supposed to have no small share in producing yellow fever. The castle of San Juan is built upon an island of the same name, about four hundred fathoms from the shore, and is a strong place, as we have remarked above. At its northwest angle there is a light house, as shown in the engraving, furnished with a powerful revolving light. The harbor is a mere roadstead between the town and castle, and the anchorage is so bad, that vessels secure themselves by passing their cables keyed into the walls of the castle, and even such precautions are inadequate in the teeth of the northerly gales which sometimes rage here for days. The principal exports are gold and silver, cochineal, sugar, flour, indigo, provisions, sarsaparilla, vanilla, jalap, soap, dyewoods, etc. In former times, a fair used to be held here on the arrival of the merchant fleet which sailed periodically from Cadiz, and by means of which the commerce of the colony was carried on. Vera Cruz was founded in the 16th century, and marked the site where the Conquistador Cortez first set foot on the adventurous expedition that gave Mexico to Spain. In 1615, it received its charter of privileges from Philip III. Its capture by a French squadron, alluded to above, was in 1839. Seven years afterwards it was destined to fall into the hands of our countrymen. It is a city well worth visiting by persons making the tour of the continent. Few, however, are inclined to make a sojourn here, which, in fact, at certain seasons would be a dangerous experiment. The traveller is apt to despatch it at a glance, and push on for Mexico, the most magnificent city of America.



CITY AND HARBOR OF VERA CRUZ, MEXICO.

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL

M. M. BALLOU, { CORNER OF TREMONT AND BROMFIELD STS. BOSTON, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 22, 1855. $3,00 PER ANNUM. 6 CENTS SINGLE. } VOL. IX., No. 12.—WHOLE No. 220.

MADEMOISELLE RACHEL AS PHEDRE.

[FROM A DAGUERREOTYPE BY MEADE BROTHERS, OF NEW YORK.]

We have thought that we could not offer the patrons of the Pictorial a more acceptable picture than a portrait of Rachel, the queen of the French stage, in character. Our readers may be assured that the likeness, as many of them will have an opportunity of verifying, was a correct one. The daguerreotype was taken by Mr. Meade, of the firm of Meade Brothers, daguerreotypists, New York, and shows Mademoiselle Rachel in costume, while Mr. Barry has transferred the picture to wood with his accustomed and remarkable fidelity. The character selected for illustration is that of Phedre, in Racine's tragedy of that name, perhaps the most finished work of the great classic dramatist of France, of whom Voltaire said, when asked why he had not written a commentary on Racine as well as on Corneille: "It is already done; you have only to write at the bottom of each page, beautiful, pathetic, harmonious, sublime." Corneille was the poet of virtue, honor and glory; Racine the minstrel of the tender passion. In Phedre, we have the guilty, tempestuous, vainly-combatted love of Phedre for Hippolyte, contrasted with the warm and pure attachment of the latter to Aricia. Phedre is the wife of Theseus and step-mother of Hippolyte. The subject is borrowed from Euripides, and its treatment was modified by Racine to suit the age and the court for which he wrote. Phedre, as the author tells us, is neither entirely guilty nor wholly innocent. She is involved by her destiny and the anger of the gods in an illegitimate passion, of which she is the first to realize the horror; she makes the greatest exertion to surmount it: she prefers to die rather than declare it to any one, and when forced to discover it, she speaks with a confusion which shows that her crime is rather a punishment of the gods than a movement of her will. The dread fatality that hurries her along in spite of her struggles, as the irresistible tide sweeps away the strong swimmer, tempers the horror of the spectator with pity, and compassion for the victim is as strong as condemnation for the criminal. That Racine, hampered by the conventionalities of the French tragic stage, bound by the fetters of rhyme, by the inflexible requirements of the classic unities, involving the use of those tiresome confidants, the modern substitute for the ancient choruses, should have been able to impart energy, interest and fire to his tragedy, is a proof of his exalted genius. Through the artificial garb with which he was compelled to clothe his ideas, nature and truth pierce their way to the popular heart and stir it with strong emotions, particularly when the classic author has such a representative as Rachel. This truly great actress made her triumphant *debut* on the Parisian stage at a period when in the war of the classic and romantic schools the latter had just achieved signal victories. Dumas and Victor Hugo had obtained a hearing—Shakspeare was no longer regarded as an insular barbarian. The modification of popular taste thus produced influenced of course the style of acting, and Rachel, with true artistic instinct, infused into the cold forms of the ancient drama, the passion and fire of her inspired genius. She gave a new life and a new interpretation to the classic character. It was a renewal of the fable of Pymalion—she warmed the statue into life. The representation of Phedre is perhaps her highest achievement. Her convulsive struggles with her fatal passion—her confession to Œnone, her wild exposure of her passionate heart to the object of her unhallowed love—the terrific jealousy that rends her soul—her gathering gloom and dark despair—form a picture of tragic love and woe unequalled in the history of the stage. The audience is swept away by the stormy torrent of emotion that rises at her will; the rigid framework of the tragedy, the unfamiliar language, the repellant character of the story, are all forgotten in the triumph of the artist, and she is hailed, without one dissentient voice, as the queen of the tragic stage. The French owe much to Rachel. It is to her, we firmly believe, that their beautiful classic drama, beautiful in spite of its coldness and formality, still continues on the stage. In her interpretation of Racine and Corneille, the characters of those dramatists cease to be French men and women of the reign of Louis XIV., and become Greeks and Romans. Her stately classicality, the statuesque beauty of her poses, the soul that informs her every motion, are all of the ancient time. They carry us back to the palmy days of the Athenian stage—the era of Sophocles and Euripides. She lives, moves and breathes under the unseen pressure of that inexorable fate which was the ruling principle of the ancient tragic story. And yet from this style of acting, she passes with equal ease into the domain of modern comedy. In the Lady Tartuffe of the lamented Madame de Girardin, her triumph was no less signal than in the Phédre of Racine; while in the glowing creations of the romantic dramatists, Victor Hugo and Dumas, she appears imbued with that spirit which is the antithesis of the ancient drama. Though much has been said in gossiping Paris of the private life of Rachel, little is known concerning it, and little need be known to us. We have to do with the artiste, and not with the woman. It is, however, interesting, to know that this child of genius is a child of the people; that she commenced life as a strolling ballad-singer in the streets of Paris; that the intellectual beauty of her face, and the melody of her voice, casually impressed a Parisian editor, by whose exertions she was placed in the path of greatness and fortune. When, after various struggles, she achieved a triumph, it was a triumph more brilliant and stable than ever man or woman won upon the French stage. For years she has ruled the Parisian public, as an empress rules her subject. They have lavished on her fame, homage, wealth. She has visited other cities, from time to time, always like a victress. In St. Petersburg, she is as madly worshipped and idolized as in Paris. We have wonderful tales of her magnificence; and her private mansion in Paris is said to vie with the palaces of kings in splendor. At one time her carriage and liveries bore the colors and arms of the imperial family by a title it is unnecessary to state. The first minds in France have rendered a willing homage to this Queen of Tragedy. She has always been courted, but has never stooped to win the popular favor. On the contrary, her lofty disdain is proverbial. Just at this moment the Parisians appear to be revenging themselves for this pride of their idol, by lavishing on the Italian actress, Ristori, the same applause, the same worship, we might say, that they bestowed upon Rachel. But it is only a rebellious freak; they will welcome her back, crowned with American laurels, with the old enthusiasm and the old delight. Mademoiselle Rachel belongs to a Jewish family, and, we believe, is herself a Jewess. There is much of the oriental style of beauty in her face. Her figure is slender, but exceedingly graceful, and all her movements are harmonious and appropriate. In 1848, she astonished the Parisians by singing, or rather reciting in a sort of chant, the Marseilles Hymn. This performance has been described to us as one of the most original, thrilling and electrifying exhibitions on the stage. She gradually wrought herself to the fury of the Pythoness, and her cry "to arms," rang like the notes of a war-trumpet, thrilling the heart of every listener.

MADEMOISELLE RACHEL, AS PHEDRE, IN RACINE'S TRAGEDY.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

FALCONE:

—OR,—

THE MYSTERIES OF MEXICO.

A ROMANCE OF OUR DAY.

BY AUGUSTINE J. H. DUGANNE.

[CONTINUED.]

CHAPTER X.

DON RICARDO RAMOS.

Two days had elapsed since the funeral of Don Tadeo and Glinton. Teresa, the desolate sister, after remaining for hours in the strange stupefaction into which she had fallen at her brother's grave, awoke at length to life with all its sad recollections and realities. The good Padre Herrata was unremitting in his kindly attentions, and the faithful servants, attached to their mistress by the strongest ties of early association and love for her gentle character, were untiring in their devotion to her service. The Yankee, Dusenbury, whose position as regarded the favor of President Herrara had been made manifest to the officials on the occasion of their domiciliary visit, was permitted, as a countryman, to exercise the duties of an executor on such property as the deceased possessed at the time of his death. This, on examination, was discovered, as both Padre Herrata and Dusenbury had anticipated, to be scanty enough; for the unfortunate young man, involved in expenses during his brief sojourn in Mexico, and induced by his evil associates to risk his means on the uncertain chance of the gaming-table, had been stripped of his last dollar upon the fatal night which had witnessed his death. Save a few jewels possessed by Teresa herself, the furniture of their dwelling and a small supply of money which the sister had retained, nothing remained of a comfortable competence which a few months before had been the fortune of the two orphans.

Two years had passed since the death of that mother whose unhappy history has already been briefly adverted to. When, wearied of the union which had made her life wretched, Donna Maria Falcone had fled from her home, and cast herself upon the wide world, she was yet innocent of infidelity against her husband. Though Falcone's character and habits had rendered her life insupportable, the unhappy wife had never cherished a thought of wrong. The sympathy and apparent devotedness of the young Don Tadeo had, it is true, awakened a responsive chord in her earnest nature, but she had not loved him. He was to her, in the short period of their acquaintanceship, as a brother, in whose honor and affection she was conscious that she might rely, but no warmer feelings than those of a sister had ever entered into her heart.

But young, inexperienced and unhappy, she had been worked upon by one whose life was as much stained with excesses as even that of Falcone himself. Don Ricardo Ramos, the boon companion of her husband, had cast his evil eye upon the beautiful wife, and resolved to make her his victim. As insidious and cunning as he was bold and wicked, he sought to ingratiate himself in Donna Maria's favor, by all the arts in which he was an adept. With pretended sympathy, he hinted of the neglect with which Falcone evidently treated her—with affected indignation he wished that he could claim a brother's privilege to call him to account. He shrewdly made it appear that he sought to restrain Falcone in his evil courses, when, in reality, he was urging him constantly to the worst dissipation. Donna Maria at first lent an ear to the words of her husband's friend; and more readily, that a violent sickness which had attacked Don Tadeo, her youthful friend, had deprived her of the gentle support which his truthful character ever afforded her. She could not believe in such baseness as was a portion of Don Ricardo's very being, and consequently she admitted him to her society, and often to her confidence, until the villain, grown daring through her unsuspecting kindness, ventured to unveil his true design, and proposed that she should fly with him from the capital to one of his estates in eastern Mexico.

The first intimation of Don Ricardo's motives terrified the wife, but when, with crafty deliberation, he unfolded his schemes, and, as if secure of her compliance, proceeded to paint, in glowing colors, the life to which he would lead her, the pride of the woman roused her to resolution. She was of a high-spirited and ancient race. The blood of the Minas, her family, was reckoned as the *sangre azul* of old Spain, and it was the pride which could not brook their reduced fortunes that had induced her parents to give their child to the wealthy Falcone, albeit the latter boasted not a line like theirs. But Don Ricardo Ramos, rich though he was, had not the claims of birth to back his pretensions, since he was of the mixed race which claims as much affinity with the servile ranks of Mexico as with those who deem themselves the conquerors' descendants. This circumstance might, perhaps, have had little weight with Donna Maria, had her heart been interested in the man who addressed her; but when, arrogant from past success, the libertine appeared to count at once upon the wife's submission to his arts, a sudden and decided change took place in the woman's character. She did not spurn the man from her presence—she did not appal him with a look of lofty anger from her flashing eyes, nor pierce him with accents of withering contempt. No! Donna Maria did not resort to weapons like these. She trembled, she gasped—as Don Ricardo fondly fancied, with a wife's scruples and the woman's yielding—and then, with a smile strangely breaking over her proud features, and a light, careless voice, she cried:

"Don Ricardo, you talk like a poet; you paint the future like an artist. A woman would be unreasonable to reject so enthusiastic a lover for a husband who neglects her."

The tone was natural—the smile which accompanied it was enchanting. Don Ricardo threw himself on his knees at the feet of Donna Maria, and seizing her beautiful white hand, covered it with kisses.

One only stipulation was made by the lovely woman—that, until they should have arrived upon the lover's estates, near Monterey, no further mention must be made of love—no closer intimacy exist than that of the past. Don Ricardo regarded it as a whim, but Donna Maria was inexorable, and the arrangement was made. All things were prepared by the expectant lover—the lady secured her private jewels, kissed with a tear the infant child of Falcone, which, though she loved not its father, was yet dear to her—and then gave her hand to Don Ricardo Ramos, for an elopement, while Falcone, absorbed in his worthless career, discovered not the double treachery of his wife and friend.

As the lover lifted the beautiful wife to her carriage, in which she had stipulated that she should ride alone, he attempted to kiss her lips, but she repulsed him.

"Don Ricardo—your promise!" she cried, gaily. "Will there not be time enough when we reach your home?"

So Don Ricardo Ramos contented himself with mounting his horse, and riding beside, and behind, and before the carriage, wherever he could catch a glimpse of the closely-veiled face of his lovely prize. Thus he escorted Donna Maria Falcone from the capital—thus eloped with the wife of his friend. A proud and fortunate Lothario was Don Ricardo.

But all fine things have an end. One morning, when Don Ricardo arose betimes at the small hostel, where the horses had been put up for the night, and after glancing with a satisfied look at his travelling mirror, hurried to tender his morning salutation to the fair Donna Maria, and congratulate her upon their nearness to Monterey, which they should reach during the day—behold! Donna Maria was not to be found. His own horse was still in the stable, but the horses and carriage of the beautiful lady, as well as the lady herself, had disappeared.

"Where is she? In the fiend's name, answer!" cried Don Ricardo to the trembling host.

"The—lady?" stammered the man.

"You scoundrel—yes!" roared Don Ricardo.

The host did not know; she had ordered a relay of horses, and departed during the night—did not desire that the gentleman should be disturbed, but had left a note for him.

"A note! The furies—give it to me!"

It was brief, but quite explanatory.

"DON RICARDO RAMOS:—I return thanks for your escort, which I have accepted thus far upon my journey. You have been deceived in my character, as I was in yours. Though I am an unhappy woman, I cannot be a guilty one. Farewell forever."

Don Ricardo Ramos stormed—took his horse and rode to his estates—scoured the country in every direction. But no tidings did he gather of the fugitive, save that relays of horses had been taken to the confines of Texas. At Matamoras all trace was lost of Donna Maria Falcone.

So Don Ricardo returned to Mexico, to be accused of the elopement, and half suspected of murder—to fight a duel with his friend Falcone, and receive a bullet in his body as a lasting memento of that affair—and finally, to leave his native country and become a wanderer in foreign lands, vainly seeking to discover the woman who had refused to become his mistress, and on whom he panted to revenge himself. But he saw Donna Maria no more.

And she—beautiful, proud and desperate—what destiny was in store for her? Truly, an exceeding common one, though in its outset romantic. Flying at once from her husband and Don Ricardo, she crossed the American border and reached a military station of the United States army. Here she found honorable protection, and became acquainted with a young Creole of New Orleans, who, with his sister, was about to return to the States. She gladly accepted the escort which they offered, and accompanied them upon their way. The young merchant became passionately enamored of her, and Donna Maria discovered that her own heart could love. She made a confidant of the merchant's sister, who was of a noble nature, and had grown warmly attached to her Mexican friend. The result was commonplace enough. Through his correspondents, the young lover learned of the death of Falcone, which occurred soon after their arrival at New Orleans. He proposed, was accepted, and Donna Maria Minas became Madame Glinton, and afterwards the mother of two lovely children, one of whom we have seen die the death of a suicide, in the presence of his unknown brother, Gabriel Falcone, and the other, a daughter whom we left slowly recovering from the deadly swoon into which she had fallen at her unhappy brother's grave.

But if the union of Glinton and Donna Maria was commonplace, their life was a happy one. For nearly twenty years they dwelt together in elegant private life, unmingling with the world, but content in their own family enjoyment. Maria looked back upon her brief relationship to Falcone, as a sad dream from which she had soon awakened. At times, the mother's heart reverted to her child, deprived of her maternal care, and often she regretted that she had not taken the babe with her upon her abrupt departure. But she recollected that under the circumstances such a thing was impossible. To escape with a lover, while she yet pressed a husband's child to her bosom would have seemed hypocrisy, and though never contemplating other than the step actually taken, still she had known beforehand how fraught it was with danger, and how could she have imperilled the life of her innocent babe in her own wild expedition? But it was past—she had become another's wife, and she strove to banish the recollection of the single tie which linked her to her native land.

Thus years fled swiftly by, and the two children of Maria's second marriage, Charles and Teresa, grew up lovingly beside their parents. How many, how bright were the hopes linked around the fair young brother and sister! How often the husband and his foreign wife fondly speculated upon the time when they should become old, and their offspring, young and beautiful, sustain and gladden their declining years?

But such was not to be. Reverses came suddenly upon the merchant Glinton. Disastrous seasons affected his affairs, and at length, from wealth he speedily found himself reduced to little more than a competency. He grieved not for this on his own account, nor did Maria, but they loved their children, and with natural pride, desired to leave them in the style to which they had been accustomed from infancy. But as this desire could no longer be gratified, Glinton gathered the wreck of his possessions, and investing the greater portion for the benefit of his children, set himself once more at work, to build up with the remainder a new fortune for himself. At this crisis, another blow fell upon him. The annual epidemic which so cruelly affects New Orleans, made its appearance just at the season when Glinton's affairs were beginning to take an auspicious turn. It smote the mother amid her children, and by her husband's side. It deprived him of his Maria, and with her he lost hope itself. Glinton did not survive the loss of his wife.

"He tried
To do without her—liked it not—and died."

In one short month the two slept side by side, and Charles and Teresa were orphans.

At this period the brother was at college—the sister at school. They remained in their respective positions till their education was completed, and then received the small portion which had been secured for them by their father's timely provision. It amounted to but ten thousand dollars, but Teresa was confident that it would be a great fortune for them, at least till her brother, on whom she doted, should retrieve by his talents, all that their parents had lost. Alas! the hopes of youth!

Charles Glinton had often heard his mother speak of her native land, though he, like Teresa, was unaware of the early events of her history. Nevertheless, the associations of the descriptions he had in childhood listened to from Donna Maria's lips, had given him an earnest desire to behold Mexico, and, consequently, when with his sister, they proposed for themselves a future course of life, the idea of a short visit to the neighboring republic was first among his suggestions. Teresa, who believed her brother's judgment infallible, at once acceded to Charles's proposal, the more readily as he assured her that he designed making such arrangements as would enable him on his return to pursue his father's business as a consignee of the Mexican and Indian traders. Thus the two children, for they were little more, left their native New Orleans, and set out on their ill-fated visit to the capital of Mexico. What afterwards occurred need not be dwelt upon. Glinton, possessed of engaging manners and apparently wealthy, soon found himself immersed in the gay life of Mexican young men—he became acquainted with Gabriel Falcone—was led into dissipation and play, and became

"A thing
O'er which the raven flaps his funeral wing."

CHAPTER XI.

FALCONE AND TERESA.

Two days, as we have said, had elapsed since the funeral of Charles Glinton, and in that time, the Yankee, Dusenbury, had ascertained the exact state of the surviving orphan's worldly affairs. With his habitual calculation, he knew that what little cash and effects save her jewels that Teresa possessed would be barely sufficient to defray the expenses of her journey home; and the two slaves, Hannibal and Lucille, had they not been already emancipated by the Mexican laws, he knew would never be disposed of by their gentle mistress. Consequently they must be provided for, and our Yankee was not himself rich in personal means, though his shrewd business tact was already making itself felt in many commercial circles of Mexico.

Jake Dusenbury, finding himself in Mexico about a year before, with but little else than his native thrift, and some services which it had been his good fortune to render to the existing government, as his capital, had nevertheless managed, through the assistance of some influential Mexican friends, to organize a profitable trading business, which, requiring his supervision alone, was now bringing him steady and increasing returns for skill and enterprise. At the present time he discovered that his presence in an eastern province of the republic might be of advantage to himself in point of profit, and it required not much consideration on the part of the worthy North American, to discern that it was his plain and downright duty to see that his young countrywoman should be escorted safe and comfortably to her distant American home. Therefore, with as much real knight-errantry as ever existed in the days of chivalry, our hero constituted himself the defender and protector of the orphan beauty, and forthwith took under his direction, not only all preparations for the journey, but the care and expense of the lady's household itself. In his quality of executor, Dusenbury possessed an undoubted right to act in this manner, though few would have asserted such right, accompanied as it was with constant pecuniary expense to himself. Dusenbury, however, as disinterested as he was unpretending, used his executorship only as a plausible covering for his concealed generosity. He knew very well, that, while Teresa would shrink from

receiving benefits at the hands of a stranger, she could very well be induced to believe that, as executor, he was but providing supplies from her deceased brother's effects.

"And how on airth," quoth the Yankee, to himself, "how on airth am I a goin' to administer, unless I get something to administer with? That gal and those niggers are bound to live, and while Jake Dusenbury's got a dollar, he aint a goin' to let a lady suffer—pertick'ly when that ere lady is a countrywoman, and a derned sight better than any o' these Mexican feminines that ride round the market, jes' like yaller angels. Jehosaphat!"

In accordance with this resolution of the indomitable Yankee, everything went on as formerly in the dwelling of Teresa Glinton. The servants went regularly about their duties, at the same time making the necessary preparations for leaving the city; and Dusenbury, without parade or assumption, quietly constituted himself a "business committee of one," as he jocosely expressed it, to make everything about the young mistress as comfortable as possible.

Padre Herrata observed all this, for the priest well knew the character of his American friend, and also the state of the unfortunate Glinton's affairs. He smiled approvingly, as he noticed the methodical manner in which Dusenbury attended to all that was necessary, and pressing the latter's hand, said, in his fervent manner:

"Signor Dusenbury—you are a noble heart, and I esteem you more as I know you better. Heaven has truly blessed me in the friends it has given me."

"Padre, you jes' talk so, because you're good yourself. I aint a doin' any more than my dooty, and I take it we're all Christians, and headin' for the same heaven."

"It would be well if some of the crowned and mitred heads of earth were as sure of reaching there as this honest American," murmured Padre Herrata to himself, as he turned away.

Alonzo Vallejo, the nephew of Don Tadeo, after his return from the funeral where he had become so strangely acquainted with the daughter of his uncle's cherished friend, remained in a state of mind entirely new to him. He wondered that his thoughts dwelt not so much upon his recent loss as upon the singular revelation it had caused. The image of the beautiful Teresa, as he had beheld her kneeling by her brother's grave, and then reposing, pale and deathly, upon the breast of the faithful Lucille, presented itself constantly before his memory, and he tortured himself with apprehensions concerning her safety. Early on the following morning he was at the house into which he had beheld her borne still wrapped in stupor, and there learned from his new acquaintance, Dusenbury, the state of the maiden's health. He lingered long that day, and again in the evening he prescuted himself. Thus for two days, the young man, feeling that love for the almost unknown girl was henceforth to be a part of his being, pondered upon his uncle's sad story, and tenanted his imagination with a thousand vague uncertainties.

"Ah!" he cried, as he paced up and down the floor of the apartment which had been the studio of his revered relative, "ah! if *she* should love another, I feel that my uncle's fate will be mine."

But on the evening of the second day, on reaching the house of Teresa, Alonzo was informed by Hannibal that his mistress was so far recovered as to be at that moment sitting in an inner parlor of the house, opening upon the small garden attached to its rear.

"And a gemman is wid missy," added the negro.

"A gentleman!" cried Alonzo, starting. "Ah, a friend of the family—Senor Dusenbury, probably."

"Gorra no! Massa Dusenbury gone way to-night long wi' Padre Herrata, but he say he be back soon. Dis am no friend ob any body. Gorra! I wish he head brake—dis gemman."

"He is evidently no friend of yours, Hannibal," said Vallejo, smiling at the negro's frankness, though more than ever alarmed lest the gentleman in question might prove to be a favored admirer of Teresa. "Will he remain long with your mistress?"

"I tink not," answered Hannibal. "Missy Teresa no like him nuther."

This piece of information greatly relieved poor Alonzo, so he quietly took a seat, in order to await the appearance of Dusenbury, whilst Hannibal departed to attend to his duties. In the mean time, we will take the liberty of introducing the reader to the little inner parlor of the dwelling occupied by Teresa Glinton, where that lady now sat, or rather reclined, upon a sofa, near the open window. She was very pale, but at the same time very lovely. A loose white robe, modestly trimmed with narrow lace, and clasped across the bosom with a small brooch, in which was a portrait of her brother, covered, but could not conceal the graceful symmetry of her form. Her hair, parted over the wide brow, hung in thick ringlets upon her shoulders, in one cluster of which her left hand had buried itself, supporting her beautiful head. Her right pressed tightly against her heart, which was heaving with evident excitement. Her eyes were tearless and very bright.

Opposite to her sat Gabriel Falcone, his eyes fixed upon hers with a look which was manifestly intended to express much tender sympathy, but to which the dissipated features of the young man imparted an uncertain and not attractive character. But his voice was very low and alluring.

"I loved your poor brother deeply, senora. I appreciated his noble qualities—his earnestness of nature—"

"His credulous nature, which made him too easily your dupe, sir," cried Teresa, her voice quivering with repressed agitation. "O that Charles had never entered this ill-omened city, he would not then have fallen into a heartless villain's snares."

Falcone looked with amazement upon the young girl, for he had never heard such harsh language from her at any time before. He bit his lips, in the effort to preserve his own grave demeanor, and answered:

"Truly, the senora is unjust to one who esteemed her brother—who would serve herself."

"Esteemed my brother—serve me!" exclaimed Teresa, slightly elevating her voice, but altering not otherwise her manner. "Senor Falcone, you can serve me best by speaking no more of *him*, and leaving *me* at once and forever."

"Nay, senora," murmured the unabashed Falcone, in his singularly mellow tones, "I should be false to my esteem for him, and untrue to my deep respect for you, could I neglect my duty at this time. Do not condemn me that I sympathize with you, Senora Glinton—so lovely, so unfortunate—"

"Cease, sir. This is no time nor place for flatteries!" cried Teresa, suddenly rising from the couch on which she had partially reclined, and folding her small hands upon her bosom.

She spoke in a voice of determination, and her eyes, dilating into brilliancy, were fixed undauntedly upon the intruder. So might have looked her mother, Donna Maria, upon the man who proposed to her dishonor, had she not chosen to conceal her indignation. But the blood of the Minas was in the veins of both, and though Teresa's glance dwelt so fixedly upon his bold countenance, the eye of Gabriel Falcone fell not, nor changed from its look of seeming sensibility.

"Senor Falcone, I am young, and the ways of the world are unfamiliar to me. I know not what wicked prompting in your heart led you to tempt my trusting brother to his ruin. I know not what new design of evil you may harbor against an orphan girl. But, in my soul, Senor Falcone, I feel that on your head lies the blood of Charles Glinton. You, senor, enticed, betrayed him to his fate. But for you he had been innocent, and I had not been desolate."

The maiden covered her eyes, as she said this, with both her hands, whilst her breast heaved tumultuously. Falcone, hardened as he was by selfishness and dissipation, could not for the moment recover his assurance sufficiently for a reply, and Teresa, collecting her fortitude, continued:

"Now, sir, be satisfied with the misery you have caused. I implore you to insult me not with your compassion. Depart from this house, Senor Falcone, and let me forget that you exist, ere my memory urges me to curse your name."

Teresa stood before the libertine with all her mother's pride legible upon her features, yet tempered with a sadness that made its exhibition still more impressive. But Falcone was not one to be thus repulsed.

"Senora," he rejoined, blandly, "it would be impious for me to believe that such gentle lips could utter a curse—"

"Have I not said that this is no period for flattery? Senor Falcone, hear from these lips that I hate—despise you! Hear, when I declare that the bitterness of my brother's death, is that he died by following one so base as you. Now, sir—away! Dare no longer to pollute the air which he breathed with your false-hearted words. Go! or my menials shall hear me utter my contempt!"

The young girl's form swelled into majesty with the indignation which filled her spirit, and Falcone, while he writhed under the evident loathing which she manifested, could not but feel that she was a woman born to awaken admiration and respect. Nevertheless, with the hardihood which formed a large portion of his character, he did not even then despair of softening the obduracy of her feelings towards him; for Falcone believed himself skilled in all the ways of womankind, and smiled within himself at the thought that such a child as Teresa could be proof against his art and experience. Therefore, though the last words of the maiden grated harshly on his ear, he neither chose to answer them nor comply with their requisitions. He simply let his glance fall suddenly upon the floor, and leaning his forehead upon the open palm of his hand, seemed for a moment absorbed in abstracted meditation.

Teresa remained standing, her slight but erect form scarcely supported by the window-frame against which she partially leaned. Her eyes still rested upon Falcone's face, and the scorn which had a moment since wreathed her delicately-chiselled lip, yet gave a determined expression to all her features.

At length, as if by a quick impulse, Falcone sprang suddenly from the chair on which he sat, and throwing himself upon one knee before the young girl, clasped both her hands within his own, before she could make a movement to prevent the action. Then, speaking in a hurried whisper, while undoubted sincerity gleamed from his passionate eyes, the young gamester proceeded with an energy of resolve that constrained Teresa's attention before she could control her faculties.

"Listen to me, senora," cried Gabriel Falcone. "You *shall* hear me! I love you—passionately, madly love you! Think you that with such a feeling in my heart, I could have meditated aught against your brother's safety—against your peace of mind? No! by all the saints, I mourn as deeply as yourself the loss of one so dear to both of us. Senora! senora! drive me not to despair—urge me not to become all you have declared me to be! I love you, I adore you. Beware, ere you rouse within my nature other and different feelings—"

Falcone paused, for he caught the bright eye of Teresa fixed on his with a look of such defiant scorn that it almost seemed to burn into his soul. The daughter of Donna Maria Minas had forgotten her weakness, her suffering, her sorrow. With every feature rigid in marble beauty, with nostrils swollen and lips compressed, while the light that blazed from her glorious eyes seemed to irradiate her entire countenance, she towered a moment before the gambler's vision, and then, thrusting her hand beneath her white robe, where it was clasped over her bosom, drew forth a long thin-bladed dagger, which she uplifted suddenly, its point aimed at the heart of Gabriel Falcone.

The young gambler was brave and confident, but the suddenness of Teresa's action startled him, so that he immediately sprang to his feet, and retreated a step from the threatening weapon. But a moment afterwards he seemed to be ashamed of his apparent timidity, and with a smile that partook as much of bitterness as humor stretched out his hand, as if playfully to put the stiletto aside.

"Beware, senor—I trifle not. Go!" cried the unmoved maiden, pointing to the door.

Falcone laughed, and dexterously advancing his hand, seized the maiden's wrist, and compressed it so harshly that a loud cry escaped her lips.

"Ah, pretty one, you cannot harm me now," cried the young man, mockingly.

But scarcely had the cry which she uttered left Teresa's lips, when the door of the apartment was opened, and the figure of a young man appeared upon the threshold. It was Alonzo Vallejo. A single glance sufficed to discover to the youth the position of Teresa Glinton, though he knew not who was her companion. The dagger, still clasped in the maiden's hand, whilst her wrist was compressed by the stranger's grasp, and from which she was struggling to free herself, her look of mingled scorn and terror, satisfied Alonzo at once that the other gentleman was no welcome guest in the house. So, without staying a second for further information as to the merits of the case, our young student sprang forward at once, and dealt a heavy blow at the forehead of Falcone, which made the gamester not only release his hold, but reel, for a moment, like a drunken man.

"Senora—senora! are you hurt?" cried Vallejo, in great agitation, as he turned to look upon the maiden, without appearing to think any further upon the man whom he had struck. But Teresa Glinton, more watchful than her defender, saw that Falcone was about to rush upon his assailant.

"Take care!" she exclaimed suddenly, and threw herself forward, with the stiletto raised in her hand, just at the instant when the infuriated gamester was about to attack the student. "Back! senor!" she cried, interposing herself between Falcone and the young man. "Unmanly as you are, I permit you to depart unscathed; but go at once!"

Gabriel Falcone's features fairly writhed with passion, and the foam gathered on his lips.

"Is this the favored one?" he cried, hoarsely. "How many more lovers has the virtuous Teresa concealed?"

Alonzo Vallejo heard the taunt, and springing before the fair girl who had interposed herself between them, struck once more at the face of the gamester, grasping, at the same time, his neckcloth. Falcone was of stouter build, and stronger in reality than the young student, but the energy of the latter's assault bore him backward toward the open door, through which he would in a moment more have been precipitated, had not he succeeded in griping firmly the other's arm, and thus impeding the exercise of his muscles. Then, gathering his own strength, he bent suddenly and cast the student violently upon the floor. The next moment Falcone drew a dagger and lifted it above Vallejo's breast—but not before the brave Teresa Glinton had discovered the murderous intention. Quick as thought she sprang forward and seizing the gamester's hand, turned his weapon aside, while her own stiletto threatened him in turn. But at this moment a gentle pressure upon her head caused her to look up, and she beheld the mild face of Padre Herrata, who, with Dusenbury, had just entered the apartment.

"Don't kill the cuss—he aint wuth it," cried the Yankee. "Jehosaphat!" he continued, looking admiringly upon the maiden, whilst, with all the equanimity imaginable, he inserted his fingers beneath the collar of Falcone's coat and unceremoniously dragged that gentleman from the prostrate Vallejo, "Jehosaphat! Miss Teresy—you're the clear grit, an' no mistake. Reg'lar American spunk, by kingdom! Who's afeard, I'd like to know, when our gals can protect themselves so fashion? Here, you black-muzzled, yaller-skinned chap, I dunno who you are, or where you come from nuther, but jes' you walk Spanish this time, an' if you want to settle, call on Jake Dusenbury."

So saying, while Alonzo Vallejo arose to his feet, and Teresa, clinging to Padre Herrata, seemed about to relapse into the deathly state from which she had so lately recovered, the imperturbable Yankee, confining Falcone as with an iron grasp, thrust him forcibly out of the room, and through the outer apartment, to the open hall-door, where stood the negro Hannibal. Here, releasing him, he said, quietly:

"You know my name, and somethin' o' my natur. So, good-by, and keep your distance."

Falcone ground his teeth together, and cast a malignant look upon the unmoved Yankee. Then, clutching his hat and cane, which the grinning negro extended to him, he rushed from the house.

"Gorra! dat am de ticket!" cried Hannibal, clasping his hands delightedly, when the Yankee had returned to the inner room. "Dat Massa Dusenbury aint 'fraid de debbil hi'self. O, Missy Lucille! what for you no be here, for see the fun?" he asked, of the mulatto girl, who now made her appearance. "Massa Falcone he get he walkin'-papers. Gorra mity, how he go!"

"*Ma foi!*" returned the girl. "Do you think I not see him? *Mon Dieu!* I am full of fear he will come back and kill us all. *O ciel!*"

"Nebber you fear! Massa Dusenbury eat him up, like chaw o' bacca. Gorra! He make on'y one mouf-ful ob Massa Falcone."

CHAPTER XII.

ANSELMO ZUMOZIN.

The position of Mexican affairs at the point to which we have arrived in our story, was exceedingly dubious. It was at that great crisis in the history of the country, when her foreign relations were threatened with serious disturbance, growing out of the loss of one of her finest northern provinces, the latter's erection into a separate republic, and its subsequent annexation as a State to the American confederacy. Texas had been for the last fifteen years a Pandora's box of evils to unfortunate Mexico. Wrested from her jurisdiction by the preponderance of a foreign population, and held manfully by them against her bravest troops, it had been well if she had granted to the province its independent possession of the territory north of the Rio Nueces. Doubtless if, after the disastrous defeat of the republic's forces and the capture of its president and commander-in-chief at San Jacinto, by the Texan General Houston, a wise foresight had relinquished all claim beyond the Nueces, a long train of ruinous results might have been prevented. At that period, requisitions were suddenly set on foot by the American government, through which spoliation damages to the amount of several millions of dollars were peremptorily demanded from the Mexican administration; and there is little room to doubt that had the latter seen fit, it might have effected an amicable adjustment of all differences and quashed every demand by the simple cession to the United States of its asserted title to sovereignty over Texas. For the annexation of the "Lone Star Republic" to the Federal Union was even then rising into a question of magnitude. Therefore we may conjecture that, however humiliating to the dignity of the nation the cession of Texas under coercion might have been at the time, Mexico would have gained by it in every political point of view, and been spared the after degradation which her feeble councils were rapidly approximating.

There is very little occasion to doubt that the condition of Mexico at the period, when the American minister Slidell (accredited for the purpose of reducing the conflicting questions between the two republics to a *point d' appui*, from which a final adjustment might proceed) arrived at the capital, was deplorable in the extreme.

"The country," wrote the envoy, in communicating to his government, "torn by conflicting factions, is in a state of perfect anarchy, its finances in a condition utterly desperate. I do not see where means can possibly be found to carry on the government. The annual expense of the army alone exceeds twenty-one millions of dollars, while the net revenue is not more than ten or twelve. While there is a prospect of war with the United States, no capitalist will loan money at any rate, however onerous. Every branch of the revenue is already pledged in advance. The troops must be paid, or they will revolt."

The administration of the republic at the time of Slidell's arrival, was exceedingly insecure, and a very large party existed, adverse to the temporizing policy pursued by General Herrara, and ready for a change of rule, to whatsoever consequences such change might lead. Consequently, Jake Dusenbury, whose two years' residence among a Mexican population (during which various transactions, political as well as commercial, escaped not his shrewd observation) had familiarized him with the harlequin changes continually transpiring around him, was not unprepared for a communication made to him by the Padre Herrata on the morning after the occurrence of the incidents related in our last chapter. Indeed, this communication related to an event long looked for by both.

"General Herrara has resigned, and a new administration enter at once upon the field," was the substance of the information imparted by the priest.

"And General Herrara's dockments are at a discount, eh, padre?" asked the Yankee.

"Doubtless he retires with the esteem if not the favor of this fickle people," answered the priest. "But what mean you, my son, by his 'documents?'"

"O, nothin' extra—only, as I sort o' spected, that clever old fellow, Herrera, wouldn't be in power much longer, an' as there was a smart chance o' that fightin' General Paredes succeedin' him, and as that same hoss, Paredes, aint best friends in the world to me or you, nuther, padre—you see I kind o' cal'lated it was best to get our passports from Herrera, an' start at once for the frontier, before Paredes gits his fixin's ready for upsettin' all that Herrara's been doin'. What do you think o' that, Padre?"

"It is what I might have expected from your prudence and forethought, my good friend. It would be indeed difficult for either of us to procure a favor from General Paredes, though I trust his excellency is both a good patriot and a wise man. Therefore I am greatly rejoiced to know that you have President Herrara's sign-manual, which, for the present at least, will be certain of respect."

"Here are the passes, signed and sealed by the old chap himself, for Senor Dusenbury and Senora Glinton, with their family and servants—so you see, padre, if you'll jes' go along with us, we're all right an' no mistuke."

"But we may have enemies very speedily upon our track," said the priest. "Are you aware that the young man with whom the difficulty occurred last night, is known as one of the friends of our new president?"

"That chap Falcone?" cried the Yankee. "He be derned—ask your pardon, padre—but he aint o' no account, that feller."

"Be not too sure of that, my son. Such times as the present bring strange actors on the field. But know you who this young man is?"

"If he comes sneakin' round our young senora, I'll let him know who Jake Dusenbury is," returned the Yankee, shaking his head. "But proceed, padre—who on airth is the critter?"

The priest was about responding to this demand, when the appearance of another person at the open door of the room in which the conversation was taking place, caused him to pause suddenly, and the next instant to rise eagerly from the seat which he occupied. At the same moment the new comer walked hurriedly into the apartment, with both hands extended to the two friends who advanced to meet him.

"Anselmo—my noble boy!" cried the priest, as he folded the stranger in his embrace.

"Capting Zumozin, by thunder!" ejaculated the Yankee, seizing the hand which was offered to him, and wringing it energetically. "Jehosaphat! who in time 'spected to see yeou? And there aint a mortal man this side o' the States that I'd gi'n more to see, now I tell ye."

The new comer returned the warm grasp of Dusenbury's hand, at the same moment that he replied to the affectionate interrogations of Padre Herrata, whose eyes dwelt upon the manly figure which he embraced, with all the interest of a father. Anselmo Zumozin was indeed worthy of interest, as he stood before his two friends at this moment, his fine form towering, erect and graceful, above them both. Sinewy and majestic, yet flexible, the limbs and frame of this young man seemed capable of great action and endurance, and there was a gentle self-possession and quiet beauty in all his appearance, that could not but be acknowledged and admired. He was clad in a light suit of green, half military, half hunting, as if he had just stepped from some woodland region, where he reigned a forest prince. A maroon velvet hat, from which a single eagle's feather drooped, crowned carelessly his nobly-fashioned head, covered with profuse, clustering curls of glossy blackness, that depended thickly on his broad shoulders. Altogether, Anselmo Zumozin was a figure for women to love and men to envy.

"But you are pale, my son—you bring not the brown hue of health from your mountain home."

"I must seek it elsewhere, father—perchance in foreign lands. Travel, adventure, perhaps, are what I need most."

The young man uttered these words with a smile whose sad expression did not escape the priest's eye.

"You are unhappy, my Anselmo," said the latter, in a tone of tenderness—"but I will not ask you why—perchance I know. But wherefore speak you of foreign travel? This is no time to leave your native land!"

"Are then the rumors to be believed that I heard on my journey hither? That Mexico is threatened with a foreign war?"

"The countrymen of our friend Senor Dusenbury are anxious for the spoils left by Montezuma," answered the padre, with a smile. "Is it not so, senor?" he continued, addressing the Yankee.

"Wall," replied Dusenbury, "if Slidell goes home mad, there's no knowin' what'll be to pay. Our people are mighty hard to manage when they'll over riz. On the hull, I reckon it'd been 'bout as well, if you'd let old Slidell slide and accepted him as a minister, jes' out o' politeness, it nuthin' else."

"He has never been rejected, senor," replied the priest. "And had General Herrara remained in office, I doubt not a satisfactory settlement might have been arranged. Now, under the full sway of the war party, Heaven only knows what we may expect. But in any event," continued Padre Herrata, clasping the hand of Zumozin, and leading him to a seat, "your course is clear, my son. Mexico needs defenders alike against internal and foreign foes."

"And I 'spose my course is jes' to make a bee-line for the Rio Grande or Vera Cruz, 'bout as quick as chain lightnin'," exclaimed the Yankee. "There's tarnal few o' these countrymen o' yours, padre, that I cotton to at all, an' if it wasn't for Capting Zumozin here, and yourself, and that ere hoss, Capting Nunez, that's a kurnel now—Jehosaphat! the hull nation might go to thunder, for all me. But, as you say, padre, Capting Zumozin is bound to fight for his country, and I know he'll never flinch when it comes to a scrimmage. But, by thunder," proceeded the Yankee, suddenly brushing his elbow across his eyes, to hide the tear which sprung to them, whilst he seized Zumozin's hands in his own, "I'd hate to hear o' any-

MADREPORE OR CORAL ATTACHED TO A MOTHER OF PEARL AVICULA.

OSTREA HYOTIS AND SPONDYLUS DELESSERTI NATURALLY UNITED.

thing happenin' to you, or Senor Nunez. Thunder! I hope there wont be any war, arter all."

"Let us pray that there may not be," said Padre Herrata, solemnly. "But, Anselmo my son, your arrival is unexpected. How is the Senor Montegnone, your father?"

"In good health and here in the city," replied Zumozin. "He accompanied me hither, and designed proceeding forward to Vera Cruz, whence we had nearly determined to embark for the United States."

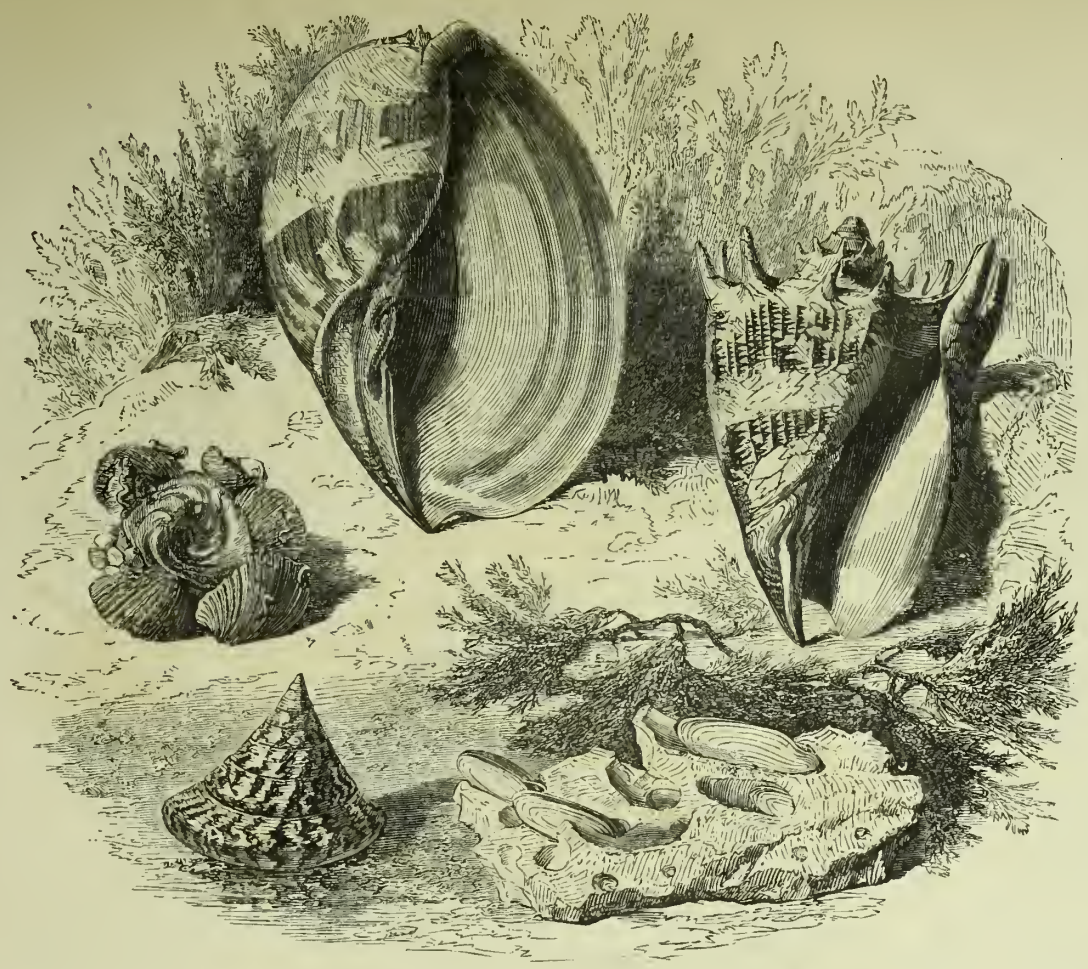
"You will now, I think, alter your intention, my son. Whatever may be the form in which it shall come, certain it is that danger threatens our country. Much have I heard, Anselmo, of your noble acts upon your estates—of the improvement and elevation of your tenants, the civilization of the Indian population, and—"

"Say not civilization, Padre Herrata," interrupted Zumozin, "at least not such civilization as is manifested in this unhappy capital, with its brigands and leperos. No, my father, if I have influenced the wild tribes who inhabit the regions around Montegnone, it has been, thank Heaven, to cause them to cherish more devotedly the independence which they inherit from the unconquered race of Aztlan. I have not yoked those free children of nature, like oxen to the plough, confining them to corn-planting, that their mighty hunting-grounds might be made spoil for speculation. I have not poisoned them with fiery drinks, nor taught them avarice, and theft, and falsehood—lessons too early learned, too long practised, by the wretched tribes of these lower districts. No, Padre Herrata, the northern Indians with whom I have sojourned, eating at their boards, and sleeping peacefully in their humble cabins, look upon Zumozin, not as a trader, or a government agent, nor propagandist of new creeds; but as a man, like themselves, pitying their miseries, recognizing their virtues, and strengthening their hopes."

The speaker paused, checking with an effort the enthusiasm that had led him to speak earnestly upon a subject which of all others interested him most; for Zumozin's sympathy with the pure Indian tribes was not the effect of philanthropy alone. Himself a child of the ancient race, a descendant of the Aztec princes, whose blood so freely ran in defence of their country's expiring independence, when the foot of the haughty Spaniard trampled the bright bowers of Tezcueo, it is no marvel that the accumulated wrongs which had reduced the aboriginal inhabitants to a state of degradation noticeable among nearly all the native population of Lower Mexico, furnished a theme for his thoughts at all times, and often led him into eloquent expression of those thoughts. Dwelling of late among the yet untamed people who inhabited the almost impenetrable wildernesses of the *tierros frias*, he had formed a plan, generated, it is true, by enthusiasm, but not at all impracticable, of uniting the scattered and dissimilar tribes, who owned a common country, into a warlike, disciplined nation, federated by a single object, the preservation of their rude independence. In his own character, Zumozin combined much that was requisite for the successful prosecution of a scheme like this. Well read and educated, he could avail himself of all the experimental lore of history in adapting his project to the rude comprehension of his savage friends—brave and enduring, he won their respect by deeds which rivalled their own—grave in speech, and a master of the Indian tongue, he could move their council to smiles or tears; and added to these qualities, he was recognized and revered by the most potent of the tribes as a true scion of the ancient kingly race who once ruled the empire of Tenoctitlan. And when Zumozin, garbed in the romantic costume of the long-perished Aztec people, and crowned with a diadem of eagle's plumes, stood amid the assembled warriors of those stern northern tribes, and spoke, in their native language, words of hope and inspiration—truly he seemed to these rude men the embodiment of majesty.

"O, children of our dead mother, Aztlan!" he would cry out, stretching his arms above their bowed heads, "why are ye scattered like forest leaves, driven before the wind? Why are ye spoiled of your inheritance, and the land which your fathers held made now the footstool of strangers? Behold! ye are numerous like the oaks of the wood; ye have strength and stand erect like them. But the axe of the poison-drinking Spaniard will soon be at the roots of the oak; and its lofty trunk must fall—its branches must be gathered and burned at the strangers' camp-fire."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



DIADEM VOLUTA.—IMPERIAL VOLUTE, OR CROWN IMPERIAL.

A CHAPTER ON SHELLS.

The four engravings accompanying this notice were executed expressly for the Pictorial, and are remarkable for their beauty and fidelity to nature. They embrace the rarest shells in existence, and are worthy of the attention of those who are studying conchology. In natural history collections, the only objects that never suffer a change are the shells: hence they are found in great abundance in the cabinets of naturalists and amateurs. When vessels are cruising among the numberless islands of the Pacific, or in the India or Red Seas, they meet everywhere with the madrepores known by the common name of coral. Numerous in species and very various in their colors, the animals which compose these islands, though dangerous to sailors, are an inexhaustible source of interest and study to naturalists. Surrounded by a coral reef, the traveller might think himself in the midst of a garden of the choicest flowers. The madrepore, represented in our first engraving, is fixed to the upper part of a mother of pearl avicula. This shell had terminated its growth when the little beings which form these stony masses began to develop themselves. The coral shown in our engraving was the work of a few months. The mother of pearl shell is of considerable value, as it is used extensively in ornamental work. The principal fisheries are in the Persian Gulf and at the isthmus of Panama. To procure these valuable shells, the divers descend from twenty to fifty feet, and remain under water from one to two minutes. Each man takes a bag down with him which will hold as many as fifty shells. These are deposited in particular enclosures on the shore, and when the animals are dead and partially putrified, they are washed with a great quantity of water, and each shell carefully examined in search of pearls. These pearls are those which acquire the greatest value, because, being free in the interior of the shell, they have a chance of becoming more perfectly globular; others, like those shown in our engraving, adhere to the shell, and command a much lower price. The adhesive pearls are the product of wounds made in the shell of the animal; they are formed by an abundant secretion of the wounded animal for the purpose of effecting a cure. The free pearls are formed when a foreign substance penetrates the animal; this body, irritating the mollusk by its presence, surrounds itself by calcareous matter, deposited in concentric layers, and ends by forming a little ball more or less regular, and remains always detached in the organs of the animal. The *Fusus longissimus* and *Voluta Junonia*, shown in the same engraving, are found in the bottom of the East India waters. The first is exceedingly white, and the second has regular brown spots on a bright ground. The shell on the right is the *murex cornutus*, found in the Indian Ocean. The *murex brandaris* of the Mediterranean is said to be the shell of the animal which furnished the famous purple dye of the ancients. The upper figure in our second engraving exhibits the singular anomaly of two different shells naturally joined. One of them is an oyster, the *Ostrea hyotis*, the largest living species of this genus; the other, the *Spondylus Delesserti*, the finest and largest of the genus Spondylis. On the left hand of the picture is a very large terrestrial shell of the genus Helix, called the *Bulimus Ovatus*, found in Brazil; the animal that inhabits it lays four or five eggs, one of which is shown in the engraving. The *Carinaria of Lamark* is found in the Mediterranean. Its color is a fine blue. The body is covered with thorns, and has two salient parts at its posterior extremity. The upper part is a fin, and at the lower part there is a sort of hood which supports a very thin shell, graceful in shape and of a transparent milky white. The *vitreous Carinaria* on the right is very rare. Certain fossil shells are of a size which far surpasses those of modern times, still we sometimes find species of considerable volume. One of them, the Diadem Voluta, is the largest, depicted in our third engraving. It is more than three feet in length. It is the largest of anivalve shells. Travellers speak of some bivalves in China which are used for bathing-tubs and watering-troughs for horses. The Crown Imperial, shown in the same engraving, is much sought after for its beauty. It is the large shell on the right. The little group of shells on the left is the *Trochus agglutinans*, found in the Antilles. The *Trochus niloticus* is a shell that is found in the waters of New Holland, but does not possess the property of the other Trochus, that of attaching to it a great number of other shells. The last figure of this plate represents the *Pholas Dactylus*, which specially inhabits the Mediterranean. The first figure of our fourth engraving represents a large bivalve shell inhabiting the Mediterranean, and attaching itself to submarine bodies by means of a bundle of fibres called Byssus. This byssus—shown near the point of the shell in the engraving—is of a fine and silky texture, capable of being spun, and which serves in Sicily and Calabria for weaving very fine tissues, which are exceedingly dear on account of the small quantity of material which each animal furnishes. The Madagascar Cassis, the large and handsome shell on the right, is that employed by cameo cutters, and is the only kind that possesses sufficient hardness, thickness and distribution of colors in layers to serve that purpose. A well-preserved specimen is worth about five dollars. The species of shell called Placuna is used in the East, instead of glass, to form window panes, on account of its great transparency. The churches of Goa, on the coast of Malabar, are glazed with these shells. The specimen we have represented is the *Placuna Sella*, called, on account of its shape, the Saddle Shell. The Spine Shell is a very beautiful shell, found in the China seas, but difficult to discover on account of its long and abundant spine. This figure closes our collection of shells, and it is one of the most curious of the group.

GREAT BIVALVE MEDITERRANEAN SHELL AND ITS BYSSUS.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

STANZAS,

SUGGESTED BY THE GIFT OF A BOUQUET.

BY WILLIE E. PABOR.

A gift of flowers! a simple thing;
But simple things have often power
To flush the heart's imaginings,
And lead it into pleasure's bower.

It has a charm that gives to me
Remembrances of other days,
Shrined in the halls of memory,
And hallowed by thought's kindling rays.

It tells of hours when eye met eye
With friendship's true and earnest glow,
And bathes some scenes that rose-hued lie
With glory's rich, resplendent flow.

A stranger I—strange scenes among!
Although perchance my simple lay
Had floated on the tide of song
Nigh to her pure and placid way.

Yet, as I heard the kindly tone
Of welcome, coming from the heart,
I felt I was not quite alone,
Though flattery of it was part.

A little while I lingered there—
As one would linger o'er a dream,
Where all was beautiful and fair
As roses pillowed on a stream.

Then came a parting, and these flowers
Were culled and placed within my hand,
As a reminder of the hours
Spent in the friendly northern land.

Now—far away, I yet seem near,
In memory's sweet, delicious trance;
While glistens in my eye a tear!
A tribute words could not enhance.

O lady of the meek brown eyes,
And brow where thought sits high enthroned,
I pray, beneath thy northern skies
Thy heart-throb may to joy be toned.

And O, when memory foldeth back
The curtain of the mystic past—
When thought speeds swift along the track
To scenes too beautiful to last:

May gentle glance and gentle thought
To Edgar for awhile be given,
Who found, in old, thy presence fraught
With the true aroma of heaven.

And I? Above the world's award—
Its sneer, or its vain meed of fame,—
My purest thoughts, in sweet accord,
Will centre around Mary's name.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

EVA LEE.

BY MRS. CAROLINE ORNE.

"Don't look so sad, Eva. You will like living in the country,—I know you will," said Mrs. Hemminway, addressing a young girl attired in a plain travelling dress, who sat awaiting the arrival of the stage-coach.

"I've not the least doubt of it," replied Eva; "but I'm afraid that Mrs. Derwent wont think me qualified to fill the place she wishes me to."

"If she's not unreasonable she will. With such a sweet voice for music and reading, and such a skilful hand at all kinds of embroidery and fine needlework, what more can she ask or expect? I can think of nothing more, unless it be just such a pleasant temper, and such an earnest wish to do right, as you have. I shouldn't say this to your face, only I know it wont make you vain."

"If Mrs. Derwent should only prove as favorably disposed towards me, as you, I should have nothing to fear; but I'm a stranger to her, and cannot expect it."

"You should never, with my consent, leave my house," said Mrs. Hemminway, "if I were not in such straitened circumstances; but the education your father took so much pains to give you would be the same as thrown away, were you to stay here and earn your bread, by helping me tend my little shop. There, the stage is coming. Don't forget to write to me, Eva, the moment you find time."

"I shall not forget," replied Eva, with a smile, though tears were in her eyes, "and, in return, I shall expect a long letter from you. I shall think of you often—very often."

"Not oftener than I shall of you, dear child," and silently clasping each other's hand—for their hearts were too full to speak, now that the moment of departure had come,—Eva Lee and the kind-hearted Mrs. Hemminway separated. The next minute Eva had taken her place in the coach, and was on her way to Mrs. Derwent's.

Mrs. Derwent was a widow lady of great wealth, and having no children, nor any near female relation whom she wished to reside with her, had applied to a friend to find her some young girl, whose qualifications would render her a suitable and pleasant companion. Mrs. Barton, the friend applied to, had formerly been acquainted with Mr. Lee, and rightly judging that the moral and mental training of his daughter had been such as would qualify her for the situation she would be required to fill, she at once wrote to Eva on the subject, and received a favorable answer. The negotiation was speedily completed, with respect to all concerned, and it was Mrs. Derwent's request that she should come to her without delay.

The day was drawing to a close when the coach stopped at a hotel, and Eva heard some one ask if Miss Lee was one of the passengers. The answer was in the affirmative, and the next minute Eva stepped into a handsome private carriage, which was to convey her to the residence of Mrs. Derwent. A two miles' drive, and they were there. The sun, which was near the horizon, tinged the dark woods, which rose in the distance, with a dusky gold, and streaming through the foliage of the oaks and chestnuts that waved near, threw long lines of radiance along the paths, which, from various points, led to the fine old mansion where Eva expected to find, at least, a temporary home.

She was met at the door by a large, coarse-looking woman, who, having leisurely surveyed her, said:

"You're the young person, I s'pose, that's come to keep Mrs. Derwent company."

"Yes," Eva replied.

There was something in the woman's air, more than in her words, that made Eva sensible that she regarded her as an interloper.

"She's in her own room," said the woman, "and she said that as soon as you arrived, she should expect you to go to her. Come along with me, and I'll show you the way."

Eva did as directed, and her conductress having ascended a flight of stairs, was proceeding to a door on her right hand, when the door was opened, and some one within said:

"Miss Lee has come, I believe."

"To be sure she has."

"Well, Peggy, as you complain of being pressed for time, I wont detain you," and, stepping to the door, she invited Eva to enter.

Peggy did not relish being dismissed so unceremoniously, but not daring to manifest her displeasure to Mrs. Derwent, she indemnified herself by casting a withering glance at Eva.

Mrs. Derwent was a tall, rather stately-looking woman, and attired in a fashion which had long been obsolete. She was thin and pale, which made her keen gray eyes appear larger and more piercing than they would otherwise have done.

"I shall require you to do a great many different things," said she, having caused Eva to take a seat near her, "but I shall not hurry you. I neither expect nor wish to have a great deal accomplished in a day. What is done, must be well done. Mrs. Barton informed me that you play on the harp."

"I do, a little."

"That is well. The pianoforte had not come in fashion when I was young, and I always like best what is old-fashioned. Your life, while with me, will doubtless appear to you a lonely one. I never visit my neighbors, neither do they visit me. I go out daily, if the weather will permit. When I walk, I never go beyond my own grounds. On Sunday, the carriage is ordered, and I attend the morning service. In the afternoon, I prefer to listen to a sermon from one of the old English divines, which I shall expect you to read. When you have been with me a week, you will know what to expect for a year to come, should you remain for so long a time, with the exception of about a month, when my niece, Miss Angeline Merwin, makes me a visit. She makes it a point of coming to see me once a year. She considers it a duty, I suppose, and, no doubt, an extremely onerous one. It is certainly, on my part, an infliction I should be willing to spare myself. I thought it right to say thus much to you, that you might know what to expect. Supper should be ready by this time. I told Peggy to make preparation, so that you wouldn't have to wait after your long journey. You must be fatigued, I think."

"Not much."

"Peggy is out of humor, or your supper would have been ready before this time."

After a minute's silence, Mrs. Derwent looked at the bell-cord, which was within reach of Eva's hand, and seemed about to speak, but, for some reason, checked herself. The truth was, she suddenly recollected that Delia, the little girl whose duty it was to answer the bell, was absent, and she had often heard Peggy say that she considered it an insult to be rung for, which she would not put up with.

In something like fifteen or twenty minutes, the door was abruptly opened, disclosing Peggy with a red and frowning face.

"If the *lady* wants my supper," said she, "I should be glad if she'd come down and eat it. It's been ready this half hour, and I'm tired of havin' it round. I want to clear things away, so that I can have a minute's peace."

"I am sorry that I've put you to any inconvenience," said Eva, rising, and at the same time thinking it rather strange that she should dare to express herself in such a manner in the presence of the stately Mrs. Derwent. When Eva had taken a seat at the table, Peggy took a chair at a little distance.

"You expect to suit Mrs. Derwent, I s'pose," said she, "but you wont. That person never yet lived that could do it. I don't, for all I try so hard; but she don't dare to find much fault with me, 'cause she knows she can't get along without me. Now jest confess, that you didn't expect to see such a pale, dismal-lookin' person, as you find her to be."

"I knew before I came," replied Eva, who could not evade answering a direct question, "that Mrs. Derwent was somewhat of an invalid."

"You'll wish yourself away before a week is gone, if you have nobody to speak to besides her. I like you better than I thought I should, and if we've only a mind to, we can be good friends, and have good sociable times together. I've the keys of the pantry, and when I make anything nice for the mistress, I take care to make plenty of the same sort for myself, and all the rest that I think deserve it."

Eva made no answer to this, and when, a day or two afterward, Peggy invited her to come to her room, after Mrs. Derwent had retired for the night, where there would be plenty of cream-cakes and other delicacies, and she, in return, declined the invitation, without assigning a reason, the offended housekeeper said to herself that she "rather thought that Miss Lee would be sorry for the slight she had put upon her before long."

As respected Mrs. Derwent, Eva found her much less difficult to please than she had anticipated. It was true that she was a little eccentric, but instead of finding her morose, as had been represented, she was only sedate and occasionally grave. One morning, among a number of letters received by Mrs. Derwent, there was one from Angeline Merwin.

"My niece," said she, addressing Eva, when she had finished reading it, "is coming several weeks sooner than I expected. September is the month she generally selects for her visit, but she says she shall be here next Wednesday. I regret that she has decided to anticipate the usual time; for, in September, I expect Philip Derwent, the son of my late husband. You know, I suppose, that I was a second wife. Though Angeline is somewhat wilder than a young lady ought to be, she has many excellent qualities, and I think, on the whole, she would be a good match for Philip. I have never seen a young man who, in every respect, was equal to him. But I need not praise him; he will be here in September, and then you can judge for yourself."

Eva, when alone with Mrs. Derwent, seldom spoke, unless there was a necessity for it; yet being one of the best of listeners, showing, by her countenance, that she took an interest in what was said, Mrs. Derwent was not displeased at her silence, more especially as she knew it was from deference to herself, rather than from having nothing to say.

Though Eva's life had thus far been monotonous, she had not suffered herself to be discontented; yet she certainly did not, like Mrs. Derwent, feel sorry that Angeline Merwin had decided to make her visit earlier than usual. She had already, as is natural in such cases, drawn a picture of her in her own mind. It represented her as a dark-eyed, laughter-loving maiden, with a form full of lightness and grace, and with a step so free and buoyant as to leave no imprint on the green, flower-starred glades, which Eva had now and then found time to seek out in the woodland haunts, and where she loved to sit and listen to the deep dreamy melody woven among the branches by the wind, and often intermingled with golden and sparkling gushes of bird-music.

What was, at first, a quiet expectation, had, by the time Wednesday came, grown into an eager longing. Angeline was to come by the public conveyance, and would not, therefore, arrive till near sunset. There were many questions which Eva wished to ask concerning her, which she forbore to do, thinking that Mrs. Derwent might think them trivial, if not impertinent.

If she had regarded some muttered comments made by Peggy, Angeline's presence would have been anything but desirable; while, on the other hand, if she had paid attention to what Delia, the little chore girl, said respecting her, she would have been certain that the name she bore was no misnomer.

The long day was rapidly drawing to a close, and the sun, as it neared the horizon, threw a more golden effulgence over the green slopes, and brightened the foliage of the distant woods that rose against the eastern sky; while the song of birds, mingled with the voice of a laughing brook, which danced and sparkled among the pebbles that retarded its course, floated on the mellow air, redolent with the fragrance of newly mown grass.

It was the hour which Mrs. Derwent was accustomed to walk about the grounds, but the expected arrival of Angeline prevented her from going forth; and Eva, though she did not find much time for out-door exercise, kept her seat at the window, and busied herself with her sewing. The sound of wheels was heard, and in a few minutes Angeline had arrived.

"I shall like her,—I know I shall," thought Eva, as, with a step light and bounding as she had pictured to herself, she crossed the parlor to meet her aunt, who rose, and gravely and, it must be confessed, rather coldly welcomed her.

Of this, however, Angeline either was or pretended to be unconscious; for, pressing her rosy lips on the stately lady's thin, pale hand, with one of those beaming smiles which spring from a heart overflowing with sunshine, she said:

"Dear aunt, how glad I am to see you!"

Mrs. Derwent could not resist the witchery of that smile, and the caressing manner in which those few, simple words were uttered. Her own sedate countenance lighted up as she said:

"Though I didn't expect you for several weeks, I am not altogether displeased at seeing you, wild and giddy as you often are."

"I don't intend to vex you in that way any more. You can't imagine how serious I've grown within the last six months," and as she spoke she threw her bonnet aside with so little care that the small comb she wore beneath it dropped on the carpet, so that her loosened curls fell in a golden cloud round her neck and brow.

"I never knew any one, who was very serious, liable to such an accident as this," said her aunt, placing her hand on Angeline's dishevelled tresses.

"How could I help it, aunt? I'm sure I'd no thought that my comb would slip away so easily. Where's Malek Adhel?"

"In the pasture."

"I hope he's well, for I mean to have a nice ride to-morrow."

"He is well, I believe; but I suspect he has grown wild at having his freedom so long. He hasn't had a saddle on him this summer."

"But haven't you a young lady with you, and doesn't she ride? Her name is Lee, is it not? Where is she?"

"By looking round, your last question will be answered."

"Is it possible that she has been present all this time, and I not see her? No wonder, you are nearly hid by the window curtain," said she, approaching Eva, who advanced to meet her, and cordially taking her hand.

"My mind is at rest, as respects you now," said Angeline, "for I know that I shall like you."

"What if she shouldn't like you in return?" said her aunt.

"She will,—I know she will. I can read it in her deep clear eyes. Am I not right, Miss Lee?"

"I think you are."

"I knew so. And now I want to know if you ride on horseback."

"Not much."

"No matter. I'll teach you, so that in a few weeks you will ride as well as I can, that is, if you have courage enough."

"I don't think I shall be afraid."

"Though you may be at first, you will soon get over it. Where is the amiable Peggy? Do you still retain her as your housekeeper, aunt?"

"Yes."

"I wonder she hasn't just peeped in at the door before now, she likes me so well."

"She didn't know that you were coming, though she knew that I expected some one, as I told her to have supper ready at eight," replied Mrs. Derwent.

"I will go and see what attention she has paid to your orders, for you know, aunt, I'm not one of those young ladies who live on air;" and before Mrs. Derwent had time to advise her to remain where she was, she had left the room.

Eva and Angeline were early risers, so that they could confidently count on two hours previously to Mrs. Derwent's leaving her room. Eva soon found that Angeline was on the best of terms with every member of the household. Delia considered it a privilege to wait on her, and David Jemerson, the ostler, was ever ready to lead Malek Adhel from the stable, or to entice him from the pasture with a measure of oats, when she wished to ride; nor did he murmur though she required him every morning to have brown Sibyl ready for Eva.

Angeline, somewhat to her surprise, found in Eva an apt pupil. Her quiet and retiring manners had given her the impression that she would be a timid rider.

"It is well I came when I did," said Angeline, one morning, as she and Eva reined in their horses on the summit of a breezing hill, where the fine view on the south and west was bounded only by the horizon.

"Why?" inquired Eva.

"Because these morning rides are giving light to your eyes and color to your cheeks. I really believe that, in a few weeks, you would have lost all your vitality. You had already begun to look quite too ethereal for an inhabitant of this mundane sphere,—that is, in the estimation of such unromantic mortals as Philip Derwent and myself. Philip, as I suppose you know, is expected here in September, and by that time, if you go on as you have since I first came, you will do to sit for the Hebe he has promised to paint for me."

"Is Mr. Derwent an artist?"

"Only an amateur artist; yet he paints beautifully, and could find no difficulty in earning his bread by his pencil, had he no other resource."

"You will remain here till Mr. Derwent comes, will you not?"

"I should like to, and shall, if I'm not sent for to return home."

"Your aunt will be disappointed if you go."

"Yes; it will disarrange her plans a little. You know what I allude to?"

"I suspect I do."

"She intends that I shall be Philip's wife, one day. Well, the plans of mice and men, and, I may add, women, fail sometimes. The truth is, Philip does not like me well enough to marry me."

"Which you don't regret, if I may judge by the careless way you allude to his supposed indifference."

"I don't intend to break my heart about it. Come, Malek," and before Eva had time to make any further remark, Angeline, with the white plumes of her little jaunty riding-hat dancing gaily to the breeze, was dashing down the somewhat steep descent at a speed which was dangerous to imitate. She stopped when she reached the foot of the hill, and waited till Eva had descended more leisurely.

It was the twilight hour, the time when Mrs. Derwent was accustomed to walk in the garden and adjacent grounds. She always required Eva to accompany her, and Angeline, without any direct invitation, usually joined them. The softness of the air and the beauty of the hour had lured Mrs. Derwent beyond her usual limits, which was a certain vine-shaded arbor, where, after reposing a short time, she returned to the house.

Eva and Angeline, at the same moment, heard footsteps behind them, and looked round. A gentleman, who was a stranger to Eva, had almost reached them. She soon ascertained his name, for Angeline exclaimed:

"Aunt Derwent, here's Philip!" while at the same moment, springing back to meet him, she welcomed him with kind words and a cordial clasp of the hand.

Mrs. Derwent was so rejoiced at his unexpected arrival that she forgot her accustomed reserve, and chatted with a volubility which would have surprised herself had she given herself time for reflection. The first time that she and Eva were alone, she introduced the subject most in her thoughts.

"Now that you have seen Philip," said she, "you may not think he is deserving the high praise I bestowed on him."

"I have not seen him enough yet to enable me to form an opinion concerning him," replied Eva.

"I believe he is too good for Angeline, though, as I remarked on a former occasion, she has many good qualities."

"She certainly has," said Eva, warmly, "and her faults, if she have any, are of a nature so venial that no one can refuse to overlook them."

"I have strong hopes of effecting my favorite plan. Fortune seems to favor me. I regretted that Angeline came so soon, yet it has turned out to be precisely the right time. You will now be obliged to dispense with your morning rides, as there are only two saddle-horses, and besides, it wont be amiss to leave them by themselves, when it can be done without having it appear a preconcerted scheme."

This was a hint, which was not thrown away on Eva, and subsequently, whenever she found herself in company with Philip and Angeline, and no one else present, she always found some plausible pretext to withdraw. Mrs. Derwent was much pleased with the aspect of affairs; for she found that Angeline, instead of avoiding Philip, as she had formerly done, seemed gratified at having frequent opportunities of conversing with him. They were certainly on the most friendly and confidential terms, as was evident to Eva as well as Mrs. Derwent.

A week had passed in this way, when Angeline said to Eva, one evening, that she must join her and Philip in their morning ride.

"It wont be convenient, I believe," replied Eva, "and if it were, there are only two horses, you know."

"Only two belonging to Aunt Derwent; but Philip has purchased one to-day,—a superb horse, black as jet, and handsomer, if possible, than Malek Adhel, that I shall now get back again, so that brown Sibyl will be at your service, as heretofore."

"I rather think that Mrs. Derwent would prefer not to have me go."

"She cannot be so barbarous as to permit you to lose your health for want of air and exercise. You already begin to look pale."

"Well, if she has no objection, I will go."

"I'll go and speak to her about it, and wont leave her till I obtain her consent."

Eva tried to prevent her from going, but she was not to be dissuaded, and after an absence of ten minutes, she returned with the intelligence that her aunt, alarmed at the idea that her health was suffering in consequence of keeping so secluded, was not only willing but earnest that she should go.

The morning proved to be one of the finest there had been for the season, and fifteen minutes after sunrise, Philip, Angeline and Eva were ready for their ride. For the first mile they dashed along at that brisk rate which can scarcely fail to raise and invigorate the spirits, when they came to a small house, the residence of a man who was often employed by Mrs. Derwent.

"Go on," said Angeline, to Philip and Eva. "I promised to call, the next time I passed, and leave some flower-seeds Delia has been gathering for her little sister. I can soon overtake you, —that is, if I please," she added, in a low voice.

"If you are detained longer than you expect to be," said Philip, "you will find us at The Oaks."

Eva checked her horse, and often looked back; but Angeline seemed in no hurry to follow. At last, by a turn in the road, she was prevented from seeing her any longer. They continued to walk their horses, and after a silence of several minutes, Philip Derwent remarked that he supposed Angeline had told her about the letter she received the day previous.

"No, she has not," replied Eva.

"She probably did not find opportunity. It was from a gentleman by the name of Lansing, informing her that he had at last become associated in business with the rich merchant whose clerk he had been for several years, and that her father had signified to him his willingness, now that he had the means of maintaining a wife, to receive him as his son in-law.

"I thought," said Eva, blushing, "that—"

"She had honored me with her preference, perhaps you would say."

"Yes."

"We have been on terms of friendship—nothing more, nor was I aware of my step-mother's wishes, with regard to Angeline and me, till a few days since. Last evening, we had a long and confidential conversation on the subject, during which, she showed herself more willing to relinquish what had grown to be a favorite project than I had reason to expect. This was more especially the case after I told her that my affections were given to another—one whom, I was happy to find, she approved. It now remains for me to ascertain if I have your approval."

"Mine?" said Eva, with a look and accent of surprise.

"Yes, Eva, for it is you, who, by a thousand excellencies, seen and felt, though not easily described, to say nothing of numerous personal graces, many of them as rare as they are fascinating, who have won my heart, and with it, I now offer you my hand and my fortune. Will you accept them?"

"This is all so unexpected, I had so fully believed that you and Angeline were engaged—"

"That you wish to have time for consideration, before you give your answer?"

"Should I have years for that purpose, I could not think of you differently from what I do now."

"And your opinion is unfavorable?"

"No, indeed."

Just at this moment they reached "The Oaks," where they were to wait for Angeline, and by the time she arrived, Eva had owned to Philip Derwent that she knew of no reason why she should reject his proposals. Angeline offered her sincere congratulations, and when, after their return, Philip made known to Mrs. Derwent the situation of affairs, she remarked that she believed she had reason to rejoice at having been foiled in her first and only attempt at match-making.

"When you are married," said she, "you will, of course, make the old mansion house your residence for the greater part of the year, which will secure to me the companionship of Eva, which, I find, has already become necessary for my happiness."

"And my old friend Peggy, or, rather, enemy, as I might, with more propriety, term her, shall you feel yourself obliged to retain her?" said Philip.

"No, and I can think of no one who, according to the description I have heard of her, will supply her place so well as the good Mrs. Hemminway, who, for nearly a year, gave Eva a home."

THE SERPENT STONE.

That quaint and spicy publication, the "Bizarre," translates the following from Tavernier:—"The Indians say that this stone grows upon the head of certain serpents, but I prefer believing this story to be a fabrication of their priests, and that this stone is veritably a composition made by them from some drugs. Whatever it may be, it possesses an excellent virtue in extracting all the venom from any one bitten by a poisonous animal. If the place, where the bite is made, is not entirely open, it is necessary to make an incision to let the blood flow, and the stone being then applied thereto, it will not fall off until it has drawn out all the poison, which collects around it. To clean it, it is soaked ten or twelve hours in woman's milk, or, in default thereof, in cow's milk, which, being impregnated by the poison, assumes a festered appearance. Having dined, one day, with the Archbishop of Goa, he led me to his cabinet of curiosities, containing numerous articles. Among other things, he showed me one of these stones, informing me of its qualities, and assuring me that its virtues had been tested only three days before—whereupon he presented it to me. As he was crossing a morass upon the Island of Salsete—upon which Goa is situated,—on his road to a country-house, one of the men (who go nearly naked), carrying him in his *palekis*, was bitten by a serpent, and cured upon the spot by this stone. I have bought several of them, the Bramins alone vending them, whence I judge them to be manufactured by that class. There are two methods of distinguishing the genuine serpent stone from an imitation. The first is by putting it into the mouth, in which case, if good, it leaps and cleaves incontinently to the palate. The other method is to put it into a glass full of water, which will immediately, if the stone is not counterfeit, be agitated by little bubbles rising from the stone at the bottom to the surface of the water."

NOTICES OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

PIANO FORTE MUSIC.—Oliver Ditson, 115 Washington Street, has just published the "Bouquet Royal Valse," "The Resignation Polka," "The Fountain," comprising four easy ducts, and "Paddy Carey," arranged for three performers.

THE GLORIA IN EXCELSIS. By W. WILLIAMS. Boston: Phillips, Sampson & Co. 1855.

This is an admirable and extensive collection of church music, comprising hymn tunes, anthems, chants, choruses, etc., with an elementary music treatise, and a variety of vocal exercises for social meetings, singing schools and glee practice. The author is the well known organist of Bowdoin Square Church, and professor of music in the Charlestown Female Seminary, and is worthy his high reputation.

JAPANESE BOTANY. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1855.

This is a literary curiosity, being a fac simile of a Japanese book on botany, with illustrations, an interlinear translation, and a very valuable treatise on the Japanese language. It is very well executed, and the drawings give us a higher idea of the artistic skill of the Japanese than anything we had before seen. For sale by Phillips, Sampson & Co.

PEN PICTURES OF THE BIBLE. By Rev. CHARLES BEECHER. With an Introduction, by Harriet Beecher Stowe. New York: J. C. Derby. 1855.

This little volume narrates in a plain style, with appropriate comments, some of the most striking events recorded in the Old Testament; and it is designed to awaken a fresh interest in Holy Writ, "now that the disposition of so many minds is to undervalue the Old Testament as compared with the New." The book before us is to be followed by others. For sale by Phillips, Sampson & Co., 13 Winter Street.

HISTORY OF THE COUNCIL OF TRENT. From the French of F. L. Bungener. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1855. 12mo. pp. 546.

The history of one of the most important councils ever held by the Church of Rome, an event on which hinged a vast religious revolution, has been often written, and by writers of opposite creeds. The present writer is a Protestant, and the author of several works illustrating the history of French Protestantism, two of which, the "Priest and the Huguenot" and the "Preacher and the King," have sufficed to give him an extensive reputation in America. His style is very vigorous and picturesque, and he gives proof of liberal scholarship. For sale by Redding & Co.

MY BONDAGE AND MY FREEDOM. By FREDERICK DOUGLASS. New York: Miller, Orton & Mulligan. 1855. 12mo. pp. 464.

Autobiography is all the rage now-a-days, and Mr. Douglass sees no reason why his experiences, narrated by himself, should not meet with acceptance from the public. He began life as a Southern slave, and now, as a lecturer and speaker, pronounces judgment on the leading legislators and laws of this country. The work is embellished by a likeness of the author. For sale by Phillips, Sampson & Co.

MAUD, AND OTHER POEMS. By ALFRED TENNYSON. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1855.

A voice from Tennyson, wafted over the wave that brings us such incessant tidings of broil and battle, is as welcome as a "sunblink on a sullen sea." Maud is a love story, tender, passionate and soulful. It is written in various measures, and is full of inspiration. We could fill pages with choice quotations had we the space, but must refer our readers to the book itself—a dainty specimen of the style in which Ticknor & Fields clothe their admirable publications.

MEMOIR OF REV. SYDNEY SMITH. By his daughter, LADY HOLLAND. 2 vols. 12mo. New York: Harper & Brothers.

One of the most delightful books we have read in years. The letters and sayings of the genial humorist, the ripe scholar, and highly cultivated man it commemorates, embraced in these pages, would alone give them currency; but the narrative itself, illustrated as it is with many pen-and-ink portraits, is highly interesting. Smith was world-renowned for wit, and this book gives ample proof of its sparkle; but it shows, what the world was not perhaps aware of, that his daily life had a daily beauty in it worthy of imitation. For sale by Redding & Co.

LETTERS TO THE PEOPLE ON HEALTH AND HAPPINESS. By CATHERINE E. BEECHER. New York. 1855. 12mo. pp. 220.

This little work contains an amount of physiological information that every man and woman in the land should be possessed of. It is written in a plain, sensible and straightforward manner, pointing out the laws of health and the consequences of their infringement. For sale by Redding & Co.

LEARNING TO TALK. By JACOB ABBOTT. New York: Harper & Brothers.

This is a book intended, as its name imports, for the youngest class of readers, for whom its stories are admirably adapted. The engravings are numerous and beautiful. For sale by Redding & Co.

LIGHT AND DARKNESS: or, *The Shadow of Fate*. A Story of Fashionable Life. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1855. 12mo. pp. 319.

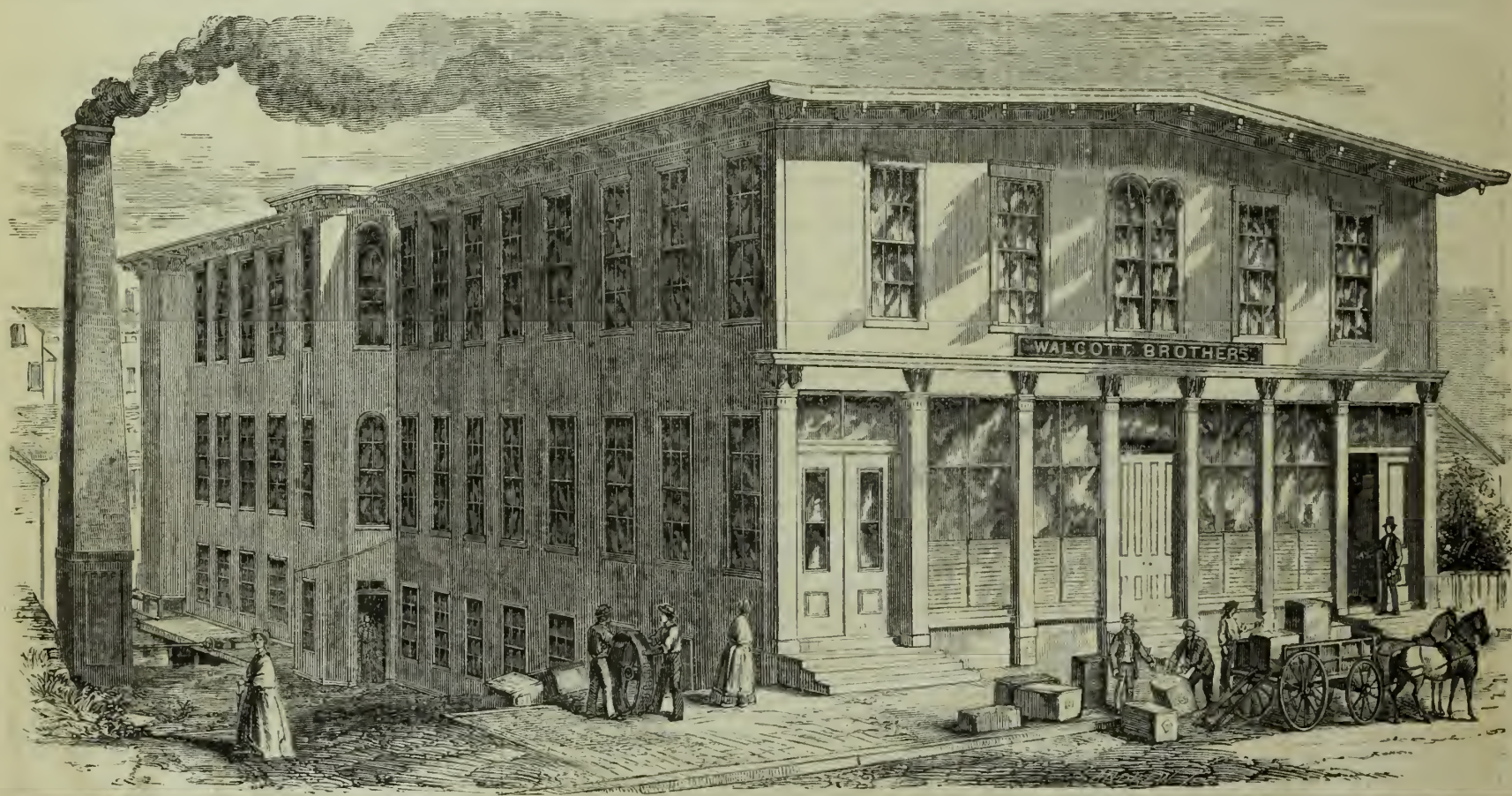
A highly-wrought romance, full of character and incident, and written to show the fatal results of undue leniency to the first footsteps of crime; that the miseries of social life are due to the faults of the many, rather than the errors of the few, and that beauty and fortune are snares to the slaves of impulse. There is a good deal of intense writing in the book, but the evil characters are not painted in jet black, nor the good in pure white. The story embraces all the elements of popularity. Redding & Co. have it for sale.

WALCOTT'S
BUTTON-HOLE CUTTER MANUFACTORY, PAWTUCKET, R. I.

Our present high state of civilization is owing to the fact that we moderns have not neglected little things. Civilization itself is but an aggregation of small matters, as "grains of sands make the mountains, and atoms infinity." Hence the humblest day laborer of the present century, and his family, enjoy personal comforts unknown to the wealthiest families two hundred years ago. And any contrivance that lightens the labor of those who minister to the wants and comforts of society, is worthy of respectful attention. One of our artists, while in Pawtucket, R. I., recently chanced to visit the large establishment of Messrs. Walcott Brothers (H. D. & M. E. Walcott), where is manufactured that simple and ingenious buttonhole cutter, which is now coming into universal use, and suggested to us the idea of illustrating the manufactory by a series of drawings, the result of which is the present set of well-executed engravings. Our first engraving shows the counting-room of the establishment, a handsome and well-arranged apartment, adapted to the extensive business of which it is an indispensable part. The second picture shows the exterior

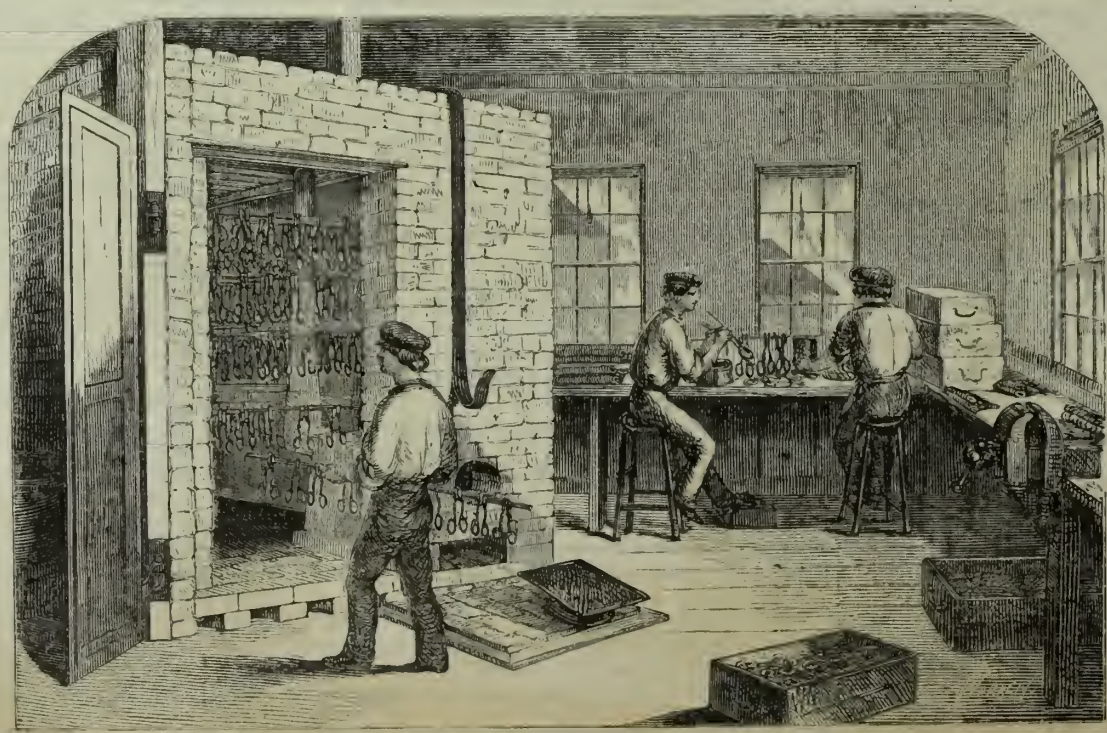
COUNTING ROOM.

engraving represents the interior of the general workshop, a large and well-lighted room, furnished with every appliance for their labor. Here are seen lathes, presses, grind-stones, and all the enginery of this extensive business, with a little army of mechanics diligently plying their skill. There are in all less than a hundred men constantly employed, and all the processes of manufacture are carried on with as much system and regularity as there is in the Springfield armory, the only difference being that while the latter forges instruments for drilling eyelet holes in men's bodies, the former only turns out contrivances for making button holes in their garments. Each operative has his own department, and produces only a certain portion of the instrument. Our last engraving is a view of the packing-room, where the manufactured articles, after being thoroughly dried, are put up in packages, to be sent off to their destination. The invention is really a most ingenious one, and patents have been secured for it in England and France as well as in this country. It combines the chisel, punch, bench and mallet, all of which were formerly used by tailors in making buttonholes, and then with less precision and neatness than these instruments, the work of which is ma-



EXTERIOR VIEW OF WALCOTT BROTHERS' MANUFACTORY, PAWTUCKET.

of the building. It is situated on Pleasant Street, and is quite new, being occupied for the first time only about a year ago. The style of architecture is plain and neat, and has the rare merit of being appropriate. The main building is 130 by 40 feet. The third engraving shows the furnace room, where the japan, which is used for lacquering the handles of the cutters, is baked. The cutters are suspended in the furnace, and subjected to a heat of 250 degrees Fahrenheit, by which process, in eight hours' time, the japan becomes as hard as the iron itself, to which it is applied. The japan gives a fine finish to the instrument, though the immediate object is to prevent oxydation of the metal. The fourth engraving shows the interior of the polishing room. The polishing is performed by means of wooden wheels, covered with emery, and making 2000 revolutions in a minute. Water power is employed in this establishment, and steam during a dry time. In our sketch of the polishing-room, some likenesses are given of the workmen, which will be readily recognized by their friends. We may here remark that the ten hour system was adopted by the Messrs. Walcott at the outset of the establishment, and has been adhered to ever since. The fifth



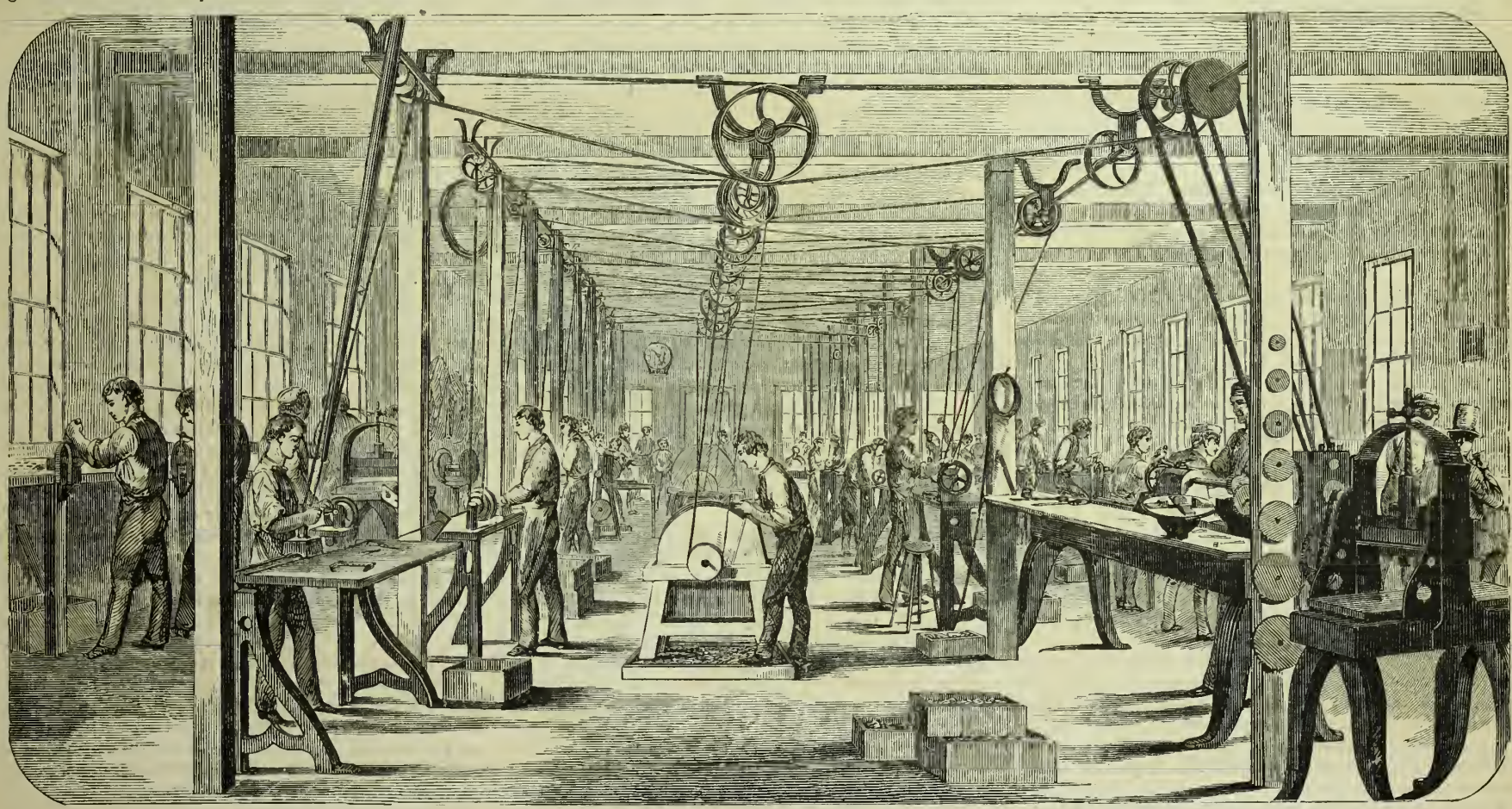
BAKING FURNACE.

thematically exact. The cutters are nearly in the form of scissors, while a brass scale, sliding to and fro, and tightened by a screw when adjusted, regulates the length of the cut. It is so contrived, also, that the slit may be made with or without an eyelet hole. These cutters are made of different sizes, and they are sold at so reasonable a rate that private families as well as professed tailors and seamstresses must all, before long, be provided with them. The object of the manufacturers has been to combine excellence and cheapness in the article. The handles are made of malleable iron, and the cutting portion of the very best steel. The manufacture, though begun only a few years since, and with a most liberal investment of capital, is lucrative as it should be, and constantly increasing in importance. The establishment we have briefly described is well worthy of a visit. It is one of the thousand manifestations of Yankee ingenuity applied to useful purposes which meet us on every hand, one of the numerous sources of that wealth which has made our cold and infertile New England one of the most prosperous sections of the Union, and which is causing us rapidly to rival the old world in all the arts of mechanic skill and enterprise.

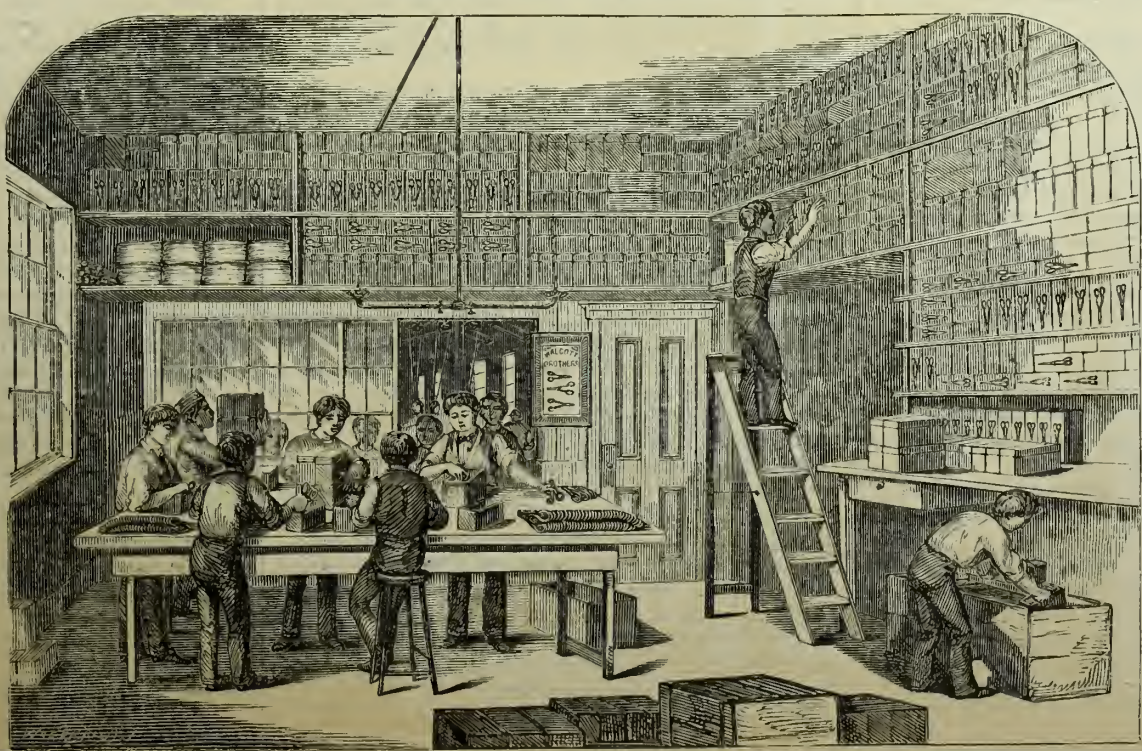
CANOVA'S FIRST LOVE.

Anything relating to the early history of Antonio Canova, the celebrated Italian sculptor, whose genius, in connection with Michael Angelo and Bernini, formed an epoch in Italian statuary, possesses a strong feature of interest. In the story of his earliest love (if a juvenile and vague aspiration may be so termed) there was something of a romantic and melancholy interest, which seems long to have shaded, with perceptible coloring, his future musings. While pursuing his studies in the Farsetti Palace, on first arriving in Venice, he one day beheld a female, somewhat older than himself, and very beautiful, enter the gallery, accompanied by a friend or attendant, who, daily departing, soon after returned again before the hour of closing, leaving the former to pursue her studies, which chiefly consisted in drawing from antique heads. Chance first placed the youthful pair near each other; and some secret excellence, hitherto undiscovered, subsequently determined him constantly to select as models such subjects as brought him nearest the fair artist. Time thus rolled away, and the youth found his bosom penetrated with new, delicious, but undefinable sensations. He knew not why he wished to be near her, or why he delighted to gaze on her mild and lovely countenance—so pale, so delicate, yet so full of feeling—nor could he tell why the furtive glance was so often directed to her sylph-like form and graceful movements; but he felt that with such a being he should be forever happy, although incapable of defining his ideas of that happiness. One day the object of his silent adoration was absent—another and another passed; still she did not appear. Antonio was inconsolable; but he shrunk from inquiry, for he feared that every one already possessed the secret of his thoughts. Many days elapsed in this uncertainty, during which he was indefatigable in study—for she had once, while leaning on the shoulder of her companion, praised his work as being *assai belle*—words never forgotten, though answered only by a silent obeisance, and he hoped again to attract her notice. At length the attendant again appeared—alone, and habited in deep mourning. The heart of the youth failed at the sight; but summoning courage as she passed, in departing with a portfolio, he ventured to inquire for her friend. "La Signora Julia," replied she, bursting into tears, "is dead!" No more was asked, and nothing more was said. Who Julia was, Canova never knew; but her name, her image, long remained engraven on his memory.—*Life of Canova.*

POLISHING ROOM.



INTERIOR VIEW OF MANUFACTORY.



PACKING ROOM.

VENETIAN BRIDES.

One of the most daring incidents relative to the history of the Venetian State is detailed in the following account of the capture of a body of Venetian brides by the Istrian pirates, on one of their annual celebrations. According to an ancient custom, the nuptials of the nobles and principal citizens of Venice were always celebrated on the same day of the year. The eve of the Purification was consecrated to this public festival, and the State annually increased the general joy of the occasion by endowing twelve maidens with marriage portions. In the morning, gondolas, elegantly ornamented, assembled from all parts of the city at the Episcopal Church of Olivolo. The affianced pairs disembarked amidst the sounds of music; their relations and friends, in their most splendid habiliments, swelled their retinue; the rich presents made to the brides, their jewels and ornaments, were proudly borne for display; and the body of the people, unarmed, and thoughtless of danger, followed the glad procession. The Istrian pirates, acquainted with the existence of this annual festival, had the boldness to prepare an ambush for the nuptial train in the city itself. They secretly arrived over night at an uninhabited islet, near the church of Olivolo, and lay hidden behind it with their barks until the procession had entered the church, when, darting from their concealment, they rushed into the sacred edifice through all its doors, tore the shrieking brides from the arms of their lovers, possessed themselves of the jewels which had been displayed in the festal pomp, and immediately put to sea with their fair captives and their booty. But deadly revenge overtook them. The Doge, Pietro Caniando III., had been present at the ceremony; he shared in the fury and indignation of the affianced youths; they flew to arms, and throwing themselves under his conduct into their vessels, came up with the spoilers in the lagunes of Carlo. A frightful massacre ensued; not a life among the pirates was spared; and the victors returned in triumph with their brides to the church of Olivolo. A procession of the maidens of Venice revived for many centuries the recollection of this deliverance on the eve of the Purification. But the Doge was not satisfied with the punishment which he had inflicted on the Istriots. He entered vigorously upon the resolution of clearing the Adriatic of all the pirates who infested it; he conquered part of Dalmatia; and he transmitted to his successors, with the ducal crown, the duty of consummating his design. —*Ladies' Newspaper.*

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

DISTANT BELLS.

BY FREDERICK J. KEYES.

Distant bells are softly pealing,
Pealing o'er the azure deep,
Seem they like sweet voices, stealing
From the shores of night and sleep,
Where the sigh of pain is muffled,
And the noise of earth is stilled,
Where the soul by sorrow ruffled,
Is with dreams of beauty filled.

As I listen to their measures,
Like the flow of vesper chimes,
Voices which the memory treasures,
Seem to float from happier climes.
Voices which have cheered me onward,
Onward through this weary world;
Breezes from kind souls, which forward
Bore life's bark with hope unfurled!

And when song and music round me,
All their pleasing power have thrown,
Steal those voices soft and gently,
To my spirit all alone.
Calming down its troubled fever,
Like an ocean, to repose;
Whispering joy and peace forever
To its world of many woes.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE PLEASANTEST CREATURE IN THE WORLD.

BY MARY A. DENISON.

Neighbor Atkinson was a sweet-faced old lady; those who loved her (their name was legion) called her "aunty," and by everybody, far and near, she was designated the "pleasantest creature in the world."

"The pleasantest and most serene creature in the world," said the 'squire's wife, one day, speaking of her; and carefully adjusting her spectacles, she added, "I can't see through it."

"Easy enough for her to be pleasant," exclaimed Miss Frett, in her usually slightly disagreeable manner. "Hasn't she got a handsome house, two handsome sons, and one handsome daughter that's going to be married to a rich man this day fortnight? Easy enough!" and she gave her knitting-needle a jerk that broke the yarn.

"But she might have seen trouble," remarked the squire's lady, complacently. "The rottenest apples sometimes make the sweetest cider, you know; besides, she hasn't been settled here many years, and the latter part of her life may be the easiest."

"Might have seen trouble!" muttered the other, not seeing what rotten apples and sweet cider had to do with the subject, "never!—seen trouble, with those eyes of hers twinkling with fun all the time?—seen trouble? Why, her forehead is as free from wrinkles as—as—" she would have liked to say, as mine is; but remembering the squire's jokes on that subject, she smoothed out her own care lines, and added, "as a baby's."

"Well, here she comes, any way," ejaculated the squire's lady, looking down a long, cool avenue, bordered by chestnut trees, whose lower limbs were covered with clusters of wild grapes, "Now, with a little skill, may be we can learn something of her former life; and mark my word, if Aunty Atkinson hasn't seen sorrow in her day, and plenty of it."

A rather tall, very erect figure came with a cheerful step, and more than cheerful smile, towards the pleasant portico where sat the two ladies busy with their work until now. The squire's lady had arisen, and her portly figure nearly covered the small grayish window, and its provence rose-bush that grew in a huge pot underneath. The other also stood with knit brows, and fussily adjusting her knitting-needles, looking now and then at Aunty Atkinson with a less rigid frown, until at length she held out a meagre hand that was clasped with a pleasant warmth in that of the handsome looking old lady.

"Now, you've come to spend the afternoon, I know," exclaimed the squire's lady, poking her fat hands under the bows of her visitor's green calash, and rapidly untying them. "Sit right down in this big easy chair; I've been wanting a good long talk with you, this great while. Kitty," she continued, depositing the calash and white shawl, which she had removed with good natured force, in the hands of the servant girl, "tell John to have the table carried in the arbor, and we'll take supper there. It's so pleasant," she continued, turning to aunty, "to take tea out doors in such balmy air as this."

"I really didn't intend to stay," said aunty, with her twinkling smile; "but since you seem bent upon it, why, I will. I couldn't find a pleasanter place, that I know."

It did not take long to set three tongues going; there was plenty to talk about. Aunty's sons and aunty's daughter, the squire's "rheumatiz," and the little pet lamb that died yesterday and was buried under the peach tree in the garden, and aunty's daughter so soon to change name and station.

"Don't you feel bad to have her taken from you?" queried Miss Frett, drawing her solemn countenance to the utmost limits of sympathizing sorrow.

"O, I don't know as I do, very," replied aunty, with that ever merry twinkle; "she loves the man she is going to marry, and he loves her. He has enough to keep her in comfort, even elegance; and if the poor thing gets along without her mother's trials, I shall be very thankful. If troubles come, why, she must even bear them as I have."

The squire's lady cast a triumphant glance towards Miss Frett; the latter smiled incredulously, as she asked:

"Pray, what do you call trouble, Aunty Atkinson?"

"The worst trouble, and the hardest to get over, is the loss of kindred," replied aunty, smiling serenely, in return for Miss Frett's little show of sarcasm. "I have lost many friends," she added, in a lower voice, her eyes instinctively turning towards heaven, "but (and this thought makes me happy and contented to stay) I am every day drawing nearer to those I loved, who have only 'gone before.'"

Quick springing tears obscured the merry twinkle for a moment, but, as suddenly, the smile shone through.

"We were wondering," said the squire's lady, "if ever you had any sorrows of any kind—Miss Frett and I; that was just before you came. *She* said '*no*,' with confidence, and the reason was, because you were always so sunshiny and happy looking. Now, do tell us if you have had trouble—anything deep and abiding?"

"Not abiding," said aunty, softly. "Don't you know, the Scotch have a saying, that 'the morning blinks sometimes on heavy clouds, but it shuts its een on a clear, starry night!' And so 'trouble abideth for the night, but joy cometh in the morning.' Thus with my heavy afflictions—they could overshadow my blessings only for a little while. Now, shall I give you an outline of my history?"

"Do," cried the squire's lady, delightedly, nodding at the same time to a respectable man servant in reply to some mute gesture; the nod meant, "Yes, Cole, put the silver on; aunty is a distinguished visitor." The man and his snow white apron disappeared, and Miss Frett leaned her eyes over her hooked nose, that she might look narrator and narrative clean through, while she was evidently prepared to listen to a few commonplace afflictions, chastenings of the flesh rather than the soul.

"I was born," began aunty, "in a splendid mansion on the banks of one of Connecticut's loveliest rivers. My father was the oldest son of a revolutionary soldier, and very wealthy. I was nurtured in luxurious ease, and had one only brother, Lester. At the age of eighteen I was pronounced handsome and accomplished. It was at a ball to be given on my eighteenth birthday that I was first to come out. I remember every article of my apparel; my dress of pale blue satin, my white silk slippers, my wreath of lilies—ah, what a happy girl I was! I was standing before my mirror, my servants about me, when I grew frightened at a great noise—confusion below stairs and above, shrieks, cries of despair, and all the various sounds of woe and discord. From the top of our great staircase we could easily overlook the hall; and standing there, what do you think I saw? Both father and mother lying lifeless on the floor—dead—drowned."

Miss Frett gave a nervous little scream; the squire's lady suspended her knitting, and cried, breathlessly, "that *was* trouble."

"Never shall I forget it!" resumed aunty, folding her hands. "There were the guests flying from different rooms, all richly attired, wringing their hands and shrieking with horror, and the lights streaming out from open doors. My parents had been standing on a bank made insecure by late, continual rains; it gave way, and they fell a fearful distance into the deep water. The shock was agonizing; I sank in a fainting fit, and my reason was not restored for weeks.

"I married at twenty-four, bringing my husband a large fortune—and my brother travelled abroad after completing his studies. In two years my husband failed; my money went, and we were penniless. Meanwhile, unpleasant rumors were rife about my poor brother. One day after my second almost overwhelming trial, a tall, emaciated figure crawled up to the mean house to which we had retreated, and where my husband lay sick. It was my poor brother, dying of consumption. He had the misfortune to love the gaming-table, and he had lost all, and ruined his health."

"O, dear!" exclaimed the squire's lady, vehemently.

"I sold all my jewels," continued aunty, "and they procured comforts for the sick—that was all. At last, my husband regained his health, went diligently to work, and in time we owned a neat and commodious house again. My brother, in the meantime, lingered along, suffering most fearfully; but, thank God, before he died he became 'as a little child,' and fell asleep trusting in the merits of the Crucified.

"It was the second day after his funeral that a great storm came. It was the most terrible tempest I have ever witnessed; hurling strong trees from the ground, and sending them across roads and meadows. Our little orchard, our grapery and hothouse, were thoroughly demolished. I sat in my chamber with my first born, then only a fortnight old, clasped closely to my bosom. There was a great crash, and looking upward, almost stupified, I saw above me the frowning heavens, while the rain poured furiously on my unsheltered head. The third story of the house was taken completely off, I was thoroughly drenched—the babe I protected—and, to crown all, my husband was brought in a moment after with a broken leg, against which, as he was hastening home, a young tree had been hurled by the wind."

"Dear, dear, dear," ejaculated the squire's lady, with most profound sympathy, "what *did* you do then?"

"Yes, what?" echoed Miss Frett.

"The best I could, my friends," continued aunty, with a smile. "I deserted my chamber and went down stairs, where lay my poor husband. With some assistance from the neighbors we were made comfortable, and after three months of illness my husband got round again. All our savings had been spent, his illness had thinned his customers, and our house was in an unsafe as well as inelegant condition. Well, we got over that, too; my health became established, so did that of my husband, and we were once more, with God's blessing, independent."

"Surely, nothing came after that!" exclaimed the squire's lady, with gentle interest.

"Wait a moment," said aunty, softly. "I lost a beautiful babe after that. I gave him up to heaven just as he seemed to have winged his way down into my arms. O, that boy was so lovely! I miss the visits to his little grave since I have been here," she murmured; "we planted it with rose bushes. But God gave me another child," she continued, throwing a sigh from her heart, "and he too was a good and a lovely babe. It was perhaps a year after he was born, I sat at my window looking out on a calm night. The babe slept in his cradle, and I was musing on my happy condition, when three shouts came up under the window, 'fire, fire, fire.' Then the red flames shot right out underneath me, and again came a startling shout, 'Atkinson's shop is all on fire!' The room swam round, my presence of mind deserted me, and I fainted. When I came to consciousness, I found myself lying on the floor where I fell, drenched with water and stiff with bruises. The firemen had been there, and in their zeal, not noticing my insensible form, stepped upon me; my arms, my ankles, my shoulders were black with the marks of their feet. Where was my babe? I crawled to the cradle to find him gone. The smell of the smouldering coals below (for they had succeeded in stopping the progress of the flames), anxiety for the safety of my husband and child, and my inability to move, overcame me again, and again I fainted. When once more recovered, I was lying on a comfortable bed in the house of a friend, my babe beside me. Then I learned that my husband had been badly burned, that I had come near perishing; for the house took fire again in the middle of the night, and, with several others, was totally consumed, but that barely an hour before that I had been searched for and found, insensible."

"And how did you feel, then?" snappishly inquired Miss Frett.

"Unspeakably thankful that four precious lives were spared; my children's, my husband's and my own," replied Aunty Atkinson, with a reproving look.

"These reverses dampened my husband's spirits considerably, and for years he toiled along, while we lived without luxuries of any kind, and with hardly conveniences. My daughter was born in the midst of our deepest poverty. I wondered, then, how we should raise her—a little, sickly thing, delicate from her birth. But she lived, thank God!—lived and thrived on coarse fare; lived to be my comfort; lived to aid me with her own hands."

Aunty grew silent, and the squire's lady was perplexing herself with conjectures as to the noble farm and handsome house which the Atkinsons owned in the village, when the narrator, after a few thoughtful moments, resumed her story.

"Five years ago," she said, "just as we were struggling to keep the boys at a good school (we could not then think of sending them to college), my husband saw a chance notice in a daily paper, calling attention to the relatives of one John Atkinson, and requesting an attendance upon a certain lawyer as soon as possible. He went, and the result was, he found himself a rich man; the old gentleman having owned immense estates in the West Indies, and he being his nearest and most direct heir, inherited all. Since then," said aunty, "God has blessed us more than we deserve. We have known only plenty and graciousness from his hand."

"But how can you wear so clear a brow," asked the squire's lady, replacing her spectacles, and taking up her neglected needles, "after so many years of sorrows?"

"Because, I always felt that 'all things would work together for good to those who love God,'" replied the dear old lady; "that afflictions spring not from the ground, but are sent for our good. Besides, I strove to be most a Christian when most I was in trouble; to trust Him most when His providences were darkest; to walk under the cloud with the staff of faith in my hand, till God pleased to show me sunlight. Which would you love best—the child that fawned while you caressed, and grew cold, revengeful and angry at your just chastisement, or that one who receives all things with meekness and sweet submission, whether of good or evil (seemingly evil to him), at your hands?"

The squire's lady was silent.

"Some people can bear everything, but *I* can't, nor I never shall," ejaculated Miss Frett; "it aint in my nature."

"Neither was it in mine; neither can it be in any, till purified with that spirit which the divine One wore," returned Aunty Atkinson. "But see how gloriously the crimson of the setting sun falls on the chestnut trees."

"Yes, and there is Cole to say supper is ready in the arbor," remarked the more practical lady of the squire, as the honest face of the serving-man appeared.

"No, ma'am," said Cole, with a practised bow; "I've come to tell you that Kitty's broke the great chany bowl of the squire's."

"O, my goodness!" cried his mistress, with a face of absolute distress. "I'd rather most anything 'd a happened. What *shall* I do? What a loss! The squire'll turn Kitty off to-morrow. It *does* seem as if I should *die* with that girl! I'm just the *unluckiest* being in the world! To think!—that bowl has been in the family for twenty-five years, and the careless jade must go and break it! She might just as well have broken my heart; for I—"

She paused, meeting that merry twinkle, strangely mingled with a glance of sorrow, in Aunty Atkinson's eye. In confusion, she tried to apologize.

"Ah," said aunty, shaking her head, "'where the treasure is, there will the heart be also.'"

The squire's lady was silent; she felt the rebuke, and no longer wondered why the calm brow of her friend was yet unwrinkled, the soul unshaken. All her life she herself had been fighting for and grieving over *trifles*, while aunty had *fixed her eye singly on heaven*, and the storms of adversity were all under her feet. Happy are you, reader, if you "go and do likewise."

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE SHIPWRECK.

The fast falling shadows of even
Came down o'er the city and sea;
The light of the stars lay reflected
Far out where the coral reefs be;

The voice of the waves was as mournful
As winds when the autumn is nigh,
Or hymns that are chanted at midnight
O'er graves where the beautiful lie.

We saw through the mist and the white foam
The lights of the city afar;
We heard the loud cry of the sea-bird
From rocks where the bright mosses are.

But we thought of the beautiful perished,
Of the loved that had gone to their sleep,
Of the good ship that folded her white wings,
And sunk to her rest in the deep.

We saw the pale hands still embracing,
The fair locks spread out on the wave,
And gazed as the winds wove a death-shroud
Round forms of the true and the brave!

And we said, "O, how many will slumber
To-night on the pearl-gleaming bed!"
But gray rocks smiled cold on our sorrow,
So watched we alone with the dead!

* * * * * * *

And then in that lone, little dwelling,
The fisherman's hut by the shore,
We saw the death-shadow down stealing
On lips that should smile never more;

For the form of our darling was lying
All robed in her garments of white;
She heard not our sobs nor our sighing
In the noon of that sorrowful night.

So calm and so deep was the shadow,
As in her pure slumber she lay,
We knew not when the death-angel carried
Her beautiful spirit away.

But long ere the light of the morning
Flung "gold fetters" over the sea,
We knew that our darling was singing
In lands where the child angels be!

Then the light of a blessed Evangel
Beamed o'er us despairing and sad—
And it said, "for the freed from earth trouble,"
"The saved from earth sorrow be glad!"

The flowers of the unfailing river
Are white as the robes of the blest!
The harps 'neath the life-tree that quiver,
Are tuned to an anthem of rest!

And so to the blest, holy angels
Who dwell in the God light above—
We gave in the right of our sorrow
The beautiful child of our love!

And we know when "the Father" shall call us
To come to his home far away,
We shall fold to our hearts our earth darling,
And list to her sweet seraph lay!

L. H. F.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

PHŒBE HATHAWAY'S WEDDING.

BY ELLEN ALICE MORIARTY.

There were wonderful preparations going forward in the comfortable farm-house of Laurence Hathaway; such preparations the old homestead had never before witnessed even at Christmas—to celebrate the wedding of Phœbe, the pretty Phœbe, to young Robert Lincoln, who had come all the way from America to carry back with him as a bride, the beautiful young woman, whom, twelve years before, when both he and she were children, he had so often called his "little wife."

And if farmer Hathaway felt pain at his approaching separation from his daughter, he was comforted by the knowledge that, when he would be laid in the grave, his child would have a protector, and one whom he always preferred. For were not Robert's father and he warm friends in their youth, and now, though the broad Atlantic separated their homes instead of the mill-stream of former years, and was not Robert himself, noble-hearted and handsome as he was, with that free, independent manner of his, acquired from his American residence, a better match for Phœbe than any of the farmers around the country who had so unsuccessfully sought her pretty hand in marriage. Besides, in her union with Robert he would find a balm for a half painful regret that was always reminding him of his harsh treatment of young Richard Hepton, whom he had adopted and educated from his orphan childhood, and regarded as tenderly as he would his son, had God been pleased to have spared to him the sweet little boy that called him father, until he discovered that the lad had whispered love to Phœbe, and that Phœbe had promised never to be the wife of any one but Richard.

When he spurned the offender with execrations from the door, and disregarded the passionate supplications of Phœbe, farmer Hathaway did not look forward to the reproaches of his own heart, when he afterward saw, day-by-day, the paling cheek and lustreless eye of his darling. But when Robert Lincoln came, and was received as a suitor, and the faded bloom of Phœbe's loveliness revived once more, bringing back the roses to her cheek, the violet to her eyes, the memory of his unfeeling pride ceased to torment him, for Phœbe had forgotten, or remembered no more with tenderness, her love for the dependent Richard.

And why, I question, if farmer Hathaway loved Phœbe so well, why did he not entertain the same regard for his other daughter, Bessie, who always seemed to him the shadow of Phœbe's sunshine, darkest when Phœbe was brightest? Poor little Bessie! was it her fault that her mother was farmer Hathaway's second wife, whom he married to be a mother to his Phœbe, and who, instead of being a mother to his child, and a loving mate to himself, cast the gloom of dissension and unkindness around the house, that only vanished when she died? To be sure it was not little Bessie's fault, and I am inclined to think that it was that old obstinate pride of his, and not unfatherly feeling, that made farmer Hathaway refuse to cherish the child of the woman who for three years had made his home a dreary place for him, as he cherished Phœbe. If her father looked coldly upon her, no one else who knew her denied Bessie the love which was her due, and the beautiful, blooming Phœbe blessed God many times a day for the sister he had given her, whose influence made her the amiable girl she was, and who, in the time of her trouble and grief, when she would have gone forth from her father's house to share the uncertain wanderings of her lover, clung to her with prayers and tears, pointing out to her her filial love and duty, and the desolation she would bring upon the heart whose only joy was centred in her, and how they stole out to the threshold where Richard waited, and before he went away alone, as she taught them it was best he should, he kissed little Bessie, saying, "he knew that God had sent her there."

So fondly did Phœbe regard her sister, I am sure, had she known that she loved Robert Lincoln, she would have gladly resigned him to little Bessie. How should she know it, when little Bessie herself was totally unconscious of the nature of the feeling, that from the moment she first saw him, made her think that never in the wide world was, could or would be found another like Robert Lincoln? That when his footfall sounded outside the door, made her heart flutter, and busied her earnestly with some trivial occupation; and when he was gone, caused her face to droop upon her hands, as if she would keep in her brown eyes the image of his manly form.

It was only when arraying her sister in her wedding finery that the withering knowledge of her hopeless love fell like a blight upon little Bessie. She was wondering with a sense of quiet regret if Richard Hepton was living, and if he would grieve to hear of Phœbe's marriage, and with Robert, who used to be a boy rival of his in their happy childhood; and she thought if it was she herself who had loved Richard, would she have forgotten him. With that thought a bleak, desolate feeling swept over her young heart, and with a low moan she sank down on her knees beside her whom Robert's love was to bless forevermore, and winding the folds of Phœbe's dress around her, implored Heaven that it might be her shroud. Phœbe bent down, praying her sister not to weep, that she should go with them, and share Robert's home and hers, and drawing up the slight form to her side, strove to soothe the sorrow she did not understand.

There was a low tap at the door, and farmer Hathaway came into the room to see his Phœbe in her bridal dress. He kissed and blessed his favorite, and then with humid eyes he drew Bessie to him, saying "that they would be better friends in future, and that he was always fond of her, though he had not shown it." Even that could not comfort little Bessie.

After a while they went down into the sitting-room, meeting Robert at the door. All their friends and kinsfolk were gathered there, and a stranger, a friend of Robert's, a tall, dark-browed man, with a heavy moustache and beard, who had come from America to be present at the wedding, and who had arrived but a few minutes before, was seated apart from the cheerful groups at a window.

"What ails my little Bessie?" asked good old uncle Dillaway. "She is as white as a daisy, and as tearful and drooping as one would be after a storm."

Bessie looked up with a faint smile, to say, "that it was natural she should be dejected when Phœbe was going to leave her;" but meeting the questioning gaze of Robert Lincoln, the words faltered on her lips, and she hung her head without making any reply.

There was a bustle now at the head of the room. The minister of God stood waiting to begin the ceremony. Farmer Hathaway led his daughter up, and stood before him, but instead of Robert Lincoln, the stranger strode across the floor, and taking his place beside Phœbe, uttered her name.

She reached her hand to him, and the joyous smile of her girlhood broke like a gleam of heaven's sunlight over her charming countenance.

Through the surprise of all present came their recognition of the stranger. For the light streamed upon his face, and with the same old fondness for Phœbe beaming in his eyes, they knew that it was Richard Hepton who stood there, claiming the hand she had promised him three years before.

In that moment of suspense little Bessie knew as well as if she had been told it, that Phœbe had expected this; that she never intended to marry Robert; and when, with a faint sensation in her heart she looked up to behold Robert's misery, she once more encountered his eyes, and there was no sorrow in their depths. If little Bessie hung her head again it was not to hide sorrowful tears.

It was Robert who spoke first. He went over where the old man stood in proud amazement, and said, "that in Richard Hepton he would have a son-in-law better and richer than he. That if Phœbe and himself had planned this little surprise, they knew that farmer Hathaway would forgive them, and he would, when he learned that in wedding his Phœbe to Richard, she would not leave him, that her husband would give her a home near her father. For the gold mines of California had yielded to him wealth that Sir Roderick up there at the Hall would be proud to possess.

When farmer Hathaway heard this, it did not require the pretty beseeching looks of the blushing Phœbe to win his consent to Richard's claim. He held out his hand to him, saying "that he would not ask him to forgive him for the past, for he did not desire it. He had only done what he should do again were his daughter as young, and Richard as unsettled in life as then. That he was very glad that his Phœbe could marry the man she loved, and that she was not to leave him in his old age; but he was sorry that there could not have been a closer tie between his old friend across the ocean and himself. That alone would make the change a regretful one to him.

"And there may be closer tie, farmer Hathaway," said Robert Lincoln; and taking the little hand of Bessie, as he stood beside her, he prisoned it in his own.

With a wild glance of surprise Bessie looked up into Robert's eyes, and if the tale she read therein caused her own to drop as quickly as they were raised, and sent a new and beautiful emotion fluttering through her heart, I am certain it made that heart the happiest one that ever beat in the bosom of any little maiden.

"What wonderful climate has transformed my drooping daisy into a 'red, red rose?'" said uncle Dillaway, playfully pinching Bessie's blushing cheek. "Ah, little Bessie, little Bessie, would not earth be a dismal place without the sunshine of love?"

SUCCESS IN LIFE.

I have heard of two brothers, whose father died, leaving them five hundred dollars apiece. "I will take this money, and make myself a rich man," said Henry, the younger brother. "I will take this money, and make myself a good man," said George, the elder. Henry, who knew little beyond the multiplication table, abandoned all thoughts of going to school, and began by peddling, in a small way, over the country. He was shrewd, and quick to learn whatever he gave his attention to; and he gave *all* his attention to making money. He succeeded. In one year his five hundred dollars had become a thousand. In five years it had grown to be twenty thousand; and, at the age of fifty, he was worth a million. George remembered the words of the wise man: "With all thy getting, get understanding." He spent two-thirds of his money in going to school, and acquiring a taste for solid knowledge. He then spent the remainder of his patrimony in purchasing a few acres of land in the neighborhood of a thriving city. He resolved on being a farmer.

After a lapse of thirty-five years, the two brothers met. It was at George's house. A bright, vigorous, alert man was George, though upwards of fifty-five years old. Henry, though several years younger, was very infirm. He had kept in his counting-room long after the doctors had warned him to give up business, and now he found himself stricken in health beyond repair. But that was not the worst. He was out of his element when not making money. George took him into the library, and showed him a fine collection of books. Poor Henry had never cultivated a taste for reading. He looked upon the books with no more interest than he would have looked on so many bricks. George took him into his garden, but Henry began to cough, and said he was afraid of the east wind. When George pointed out to him a beautiful elm, he only cried: "Pshaw!" George took him into his greenhouse, and talked with enthusiasm of some flowers, which seemed to give the farmer great pleasure. Henry shrugged his shoulders and yawned, saying: "Ah! I don't care for these things." George asked him if he was fond of paintings and engravings. "No, no! Don't trouble yourself," said Henry; "I can't tell one daub from another." "Well, you shall hear my daughter Edith play upon the piano; she is no ordinary performer, I assure you." "Now, don't, brother,—don't, if you love me!" said Henry, beseechingly; "I never could endure music." "But what can I do to amuse you? Will you take a ride?" "I am afraid of a horse. But if you will drive me carefully down to your village bank, I will stop and have a chat with the president." Poor Henry! Money was uppermost in his mind. To it he had sacrificed every other good thing. When, a few days afterward, he parted from his farmer brother, he laid his hand on his shoulder, and said: "George, you can just support yourself comfortably on the interest of your money, and I have got enough to buy up the whole of your town, bank and all, and yet your life has been a success, and mine a dead failure!" Sad, but true words.—*Osborne.*

DROUGHTS.

The Agricultural Chemist of Maryland, Mr. Higgins, publishes a new theory with reference to droughts, which is worthy of the consideration of those who have time and inclination to investigate the subject. He assumes that were it not for droughts to replenish the land with mineral substances, the soil would become completely impoverished and exhausted by the rains which carry the minerals to the sea, and the crops, the manure which is applied failing to return what is thus taken away. Drought is a natural counteraction to these causes of exhaustion, and operates to supply the waste in this manner: During dry weather, a continual evaporation of water takes place from the surface of the earth, which is not supplied by any from the clouds. The evaporation from the surface creates a vacuum, so far as water is concerned, which is at once filled by the water rising up from the subsoil of the land; the water from the subsoil is replaced from the next stratum below, and in this manner the circulation of water in the earth is the reverse to that which takes place in wet weather. With this water also ascend the minerals held in solution, the phosphates and sulphates of lime, carbonate and silicate of potash and soda, which are deposited in the surface soil as the water evaporates, and thus restores the losses sustained as above stated. The author of this theory appears to have taken considerable pains to verify the fact by a number of interesting experiments.—*Scientific American.*

Happiness.—The true secret of happiness lies in contriving to be continually pleased, rather than highly pleased, and this is best effected by providing constant employment for our time. Business and those preparations of pleasure which partake of the nature of business, as requiring long contrivance and application, are more productive of enjoyment than pleasure itself. Nor is it the least distinguishing mark of difference between the civilized and the savage, that the one spend their days in idleness and gaping, unless while fighting with man or beast, whereas the others have a multitude of employments to busy themselves upon.—*Tucker.*

To lose an expected happiness, to renounce a whole future, is a keener suffering than that caused by the ruin of a bliss experienced, however complete it may have been. Is not hope better than memory?—*Balzac.*

WM. CULLEN BRYANT, THE POET AND EDITOR.

The second engraving on this page is an admirable likeness of the poet-editor of the New York Evening Post, engraved in the very best style by J. W. Orr, of New York. The now venerable countenance of the poet who for more than a quarter of a century has been the delight of his countrymen, and held in high esteem abroad, looks up to us with the thoughtful and benign expression that is familiar to him. The author of Thanatopsis was born in the town of Cummington, Hampshire county, Massachusetts, Nov. 3, 1794. His father, a respectable physician and well versed in literature, early perceived the great talent of his son, and developed it by the most assiduous training. A passionate lover of nature, the poetic youth revelled in the magnificent scenery of his native country, and studied it with that minuteness which enabled him in after life to depict with accuracy the most striking phenomena of wood and water, sky and field. The emotions of his heart found early utterance, and his boyish verses gave undoubted evidence of talent. In his sixteenth year he entered Williams College, in his native State, but left it after studying there two years. He received a degree, however, in 1819. In the interim he had studied law and been admitted to the bar at Plymouth, in this State. Bryant was only eighteen when he composed his immortal poem "Thanatopsis," first published in the North American Review. Mr. E. T. Channing and Mr. Richard H. Dana, the then editors of the Review, were so struck with its magnificence that they could scarcely be induced to believe it an original production. It is said that Campbell, the English poet, could never read the closing lines without shedding tears of rapture. Bryant himself has never surpassed this early effort. It is a complete composition, as symmetrical, as perfect as a Grecian temple. The sentiment is noble and lofty, the thoughts original, and the language worthy of Milton himself. We can conceive nothing finer than the following passage:

"The hills,
Rock-ribbed and ancient as the sun—the vales,
Stretching in pensive quietness between;
The venerable woods—rivers that move
In majesty, and the complaining brooks
That make the meadow green; and, poured round all,
Old Ocean's gray and melancholy waste—
Are but the solemn decorations all
Of the great tomb of man. The golden sun,
The planets, all the infinite host of heaven,
Are shining on the sad abodes of death,
Through the still lapse of ages. All that tread
The globe are but a handful to the tribes
That slumber in its bosom. Take the wings
Of morning—and the Barcan desert pierce,
Or lose thyself in the continuous woods
Where rolls the Oregon, and hears no sound
Save his own dashings—yet—the dead are there;
And millions in those solitudes, since first
The flight of years began, have laid them down
In their last sleep—the dead reign there alone."

The close of this poem, so much admired by Campbell, is like the dying notes of the organ in some cathedral pile, when a high-souled melody is melting into silence.

"So live, that, when thy summons comes to join
Th' innumerable caravan that moves
To that mysterious realm, where each shall take
His chamber in the silent halls of death,
Thou go not, like the quarry slave at night,
Scourged to his dungeon, but sustained and soothed
By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave—
Like one that draws the drapery of his couch
About him and lies down to pleasant dreams."

We have spoken of the influence of nature upon Bryant's muse. This is beautifully illustrated by a passage in his "Inscription for the Entrance of a Wood."

"Even the green trees
Partake the deep contentment; as they bend
To the soft winds, the sun from the blue sky
Looks in and sheds a blessing on the scene.
Scarce less the cleft-born wild-flower seems to enjoy
Existence, than the winged plunderer
That sucks its sweets. The massy rocks themselves,
And the old and pond'rous trunks of prostrate trees
That lead from knoll to knoll a causey rude,
Or bridge the sunken brook, and their dark roots,
With all their earth upon them, twisting high,
Breathe fixed tranquillity. The rivulet
Sends forth glad sounds, and tripping o'er its bed
Of pebbly sands, or leaping down the rocks,
Seems, with continuous laughter, to rejoice
In its own being. Softly tread the marge,
Lest from her midway perch thou raise the wren
That dips her bill in water. The cool wind
That stirs the stream in play, shall come to thee,
Like one that loves, nor will let thee pass
Ungreeted, and shall give its light embrace."

The poem from which the above was quoted was written at Great Barrington, Massachusetts, where the author was practising law. Here he wrote his "Lines to a Waterfowl," one of the most finished of his minor poems, which our readers will thank us for quoting entire.

"Whither, midst falling dew,
While glow the heavens with the last steps of day,
Far, through their rosy depths, dost thou pursue
Thy solitary way?

"Vainly the fowler's eye
Might mark thy distant flight to do thee wrong,
As darkly painted on the crimson sky,
Thy shadow floats along.

"Seek'st thou the plashy brink
Of weedy lake, or marge of river wide;
Or, where the rocking billows rise and sink,
On the chafed ocean side?

"There is a power whose care
Teaches thy way along that pathless coast,
The desert and illimitable air,—
Lone wandering, but not lost.

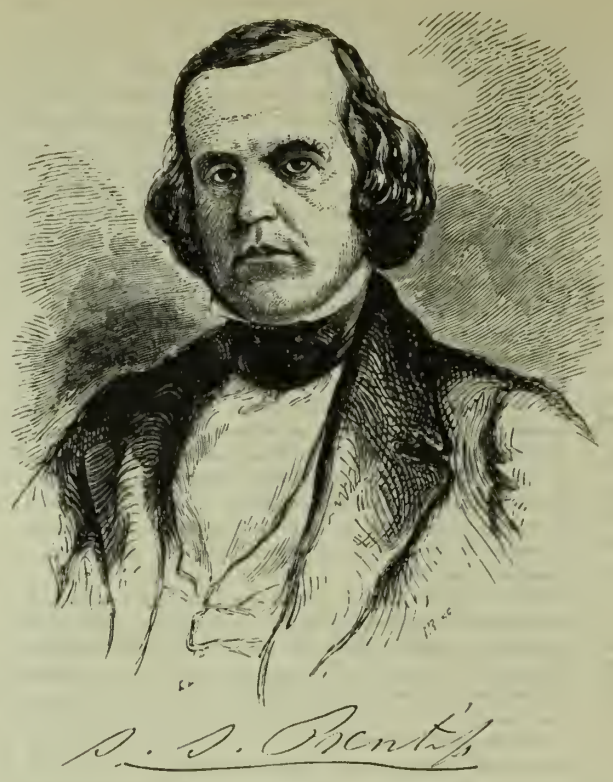
"All day thy wings have fann'd,
At that far height, the cold, thin atmosphere,
Yet stoop not, weary, to the welcome land,
Though the dark night is near.

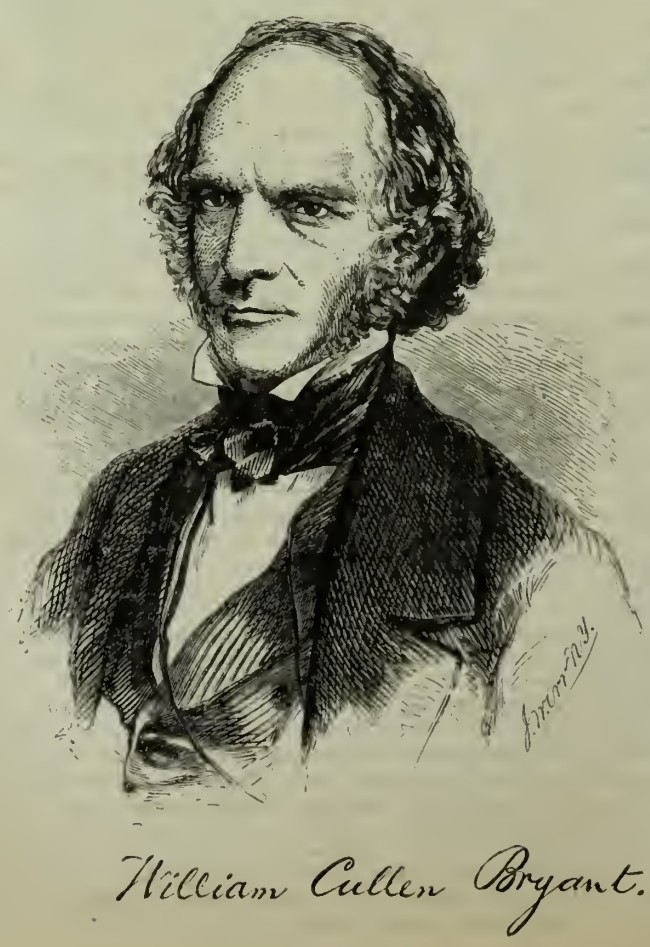
"And soon that toil shall end;
Soon shalt thou find a summer home and rest,
And scream among thy fellows: reeds shall bend
Soon, o'er thy sheltered nest.

"Thou'rt gone, the abyss of heaven
Hath swallowed up thy form, yet, on my heart
Deeply hath sunk the lesson thou hast given,
And shall not soon depart.

"He, who, from zone to zone,
Guides through the boundless sky thy certain flight,
In the long way that I must tread alone,
Will lead my steps aright."

In 1821 Bryant delivered his poem "The Ages," before a literary society in Harvard. This is a noble production, and besides its poetical merit evinces a thorough acquaintance with the philosophy of history, while the time that has elapsed since it was written has justified many of the political predictions of the author. Mr. Bryant practised law about ten years, and then removed to the city of New York, whose literary society included such men as Sands, Leggett, Verplanck, Halleck and Drake, author of "The Culprit Fay." Here he abandoned the law and devoted himself to literary pursuits. In 1826 he assumed the editorship of the "New York Evening Post," of which he has remained the principal conductor to the present day. A strong partizan journal, the asperities of political controversy were contrasted in its columns by the fine original poetry, the essays and the criticisms which Bryant and his friends contributed. It is now, as it was then, one of the leading journals of the country, standing beside the National Intelligencer, the Boston Post and the Boston Daily Advertiser in the estimation of the public. Bryant is as vigorous and powerful as a political writer, as he is polished, natural and true as a poet. In the former capacity he has been likened, and with truth, to Albany Fonblanque and to Armand Carrel. Whatever may be thought of his political opinions, and however much umbrage he may have given to his antagonists by his severity, no one ever charged him with insincerity or venality. Mr. Bryant has travelled much in Europe and America, and has enriched the columns of his paper by valuable letters written during his peregrinations. His "Letters of a Traveller, or Notes of Things seen in Europe and America," containing descriptions of Great Britain, Holland, Germany, Italy and Cuba, published collectively by George Putnam, in 1849, are most agreeable reading and full of valuable information. Mr. Bryant is about the medium height, and strongly built. His keen gray eyes still flash with the fire of youth, when animated by a stirring thought. His manners are simple and dignified, tinged with a gentlemanly reserve. Yet no one is more genial in the intimacy of the private circle. Long may he be spared to gladden the world with his lofty and spiritual music!





William Cullen Bryant.

MEDICAL FAITH.

The career of all great quackeries has been for the most part the same. An ignorant person, in or out of the profession, is accidentally impressed with the belief that some particular thing or process is attended with a curative effect. As an example: a young man, who had been brought up as a journeyman cooper, was instructed by his mother in the art of *shampooing*. Shampooing and other modes of friction have been long known as useful remedies in certain cases of stiff joints and weakened limbs, and as a substitute for exercise in bed-ridden patients, and there are many respectable females of the class of nurses in London who practise the art very successfully, and think themselves amply remunerated by earning a few shillings daily; but this youth was more fortunate. One or two cures which it was reported he had made caused him to be talked of at every dinner-table. It was believed that he had made a prodigious discovery in the healing art; that shampooing, performed according to his method, was a remedy for all disorders. Not only to those to whose cases the treatment was really applicable, but those to whose cases it was not applicable at all—patients with diseases of the hip and spine, of the lungs and liver; patients with the worst diseases, and patients with no disease whatever—went to be shampooed. The time of the artist, being fully occupied, rose in value, and we have no doubt that we do not overestimate his gains in saying that, for one or two years, his receipts were at the rate of £6000 annually. Matters went on thus for two or three years, when the delusion ceased as suddenly as it had leapt into vigor, and the shampooer found himself all at once deprived of his vocation. As another and equally instructive example: it was about the close of the last century that Benjamin D. Perkins, an American surgeon practising in London, announced the sanative virtues of what he called his *Metallic Tractors*. They were a couple of small tapering pieces of metal—one zinc and the other copper—which the practitioner drew along in repeated passes near the part of the patient affected by disease, giving out that thus the disease was somehow drawn or magnetized away. For a time persons afflicted with rheumatism, gout, and other disorders, came in vast numbers to Mr. Perkins to be healed. His tractors, for which he had taken out a patent, were sold at five guineas a pair. The society of Friends, to which body he belonged, benevolently raised an hospital in which he might practice on the poor. At length a Dr. Haygarth, of Bath, hit upon a method of exposing the fallacy of the tractors. He suggested to Dr. Falconer that they should make wooden tractors, paint them to resemble the steel (!) ones, and see if the very same effect would not be produced. Five patients were chosen from the hospital in Bath upon whom to operate. Four of them suffered severely from chronic rheumatism in the ankle, knee, wrist, and hip, and the fifth had been affected for several months with the gout. On the day appointed for the experiments Dr. Haygarth and his friends assembled at the hospital, and with much solemnity brought forth the fictitious tractors. Four out of the five patients said their pains were immediately relieved; and three of them said they were not only relieved, but very much benefited. One felt his knee warmer, and said he could walk across the room. He tried and succeeded, although on the previous day he had not been able to stir. The gouty man felt his pains diminish rapidly, and was quite easy for nine hours, until he went to bed, when the twitching began again. On the following day the real tractors were applied to all the patients, when they described their symptoms in nearly the same terms. To make still more sure, the experiment was tried in the Bristol Infirmary, a few weeks afterwards, on a man who had a rheumatic affection in the shoulder so severe as to incapacitate him from lifting his hand from his knee. The fictitious tractors were brought and applied to the affected part, one of the physicians, to add to the scene, drawing a stop-watch from his pocket to calculate the time exactly, while another, with a pen in his hand, sat down to write the strange symptoms from minute to minute as they occurred. In less than four minutes the man felt so much relieved that he lifted his hand several inches without any pain to the shoulder. The possibility of such cures by such means is established beyond all contradiction. One noted case, often alluded to in medical works, is that of the besieged inhabitants of Breda, who, when invalided and bed-rid with scurvy and other complaints, were rapidly restored to health by drinking of the solution of what they were told was a very precious drug, smuggled into the town for their especial benefit by the Prince of Orange, but which was confessedly only a little colored water. M. Hue informs us, in his amusing "Travels in Tartary," that the Lama there cures all diseases by vegetable pills; but "if he happens not to have any medicine with him, he is by no means disconcerted. He writes the names of the remedies upon little scraps of paper, moistens the paper with his saliva, and rolls them up into pills, which the patient tosses down as if they were genuine medicaments. To swallow the *name* of a remedy, or the *remedy itself*, comes, say the Tartars, to precisely the same thing!" It is curious to note how imagination and empiricism often cajole human nature.

S. S. PRENTISS.

This distinguished American lawyer and orator, whose fame belongs to his country, was born in Portland, Me., a city which seems to have been very fertile in the production of eminent persons—being the birthplace, among others, of the poets Longfellow and Willis, and John Neal. But Mr. Prentiss did not make the north his home. After receiving a thorough education, and after giving proof of that talent which raised him to such eminence at the bar, he removed to the State of Mississippi, where he became very distinguished both as a lawyer and a politician. He was thoroughly read in his profession, and after mastering all the details of a case, was unequalled in presenting all its strong points, and pressing them with almost irresistible eloquence. In the stormy days of Gen. Jackson's administration and the war on the United States Bank, Prentiss, who was an uncompromising opponent of the general, was elected to Congress, under peculiar circumstances, and made himself felt there as a bold partizan. On his return from Congress he made New Orleans his place of residence. He wielded a powerful influence over his fellow-citizens, up to the very day of his death, which occurred but a few years since.

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL.

THE CHEAPEST WEEKLY PAPER IN THE WORLD.

MATURIN M. BALLOU, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.
FRANCIS A. DURIVAGE, ASSISTANT EDITOR.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF LAUGHTER.

The old maxim says "Laugh and grow fat"—"Langh and grow good" would be equally truthful. A genuine hearty laugh can never proceed from a man whose soul is corrupt, and whose brain is filled with evil principles and wicked projects. The wildest imagination can never conceive of Cassius as being jolly, or Brutus as a funny man. Cassius, we are expressly told by Shakspeare, was "lean and hungry;" of course he never laughed, but was as solemn as a starved owl. The lugubrious personage, who frowns at a pleasantry, can't take a joke if it is shot at him out of a gun, and requests the explanation and the use of a play upon words, is either a mortally stupid character, or the most likely man on earth to put the contents of a "Colt" into your waistcoat of a dark night, if you happen to have a couple of hundreds in your wallet, and he has a note to pay the next day. The world has at length embraced this theory of laughter as the true one, and we are glad to see that we are not to enjoy it "without benefit of clergy." The Rev. Dr. Bellows, of New York, lately said in the pulpit:

"For my own part, I say it in all solemnity, I have lived to become sincerely suspicious of the piety of those who do not love pleasure in any form. I cannot trust the man that never laughs; that is always sedate; that has no apparent outlets for those natural springs of sportiveness and gaiety that are perennial in the human soul. I know that nature takes her revenge on such violence. I expect to find secret vices, malignant sins or horrid crimes spring up in this hot-bed of confined air and imprisoned space; and, therefore, it gives me a sincere moral gratification anywhere, and in any community, to see innocent pleasure and popular amusements resisting the religious bigotry that frowns so unwisely upon them. Anything is better than the dark, dead, unhappy social life—a prey to ennui and morbid excitement, which results from unmitigated puritanism, whose second crop is usually unbridled license and infamous folly."

ALBANY.—This fine old city is one of the most picturesque places on our continent. The *inhabitants* do not "stand with their gable ends to the street," as a certain geography informs us, but many of the houses do—quaint edifices of the good old Dutch stamp, which Irving has taught us to love. The very tortuosity of the streets is more agreeable to the lover of the picturesque, than the rectangularity of a city laid out in squares.

LOUIS NAPOLEON.—The New York Journal of Commerce learns from an American, who recently returned from England, that Louis Napoleon is unboundedly popular in France. We need no further proof of it than the avidity with which the government loan was taken up lately. Louis can have any amount of money, and any number of men, to carry on the war in the East.

SNOW AND FIRE.—A boy named Snow has been arrested on a charge of making four ineffectual attempts to burn up (or down) the high school-house in Augusta, Maine.

SPLINTERS.

.... Messrs. Cushing & Crosby of Lowell, have the contract for building the Gloucester (Mass.) custom house, at $25,596.

.... The engines for the U. S. steamer Merrimack, built at the West Point foundry, are the admiration of our engineers.

.... Alex. McCracken, a Scotchman, taken prisoner with Burgoyne's army, lately died at Colchester, Conn., aged 104.

.... Rachel's manager must make her chant the Marseilles Hymn before she leaves us—that's certain.

.... Jack Frost began to nip us as early as the 28th of August in this neighborhood. Sharp practice.

.... The Chicago Tribune thinks Captain Kinney intends to take the Moro Castle. With ten men?

.... At the Doylestown, Pa., baby show, a girl of four years took the prize. Rather an old baby!

.... Kossuth wrote a letter to Gen. Pierce to tell him what this country ought to do for him. Unanswered.

.... The great horse exhibition at Providence was a grand affair. The nags were good ones to go and to look at.

.... Thirty-five persons died in forty-eight hours during the prevalence of the yellow fever at Portsmouth, Va.

.... Mr. Chapin finely remarked that the Scientific School at Cambridge was Abbott Lawrence's monument.

.... Boston will soon be as famous for its magnificent stores and warehouses as Baltimore for its monuments.

.... A brilliant star seen by Professor Alexander in 1762, appeared to be burning up—a world destroyed.

.... Mrs. Pike, the authoress of Ida May, is building a splendid house at Calais, Me., with the profits of the book.

.... Minnesota has 53,600 inhabitants. She will be kind enough to step into the Union, if she pleases.

.... A country blacksmith puts up a notice: "No hosses shodded Sunday except sickness an deth."

.... Large numbers of emigrants are going back to Europe in Train's ships—most of them with money.

.... The residence of the late Thomas H. Perkins in Temple Place, will soon be occupied by the Savings' Bank.

.... The name Tetotalism is said to have originated in the stammering of a temperance speaker.

.... The French name for brandy is *eau de vie*. It may be spelt in three letters—ODV.

A GLANCE AT THE GALLERY.

It is a bright September morning, and the tide of fashion and business is flowing through Tremont Street, but let us step ashore—if you like the phrase, and quietly ascend to that quietest and most aristocratic of Boston streets—Beacon Street. We are bound for the Athenæum and a glance at the twenty-eighth exhibition of paintings and statuary. We confess to have seen the first—but then, of course, we were a very small boy, and don't remember anything about it. "Hang all parish registers!" Are you fearful of a crowd? Then pluck up courage—there is no sort of danger. No crowd ever pours through those freestone portals. Enter boldly. These are halls of silence. You may imagine them to be peopled by the spirits of *dilletanti*, but you will vainly look for their bodily presence. It is much easier to be Athenian on paper and in word than in deed. Men talk of their love for art as cowards do of their courage—every one professes to have it.

But the young lady at the door has accepted our "open sesame"—let us enter the sculpture gallery. It has a familiar look. Looming in the extreme archway lie those grand figures of Night and Day, by Michael Angelo, and here are the antiques as good as new. Brackett's lorn and lifeless mother and child, wave-abandoned on the pitiless rock, lie here in their marble loveliness. And here are two works by Crawford. His statue of Beethoven pleases us at the first glance. Genius, soul, life—animate those features. The attitude is dignified, easy and natural, and the drapery is grandly massed and arranged. We have never seen costume better managed. And here is the group of Hebe and Ganymede in marble by the same artist. It is quite Canova-like. The beautiful boy has just been invested with the office of which the lovely maiden has been deprived for a similar misfortune to that which befell Kitty of Coleraine, and no fault of hers; but instead of pride at being the cup-bearer of the gods, he leans pityingly on the shoulder of the disgraced favorite, and looks compassionately on her down-cast face—as if he were whispering words of consolation. The figure of Hebe is open to some of the criticism applied to Powers's Greek Slave.

But it is in vain that modern art attempts the revival of the old mythology. Its spirit is gone from the world.

"The oracles are dumb,
No voice or hideous hum
Runs through the arched roof in words deceiving.
Apollo from his shrine
Can no more divine,
With hollow shriek the steep of Delphos leaving.
No nightly trance, or breathed spell,
Inspires the pale-eyed priest from his prophetic cell."

The picture gallery of the present exhibition contains an important feature wanting to the last. The northeast room is devoted to the works of living artists of Boston and New York. Here are more than a hundred choice pictures, forming an attractive gallery in themselves. The subjects and styles are varied, and there is not an undue proportion of portraits. Among the latter is a very striking sketch in oil of Rev. John Pierpont, by Walter M. Brackett, the painter, and a very vigorous head in oil by Edward A. Brackett, the sculptor, proving that he is as capable of treating heads in color as in marble. The head we speak of is well modelled and well colored. There is a fine, effective picture by J. W. Glass, representing a group of horsemen in armor, fording a river by moonlight. Pope's portrait of Mrs. Julia Dean Hayne is very clever. Mr. F. S. Frost, a young landscape painter of great promise, has contributed a couple of pictures, but by no means his best. We shall be disappointed if this young man does not prove himself one day one of the first landscapists of the age. Mr. C. A. Barry, with whose skill in drawing our readers are well acquainted, is well represented in his portraits. Alfred Ordway's "Lizzie," is very creditable to this meritorious artist. We regret that we cannot linger longer among these works of living art. They inspire us with hope for the future. Fair performance and golden promise are here. The American Athens and the Imperial City have talent in their midst, awaiting only liberal patronage to be nobly developed and perfected.

BEQUESTS.—The will of the late Hon. Abbott Lawrence bequeathes sums to the amount of $130,000 to various public charities, among which are a donation of $50,000 for the establishment of Model Lodging Houses, $10,000 to the Boston Public Library, $50,000 to the Lawrence Scientific School, besides three to religious objects. The whole amount of his estate is supposed to exceed two millions.

PRESERVING OUR PAPER.—As the Pictorial is universally preserved for the purpose of binding at the close of each volume, we would impress upon our subscribers the best mode of keeping it in a neat and perfect manner. On receiving the paper place a strong pin, or a few stitches of thread in the back, and then carefully cut the leaves. This will make it most available for reading and reference, and will keep it in convenient and safe form.

MUSICAL CONVENTION.—Mr. B. F. Baker's musical convention, which was held lately at the Music Hall in this city, was a brilliantly successful affair. Pupils were present from nearly every State in the Union.

HONOR TO AMERICANS.—James Dana, of New Haven, Ct., and Asa Gray, of Cambridge, Mass., have been elected corresponding members of the physico-mathematical class of the Royal Academy of Berlin.

NEWARK, N. J.—We lately published a series of views of this pretty and thriving place. We see that the late census makes its population 50,711. Quite a village!

NATURAL PHENOMENA.

Surrounded by objects of natural beauty, how few of us there are who appreciate and enjoy them as they deserve to be appreciated and enjoyed! It is true that when we make a special pilgrimage to some spot celebrated for its romantic beauty, when we rise in the night time expressly to observe a magnificent aurora borealis, we contrive to get up a certain amount of enthusiasm about the spectacle; but of the daily beauties that embellish the path of life, we are too apt to be sadly heedless. How few give more than a passing glance at a gorgeous sunset or sunrise! A momentary pleasure is excited, but its memory passes away like mist from the surface of a mirror. These thoughts occurred to us lately, as we witnessed, at Nahant, within the compass of a few hours, three of the finest spectacles that the daily life of nature presents—sunset, moonrise and sunrise. The sunset, though fine, presented no unusual features, no gorgeous array of vari-colored cloud-drapery. Yet the western sea and the western sky were like two commingling oceans of molten gold. But long ere the sunset flush had faded from the west, creeping on the brief gray twilight that veiled shore and sea, a dim, religious light, only broken by the kindling stars of the lighthouse towers along the line of coast, came a faint purple blush that heralded the approach of the moon. Soon her rim appeared, and then the whole disk hove upward, blood-red and distorted by refraction. The wet rocks and the rippling sea looked for a moment grim and portentous in the lurid light; but the shadow of blood passed away as the luminary mounted upward, and soon hung, a burnished silver shield, bridging the waves with a broad and glittering pathway, and bringing out every feature of the wild peninsula, as if by the touch of a magician's wand. How solemn, hushed and beautiful was the night that followed—a night so calm and lustrous that it seemed almost sinful to waste its waning hours in sleep! While the moon yet rode high in heaven, but faded to a filmy cloud of silver gauze, the sun burst upon the weltering waste of waters. A warm glow like a blush of pleasure on the face of nature, and then the glorious daystar, "centre of life and energy," leaped upward from the waters, blazing with that intolerable splendor which mortal eye cannot gaze upon with impunity. Such are the magnificent spectacles which we are daily invited to witness, and which we neglect, only because they are of regular recurrence, and offered without money and without price.

DUNCAN'S PAINTINGS.—Frederick Parker, Cornhill, is always surprising us by the exhibition of some new and beautiful work of art. He has now two splendid historical paintings by Thomas Duncan, R. A., one representing the triumphal entry of Prince Charles Edward into Edinburg, and the other, Flora MacDonald watching over the sleeping prince in a Highland cave, after the disastrous defeat of his hopes at Culloden. They are finely colored, and full of historical truth, of feeling and expression.

NATIONAL DEBT.—The national debt of England is just about $3,869,615,000. A person in England bequeathed $5000 towards reducing this debt, but it did not pay the interest that accrued while the money was being counted and a receipt written out. This "great national blessing" is likely to be a perpetual one.

A MORMON SETTLEMENT.—There are some eight hundred Mormons at Beaver Island, Lake Michigan. The women wear the Bloomer costume, and their leader, Strang, is an ex-lawyer of Philadelphia, so, of course, he must know something.

MARKETING.—We believe, that in practice, there is no restriction placed on the peddling of provisions in Boston. We are in hopes that prices will shade down a little lower yet before long.

NEWSPAPERS.—In 1812 the number of copies of newspapers issued weekly in New England was 100,000—less than our weekly issue of the Pictorial.

MARRIAGES.

In this city, by Rev. Mr. Skinner, Mr. Charles E. Mecum to Miss Achsah W. Newton; by Rev. Mr. Smithett, Mr. Elbridge G. Hanaford to Miss Julia Brady; by Rev. Mr. Scandling, Mr. Noah Phillips, of Philadelphia, to Miss Joanna Nasson; by Rev. Dr. Neale, Mr. James B. Hill to Miss Eliza J. Tenney; by Rev. Mr. Wise, Mr. Denison Gage, Jr., of Stanstead, Canada East, to Miss Anna D. Brigham; by Rev. Mr. Irwin, Mr. George Thompson to Miss Mary Curling.—At Charlestown, by Rev. Mr. Tappan, George Craig, Esq., of Philadelphia, to Miss Lockerman, of Delaware.—At Lynn, by Rev. Dr. Cooke, Mr. J. A. Austin to Miss M. J. Bean.—At Salem, by Rev. Mr. Mills, Mr. John Innis to Miss Harriet F. Evans; by Rev. Dr. Emerson, Mr. John Morse to Miss Sarah A. Dorman.—At Andover, by George Foster, Esq., Mr. Charles D. Woodbridge, to Miss Sarah M. Stevens, of Montpelier, Vt.—At Newburyport, by Rev. Mr Barnaby, Mr. Charles H. Ordway to Miss Mary A. Small.—At Boxboro', by Rev. Mr. Skinner, Nathan Brooks, Esq. to Mrs. Sally Goodrich, both of Acton.—At Freetown, by Rev. Mr. Cory, Mr. Simeon Borden, 2d, of Fall River, to Miss Irene S. Hathaway.—At Fall River, by Rev. Mr. Bronson, Mr. William Yates to Miss Eliza Davenport.—At New Bedford, by Rev. Mr. Burt, Mr. David E. Randall to Mrs. Elizabeth H. Taber; by Rev. Mr. Taylor, Mr. Seth Collins to Miss Mary L. Crocker, both of Falmouth.—At Manchester, N. H., J. P. Newell, Esq. to Miss Mary W. Bell.

DEATHS.

In this city, Mr. Theodore Cushing, 79; Mr. Simon T. Blanchard, 74; Miss Dolly S. Smith, 45.—At Roxbury, Widow Sarah Pritchard Mansfield, 79.—At Charlestown, Mrs. Elizabeth Knights, 95; Miss Susan Kettell, 75.—At North Chelsea, Edward E. Pinkham, 17.—At Brookline, Miss Lucinda Newell, 51.—At South Malden, Mr. Zachariah Mansfield, 23.—At Lynn, Mrs. Tabitha Ailey, 54; Mr. Eben B. Gilman, 39.—At Salem, Mr. Benjamin Annable, 39; Miss Laura Curtis, of Bristol, Me., 18; Mrs. Rachel B. Osborne, 22.—At South Danvers, Mrs. Harriet W. Flint, 24.—At Ipswich, Widow Sophia Smith, 56.—At East Sandwich, Mr. Barzillai Weeks, of West Barnstable, 87.—At North Weymouth, Mr. David Lovell, 84.—At Taunton, Mrs. Almira Usher, of West Cambridge, 42.—At Middleboro', Mr. Zebia Bourne, 76; Mr. Otis Thomas, 74.—At New Bedford, Mr. Stephen Lawrence, formerly of Freetown, 56.—At West Townsend, Mrs. Caroline S. Greenwood, of Boston, 56.—At Saundersville, Widow Lydia Crosman, late of Sutton, 82.—At Leicester, Mrs. Susan Hair, 60.—At New London, Conn., Rev. Oliver Dimon, formerly a resident of this city.—At Brooklyn, N. Y., David H. Merwin, Esq., formerly of Westfield, Mass., 52.—At Baltimore, Capt. Cornelius Lowe, a native of Boston, 91.—At New Orleans, Mr. William R. Neal, of Gardiner, Me., 27.—At Columbia, Cal., Miss Julia L. Morse, late of Hallowell, Me., 28.—At Santa Clara, Cal., Mr. Joel Doolittle, late of Shoreham, Vt.

EDITORIAL MELANGE.

A Sunday evening concert in the Tivoli Theatre, at Cincinnati, was brought to a sudden termination by the appearance of the police, who arrested the principal portion of the orchestra. The reason for the interference of the police was found in the fact that the music performed was more secular than sacred. —— Mr. Taft, of Charleston, S. C., who recently lost an arm on the Western Railroad, claims $100,000 damages. —— Mr. Timothy Bartholomew, of Northford, Ct., has upon his estate a turtle which he caught and marked with his initials in 1806. The turtle is often met with in the meadows of the farm. —— The Virginia Central Railroad is now completed as far west as Craigsville, twenty-two miles beyond Staunton. —— The war, which terminated in 1813, cost the French about 460,000 lives. This was the most extravagant campaign, as to human life, of all modern warfare. In the course of a very little while, however, the losses occasioned by the present war of Europe will have reached this number. —— The Foreign Legion in the British service at Halifax, recruited in the United States and Canada, contains one thousand men—Irish, English, Hungarians and Germans. —— A prisoner in the Penitentiary at Albany, laboring under insanity, from recent sickness, eluded the vigilance of his keeper, a few days ago, and sprang off a gallery thirty feet high, striking on the stone slabs beneath. Strange to say, he only sustained a slight injury—spraining one of his ankles. —— Mr. Buchanan, our minister to England, signifies his intention of returning home in October next. —— John Legar has lately been arrested in New York city for shooting a butcher, who went to Mrs. Legar to get his washing done. The butcher was traced several rods by his blood, but his name is not known. —— The wine made in the region of Cincinnati is fully equal in quality with French wines; but nobody will believe it, of course; so higher prices are paid for the foreign import. —— A Brooklyn gentleman planted some Winnebago corn, which he received from the Agricultural Bureau of the Patent Office, and in eleven weeks after it was put in the ground, it produced ears for boiling. —— A farmer, residing in Onondaga county, New York, has exhibited a leaf of pie-plant grown by him, the exact circumference of which was eighteen feet one inch. —— A suicide epidemic prevails in New York just now. The Times says that strangers must be very careful to behave themselves while there, and not dissipate, lest next morning the epidemic seize them, and they pitch into the sea, or blow out their brains. —— Madame Maubourg, the eldest daughter and last surviving child of the Marquis Lafayette, recently died, aged about 75, at her princely residence in Turin, where she had lived many years. —— Captain West, of the Collins steamer Atlantic, has crossed the ocean two hundred and thirty-eight times, and the most serious accident which has ever befallen his ship was the breaking of a shaft, which obliged him to put back. —— The Worcester Transcript chronicles the death, in Petersham, on the 24th ult., of Mrs. Mary Farrar, widow of the Rev. Joseph Farrar, at the age of one hundred years and seven months. —— A valuable horse belonging to Edward Sargeant, of Leicester, being turned into a grove to graze, in which was a *swing* attached to a tree, bethought himself, *a la* monkey, to take a swing as he had seen others do before him. Being a novice in that exercise, he made rather bungling work of getting started, and finally got his neck so entangled in the rope that he swung himself out of life before assistance arrived to extricate him. —— M. Chottin, a Protestant clergyman, and M. Briere, a printer, have been condemned by the French tribunals to pay a fine of $400 each, and to be imprisoned several months, for writing and publishing a book turning the Romish religion into derision. —— A magnificent cane, intended as a present to Governor Gardner, of Massachusetts, from his Boston friends in San Francisco, was lately exhibited there. It cost $500; the head is of solid gold, and adorned with brilliants. —— M. Magne, Minister of Finance of France, has been raised to the dignity of Grand Cross. This is in recognition of his skill in managing the late brilliant loan. The minister's private bonus, protected—in accordance with tradition and precedent,—is supposed to be about three millions.

SALARATUS.—Dr. Alcott pronounces the use of this article as excessively injurious to the human system. After relating an instance of very dangerous disease induced by the use of saleratus —causing muscular prostration, loss of the tone of the bowels, and immediate mortification wherever a blister was applied,—the doctor makes the following startling declaration:—"There can be no doubt that the subinflammation of the alimentary canal, which the habitual use of this alkali induces, both in children and adults, is one cause of that dread mortality which prevails among the former; but which, in summer and autumn, when other causes co-operate, proves peculiarly alarming."

VULTURES.—A letter from the Crimea says:—"Vultures are very numerous in the Crimea. They smell the powder, and await the end of the fight to throw themselves on their victims. After one of the recent combats, an English officer was found on the battle-field, who had just expired, pressing in both his arms one of these birds of prey, dead, like himself, and which he had crushed in a last effort of agony!"

LONGFELLOW'S NEW POEM.—This eagerly expected work is an Indian legend, and is entitled the "Song of Hiawatha." It is said to be very original, and to have all the simplicity and charm of a northern saga.

FEMALE EQUESTRIANISM.—Prizes are to be awarded to the best lady riders at the Agricultural Fair at Bridgewater. A number of belles are training to enter the lists as competitors.

Wayside Gatherings.

Large quantities of Georgia and Tennessee wheat are arriving at New York by the steamers and packets from Savannah and Charleston. The grain is of the very best quality, and commands high prices.

The Boston Courier says:—"The most infamous system of forestalling and monopolizing exists in the metropolitan provision markets of the United States that could possibly be conceived of greediness and rapacity."

Felix McLarmen, in Toronto, was choked to death by a piece of beef sticking in his throat while at dinner. His wife, by beating upon his back, caused the dislodgment of the meat, but with the effort of throwing it up the man expired.

The present season potatoes have never looked better—since they had eyes; so say the press. Potatoes, by the way, are the most expensive living, looked at from the elevated points of price and nutrition, that a man can be guilty of indulging in.

Mr. Michael Cassidy, an old and well known citizen, sexton of St. Peter's Church, Lowell, and for many years one of the city undertakers, was found dead in his bed, lately, having retired in apparent good health. He was between 60 and 70 years of age.

There is said to be thirty-six iron ship-building establishments in the neighborhood of Glasgow, on the river Clyde. The capital employed is $10,000,000, and 50,000 skilled workmen are engaged. At the present time there are thirty-two new iron ships on the stocks.

The compositors employed upon the London newspapers have organized a news-room and library. The library contains many valuable works of reference, and some of the best standard editions of historical and scientific works so necessary to them to obtain the higher branches of knowledge.

The Smithsonian Institute is going, it is said, into a minute investigation of the variations of the magnetic needle, which are now exciting so much attention. The subject is important, not only to mariners, but to the accuracy of titles to lands, the description of which often depends upon the compass.

Mr. William C. Frazer, living eight miles west of Corbinville, Ill., says the Spectator, of that place, sowed last fall 7 3-4 bushels of wheat on 10 1-4 acres of ground, which he has just threshed and delivered to a produce buyer there, which weighed four hundred and fifty-one bushels—just forty-two bushels per acre.

About three hundred miles of telegraph wires are in operation in California. Prices from San Francisco to Stockton, Sacramento or Marysville, $2 for first ten words, and ten cents for each additional word. The tariff is higher than in England, where $1 50 is paid for what would cost twenty-five cents in this country.

It is stated that the census now nearly completed will give New York State a population of 3,500,000—about one sixth of the white population of the Union. There is a falling off in several of the agricultural counties. The total increase since the last census will be about 7 1-2 per cent.

An "upright shoemaker's bench" has been patented in England, and by it the work of shoemaking can be carried on better in a standing than in a sitting position. This will be a great relief to the devotees of St. Crispin, and prevent pulmonary complaints, so frequent among shoemakers.

Different nations have different kinds of loafers. The Italian spends his time in sleeping; the Turkish loafer in dreaming; the Spanish in praying; the French in laughing; the English in swearing; the Russian in gambling; the Hungarian in smoking; the German in drinking, and the American in talking politics.

M. M. Manly, a marble dealer of Vermont, offers $10,000 premium to any one who will produce a machine that will at the same time saw on a taper both sides of a block of marble, as for an obelisk; it must, of course, work quicker and cheaper than a single saw. The thing is hard to contrive, but it can be done. Let our mechanics think of it.

Lightning rods will not protect buildings at a radius of four times the height of the rod above the building—a radius of twice the height is safe. If the rod is ten feet high above the building, it will, if properly constructed, protect all parts of the house at a distance of twenty feet from the rod. These facts are important to be kept in mind.

The Canadians take great interest in their elections; they never allow the ballot-boxes to suffer for want of ballots. At a late election in Saguenay county, where the population is 12,000, the number of ballots was 14,000; and in a parish where there were but 400 inhabitants, 2000 votes were returned certified on the oath of the inspector.

Hemp has advanced in price immensely within the last twelve months, owing, no doubt, to the war with Russia. In St. Louis, Missouri, we note the price is still advancing. On the 13th ult., undressed hemp commanded $125 per ton, and dressed, $175. The growing crop in Missouri is said to be seriously damaged, and the yield will fall short of an average.

Irving's "Life of Washington" is praised by the English reviewers. One of them remarks:—"Englishmen can heartily appreciate the greatness of Washington; for was he *not of our blood?* —and now that the asperities of contest have been removed, we can acknowledge the justice of his cause, and the heroism of his actions."

The amount of stone brought to Chicago by canal this season up to the first of August, is 25,744 cubic yards. The whole of this has been used in buildings in the city, either as foundations, principal walls, caps, cornices, or other uses. It may assist the apprehension of the amount of stone thus used, to remark that it would cover an acre of ground to the depth of fifteen feet.

An awful explosion at Naples occurred in the Castel Nuovo, where percussion caps are made, on the 20th of July. The entire building was blown up, and it is said that at least two hundred persons were buried in the *debris*. Fearing that another revolution had broken out, the soldiers rushed to arms, whilst the inhabitants, imagining that an earthquake had happened, ran about in a frantic condition.

Not long since, a woman left her lodgings in Barnsley, England, with her infant four months old, and returned in the evening without it. She was asked to account for her missing child, when she stated that a shopkeeper at Silkstone offered her a sovereign for it, and that she had accepted the sum and sold the baby. This statement was found to be correct, the infant having been purchased by a clothier, who is a married man, but has no children.

Balfe, the composer of the operas of the Bohemian Girl, Enchantress, Daughter of St. Mark, etc., has recently written a letter, offering to come to New York city professionally, on the following modest terms. He asks $1000 to superintend three performances of a new opera of his own, in New York, besides demanding that the expenses of himself, family and three servants to, from, and while in the city, shall be paid, and the copyright of the opera remain his own.

Foreign Items.

M. Louis Batissier, vice-consul of France at Suez, has sent to the Museum of the Louvre a papyrus nearly 2000 years old. It contains a fragment of the 18th Book of Homer's Iliad.

The Prussian government has recently made inquiries in relation to the crops in all the districts of the provinces; the result promises an abundant yield of wheat, while rye will scarcely be an average yield.

An excursion party, consisting of gentlemen from Glasgow, travelling from Malta to Egypt, across the desert from Jaffa to Jerusalem and the Holy Places, are now on their way to Constantinople and Sebastopol.

A new trade is said to have been introduced into Sheffield, England, by the casting of bells of cast steel, which is reported to have all the advantages of bell metal, with the recommendation of greater cheapness.

The Junior United Service Club has received a splendid copy of Winterhalter's picture of the Emperor Napoleon III. It is full length and life size. The British public have been made familiar with this picture by the engravings. The likeness is perfect.

The closing of the Paris Exhibition is fixed for the 31st October. Nevertheless, there is a question at present, if not of prolonging it, at least of leaving it open for two months longer; in other words, to allow the exhibitors time to effect the sale of their goods.

Madame George Sand is said to have just concluded an arrangement with the Librairie Nouvelle for the publication of various works, with an agreement that each edition is to consist of at least twenty thousand copies. A new book, long expected, "Les Contemplations" of Victor Hugo, is about to make its appearance, which is looked for with lively interest.

Advertising is now very generally adopted by tradesmen in London; but there are a few who spend a little fortune annually in this way, and make a large one by it. It is estimated that Holloway, the pill-man, spends £30,000; Moses & Son, clothiers, £10,000; Rowland & Son, macassar oil, £10,000, and £10,000 more on their cod liver oil; Heal & Son, bedsteads, etc., £6000; and Nicoll, a tailor, £4500!

Sands of Gold.

.... The property of a great man is to baffle ordinary calculations.—*Balzac.*

.... What are the aims which are at the same time duties? They are, the perfecting of ourselves—the happiness of others.—*Kant.*

.... The contemplation of celestial things will make a man both speak and think more sublimely and magnificently when he descends to human affairs.—*Cicero.*

.... To divert at any time a troublesome fancy, run to thy books; they presently fix thee to them, and drive the other out of thy thoughts. They always receive thee with the same kindness. —*Fuller.*

.... As good almost kill a man as kill a good book. Many a man lives a burden to the earth; but a good book is the precious life-blood of a master spirit, embalmed and treasured up on purpose to a life beyond life.—*Milton.*

.... Try to be happy in this very present moment, and put not off being so to a time to come: as though that time should be of another make from this, which is already come, and is ours.—*Fuller.*

.... A physician is not angry at the intemperance of a mad patient, nor does he take it ill to be railed at by a man in a fever. Just so should a wise man treat all mankind, as a physician does his patient, and look upon them only as sick and extravagant.—*Seneca.*

.... The most agreeable of all companions is a simple, frank man, without any high pretensions to an oppressive greatness—who loves life, and understands the use of it; obliging, alike at all hours; above all, of a golden temper, and steadfast as an anchor. For such an one we gladly exchange the greatest genius, the most brilliant wit, the profoundest thinker.—*Lessing.*

.... The longer I live, the more I am certain that the great difference between men—between the feeble and the powerful, the great and the insignificant—is energy, invincible determination, a purpose once fixed in, and then death or victory. That quality will do anything that can be done in the world; and no talents, no circumstances, no opportunities, will make a two-legged creature a man without it.—*Sir J. F. Buxton.*

Joker's Budget.

Side issues—cash from the breeches pocket.

Most tailors leave the world in fits—though their customers rarely do.

Somewhere down East they make coffee so *weak* that it has to be set on a chair to rest. They must have that coffee *weekly*.

Our friend Tom Brook says: "When he went to see a lady, and unexpectedly found half a dozen, he was *mistaken*."

A dollar in the hand looks larger than ten dollars seen through the perspective of a sixty day due bill. Cash is practical, while credit takes horribly to taste and romance.

Many people, when they experience the slightest tinge of illness, betake themselves to bed. They most probably think they will alleviate their pain by using a counter-pane.

A modest cotemporary calls veal "unfinished beef." This is pretty good; but why not extend the vocabulary? Suppose we term lamb "incipient mutton," and denominate pig "premonitory pork?"

A gentleman, entering a ball-room, accidently tripped over the feet of several ladies. Gracefully recovering himself, he exclaimed, with a smile: "In all my classical course I never met with so many *feet* in a line!"

The Morgantown Union notices the discontinuance of the barber shop in that place, in consequence of one of the parties having gone to making tombstones, and the other having accepted the highly responsible position of United States mail rider.

It is related of a famous wit that, having been appointed to attend to the removal of a stove, and not having performed his duty, he urged, in excuse, "that it was his *warmest* friend and he could not be expected to remove it."

The Hoosiers on the Wabash turn their "agy shakes" to some account; they climb into the top of a "shell-bark" just as the chill comes on, and by the time the "personal earthquake" leaves them, there is not a hickory nut left on the tree.

NOTICE TO ADVERTISERS.—*One page only of this paper is devoted to advertisements.* The immense circulation of the PICTORIAL (being *over one hundred thousand copies weekly*) forms a vehicle of advertisement that is rarely offered to the public. Another fact which greatly enhances the value of the PICTORIAL as an advertising medium is, that it is *preserved*, and not destroyed after being read, being regularly bound up every six months, so that each advertisement (all being placed on the *inside* of the paper) becomes a *permanent card of the advertiser's business for years to come.*

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M. M. BALLOU, *Publisher and Proprietor*,
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3d. In regard to *accuracy and recentness of information* it will be found incomparably superior to every other.

We might have hurried this work through the press to forestall others commenced long after ours was in progress, but we could not be tempted to wave a single feature of excellence requiring time for its perfection.

The "PRONOUNCING GAZETTEER, OR, GEOGRAPHICAL DICTIONARY," contains above 2100 pages. Price, in strong leather binding, $6.

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☞ Orders respectfully solicited. 1t sept 22

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NOTICE.

THE advertiser would respectfully announce to his customers and the public generally that he continues to supply the various MAGAZINES named below at the prices annexed, per annum, viz:—Harper, $2 25; Putnam, $2 25; Knickerbocker, $2 25; Household Words, $2; Blackwood, $2 25; Godey, $2 25; Graham, $2 25; Horticulturist, colored plates, $3 50; Horticulturist, plain edition, $1 63; Littell's Panorama, $2 25; Frank Leslie's Gazette of Fashions, $2 25; Ballou's Pictorial, $2 50; Ladies' Repository, $1 63; Peterson, $1 63; National, $1 63; Arthur's Home Magazine, $1 63. Letters of inquiry must contain a stamp for the return postage. Books sent, postpaid, on receipt of publisher's advertised prices.
Address WILLIAM PATTON, *Bookseller*,
sept 15 3t Hoboken, New Jersey.

Office of the Maryland Consolidated Lotteries,
Baltimore, Maryland, 20th June, 1855.

CAUTION!—LOTTERY FRAUDS!

THE Commissioner of the *Maryland State Lotteries* has deemed it his duty to caution the public against the numerous swindlers who circulate by mail and otherwise, fraudulent Lottery schemes, and pretend to be agents for the sale of tickets in Lotteries which are wholly fictitious.

The only legal Lotteries in Maryland are those drawn under the superintendence of the Commissioner elected by the people of the State, under the new Constitution, to examine and approve the schemes and attend to the drawings.

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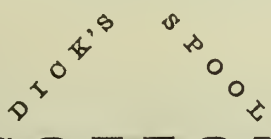

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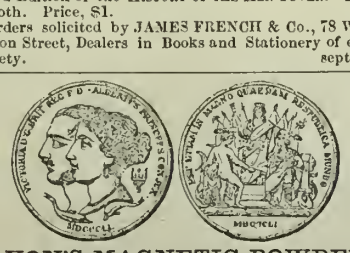

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NATIVE TRAVELLING CHAIR, MADEIRA.

NATIVE TRAVELLING CHAIR, MADEIRA.

In No. 5 of the present volume we gave a picture of a beautiful landscape in the island of Madeira, in the vicinity of the church of Nossa Senhora Do Monte, and we now present an illustration of the genteel mode of travelling used in the same romantic island. The roads are so rough and steep, owing to the mountainous character of the country, that wheeled vehicles are entirely out of the question. Everything required to be moved is either drawn by oxen on sledges, or drags, as we call them, carried on the backs of asses and mules, or on the heads of men and women. Once in a while a pony phaeton makes its appearance on a tolerably good road; but this is quite a phenomenal occurrence. The conveyance shown in the engraving is a sort of litter suspended from a pole, supported by two men, and its motion is easy and luxurious. It is a far more agreeable conveyance than the eastern palanquin. The bearers are very dexterous in the adjustment of the weight, and a couple of stout fellows will carry a lady for miles safely, and with apparent ease to themselves.

SANTIAGO DE CUBA.

The accompanying engraving shows us the harbor of Santiago, with its bold, commanding shores and castellated crags. It is on the southern coast of the eastern department of Cuba, and was first discovered by the Spaniards in 1508. Four years afterwards the foundations of the city were laid. The narrow entrance to the harbor is guarded by the fortress on the rocks called the Moro, which is a miniature copy of the strong structure of the same name at Havana. On the water's edge are seen the natural caverns worn by the dashing of the sea. Just above them is quite a formidable battery, and there are other fortifications within the scope of our view. The population of the city is between thirty and forty thousand. It has suffered very much from earthquakes, which have destroyed or damaged many of its buildings. It is the third in rank among the commercial places of the island. One of its staple exports, copper, is found in the neighboring mines, which are worked by a company of English capitalists.

SANTIAGO DE CUBA.

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL

M. M. BALLOU, { CORNER OF TREMONT AND BROMFIELD STS. BOSTON, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 29, 1855. $3,00 PER ANNUM. 6 CENTS SINGLE. } VOL IX., No. 13.—WHOLE No. 221.

FISHING PARTY—BOSTON HARBOR.

Our artist, Mr. Wade, has here sketched for us with his usual felicity, an amphibious scene, with a mixture of land and seascape in it, strongly characteristic of Boston harbor, Boston folks and Boston notions. It requires no stretch of the imagination, from the skilful indications of the artist, to picture to ourselves the close of a summer day, when the fainting breeze scarcely ruffles the surface of the inner harbor—when there is no wind outside, and outward and inward bound vessels, making scarcely any perceptible progress, rise and fall slightly on the ground swell, their flaccid sails swinging to and fro with the motion of the sea. Yet with all this tranquillity no lassitude is felt by the party of fishermen who are making preparations for a grand marine banquet under the rocky bluff, for if there be no wind, yet the salt air is invigorating and bracing, and the "sun's perpendicular height" no longer "illumines the depth of the sea." There is no danger of their being boiled and stewed themselves, while subjecting cod, haddock and bivalves to those agreeable processes. Let us glance at the various characters and their avocations. In the centre of the picture is the huge iron pot, almost large enough to serve as a cauldron for the witches represented so quaintly by Shakspeare in Macbeth. But it is not destined to contain

"Eye of newt and toe of frog,"

nor,

"Toad that under the cold stone
Nights hath numbered thirty-one."

But other and wholesomer ingredients "to make the mixture slab and good." At this moment the chowder is cooking in that pot, and the amphibious gentleman on the butter-box is having a taste —a foretaste of the principal dish of a banquet worthy of Apicius. Talk not of chowder, ye benighted mortals who have only eaten it at hotels in the city. You do not know what chowder is. You must partake of it where the ingredients are obtained—where the fish, fresh from the water, are sliced up while they are firm and hard, and vitality has not yet left them; and then your cook must be a man *born with a genius for chowder*. This is indispensable. Moreover the chowder must be eaten with that appetite a trip upon the bay alone inspires. We hold it to be morally impossible that an out-and-out landlubber can enjoy a chowder. Behind the magician entrusted by the party with the highly responsible office of chowder-master (it is harder to make a chowder than to write a poem!) is another individual, pondering on the origin of his huge cigar, and endeavoring to settle the important question whether it originated in the Vuelta de Abajo, or in Kinderhook—a problem ultimately to be resolved in smoke. There is no "sogering" in our group of pleasure-seekers. A third individual is busy cleaning fish for a fry; a fourth is picking up chips to "keep the pot *biling*" —voluntary stoker to the piscatorial association. The pleasure-boat is high and dry, with her halliards and sprits hanging loose in the idle wind. A part of the "expedition" are about putting off in the jolly boat, after they have seen the revenue cutter slowly working her way up the bay in the calm. Others of the party are digging clams for a clam-bake—baked clams being a seaside luxury in great repute, and quite worthy of being named in the same sentence with fish-chowder. Far in the distance of our picture is seen the pyramidal city of Boston, crowned by the dome of the State House, a perpetual landmark. During the summer season these fishing parties are of frequent occurrence. They are rarely so unsuccessful as not to obtain the material for a glorious maritime banquet—and often a good deal of adventure befalls them. To be becalmed in a fog—to get aground, to be compelled to pass a night on one of the islands, these are contingencies that must enter into the calculations of all those who abandon the bosom of their families for the bosom of the deep. These parties are often composed of men of wealth and station, who don the nautical garb to "have a good time." There are a number of clubs organized for this purpose.

A FISHING PARTY IN BOSTON HARBOR.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

FALCONE:

—OR,—

THE MYSTERIES OF MEXICO.

A ROMANCE OF OUR DAY.

BY AUGUSTINE J. H. DUGANNE.

[CONTINUED.]

CHAPTER XII.—[CONTINUED.]

Then, raising his voice, as he marked the despondent looks which followed his sad prediction, Zumozin would begin a strain of enthusiastic hope.

"Children of Aztlan—despair not! Ye are many—ye are strong. Come up together in concert! let the tribes from afar send their young men and their wise chiefs. Let the Indian no longer lift his hand against an Indian, but join in the great feast of union. Let us learn how the Spaniards march on the war-path. Let us have captains and an army, like the strangers, and be together a great nation once more. Then shall we build up cities like our Aztec fathers, and the red warriors of the land shall come to us, asking shelter beneath our power. And we will unite all the tribes from the mountains to the sea, and be as one warrior and one wise chief, possessing the land forevermore, even as our fathers of Aztlan. Behold, children! the spirits of the dead look down upon us, and I hear their words, crying: 'Join! join! descendants of Aztlan! join, and become a great and mighty people.'"

With such harangues had Zumozin unfolded to the tribes among whom he sojourned, the plan of an Indian confederacy that might succeed in arresting the decay which he knew too well must be the fate of all the race, should they in their present divided state, become more intimately known to the encroaching white man. The craft and violence which had reduced the aborigines of the *tierra caliente* to a condition abject and deplorable in the extreme, would be equally ruinous to the yet uncorrupted denizens of the upper regions above the city of Mexico, just so soon as the marauding adventurers and traders should become sufficiently numerous to warrant their customary methods of tampering. The object of Zumozin, therefore, was, by some wise plan of confederation, to consolidate the roving families and remnants of nations into a federated people, formidable in point of numbers, and governed by such regulations as would admit of their being disciplined in military science, and taught the rudiments of a sound national education. The scheme was not Utopian; indeed it was one which promised important results, and which, if devised at any period before the Spaniards had corrupted the unhappy natives, might have preserved the latter from much of the misery which is now their lot in the interior of Mexico.

Such a plan of confederation had been already twice conceived by purely savage intellect among the Atlantic tribes, and foiled only because of its being too late in execution to reach its object—once, in the early history of the New England colonies, when King Philip's war threatened total annihilation to the English, and again, in later times, when Tecumtha rallied the tribes, and fought the last good fight of the savage against the white man. In both of these aboriginal schemes of union, the lack of success arose simply from their having been devised too late, when the whites were become too powerful to resist.

Dusenbury had listened to the earnest words of his friend Zumozin, with a countenance that showed how fully he appreciated the noble impulses which gave birth to them; and he rejoined, with a glistening eye:

"Capting, you're a brick, an' deserve to be president o' this ere dod-rotted republic in jes' about no time, now, I tell ye. Ef you want to bring about the real elevation o' yaller skins, jes' you larn 'em to respect themselves, and make 'em feel that an ingin's good as a white man, if he's decent. A man's a man, and by jingo, they owned the land before any white fellar ever set foot on't. 'T aint fair to drive 'em clean out o' their own shanties, by thunder."

"Let us hope that the age of persecution is passing away," said Padre Herrata. "No nation is secure that is intolerant."

"True as gospel," ejaculated Dusenbury. "But what course will our new government take, if it be true that Paredes is to have dictatorial authority?"

"I know not that such authority will be allowed him," answered Padre Herrata, "but this we must expect—war on the part of the United States, and civil war in Mexico."

"And who will wage the civil war?"

"A dozen ambitious chieftains, anxious for power—men who could be controlled but by one master-spirit, popular alike with the people and the army."

"You mean Santa Anna."

"You understand me, Anselmo. But, alas! the general dwells ingloriously abroad, when his country demands his services here."

"He hates the Americans!"

"More bitterly even than Paredes, who, besides, is not popular with the soldiers. If we would avert civil war, Santa Anna must return."

"But how? his life might be the forfeit. Remember Iturbide and Guerrero."

"The army will protect him, and Paredes must yield the command of that, in order to secure himself from a host of jealous rivals."

"It is true—Santa Anna must return."

"Go then, Anselmo, at once to Vera Cruz, as was your intention. Embark for Havana, where Santa Anna now waits, and tell him that his presence is needed in Mexico. He will return with you."

"But if in the meantime war should break out?"

"What better service can you accomplish, my son, than to bring another defender to our country? Santa Anna is ambitious, but ambition in one man, is better than anarchy and disunion among all our chiefs. Anselmo—follow my counsel, as you love Mexico! Senor Dusenbury and myself leave at once for the frontier. Go you at once to Santa Anna."

"I will, my father!" cried Zumozin, rising and taking the priest's hand. "Farewell! we shall soon meet again. And you, my brave American," continued the Mexican youth, as Dusenbury came forward for a parting embrace, "if all your nation and all my countrymen were just and loyal as yourself, the name of war would never be breathed in their councils. Farewell, my friend, and may we yet greet each other under less gloomy auspices."

With these words, Zumozin departed, leaving his two friends to arrange all things for their contemplated journey from the capital. In the meantime, we must return to other actors in our drama of history and life.

The news of Taylor's occupation of the eastern bank of the Rio Grande had just reached the capital of Mexico, and had been made the subject of a public proclamation which was placarded throughout the city. It was considered as the initiative of war. Whatever might have been the numbers or vitality of the peace party of Mexico a few weeks before, ere yet Herrara's administration had succumbed to the demands of popular belligerency, there was very little manifestation of pacific feelings by an assemblage at the market-place. All lips breathed hostility to the invader, albeit some were pale in so doing. Anathemas without stint were hurled at the perfidious nation which, it was asserted, had wantonly provoked and pushed to extremity the quarrel, in the lust for aggrandizement and territory. Many priests mingled with the laymen of the crowd, exhorting the latter to die, if necessary, in their country's defence, and to pay out their last dollar to support a righteous cause; but none of these religious gentlemen offered of themselves to furnish contributions, though it was well known that the revenues of the state were insignificant compared with those of the church. However, if wanting in liberality, the good clergy lacked not in zeal, and dispensed the blessings of the church very generously, if they did not its funds.

Aside from the crowd, conversing in an animated manner, walked two individuals with whom the reader is already acquainted. They did not appear to be so much occupied with the general subject of excitement, as with their own personal matters.

"By St. Iago! whoever this villain of an American be, I shall not sleep well till I triumph over him," muttered the younger of the two colloquists, clinching his teeth as he spoke, and frowning ominously.

"You have your father's temper, Falcone," cried his companion. "But who and what is this American?"

"I know nothing of him, further than that he rendered some service to the late administration, and was in favor with Herrara. He is called Senor Dusenbury, and rumor says he assisted in dispersing the brigand band of Joaquin Morani some time since; a bold fellow, that Morani, who attacked a government conducta not long before he was taken."

"And a priest, Padre Herrata, was not such a one mentioned in connection with the capture of Morani?"

"You know all about it."

"Doubtless! I have a good memory, and readily recall the circumstance. Moreover, I will tell you something else. The government conducta which the brigand attacked, was designed, if captured, to supply the troops of General Paredes, then in revolt. This American and the priest, by preventing the plunder, saved Herrara's government from pecuniary ruin. You understand me, Falcone?"

"I think so."

"Consequently Herrara became a friend to both the worthy gentlemen. But that is no reason Paredes should remember them with gratitude. You understand me now, Falcone?"

"Perfectly, Don Ricardo."

"Your path, then, is open. Paredes knows you for his friend, and will give you full authority as regards not only this American and the priest, but as to all connected with them. Doubtless you understand me now, my dear Gabriel Falcone."

Don Ricardo laughed in his singular manner, as he quietly gave utterance to these words, the effect of which on his hearer was powerful. Falcone stopped short in his walk, and seized his associate's hand.

"Don Ricardo," he cried, "you are the devil, I believe, for knowing everything. I see clearly what you would have me do, and will at once to the president."

"He will give you a commission, doubtless, which you can turn to account, my dear Gabriel. But, now, a word with you. This lovely maiden, Glinton's sister—she will very probably require new protection. Would she scorn to accept my poor hospitality till—"

Falcone looked in Don Ricardo's face, and marked the hidden meaning of his covert glance.

"You know she will be perfectly safe under my roof," continued Don Ricardo.

Falcone smiled in response to the sardonic expression of his companion.

"And perfectly at home," pursued Don Ricardo.

Again the two men exchanged smiles.

"And *you* will be quite at home, likewise, you are aware, Gabriel."

There was no need of further interchange of glance or smile, the two schemers understood each other as well as if hours had been expended in mutual explanation.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE PASS OF RIO FRIO.

The lofty summits of the Anahuac Cordilleras glittered in the full blaze of a noonday sun, like shafts of gold or emerald, and a thousand streams skirting their declivities, belted the plains as with ribbons of shining silver. On a lofty point on the main highway leading from the city of Mexico downwards toward the coast and the eastern provinces, a small cavalcade had just halted, as if to rest, after ascending one of the most difficult hills upon the route.

Below the eminence, whence the party now gazed admiringly, lay the city of Mexico, with all its towering edifices, lying in the bosom of an immense plain, over which a multitude of bright lakes were scattered far and wide, reflecting the meridian splendor of the day. Tezcuco, that immense sheet of water, once so magnificent a feature of the capital's environs, stretched to the right, its shores bordered by white-walled haciendas, divided by broad green pastures and waving woods. Afar could be discerned the snow-crowned tops of Popocatapetl and Iztaccihuatl, monarch-like, looking down upon the valleys over which they had presided, priests of fire, since the creation of the world. Lake Chalco, in the distance was dimly discoverable; Xochimilco, somewhat nearer, seemed stretching from the base of the mountain beneath them, almost at their feet. And, on every side, whereon the eye could rest, it beheld a blooming garden of luxuriant vegetation, falling, in successive terraces, from the elevated plain of Mexico, down to the beautiful plateaux beneath, where smiled the superb city of Puebla, circled by rolling fields of golden grains and orchards of thriving fruit trees.

But Popocatapetl, snow-diademed eighteen thousand feet above the sea-level, and three thousand higher than the regions of perpetual snow! and that brother mountain, Izetacthuatl, returning the icy glitter of his smile! O, what histories might these giant monarchs of the land unfold, could voice be given them to tell us of the past. Beneath their unchanged regards, nations and dynasties, races and royalties, have crumbled and mouldered away. They beheld the march of the first Asiatic adventurers, who, led by the visioned sign of the eagle and cactus, came from the wild north to occupy the luxuriant southern vales. They looked upon the peaceful people that, herding their flocks, and dwelling in peace and content, first made their abiding-places in the fertile land of Anahuac, and then perished before the fierce and warlike Aztecs, who, centuries after, swooped down upon the country. They saw, in later days, the warlike Aztec nation conquered by a superior race, their temples demolished, their children enslaved. They witnessed the expulsion of the conquering Spaniards by the united descendants of all the ancient races, and now they awaited the coming of a greater invader than had ever before appeared—the indomitable and resistless Saxons of the new world.

Perhaps such were the thoughts of two, who, halting their horses on the highest ridge of the elevated road, looked into each other's eyes and with that mute communion revealed a world of thought. These two were a youth attired in a riding suit of black, and a young girl clad in garments of the same sombre hue. They drew their horses near, side by side, and the young man, as with an involuntary impulse, clasped his companion's ungloved hand which lightly held the bridle of her palfrey, and pressed it in his own, while their mutual gaze dwelt upon the magnificent panorama beneath them.

Silence seemed indeed the fitting tribute to such a glorious scene as was mapped before their vision; silence which allows the heart to drink deeply of the spirit of beauty, until the overwrought feelings gush in tears. But a voice, low and earnest, from one of two horsemen, who followed immediately the youth and maiden, broke thrillingly upon their ears.

"It is a land to live and to die for!"

"Truly, truly, Father Herrata—a land blessed by Heaven!" replied the young girl, turning her face toward the first speaker, its lovely features illumined with deep interest.

"Ah! that men should desecrate such a land!" cried the young man beside her; "that injustice and oppression make it necessary for men to die in defence of a region so beautiful. Why cannot peace abide where all is so peace-inspiring? Why must war enter here?"

"Would that it might be prevented!" said Padre Herrata, solemnly. "Would to Heaven we had yielded that unfortunate territory of Texas, which your people," addressing Dusenbury, "have so long coveted. And doubtless had Herrara been firmly established in authority—had he not been threatened so long by Paredes—a negotiation would have been effected without difficulty. But the popular voice is for war—it clamors at Paredes because he does not at once take the field. What can we look for when the two republics breathe defiance, and thirst for one another's blood?"

The Yankee was about to speak, when an exclamation from the young girl, Teresa, whose gaze had been directed back toward the city, caused the whole party suddenly to turn their heads. At first they looked anxiously for their attendants, Hannibal, Lucille and a couple of half breed Mexicans, who, with the pack-mules, were slowly toiling up the hill which they themselves, riding fast, had ascended somewhat in advance. Nothing seemed to be apprehended concerning these, but an appearance lower down fixed their attention and at once filled them with forebod-

ings of evil. A cloud of dust upon the road indicated the approach of mounted men, who, from the speed with which they urged their horses on the unsheltered road exposed to the direct heat of the sun, were evidently in pursuit of some one in advance.

"We are discovered and followed," cried Padre Herrata. "Those are government soldiers, doubtless sent to recall us. Let us to our speed at once."

"Or fight it out here—which shall it be, padre?" asked Dusenbury, coolly examining the priming of a horse-pistol which he drew from one of his holsters.

"We cannot resist—there are too many," answered the priest. "Best try the speed of our horses, and those mules could likewise be pushed forward. But stay—there is a better plan. Below us, scarce a quarter of a mile, the road diverges, to unite again at the base of yonder range of hills. Let Hannibal and the mules pursue the left, while we press forward on the right. We shall be followed by the pursuers, if such they be. On now, my children, while I direct the good Hannibal on his course and inform him where to halt and await us. His road is direct, ours circuitous. Fly, my children!"

Saying this, Padre Herrata dropped behind to communicate with Hannibal, whilst the rest of the party, spurring their horses, dashed at once down the slope of the road, and plunged amid the thick woods that skirted either side. Alonzo Vallejo, riding close to Teresa, kept a watchful eye upon her mettled steed, and the Yankee, having satisfied himself that his pistols were in good condition, kept close behind, at the same time keeping his head half turned about to catch the first glimpse of pursuers on their headlong track.

Thus, through the vistaed length of shady forests and out upon the open fields, and over slope and acclivity, the three riders kept their way. A gallop of ten minutes carried them far down the mountain terraces, but they still preserved unabatedly the speed with which they had started. Suddenly the quick ear of Dusenbury detected the sound of a horse's hoofs clattering behind, and presently a single steed mounted by a female came flying after the fugitives.

"What on airth hev ye done with yer mule? Where's the padre?" were Dusenbury's rapidly uttered questions, as wheeling about in his saddle, without drawing bridle, he recognized the mulatto, Lucille, who had now arrived abreast of him.

"*Mon Dieu!* I am killed—of me there is no more," exclaimed the girl, almost gasping for breath, while the excitement of the race reddened her yellow visage. "The padre—he is not here—*un outre chemin*—he has my mule. *O ceaux!* Mam'selle, I am ready to die with the fatigue."

Teresa looked back inquiringly to Lucille, who, with a great effort, for the speed with which she had followed the party had almost exhausted her strength, managed to explain that Padre Herrata had exchanged his horse for the mule on which she was riding, and hidden her to press forward to join her mistress, whilst he, with Hannibal and the other attendants should make at once for the Pass of Rio Frio, and there await the arrival of his friends.

"Rio Frio!" cried Teresa, "but where is that pass?"

"I know the place very well," answered Dusenbury. "And if you want to drink some of the coolest water that ever flowed out of a nat'ral ice-house, jes' wait till we get to Rio Frio. I've been there afore now, I tell ye, and in good company, too. And I tell you, Miss Teresy—if anything ever did puzzle me, 'twas to know how in time such tarnal cold water comes out of a volcano! Jerusalem! it's like the old chap in Esop's fables, that blowed hot and cold at the same time. But let's push ahead and keep movin', miss. There aint no time to lose."

At that portion of the great national road which the party were now descending, the mountains rose steeply on every side, and many volcanic peaks were visible at various points of the horizon. The highway was broad and well beaten, and sheltered from the sun's rays by wooded hills, rising continually, between which could be caught at intervals, a view of some little lake filling a hollow which perhaps was once a crater's bed, and worn upon the green mountain side like a silver buckler on a giant's arm. They were now more than ten thousand feet above the level of the sea, having, since leaving the city of Mexico on the day previous, ascended about three thousand feet and travelled nearly forty miles. Twenty of these, however, had been ridden since daybreak that morning, consequently it became important that they should speedily reach a place of rest and security, or abandon all hope of escape.

Meantime they urged their flagging horses down the hills at a pace which was hazardous in the extreme. Vallejo's right hand held a rein of Teresa's horse, whilst he guided his own with the left, and the Yankee performed the same office for the girl, Lucille. Fortunately, all the company were good riders, and their animals well trained to mountain travel, so that no mishap interrupted their adventurous course. Conversation, however, was impossible, for all attention became absorbed in the contemplation of their position, and nothing was heard on that lonely road—lonely, because the midday is unusual for travel—but the sharp clatter of the horses' hoofs, echoed from the mural eminences on both sides of the road, and from the deep clefts of wood beneath.

At length Rio Frio was discovered; Rio Frio, a small mountain stream, its waters of the lowest possible temperature, and transparently clear. Piled up around it are the bases of the great mountain range whose summits guard forever the snows that fall upon them. Ledges and walls of porphyry rise steeply, one above another, to incredible heights all over this region, and form bastions, as it were, through which the road winds in a narrow channel to which the streamlet has given the name of Cold River Pass. Here a small force might probably resist successfully the passage of an army, for the locality and natural defences make the position a sort of Thermopylæ; as it is the gateway of the loftiest ridge of all the Cordillera chain below the city of Mexico, and only a few miles beneath the point of prospect over all the surrounding country.

The route of the fugitives pointed toward Puebla, and till reaching that city, they had intended journeying by easy stages. Consequently, though travelling that day since the earliest light, they had, at the moment when alarmed by pursuers, accomplished less than forty miles from the capital, scarcely half the distance to the plain of Cholula, on which Puebla stands. But the fear of capture made a great difference in their rate of progress, and the last eight miles had been traversed in an exceeding brief space of time. Rio Frio was now at hand, where doubtless the mule party, which had travelled by a shorter cut, would be found awaiting their approach.

But when Rio Frio was reached, no mule party—no Padre Herrata or Hannibal were to be seen. Dusenbury and Vallejo looked at each other in silence, fearing to give voice to the apprehensions which obtruded upon their minds. Teresa observed their uncertainty.

"They may have delayed—they may have rested."

"Raythor doubtful," responded the Yankee. "Padre Herrata aint the man to stop when he's got started; and the road they took was clean three mile shorter than our'n. I'm kind o' scared about the party—*fac!*"

"Could they have been interrupted?" asked Vallejo.

"Wall, to tell the real truth, I've been sort o' dubious for some time about findin' the padre at Rio Frio. You see, if the fellars had follered us, we'd had some signs o' chasin' afore now. 'Stead o' that, we haint seen a hooter of anybody behind us since we fust sot out on a run. Now my 'pinion 'is that they've hunted the padre instead of our party, and as the mules couldn't travel fast with their packs, they've jes' overhauled 'em, and captured the hull—"

"Listen! that's surely the sound of horses' feet," cried Teresa, suddenly raising her finger to impose silence.

Her companions listened, and in a moment detected the noise of hoofs, very faint and apparently distant, but evidently advancing at a rapid pace along the lower road by which the mules should have arrived ere now.

"I hear 'em—I do so," cried Dusenbury. "And they aint no mule hoofs either. It's jes' as I expected. The tarnal yaller skins have got the packs, and now they're in hot chase after us. Miss Teresa—Senor Vallejo—I guess we'll have to knock under, this time."

"No! let us defend ourselves," exclaimed Alonzo.

"Can't be done—they're too many for us," returned the Yankee, loosening his pistols in their holsters as he spoke, and shifting the handle of a large knife which he wore in his belt, so as to bring it nearer his hand. There was a look of quiet determination on Dusenbury's countenance which gave assurance to his companions, even while he declared the uselessness of defence.

"We've got to play Ingen," remarked the North American, with a twinkle of his gray eye.

"What do you mean, senor?"

"Why, jes' take to the woods, and trust to Providence," returned Dusenbury. "Don't say another word, one o' ye, but follow your leader, and we'll look out for chances."

Saying this, Dusenbury grasped the bridle of Lucille's horse, as he had done before, and without more ado led the way, by turning on the banks of the stream, and plunged into the thick forest which skirted the mountains that here shelved steeply over the narrow road. In a moment more, Rio Frio was deserted, but from the lower road could now be heard distinctly the measured and rapid sound of an approaching party of horse.

CHAPTER XIV.

TERESA'S ESCAPE.

MEANWHILE, as divined by Dusenbury, the mule party had been overtaken and captured. Padre Herrata, after joining Hannibal and hastily giving him orders to await his mistress at the Rio Frio pass, was about to follow his friends immediately, when he was accosted by the mulatto, Lucille, who begged to accompany him to her mistress, leaving to Hannibal the care of the mules.

"*O, pauvre mademoiselle!*" cried Lucille, "what we shall do without one another? each will be lost. Let me go, Padre Herrata."

"Truly, child, your place is with your mistress," answered the good priest; "but you rido a mule; it cannot keep up with the horses."

"*O, Mon Dieu!* what will become of me?" cried the girl.

Padre Herrata glanced backward from the height which the mules had now reached, and beheld the pursuing party skirting the precipice beneath, at a pace which would soon bring them up the winding road. He decided immediately what course to take.

"Dismount," said he, quickly, to the mulatto, at the same time springing from his own horse. "We will exchange animals. Gallop forward and overtake your mistress; I will mount the mule and go on with Hannibal. We shall stop at the Rio Frio pass. Away, my girl!"

Lucille needed no second command. In an instant more the exchange was effected, and the mulatto dashed down the mountain in pursuit of her mistress, while Padre Herrata, bestriding the mule, said quietly to Hannibal:

"It is doubtless for the best; now let us press forward quickly."

The negro, who cherished great respect for the padre, ranged the mules, five in number, with his two fellow-attendants bringing up the rear, and thus disposed, the party diverged suddenly from the main road, and clattered swiftly down the more direct, but rough and difficult road that led to the Paso del Rio Frio. Padre Herrata and Hannibal led the way, whilst the two attendants, riding on either side, and grasping the head of the heavily-laden pack-mule, followed as fast as they were able. Behind them, as they descended the rocky pathway, they heard the noise of horses' hoofs suddenly cease, and knew that the pursuing company had gained the eminence which they had just left, and were doubtless halting to reconnoitre; that point, as we have before noticed, affording an extended prospect over the lower plain.

Padre Herrata knew that, if pursued vigorously by the party behind, his own had little chance of escape, but he trusted to reaching the Rio Frio before being overtaken, in which event he relied on being able to elude immediate capture, and perhaps to rescue his friends entirely, by abandoning the mules to the two females and Hannibal, under conduct of Dusenbury, and then to ride back upon the main road with Vallejo and the mestizoes, in order to parley with the enemy and thus give time to the fugitives to escape. He knew the Yankee to be well acquainted with all the country around Puebla, and trusted in his courage and discretion to protect his charge, while himself and Vallejo, being Spaniards, could not be in danger of much beyond capture and imprisonment, even if the pursuers should prove to be, as he feared, vindictive personal enemies.

But the priest, in this calculation, had not thought of the probability of the lower and dangerous ravine road being taken by those behind. Such, however, it became very soon evident was the case, for hardly had the mules advanced a mile when the clatter of horses was heard above, and Padre Herrata at once knew that the mules and not the horses would be first overtaken. At first, this conviction was gratifying to the priest, promising as it did, a means of delaying their enemies, and thus affording better opportunity of escape to Teresa and her escort. But he reflected immediately that the pack-mule carried all the personal apparel and necessaries of the lady, and that, moreover, as he had appointed Rio Frio as the place of rendezvous, it was quite probable that his friends might there await his coming, which must of course result in their capture. Padre Herrata was almost in despair, for he saw no method of extrication from this new danger; but, nevertheless, the priest was quick to resolve and prompt to execute, and he seized a forlorn hope.

"Hannibal!" he cried, "take the bridle of the pack-mule and push forward on the straight road, at your speed, till you reach your mistress. Then say to Senor Dusenbury that we are taken, and he must escape as he can. Do you understand, Hannibal?"

"Yes, massa. I'm to 'scape long wi' Massa Dusenbury, and you is to be cotched."

"Away, then, and do your best."

Hannibal seized the baggage mule's bridle and urged his own forward at its utmost speed, while Padre Herrata addressing the mestizoes, bade them turn their mules and follow him. Hannibal, the negro, looked back once and beheld a cloud of dust as his late companions disappeared in a curve of the ascent, and then pushed forward as rapidly as possible. The road was rough and uneven, and the sharp points of the porphyritic rocks caused even the mules, sure-footed as they were, to hesitate in some portions of the rugged way. But Hannibal, intent on reaching his mistress, took note neither of danger nor difficulty, lashing his beast with a short leathern thong which he carried, and using various inducements of voice and hand to accelerate the animal's motion.

"Gorra! you creep, you son of a jack, you!" ejaculated the negro. "Why for you no run like horse? 'Specs I gits off, 'fore long—go alone. Come up, ole missis—no time for go to sleep yeah."

By dint of such admonitions, Hannibal managed to infuse considerable energy into his long eared steeds, and they ascended and descended the rocky paths with unabated celerity, till the pass of Rio Frio, with its high walls of mountain on either side, was at last reached. But to Hannibal, unacquainted with the appointed place of meeting, the little stream that gushed by the road presented no inducements to pause. His mistress and her companions were nowhere to be seen, and the padre had directed him to push forward till he reached them. Consequently he stopped not at Rio Frio, save for a moment to breathe his mules, but plunged downward once more and entered in the narrow intricacies of the pass beneath.

Thus it happened that, when in a very brief space after Hannibal's passing the stream, the horses of his mistress and her party reached the same spot, no traces of the negro were visible. The road was too rocky to receive any indentation from the feet of mules, so Dusenbury and the others remained in ignorance of the too earnest servant having missed them; and therefore, only pausing to be sure they were still pursued, the fugitives, as we have seen, departed from the highway and plunged into the woody defiles on the right of the Rio Frio.

The sun was now declining, for the day had worn some two hours since the time when our travellers had contemplated so calmly the grand panorama of the valley of Mexico, outspread beneath their gaze. On the unsheltered road, the heat and glare were still, it is true, almost unbearable; but when, diverging from the pass, our party reached the velvet carpet of a succession of secluded glades, and felt themselves borne over the grassy turf, without the sound of a hoof upon its springy bed, and when, coolly from its mountain openings, a delicious breeze came to refresh both riders and steeds, the sudden transition seemed like enchantment, and the woodlands through which they advanced might have passed for the borders of fairy regions.

But the green glades and unobstructed forest openings soon gave place to difficult and devious paths, as the horses began to descend the mountain terrace on which they had entered from the highway, and became involved in the thick growth of under-

wood and long-reaching clumps of cactus, interspersed with palm trees and dwarfed oaks. The ground, too, grew uneven and dangerous, sharp peaks of volcanic fragments protruded in all directions, and beds of lava lay scattered like heaps of slag and cinders.

It soon became impossible to advance in the saddle, so Vallejo assisted Teresa to alight, and took charge of her and the mulatto, whilst Dusenbury, with one of his peculiar methods of invention, fastened the horses in a single file and led them through the tangled woods, choosing the least difficult slopes, and contriving always to discover a practicable path where none at all appeared at first sight. Thus they proceeded for several hours, descending the mountain sides for a considerable distance, and becoming, as Teresa thought, so entangled in the wilderness as to cause serious alarm on her part, lest they should be unable again to discover the highway.

But Teresa's spirit was bold and she complained not, though regretting the loss of Padre Herrata and her faithful servant, Hannibal; for she confided greatly in the shrewdness and resolution of that strange fellow-countryman, whom Providence seemed to have sent for her protection in the hour of deepest affliction. Nor was the maiden insensible to the earnest and almost chivalric attentions of the youth Alonzo, whose growing passion for her she could not but perceive. Young Vallejo was not one to be of light estimation in a lady's eye, for he possessed a large share of personal attractions. His form was graceful, and though slight, sinewy and compact, his manner was courteous and noble, and his face, generally pale, but now flushed with his exertions and with the happiness of being near and of service to her he loved, was indeed very handsome. Many a young lady would travel hundreds and thousands of miles for the sake of the company of a cavalier like Vallejo.

But that is not asserting that any young lady would have complained less than did Teresa of the hardships of their route—of the brambles and rough cactus that tore her garments—of the flinty soil which wounded her delicate feet, albeit the supporting arm of Alonzo lifted her lightly over the most difficult places. Teresa suffered, smiled at each obstacle surmounted, for she had thus far escaped what all dreaded the most, the unscrupulous pursuers who had been so near overtaking them.

At last the yellow sunbeams began to slant through the foliage and fell in bars across their pathway, and soon, much to their joy, the thorny and rugged ground began to disappear, and wide breaks of level sward appeared before them through the less interwoven trees. They were evidently approaching the banks of a stream, for the foliage appeared greener and the barren cactus less frequent in their way. Presently they reached an opening in the woods which suddenly ushered them into a small level space of luxuriant verdure, so sequestered and beautiful that its first view caused them to forget at once the fatigues and dangers of their long march through the wild.

It was indeed a lovely spot where the wearied pedestrians now halted, and the horses, equally overtasked, appeared to recognize it as a place of repose. Dusenbury, without speaking, proceeded to unbuckle the trappings and remove the saddles from the animals, allowing them to crop the rich grass which invited them to a repast, and then, quietly turning to his companions, addressed them in the most natural manner imaginable.

"My friends, we've had consid'ble of an Ingen trail this arternoon. My 'pinion is now that we've got about as far as sundown, and a leetle out of them yaller skins' calk'lations."

"But what do you propose to do now?" asked Teresa, of her countryman.

"Wall, I guess we're 'bout tired enough to enjoy a good night's rest 'fore we tackle up again," replied the indomitable Yankee.

"What! remain here?"

"Wall, now, I rayther think we might look furder and fare a sight wuss, Miss Teresa. This ere spot's intended by natur' for a campin'-down-place, and I cal'late Squire Vallejo and myself can fix up a wigwam for you that Pocahontas might ha' been proud of. Look here, squire, don't you say so?"

"I have all confidence in Senor Dusenbury's judgment," remarked Vallejo, "and shall acquiesce cheerfully in whatever arrangement he proposes to make."

"And we'll make a queen's palace for the senora, now I tell ye," rejoined Dusenbury. "But in the fust place, before the sun goes down, I want to show you about where we are. Jest look up there."

The Yankee pointed, as he spoke, through an opening in the upper branches of the overhanging trees, and Alonzo's and Teresa's glance anxiously followed the motion. Gazing in the direction indicated, they could see nothing above them but a succession of steep and shelving precipices.

"Now, jes' look as sharp as possible," cried Dusenbury. "Look up slantendicular to that mountain top, and sight that ere white spot, lookin' like a tarnal great cro'-nest. Well, now I tell ye, that's the 'dentical ridge where we stood this arternoon when those yaller skins come in sight on full chase."

"Impossible!" said Vallejo. "We cannot have descended from such a height."

"Fac'!" replied Dusenbury. "We've come down nothin' short o' two thousand feet, an' travelled mor'n fifteen miles since we stood on that ere cro'-nest. Now, you see the great national road leads down the sides o' the mountin about ten miles away from where we are now, and winds round the foot hills till it reaches Puebla. We're about thirty miles from Puebla by my reckonin', and about ten miles from a place where Miss Teresa 'll be as safe as if she was at home."

Teresa looked inquiringly at the Yankee, as he uttered these last words, but Dusenbury only replied:

"There's a friend o' mine hereabouts that'll take care on us, I guess," and then proceeded to the saddles which he had removed from the horses when they first arrived.

"I reckon a bite o' somethin' wouldn't hurt us, nuther," remarked the North American, as, much to the surprise of his companions, he drew from his own saddle-bags several articles which his shrewd forethought had provided. "Here's some figs, and here's a box o' sardines, and here's a flask o' real super wine, an' no mistake. Miss Teresa, do you like sugar tamarinds and pound-cake? Here they are—any quantity; an' I reckon, with the addition of some cool water from that brook I hear runnin' not far off, we'll manage to make out famously—but lor sakes! Senor Vallejo, we've forgot our wigwam. Here, Lucille, you fix up the tea-things, and the squire and I 'll draw wood. Come, senor."

Vallejo followed at once, whilst Teresa cast a grateful glance at Dusenbury, which the lover would fain have received himself. In a few moments, penetrating the surrounding grove, the Yankee, with the assistance of a huge jack-knife, contrived to collect together a mass of green boughs and parasitic foliage, with which, loading themselves to their utmost capacity, the two returned to the camp. Then, while the girl, Lucille, assisted her mistress to prepare their repast, Dusenbury and Vallejo erected between four beautiful trees, a little arbor which, indeed, Pocahontas might have been pleased with. Crossing and interlocking the thick branches in an impervious roof, supported by the enclosing trees, they wove the long, vinous undergrowth beneath it, and disposed the sides, like drapery, in festoons and looped tendrils. A quantity of variegated mountain flowers, rich with perfume, were tastefully scattered on roof and sides, and beneath all was the velvet carpet of nature, soft as a downy couch. Altogether it was such a bower as astonished and delighted the young maiden for whose shelter it had been created, and Dusenbury was overwhelmed with compliments for his skill, from both Teresa and Alonzo, whilst Lucille, the mulatto, began to consider the Yankee as master of all arts and sciences, horse menage and wood-craft.

At length all was completed, and the supper, spread upon the sweet grass, was discussed with an appetite by all concerned. Then, after securing the horses and making a general observation of the camp, Dusenbury escorted Teresa to her bower, where, with Lucille, she retired for the night; and then, reclining with Vallejo on the sward, the two friends soon became immersed in the aromatic smoke of a brace of fine cigars which the Yankee's saddle-bags opportunely produced. The night was passed wakefully by both, save a short alternate nap which refreshed Vallejo toward morning, and as soon as the first rays of the sun began to tremble on the eastern slope of the mountains, Dusenbury was up, with horses saddled and bridled, ready for the road.

Teresa emerged from her umbrageous tent rosy and beautiful as the morning itself, and Alonzo, who advanced to meet her, was delighted to learn how calmly the night had passed over her innocent repose. He had already, like a true cavalier, arranged everything for the travelling comfort of his young mistress, and she had nought to do but mount and ride. But Dusenbury had yet another provident preparation—*au dejeuner sans fourchettes.* A draught of sparkling water brought from the running stream near by in a mysterious-looking goblet, that had emanated, like everything else, from the Yankee's saddle-bags—some dates and tamarind conserve, and delicious white crackers tempted the appetite of Teresa, and added to the wonder expressed by Lucille in Dusenbury's marvellous goblet, after which the gentlemen, taking each a sip of wine from the flask, put foot in saddle and led the way from their pleasant place of sojourn. Teresa cast one more look backward at the little bower which had been her sylvan dormitory, of which occasional glimpses could be caught through the woody gaps as they rode on; and Alonzo, on his part, sighed to think that such romantic wanderings must be ended, and that he could not forever guard the bower of his slumbering lady.

The mellow atmosphere of morn, the cool breeze, and fragrant perfume arising from the wooded plain where all the freshness of springtime diffused itself around, combined to render pleasant the early expedition of our travellers. Dusenbury recounted various adventures of which the scene reminded him, for he was familiar with much of the surrounding country, and Teresa listened, with a rich color mounting in her beautiful cheeks, and her breast almost relieved of the weight which had oppressed it before leaving Mexico. At times a pang would cross her heart, as the memory of her brother, and the thought that he should have shared with her the present journey, became present to her mind; but she endeavored with all her resolution to gather resignation and hope in the future.

And Alonzo Vallejo—how enjoyed he that delightful ride through the cool glades and along the banks of a great river, and over broad terraces of emerald turf, from which the eye could look far down upon broad fields, and rolling hills, and lakes glittering in the morning sunbeams? Ah, he was a lover, and beside him was the dear one of his soul—no need of asking more.

At length, emerging from the sheltered mountain declivities, through which they had journeyed for some hours, the party entered once more a well-beaten path which Dusenbury knew conducted to the great national road from Mexico to Puebla de los Angelos. On either side of the sequestered way appeared the first signs of husbandry that they had encountered since leaving the valley on the other side of the great mountain range which they had traversed. Above, on their route, both on the highway and in their perilous descent through the wilds, no vegetation but that of nature's rank distribution had met their observation. But now they were greeted with the view of wide fields wherein were springing all the varieties of grain which flourish in this luxuriant portion of Mexico. Dusenbury's well-pleased eye recognized on all sides the familiar products of his native northern clime—the tender blades of wheat emerging from the generous soil, with the more rugged leaves of corn and barley, and here and there, as in his own New England, the blossoming apple trees, whose perfume came to his senses like a breath from his childhood's home. Perhaps Teresa was deceived—but as she looked at the silent Yankee's countenance, she thought a tear had gathered in his eye, and that a soft shade was passing over his shrewd features. But Dusenbury immediately afterwards commenced to whistle vigorously the celebrated air of "Hail Columbia."

At a turning of the path, the white walls of a mansion, almost embowered in woods, and crowning a small eminence at their left, attracted at once the attention of Teresa and Alonzo. It was evidently the abode of refinement, perhaps of luxury, for as the travellers looked upward through the well trimmed trees, they could catch glimpses of sparkling fountains, whose lulling drip fell sweetly on the air, and of statues gleaming amid the green like wood-nymphs startled from their chosen domain.

"That is a beautiful hacienda!" cried Vallejo, gazing admiringly upon the house, which appeared more fully in view, with its balconies commanding the terrace immediately above them, their jalousied casements overrun with clinging woodbine, honeysuckles and clematis, whilst roses crowned the porch and almost hid the open door.

"Indeed, it is lovely!" responded Teresa, with a sigh.

Perhaps, with woman's feelings, she pictured love as making of such a spot its sweet abiding-place.

"Wall, I reckon we'll put up there," said the Yankee, quietly. "I'm nation sure we'll get a good breakfast and a raal welcome, or my name aint Jake Dusenbury."

With these words he turned his horse's head and led the way from the outer road through a green lane, which, winding around the base of a beautiful slope, conducted to the mansion. The rest followed in silence, for they were well aware that Dusenbury chose his own methods of proceeding, and invariably, as had been their experience thus far, for the best.

On either side of the lane which they traversed were clumps of evergreen, interspersed with flowers of different hues, all exhaling the most delicious aroma. Extending backward, beyond the house, they could behold wide orchards, thick with blossoms, and fields rich with newly-springing grain. Around the cottage, or hacienda, was a wide piazza, surmounted by a balcony, with oriel windows, commanding a view of all the lower vale. The piazza, like the rest of the mansion, was covered with vines and flowers, and through the windows opening upon it, Teresa's quick glance could detect many lovely ornaments, sure token of the presence of a woman of taste and feeling.

But she had little time for extended notice, as they had now reached the rose-crowned door, and Dusenbury, dismounting, gave his hand gallantly to his fair charge. At the same moment two figures appeared upon the piazza, apparently the master and mistress of the hacienda.

"Don Lorenzo—I s'pose you don't forgit an old friend," was the salutation of Jake Dusenbury, as a young and noble-looking gentleman advanced to meet him.

"Senor Dusenbury—welcome—a thousand welcomes!" cried the other, warmly clasping the Yankee's hand. "How happy your arrival will make us all. And your friends?" he continued, glancing with a frank smile toward Alonzo and Teresa.

"We shall all be acquainted in double quick time, I reckon," cried Dusenbury, proceeding to introduce his companions to the master, who, in turn, presented them to his lady, a beautiful creature, just in the flush of womanly beauty.

Teresa, as she found herself tenderly embraced by the warm-hearted Mexican wife, felt that she was in the presence of one who could sympathize with her situation, and almost unconsciously the lips of the two young women met in a mutual kiss. The husband's glance rested approvingly upon his wife, and Alonzo cast a look of gratitude toward Dusenbury. But the Yankee was engaged in close confab with Don Lorenzo, and apparently noticed not the excellent terms on which his new and old friends were proceeding. Nevertheless, there was meaning in the remark which Vallejo fancied he overheard him utter:

"Senor Lorenzo—if you an' Senora Inez aint matched, there aint no snakes, now I tell ye. It jes' warms up my heart to look at you smilin' so happy like. God bless both on ye."

And Lorenzo gave a hand to each of his two guests, whilst Teresa, arm-in-arm with the gentle Inez, and followed by the wondering Lucille, entered the peaceful hacienda.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

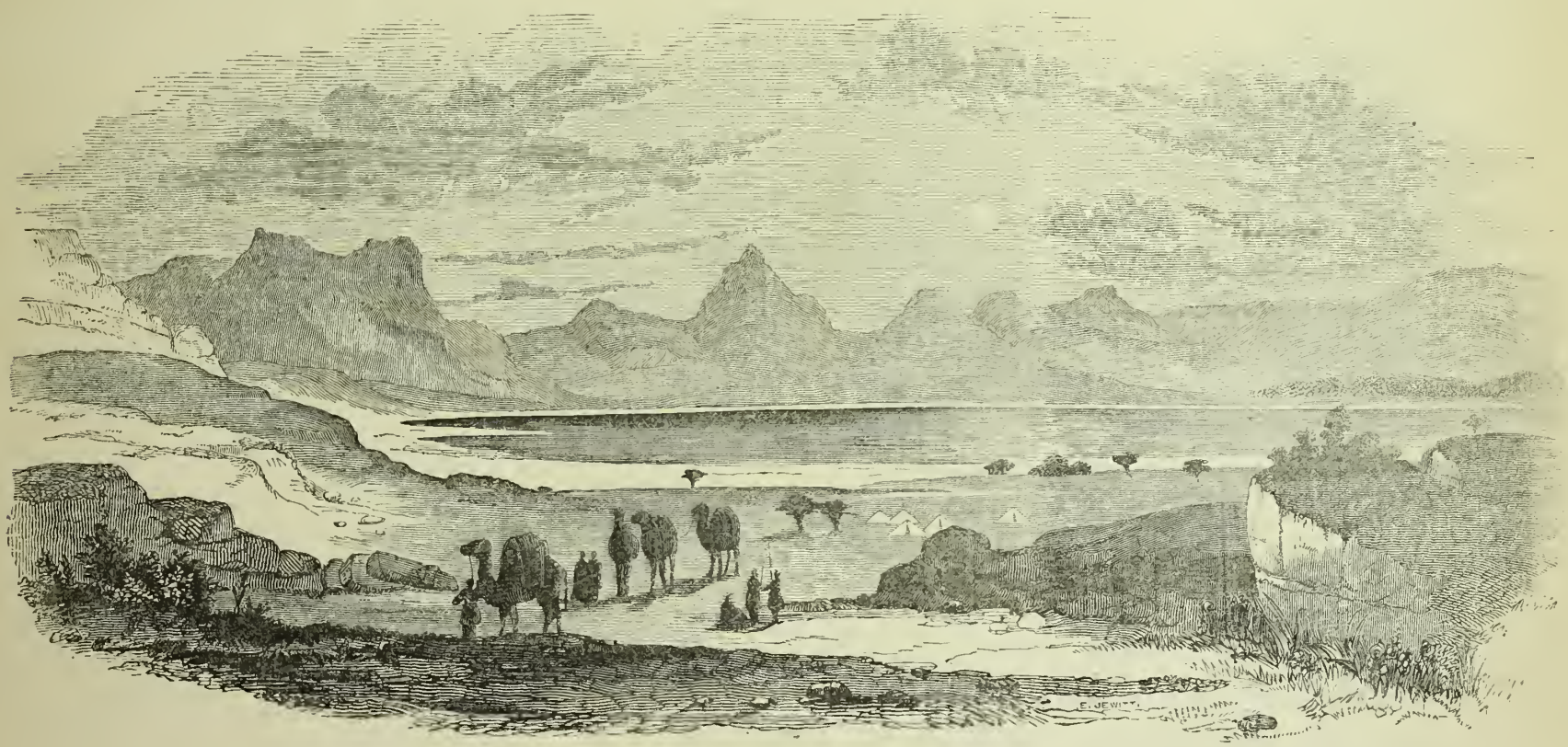
MODERN SCIENCE—WHERE WILL IT STOP?

Almost everything under the sun has received the benefit of scientific study and researches, and now babies are to be taken in hand and a great improvement is to be effected. It is now proposed, by science to increase the size of the human race, by removing, from its infant growth, the pressure of atmosphere which constrains and represses it. The idea arose from a successful experiment at enlarging violets by placing them in balloons to be lifted where they might blossom in thinner air. A horticulturist of the suburbs of Versailles, in studying the physiology of the vegetable kingdom, conceived that the smallness of certain plants—the violet, for example—was owing to an atmospheric pressure too great for their delicate organs. Having fixed this idea in his mind, the florist conceived the notion of putting his idea into practice. Providing himself with a small balloon, rendered sufficiently tight to prevent the escape of any gas, he launched it into the air, having attached to it a silken cord twelve hundred metres long. Instead of a car, the balloon sustained a flower pot of Parma violets. This experiment has been going on about two months with the most wonderful result, in the shape of violets as large as Bengal roses. Balloons for amplifying the infant violets of our own compressed race, were the natural and immediate suggestion. We have not yet heard the particulars of the first experiment, however.—*N. Y. Evening Post.*

SCENES IN ABYSSINIA.

Abyssinia is one of the most interesting countries of the African continent. It is about 770 miles long and 550 broad, and is bounded north by Sennaar, south and west by Sennaar, Kordofan, and regions but little known to us, and east by the Red Sea. The inhabitants, numbering from four to five millions, are mostly of Arabian extraction, but mixed with Jews, Turks and negroes. This kingdom was embraced in that portion of Africa to which the ancients gave the name of Ethiopia, though the limits of Ethiopia were vague, and even part of Asia was included under the title. There were two kingdoms of Ethiopia known to the ancients. The first was Meroe or the Peninsula, and supposed by the earliest writers to be an island formed by the successive union of the Nile with the Astaboras and Astapus (Blue River and Tacazze). The traveller Bruce noted some vast ruins near Chendi, in Sennaar, which he supposed to be those of the ancient capital of Meroe. The other kingdom, the existence of which was unknown to the earliest writers, was that of Axumitæ, situated on the Red Sea, and occupying part of the Abyssinian province of Tigré. There are still remains, though decayed, of the ancient capital, Axum. Adulis, its principal seaport, was a place of great trade, and through this channel the finest ivory then known found its way to the banks of the Red Sea and the Indian Ocean. The natives of Abyssinia contend that their country was the scriptural Sheba, whose queen visited King Solomon in the height of his glory. They also assert that it was converted to Judaism several centuries before the Christian era. The nation was converted to Christianity, which it still professes, prior to the middle of the fourth century, but many Mosaic rites are still observed among them. The seventh day is their Sabbath, and their altars have the form of the ark of the covenant. Their dogmas are those of the Monophysites, the members of a party, who, according to the language adopted in the 5th century, hold that there is but one nature in Christ; that is, that the divine and human natures were so blended as to form but one nature without any change, confusion or mixture of the two natures. The Abyssinians make use of the Bible in their church service, together with the apocryphal books in the Tigré or Gheez tongue, their literary language. They observe the festivals and fasts of the Greek church, and baptism and the eucharist are administered according to its ritual. In the latter rite, however, a discrimination is made in favor of persons of rank, who receive the largest pieces of the consecrated bread. No one is admitted to this rite until he has attained his twenty-fifth year, for it is a part of their belief that no one is accountable for sins committed prior to that age, and that all who die before attaining that age are sure of attaining salvation. The churches of this singular people are small and conical, standing upon hills in the midst of cedar groves and in the vicinity of running water. The churches are adorned with pictures like those of the Greeks and Russians. Like the Mahomedans they leave their shoes at the door when entering a church, and remain standing throughout the service. The service resembles that of the Greek church and consists of alternate prayers and Scripture readings. The clergy are generally very ignorant. Celibacy is not enjoined on them, and they usually marry. The abuna (our father), the head of the Abyssinian church, is usually selected from the Coptic priests. The kamosats, or chief priests of the secular clergy, the theologians and monks, are under the authority of the abuna. The monks and nuns are divided into two classes, one of which makes profession of chastity. Abyssinia is now divided into three states, but when formerly united, was ruled by a monarch called the negus, or nagush. In the 16th century an attempt was made, with partial success, to introduce the Roman Catholic form of worship into Abyssinia, but in 1632, the negus Basilidas yielded to the wishes of a majority of his people, banished the Roman Catholic monks, and ordered the Jesuits who remained to be hanged. There is an independent Jewish government in the western part of Abyssinia, called Falasjan, the people styling themselves Falashas, which means exiles. Bruce, Salt, and later travellers, describe the customs of the Abyssinians as extremely savage and repulsive. They devour the raw and quivering flesh of cattle while the animals from which it has been cut, are roaring with pain; they disregard the sanctity of the marriage tie, and the unburied bodies of their friends become the food of dogs and hyenas. A constant condition of civil war may serve to account for this degradation and demoralization; the rulers are despotic in church and state, and condemn their subjects to death by the mere exercise of their will. Yet this people are liberally treated by nature. The climate is good, the vegetable and animal kingdoms are rich. Gold and iron are found in Abyssinia, and salt, a most valuable article in Africa, is one of its natural productions. We now proceed to notice our illustrations, engraved from the sketches of a modern Abyssinian traveller. Our first engraving is a correct representation of an Abyssinian house. It is very simple in its construction, consisting of two circular walls of wattled sticks, about six feet high, and separated from each other by about the same number of feet; the whole is covered by a conical roof or thatch. The largest of the three will give the reader a good idea of the character of the scenery in Abyssinia. It represents Lake Assal, which is situated about three days' journey from Tajourah, the small seaport on the bay of the same name whence recent travellers to Shoa have started. (The scenery at Shoa is depicted in the sketch of a stone mill in the last engraving). The bay of Tajourah deeply indents the coast in a long funnel shape. In a line with its contracted extremity, not more than six miles distant, lies the celebrated salt lake which appears to have been a portion of the sea, separated from the bay by some violent volcanic convulsion, which has thrown up the intervening rocks of cellular and compact lava; a character suitable to an occurrence of such nature. The whole neighborhood exhibits a black and barren surface of the once molten streams of rock, and presents to the eye one vast scene of desolation and gloom. At the bottom of this valley of stones is a large lake surrounded by a wide circuit of pure crystallized salt, the glittering whiteness of which contrasts strongly with the hue of the black or dun red shores, and connects, by its natural properties, additional ideas of sorrow and bitterness with the locality over which the weary and thirsty traveller is journeying. Like the waters of the Dead Sea, the level of this lake has been reduced by evaporation to below that of the neighboring sea. Dr. Beke, during his journey, determined this, and his observations were subsequently confirmed by Lieut. Barker and Mr. Kirk, on their visit in 1841. These gentlemen found it to be from four to five hundred feet lower than the level of the Bay of Tajourah. The water is intensely brackish and has an irritating effect upon the skin. Besides, the large beds of salt, which extend from the edge of the fluid some hundred yards to the former confines of the lake, prove the great diminution which has taken place, and which would be considerably greater but for mountain torrents which, in the rainy season, return some compensating quantity for the loss occasioned by the hot sun of a tropical country during the other nine or ten months of the year. One of these streams contains water all the year round in detached pools, or it may be found a few feet below the surface of the ground; and the beds of all the others, by a scanty vegetation of dry senna shrubs and dwarf mimosa trees, present some indications of moisture retained. From the borders of Lake Assal the natives collect vast quantities of salt, which they convey into the interior, the country of Abyssinia being deficient of any home source of supply. So valuable indeed is that commodity there, that little bricks of it, a span long and two or three inches thick, constitute the only currency that can be called national; and how much salt a man is worth, or whether he is not worth it at all, is a definite standard of respectability well understood by those who are situated like the Abyssinians. The Dankali, or natives of Adal, in which country Lake Assal is situated, are in the most degraded political and social condition that can be imagined. They are not savages—they are demons; and the character of their country, a desert of stones and fire, has imposed a corresponding nature upon the devoted race who have descended from the once highly favored nation that here filled to overflowing the cup of rebellion against Heaven, and has thus been punished. What a moral lesson might not the traveller draw from the evidences presented to his eyes in this situation of the very recent alternation of present misery with a state of former abundance. Large millstones, more than half a ton in weight are found in pieces, strewed along the whole beach of Tajourah, brought down by the annual torrents from the alluvial strata behind the town, now covered with beds of lava several feet thick. The presence of these millstones can only be accounted for by supposing them the work of times when the surrounding country supplied both olives and grain, and a populous agricultural and peaceful people cultivated the soil. No means exist by which to form any probable estimate of the number of people in Abyssinia. Mr. Salt could obtain no accurate information on the subject. If the country were tranquil, it could hardly fail, owing to the great fruitfulness of the soil and the general healthiness of the climate, to be exceedingly populous; but the anarchy and civil war in which it is constantly involved more than neutralize these advantages, and keep the population far below its natural level. Its total amount is estimated in the Weimar Almanac at 4,500,000.

AN ABYSSINIAN HOUSE.



SALT LAKE, NEAR TAJOURAH.

STONE MILL AT SHOA.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE CHILD AND THE RAINBOW.

BY GEORGE W. BUNGAY.

The burning sun poured down its rays
On fainting flowers;
The brassy sky was all ablaze;
No breeze, no showers.
The bobolink, with open beak
And drooping wing,
Perched on a weed, was faint and weak,
And could not sing.

The sheep were panting in the shade,
The swine in mire;
And the fair earth began to fade
Beneath the fire.
While tender plants from bursting seed
Died 'neath the crust
Of iron earth, like noble deeds
Lost in the dust.

When from behind the eastern hills,
Like sails at sea,
Dun clouds arose, and thunder thrills
Made melody;
Then precious drops came pattering down
In grateful showers,
And summer washed her dusty gown
Of weeds and flowers.

The modest rose held up its face,
The daisy smiled,
The meadow-lark sang songs of grace,
The wondering child
Looked at the rainbow in the sky,
Called in the road,
Good children travel when they die,
And go to God.

It saw "footsteps of angels" there,
And wings of white;
It longed to climb the radiant stair,
And take its flight
Up from the azure arch above,
Where rainbows end,
To thrones where angels reign in love,
At God's right hand.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

SIMON HUGGINS'S NOTE IN BANK.

BY F. CLINTON BARRINGTON.

"THEN I must have *dreamed* it!" This was Mr. Simon Huggins's usual exclamation and explanation when anything transpired for which he could not clearly account. "Was it not so, wife?"

"No, never, Mr. Huggins. Aunt Sarah has not been in the city within a year."

"Then I must have dreamed it. But certainly it must have been so, Jane. I recollect distinctly when she drove up to the door. It was in a four horse hack, the four horses all a-tandem, one harnessed before the other. I *distinctly* recollect my surprise at seeing her come in such a way, and with so many horses, so I can't be deceived. The hack, I clearly remember, had a coat of arms on the panel: it was a *queer* coat of arms. I remember it distinctly. I could draw it with pen and ink. It was a shield—an oval shield—with a devil rampant climbing up one side, with a forked tail, and on the other side, the American eagle, with a human head that looked like President Pierce. I can't be mistaken!"

"Yet you *are*, Mr. Huggins. No such carriage *ever* stopped at the door."

"But I can *see* Aunt Sarah getting out of it. *I* helped her out. I remember she had a live lobster in one hand, and a little baby, that seemed to have wings on its naked heels, in the other."

"But Aunt Sarah is an old maid."

"I know it; but there was the baby! I took it from her, and it scratched me like a cat, and became a fierce tom-cat in my arms, and I had to let it go; and as for the lobster, it turned into a red reticule. I see it all now. It was no dream. I remember one of the lobster's claws was broken off, and that the cat had half its tail cut off!"

"Now," said his good wife, to her husband,—"now you ought to be convinced that it was a dream."

"Dreams are not real. Yet here all is clear. Why, I recollect your aunt shook hands with me. She wore red satin shoes and a man's hat: it was a wide-awake hat. I recollect that a hole was burnt in it by a spark, she said, from the locomotive, as she came down. Besides, I paid the hackman for her. The charge was a dollar. I recollect paying it in twenty-five cent shin-plasters. You know the package I have had laid by in my desk for years as a curiosity; well, I happened to have four of them in my left hand vest pocket. I offered them to the driver, not doubting but he would receive them. He took them cheerfully, and drove off. Besides—"

"My dear husband, you have dreamed all about this."

"Are dreams more real than our waking life? I don't see holes burned in hats by locomotive sparks down town. I never notice what hats people have on. But here I saw all so clear—"

"Dreams *are* clearer sometimes, Simon, to some folks than reality, and I believe they are to you."

"But I am convinced that it could be no dream."

"I will convince you. How many shin-plasters, as you call them, had you in the package in the secretary?"

"Just twelve."

"Now go and see if four are missing."

Mr. Huggins unlocked his desk, counted the shin plasters—eight—nine—ten—*eleven*—TWELVE!

"They are *all* here! You *must* be right, wife. Then I *must* have *dreamed* it!"

One day, Mr. Huggins returned from Albany, where he had been for two days on business; for he was a large produce merchant. Upon coming into the house, he emptied his pockets of two doll babies, a tin trumpet, sundry picture-books, a pound of "mixed sugar-plums," and from a package, which he unfolded, presented to his wife half a dozen worked baby caps and long white infant robes to match.

"Why, Simon, what are all these?" exclaimed Mrs. Amelia Huggins, who, in eleven years of married life, had never presented her husband with any little heads for babies' caps, nor any little bodies for infant garments, the two being childless. "What *have* you brought home?"

"Caps, toys and dresses for both the children."

"Children? What children, Mr. Huggins?"

"Ours, to be sure! Here is a little hat and feather for little Simon, Jr., and a wooden sword, and here are caps and gowns for little Jemima. I had to guess at the size, but telling the lady where I bought 'em that it was eight months old and Simon two years and ten months, I got exact fits. Send for them, and try them on. Where are the little dears?" and Mr. Huggins's benevolent countenance shone with paternal affection.

"Why, Mr. Huggins, you must be either tipsy or you mean to insult *me!*" And his wife, who fondly enough loved her lord, began to shed tears.

"Tipsy? You know I am a temperance man. I never take anything, you are well aware. Why these tears? Let me see the children, and give them—"

Here an exclamation between a scream and a laugh appalled Mr. Huggins. He believed his wife was going into hysterics. But she spoke distinctly as she waved him off.

"You have been dreaming, Mr. Huggins."

"Dreaming? Impossible! Dreaming about my children? Have we not two living children—a girl and a boy? The girl named Jemima, christened in the Roman Catholic cathedral, by Rev. Dr. Mulenburg, at midnight, and the boy Simon, with blue eyes and rosy cheeks, and the gash on his temples he got when he fell over the bathing machine down at Rockaway last summer. Tell me, is it all a dream?"

"It *must* be, Simon. I am not so happy a mother," she said, sadly. "What a dreadful habit you have of dreaming and mixing up your dreams with the scenes of the day!"

Mr. Huggins laid his hand upon his brows. He seemed to painfully reflect. He looked sad and troubled and disappointed. His eyes fell on the toys and the baby-dresses, and he shook his head heavily.

"Well, Jane, it is all as if it had been real. I must, however, have dreamed it. It is a sad disappointment. I must have dreamed it all on board the steamboat going up the Hudson the first night, on Tuesday. It was a dream of three years in one night. Why, I remember ten thousand incidents of it. I recollect when Simon cut his first tooth, and how Dr. ——— came to lance the gums; and it was the night Jemima was born, when I was running after Dr. Cheesman, that I was chased and captured by a watchman as a thief running away, and was taken to the lockup and kept there in unendurable agony till morning; and while there, my pocket was picked of some loose gold and silver!"

"All a dream, Simon."

"Well, then, I live in my dreams, and am asleep when I am awake," answered Mr. Huggins, with a despairing look of bewilderment. "Why, don't you recollect when Jemima was born there was a great earthquake? and that there were fifty vessels swallowed up at Hellgate at once? You recollect *that*, for it was in the newspapers!" he said, emphatically.

"My dear Simon, there has been no earthquake, nor were any vessels swallowed up in Hellgate. Mr. Mallefort has exploded rocks there, and—the fact is, you had best give it all up. It is all a dream—baby, earthquake, lost vessels and all!"

"Well!" sighed Mr. Huggins. And that is all Mr. Huggins said. He kicked the tin trumpet across the room, walked determinedly over the picture books, grinding the features out of the visage of old Goody Two-Shoes, and kicking the baby's caps hither and thither with fiery disappointment. Mrs. Huggins, who was a pretty, sensible and loveable woman, laughed, and yet an expression of sadness came over her fine face.

"Poor Simon!" she said, as he banged the street door; "what a pity it is he should dream so distinctly and vividly! He don't seem to know half the time which world is the real one—that of dreams or of day-light."

This remark was full of truth. Mr. Huggins, from some metaphysical peculiarity, was a vivid dreamer. He did not dream often,—was not an "everyday dreamer;" but when he *did* dream, he did it so effectually that, for days afterwards, he was perplexed and mystified, and greatly embarrassed in his business operations.

One day, not long after the affair of the two babies, Mr. Huggins received a letter from a correspondent in Charleston, S. C., desiring him to ship to him so much wheat, so many casks of hams, so many thousand pounds of butter, etc.

This order was accompanied by drafts to the amount of $9000 on New York banks. It came in very good time; for Mr. Huggins had not been so successful in some recent speculations as he hoped to have been, and he had a note of sixteen thousand dollars to pay in bank on the Saturday coming, which he was at his wit's end how to raise, as all his available means were in circulation, and could not be recalled. The day he received the letter from Charleston, he had but six thousand dollars with which to pay his note.

"This is all in good time," he said. "I can borrow the other thousand, and that will save my credit." So the next day he deposited the checks, and with his cash in hand redeemed his note. The day after, he sent his clerk to the storehouse, where he kept his merchandize, to ship the articles in question. He even went himself to see them done, and went on board the brig Cornelia to see that they were properly stowed. He even walked with the captain to the custom-house to see him get his manifest and full clearance. And it being a pleasant day and a fine air, he accepted the captain's invitation to go down as far as the Narrows with him, and return on the tow-boat. He had a delightful passage. The sea air invigorated him; but he was so unfortunate as to lose his hat overboard, which immediately sunk. Upon the captain, who had a wart on the left eyebrow, expressing his surprise and regret that it sunk so soon, Mr. Huggins explained it, with a sorrowful air, by stating that it contained a package of daguerreotypes he had had taken that day of his wife and his four children,—a family group!

Mr. Huggins was pleased with the dinner. To be sure, the captain had a large number of guests, there being not less than twenty-seven sea captains at the table, and among them Captain Paul Jones. Mr. Huggins was charmed with the commodore, and on expressing his surprise to find him alive and looking so young, he was perfectly satisfied by the answer made by the commodore, that the report of his death was a mistake.

"People must have dreamed it, then, sir," was the observation of Mr. Huggins, to which the commodore (whom Mr. Huggins noticed had but one eye, and that in the middle of his forehead) politely bowed acquiescence.

The dinner passed off admirably. "It was the feast of reason and the flow of soul." Besides the twenty-seven sea captains, Mr. Huggins had the honor of taking wine with eleven reporters of the city papers, who had been invited guests to do honor to the departure of the brig. At length, the brig got outside, and Mr. Huggins, shaking hands with the captain, whom he now, for the first time, noticed had a huge wooden nose painted blue, went on board the steam-tug to return to the city. To his surprise, not one of the twenty-seven captains budged, all of whom he now perceived had taken blue wooden noses out of their pockets and put them on; and he was told by one of the eleven reporters, who wore a tall newspaper cap on his head, with a cock's feather stuck in it, that it was a filibuster expedition, and that it was not going to Charleston at all, and that he had been deceived in shipping on her!

But Mr. Huggins, though at first appalled, began to feel easy at the idea that he had *dreamed* she was a filibuster, and that, in reality, she was all he took her to be.

"I must have *dreamed* that this reporter told me she is a filibuster," he said. "Why, there is my friend, the captain, then there are the twenty-seven captains that I dined with, all going out to meet their ships at sea; why, to be sure, I dreamed that this reporter told me she was a filibuster!" So he contented himself, and went back to the city rejoicing in having shipped so good a bill of goods, and all paid for.

On the arrival of the steam-tug back at the Battery wharf, Mr. Huggins, in stepping on shore, was shoved from the plank by a fat man with five children in his arms, and knocked into the water. He felt himself sinking and sinking until he touched bottom. He was no swimmer; so he tried to walk out along the bottom. But the water rushed into his ears, nostrils and mouth, and he soon felt himself strangling. He thought of his wife and four children, how they would weep for him, and how his business would go to ruin, and then he lost all consciousness for a moment—but only for a moment. He seemed all at once to be in a world of light and glory ineffable. Palaces, cities, temples, thrones, gardens, music, angels, gorgeous scenes every instant changing, passed before his vision, or, rather, he passed through.

He was conducted to a beautiful house that seemed to be one pearl sprinkled with gold. Here a lovely being, who, as he thought, his wife resembled, gave him a pair of purple wings and a harp of gold. He was then led into a lovely garden, and made acquainted with countless celestial beings. They welcomed him with songs, and invited him to join their company. He did so, happy and at peace at the idea that he was in heaven at last.

Years passed away, and cycles of years, and each hour brought with it a new joy. At length, after many thousands of years, he happened to wander too far from the realms of joy, and lost his way. He came, at last, to an opening, and fell through. He fell, and fell, and fell—down—down—down, falling for a thousand years, until he saw the earth beneath! Under him was New York city. He recognized it readily. He began to fear he would be killed by the fall; but, fortunately, he descended into the water, close to the Battery wharf, and disappeared beneath the surface. In a moment he found himself grasped by a strong arm and raised to the top of the water, and dragged upon the plank from which so many thousands of years ago he had fallen. He opened his eyes and found the people rubbing him and pumping the water out of his stomach. He was soon restored. He shortly got to his feet, and thanking them, was put into a carriage and drove homeward.

He wondered if his wife and children were alive. It could not be. But, on reaching his house, he found all as he had left it. He entered the house, and was met by his wife, who expressed no particular surprise, receiving him as if he had just come up from the store after a few hours' absence. He told her his adventures, and kissed his four children, who ran in to welcome him.

She assured him he had been dreaming again about the drowning, and that he was not even wet, and could not have fallen into the water.

"Perhaps so. I recollect, after the dinner, that I fell asleep

on the tug-boat coming up. I dare say I did dream; but it was a pleasant one. If heaven is like that place, I shall try, the rest of my life, to get there, wife."

He then spoke of the fortunate order from Charleston, and how it had enabled him to pay his note, with the thousand dollars he had borrowed of Burns, Brothers & Co.

The fourth day after Mr. Huggins had received the Charleston letter and drafts, and the day after he had paid his note so nicely, he left with his wife to go for a week to Lebanon Springs. He passed a pleasant time there, and returned to the city in improved health and spirits. No notes to pay in bank, and business prosperous, he was a happy man, as he ought to be.

The next morning, he went down to his counting-room. The first thing he saw on his table was a little, ugly-looking note to this purport:

"Sir,—Your note for $16,000 was this day protested for non-payment."

Mr. Huggins looked appalled. A second note lay before him:

"Sir,—Your note, endorsed by us, has been protested. We must express our amazement at your neglect. You will please take it up and explain. Yours, RABBIT, BLABBIT & Co."

"Not more amazed than I am!" ejaculated Mr. Huggins.

A third note lay before him. It was from a notary. While he was gazing upon these notes, bewildered, he saw Burns, senior, come in.

"Now," thought Huggins, "here is more trouble. They want the thousand dollars I borrowed of 'em to pay this note, which yet seems not to have been paid."

"Will you sell me a thousand bushels of wheat, Huggins?"

"About the thousand I borrowed?"

"Of us?"

"Yes."

"You borrowed no money of us."

"I did, and of you in person. You gave me your check on the Atlantic Bank."

"Never! We have no funds there."

"Then—then—merciful heavens! can I have dreamed it? Yes,—you shall have the wheat. Thimpkins!" to his book-keeper and cashier.

"Sir?"

"Did I or did I not receive a letter containing nine thousand dollars in drafts from Charleston?"

"Yes, sir. Here it is."

Huggins read the letter.

"Where is the draft?"

"Here it is in the safe, sir!"

"Why, did I not pay it to the bank and take up my sixteen thousand dollar note?"

"No, sir. The note is not due until to-morrow!"

"Then, in the name of horror, what mean these protests?"

"Mr. *Huggins!—Mister* Huggins! Wake up! you are dreaming some horrid dream again! You will lay on your back so!"

Punch—punch—punch! then a dash of water from his wife's hand into his face, and Mr. Huggins woke up. He rubbed his eyes. It was daylight.

"Why, Jane! What—what! Am I *here?* I thought I was in my counting-room. I must have been *dreaming!* What a horrible dream! Am I not protested, then?"

"*I* am the one to protest. I never heard such doings. Anybody would think you were drowning!"

"Well, thank Heaven! it is all a dream. What day of the month is this?"

"The nineteenth."

"Then it was only yesterday I got that Charleston letter."

"There it is, and the draft in it, on the bureau, where you put it when you came to bed."

"Bless me, so it is! What a concatenation of dreams! what dream on dream I have had! Then my note is not due till to-morrow. I have dreamed *that* right at any rate. Wife, have we been to Lebanon?"

"No."

"Have we any children?"

"What a stupid! *No!*"

"Did I ship my wheat and bacon on the Cornelia?"

"She hasn't got in yet, I heard your clerk say yesterday."

"That is true. It has been a dream, from beginning to end, ever since I got that letter. Bless me! I live more with my eyes shut than I do with them open, and transact more business on my back asleep than on my feet awake. What shall I do?"

"Give up ale and oyster suppers at eleven o'clock."

"Dear me!"

"Yes,—that is it, husband."

"I will try it."

Mr. Huggins was as good as his word. He left off oyster suppers and ale, and his dreams left him.

If any of our readers mix up life and dreams together, we advise them to leave off night suppers, or some night they may dream they have paid a note in bank and be at ease, and next day find a protest on their desk.

HEROISM.—Heroism, in fact, is rarely understood to be, simply—uncompromised duty! Heroism, which is not duty, is but a dream of the dark ages. Duty that is not performed with the spirit of a hero is but the mortar and the brick of hard bondage. The hero understood this who proclaimed to his heroes no premature pæans of secure victory, no highly-wrought representations of martial glory, but the simple words: "England expects every man to do his duty!" and the aggregate of individual duty was triumphant heroism. In the daily walks of life, unseen and unadmired, there may exist the truest heroic elements, and "all may find, if they dare choose, a glorious life and grave" in the sphere of common-place duty.—*Brewster.*

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

CHARLES WESTON'S ADVERTISEMENT.

BY HARRIET A. DAVISON.

CHARLES WESTON was very handsome, talented and rich; but he had some very romantic notions which caused him to behave and appear at times very absurdly. He was an only son, and having arrived at a suitable age, namely, twenty-six, his parents were perpetually urging him to choose himself a wife from among his many lady acquaintances; but that Charles did not seem at all inclined to do.

In the "Star of Beauty," a journal of fashion and romance, issued weekly, he had read a story which pleased him very much. The story treated of the struggles of a young man in a like position with himself, who had advertised for a wife, and obtained one, who proved gentle, amiable and refined; and the story closed with a rose-colored picture of his happiness. It was written in such life-like style, and the joy and delight of such a romantic method of obtaining a wife was painted in such glowing colors, that Charles determined upon following the same course himself; consequently, when his next number of the Star came, he read with delight his own advertisement, worded as follows:

"A young man, of the highest respectability and most unexceptionable habits, is desirous of becoming acquainted with a young, pretty and accomplished lady, with the view of making her his wife, should their tastes prove congenial. Address C. W., Box 1211, New York post-office."

Spending the winter with the Westons, was a niece of Mrs. Weston,—Carrie Spencer, a lively, bright girl, and the following letter, which she indited to a bosom friend—Susie Lee,—may be interesting:

"DEAR SUSIE,—This is written in great haste, so, without preamble, I will dash right into the middle. I have found Cousin Charles very handsome (he was a fright when I last saw him—nine years ago), pleasant, and all that sort of thing; but all his sense—and he has considerable—is completely concealed by some of the most romantic—absurdly romantic—notions any mortal was ever possessed of. The other day, he sent to the Star of Beauty an advertisement for a wife, which I want you to answer, and that immediately. I have read all the answers he has received, and they are absolutely distressing; for you know as well as I that no really sensible person would answer any such advertisement. I want you to answer, writing elegantly and with a large sprinkling of romance, and sign yourself Nelly Hammond, that I may know which is yours, and act accordingly; for you must know that my good, foolish cousin has made me his confidant in this 'the most momentous act of his life.' Don't forget, and we will see if we can't cure him of his absurd notions. CARRIE SPENCER."

Charles had received any quantity of letters; the common sense he really possessed prevented him from replying to any of the sappy, flushy epistles. He was beginning to be disgusted, not with the idea, but his success and the wording of his advertisement, upon which he laid all the blame of his failure, when he was pleased by the receipt of a dainty little note. The note was written on paper of the palest green tinge, and in a very delicate running hand. The contents were as follows:

"FRIEND C. W.—Your advertisement met my eye this morning, and the tone was so manly and generous, and I felt as if I could not resist answering it, in spite of some misgivings I have, that you will scarcely deign to look at my poor little note, as I feel sure that you must have had, ere this, innumerable answers far outshining mine in elegance and brilliancy. When I read your advertisement, my heart expanded, for I felt that at last I had found what I had been struggling after and dreaming for—a congenial spirit. You may smile, perhaps,—a proud, contemptuous smile,—at this; but my heart told me plainly that I had at last found my mate. I hardly dare express the wish which is causing my heart to throb, and yet if you would condescend to answer this, I should be unspeakably happy. Any letter directed to Miss Nelly Hammond, box 38, Troy post-office, N. Y., will be received with intense joy."

No words can express the delight of Charles Weston as he showed the letter to his cousin Carrie. She read it with a serious face, and, in a grave tone, advised Charles to answer. Her advice was, of course, followed, and in less than an hour a letter, directed to Miss Nelly Hammond, was safely lodged in the post-office, and Charles Weston turned his steps homeward, feeling much more like dancing than walking soberly along.

It is needless to transcribe the whole of the correspondence. Each letter made Charles more in love with and impatient to see his fair (?) correspondent. At last, he asked to be allowed to visit her in Troy, and if she refused him that, to send him her daguerreotype. The next letter was awaited for anxiously. It came, containing a refusal to allow him to visit her, because he might do so in a short time in New York, where she was intending to make a visit, and saying she had sent her daguerreotype by express.

It came, and Charles, with trembling fingers, opened the little case, and saw—a female figure, enveloped in a heavy shawl, and large bonnet, and the features completely concealed by a thick veil. At first, Charles was angry, but before long began to look upon it as a joke. Letters continued to pass between them, and the last had announced that in two days, at four o'clock P. M., Mr. Charles Weston might see his correspondent by calling at No. 98, Murray Street.

The intervening days passed slowly. An hour before the time, Mr. Charles Weston was mingling with the crowd in Broadway. As he passed Stuart's, he paused, feeling very desirous of entering and purchasing some elegant present, and he would have done so had he not met a friend, and so he merely bowed and passed on, solacing himself with the thought that the handsome ring set with pearls he carried in his pocket, would do for the first time.

At last the clock struck four, and Charles rushed across Broadway and sped down Murray Street. Arrived at the door, his heart beat and his hand trembled so violently that he felt tempted to turn back. A moment's pause, and he gave the bell a quick, nervous pull, which almost broke the wire, and caused the bell to ring violently. The summons was answered by a slovenly-looking servant girl, who asked, bluntly: "What do you want?"

"Is Miss Hammond at home?" asked Charles, in a low tone.

"There's half a dozen Miss Hammonds living here; do you want to see all, or only one?"

More than ever, Charles felt tempted to retreat; but the remembrance of his cousin, Carrie Spencer, deterred him, and, with an attempt at indifference and self-possession, he said:

"I wish to see Miss Nelly Hammond."

"Don't know whether she's to home or not. I'll see, if you will wait," and stepping a little farther into the hall to the foot of the stairs, she bawled out with the whole strength of a pair of sound lungs: "Miss Hammond, is Nelly to home?"

"Yes," answered a little, thin, wiry voice from the attic apparently. "What's wanted?"

"A gentleman wants to see her!" again bawled out the strong voiced servant; while Charles stood trembling on the steps, fearing, each moment, some one of his numerous acquaintances would pass him standing there.

The thin voice from above directed the girl to show him into the parlor, and Nelly would be down pretty soon. Charles followed the girl into the very light and tasteless room, and seated himself upon the sofa. He was obliged to wait a long while before Miss Nelly Hammond appeared, and had leisure to examine the room and its contents. There was a very old-fashioned piano, shell-table and little light-stand surmounted by a huge moss cottage, looking-glass pond and glass ducks, on one side of the room; on the other side, opposite to Charles, was an old-fashioned fire-place, and the mantel-shelf was really covered with plaster images, yellow glass candlesticks, stuffed birds and cheap china vases filled with tissue-paper flowers. The third side was occupied by chairs and stools, and a large mahogany table literally covered with books, shell-boxes, cologne bottles, daguerreotypes and other trash.

Just as Charles had determined upon examining the miniature, the door opened, and Miss Hammond entered. She was of medium height and had very bright complexion and light hair, but her eyebrows were black and her eyes concealed by blue goggles. Her hair was braided, and puffed, and curled, and trimmed, in every possible way, with orange ribbon, which was fastened in the most impossible ways by silver arrows and doves. She wore a black silk basque, marvellously tight and ill setting, and a very full orange and black plaid silk skirt; an enormous cotton lace collar and buff gloves completed the dress of this maiden..

Charles Weston stood appalled by this sight. Miss Nelly gave a little scream, and retreated to the door, as she murmured:

"I thought there was somebody here what wanted to see me."

"If you are Miss Nelly Hammond, I wanted to see you. I am Charles Weston."

"Charles Weston?" drawled out Miss Hammond. "I never heard of you, nor any person by that name. I don't know no Charles Weston. I never saw you!"

"I know you never did," replied Charles, feeling as if he must explain. "But I have been corresponding with you, and you appointed this house as a place of meeting. I came here, true to my promise. I feel astonished that you do not recollect my name."

"I never heard it before. I never wrote a letter to any one called Weston in my life. I mean to call Aunt Hammond!" and bursting into tears, the girl turned to the door.

"Good heavens, stop!" exclaimed Charles, springing to the door and placing his hand on the handle. "There has been some mistake which must be explained. Pray be seated."

The girl seated herself on the chair nearest the door, and was now weeping and rocking her body to and fro, while now and then such words as the following became audible between her sobs:

"O dear! It's all turned out just as ma told me. O dear! what shall I do! She said as how if I came to this great big city, 'cause I was pretty wicked people would enter my aunt's house on false pretensions, and I'd be carried off or killed. O dear sakes!"

"I beseech you to be calm," said Charles. "I will explain all," and he hurriedly told her what had led him to come there.

During the recital, the girl forgot to cry, and appeared to be very much interested in the story. When Charles had finished speaking and rose to go, she said:

"Why, how silly I have been all this time! I don't believe but what it is a young lady what came yesterday to board with my aunt, and didn't like, and went away this morning. And now I think she gave me a note to give to Mr. Weston, if he called;" and leaving the room, she soon returned with a little pale green note. Charles opened it impatiently and read:

"I have thought to teach you a lesson, and hope I have not failed. Go home and destroy all evidence of your folly, and be advised that common sense will show you a safer and surer road to happiness than romance. N. H."

Charles Weston folded up the note, and returned home. The next day he handed Carrie a ring set with pearls, saying:

"Take it, Carrie, and all my romance with it."

Not a year passed before Charles Weston married Miss Susie Lee, Carrie's dear friend. After they were married, Susie confessed her deception, and dressed in the black basque and orange plaid skirt to prove to Charles that, after all, he had married Miss Nelly Hammond, and obtained the wife he advertised for.

STATE STREET, NEW LONDON, FROM THE DEPOT.

NEW LONDON, CONNECTICUT.

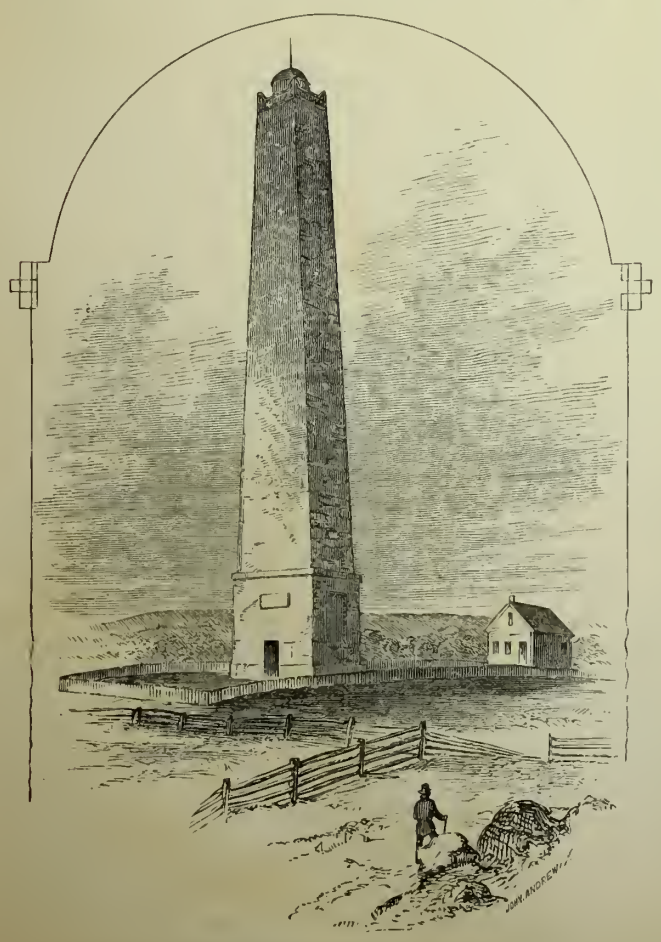
M. M. Ballou, Esq.: *Dear Sir,*—In my last I endeavored to give you some account of Woonsocket, R. I., and its immediate vicinity. In the present letter I propose to delineate the peculiarities of a much more interesting locality, so far as my humble pen and pencil are capable of doing. It is not without a feeling of hesitancy that I approach the task, for the ground we are about to tread is hallowed by the blood of martyrs in that glorious cause for which our fathers sacrificed everything but honor. Look about you, as you enter the harbor from the Sound, on the deck of the little steamer which plies between Stonington and the city we are approaching. On the right, towering toward the clouds, stands the monument which commemorates the massacre of those noble yeomen, who lost their lives within the walls of the fort, whose rugged outlines are seen at its foot. On the left is Fort Trumbull, whose frowning ramparts occupy the site of the one our sires defended; while behind it is seen the city, which, Phœnix-like, has arisen from the ashes of its former self. Every object which meets your gaze is replete with historic interest. The noble estuary, whose waters are parted by the prow of the little steamer, was once familiar with the paddle of the Pequot and the Mohegan, when Uncas, the rebel chief, braved the authority of Sassacus, his rightful lord, and the white man was a stranger in the land. Its shores are dyed with the blood of the red man and the pale-faces, shed in the contest for supremacy, and have witnessed the marshalling of armies, and the battling of hosts, when the white man fought with his kindred for dominion. The hills around have reflected the glare of a burning town, when that arch-traitor, whose name is a by-word of ignominy and reproach, sealed his infamy in the blaze of his neighbors' homes. The approach to the city from the sound presents natural beauties, too, of no mean order. The morning of my arrival, however, was by no means calculated to heighten the coloring of any landscape; a cold, dull atmosphere, and a slight, drizzling rain, chilling the feelings which naturally rise in the breast, in viewing the picturesque features of such a scene as is displayed to the eye, in rounding the bold promontory on which is situated Fort Trumbull, and the whole vista of the city and its environs bursts upon the view. The city of New London is built upon an elevated semicircle, which projects from the western shore into the river Thames, which, a few miles above the sound, widens into a capacious harbor, wherein ships of war find secure anchorage in the lowest tides. A short distance below is another peninsula, which effectually closes in the harbor, and shuts out the view in coming up the river. Passing the portal, you enter the amphitheatre, which, rising from the water, is bounded by the high grounds in the distance, on which are built many private residences, that peep out from among the foliage, like gems in a setting of brilliant green. On the right, the village of Groton, nestling at the foot, and creeping up the sides of the rocky heights which form the eastern banks of the river, exhibits a strong contrast to the more compact city opposite, while the rugged and rocky steeps present features bold and strongly marked, forming altogether a *tout ensemble* very pleasing and attractive. A closer approach to the city dispels in a measure the illusion which distance lends, and a feeling of disappointment takes possession of the beholder as he lands at a mean dock, and enters the main street of the city. A glance at the engraving which stands at the head of this page will convey a better idea of the appearance of this portion of the city than any description. The drawing was made from a daguerreotype that I had taken while there. Like a skilful general, I first sought a "basis of operations" immediately on my arrival, and was fortunate in my selection of the City Hotel, kept by Messrs. Cady and Root, and situated on the main street (State Street), a short distance from the depot. I can recommend the table of this house as all that can be desired by the most fastidious, and if they entertain all their friends as I was entertained, the most exacting would have no cause of complaint. These gentlemen have recently taken charge of this house, and seem disposed to make it one of the best hotels in the State. Mr. Root generously devoted his time to me during my stay at the place, and I owe him many thanks for his kindness and consideration. We sallied out together, and visited first the house of the Nameaug Engine Company, represented on this page. This company is widely and favorably known by firemen and citizens. They were organized April 18, 1850, having previously been in service two years under another name. They now number on the active and honorary rolls about 100 men. They are an independent corps—owning their apparatus, etc., and number in their ranks men of all trades and professions, banded together in one common brotherhood. These young men—the *élite* of the city—are annually at a great expense in maintaining the efficiency of their organization. The engine-room below is fitted with all the conveniences necessary to promote the objects of benevolence for which they are sustained. It is enjoyed as a club-room, is furnished with marble wash-basins, a hose-tower, closets, and all the necessary fixtures for comfort and cleanliness. But the great attraction is the noble "Nameaug" herself. This powerful machine, the pride of her company, is a large double-decked engine, with 10 inch pumps, capable of being worked by 48 men. She plays, when necessary, six streams, frequently using over 1200 feet of hose, and has been of inestimable service to New London. She forms, together with the accompanying hose-carts, the prominent feature of the lower room. But let us visit the hall above. On entering it one would suppose himself in the palatial dwelling of one of our "merchant princes." The floor is covered with a costly carpet of softest texture and beautiful design, a large and richly wrought chandelier suspended from the ceiling, and the whole spacious apartment filled with magnificent carved rosewood furniture, sofas and chairs covered with blue and gold silk brocatelle, desks, luxurious arm-chairs, a splendid piano, paintings, marble-covered tables, and all the usual articles of luxury and elegance ever found in the houses of the aristocracy. The Nameaugs have several thousand dollars invested in the engine-house and furniture. The house is situated on a back street, the name of which has slipped my memory, just in the rear of the new City Hall, corner of Union and State Streets. This latter building, now in course of erection, will, in connection with the Congregational Church, on the opposite corner, prove to be handsome ornaments to this portion of the city, and excite in the minds of its citizens a taste for architectural adornments commensurate with their growth in other respects. The City Hall is after the design of Mr. Hallett, is to be 50 by 52 feet, and the estimated cost is $60,000; the lot cost, so I was informed, $10,000. The basement, which is of freestone, and rusticated, is the only portion erected. The Congregational Church, on the opposite

CITY HALL, NEW LONDON

NAMEAUG ENGINE HOUSE, NEW LONDON.

FORTS GRISWOLD AND TRUMBULL, NEW LONDON.

corner, is certainly one of the handsomest specimens of church architecture I have ever seen. It occupies the site of the old Congregational Meeting-House, built in 1786. In 1849–50 this edifice was taken down, and the present imposing structure raised. The stone, which is of granite, was quarried out of the foundation and from a neighboring ledge. The cost of the building was about $43,000, and the architect was Leopold Eidlitz, of New York. The main features of the design belong to the most ancient Gothic style; the arches are semi-circular, the recess for the pulpit semi-octagonal, and the side windows double, with a broad column in the centre. The architectural design and proportions of the building, with the open, airy appearance of the campanile or bell tower, and the light and graceful spire, harmonize well with the elevated position of the building and color of the stone. After making sketches of these buildings, I returned to the hotel to dinner. After dinner I procured the assistance of a daguerreotypist to take the view of State Street, given at the commencement of this article. It was not a favorable day, but I succeeded in getting a picture, and then jumped on board the diminutive steam ferry-boat and crossed to Groton. To one accustomed to the boats of the Jersey City and Brooklyn ferries, the craft which runs on the Thames appears rude and dwarfish enough. However, we are admonished to "speak well of the bridge which carries us safe over;" and, as in due course of time I was landed upon the other side in safety, I suppose I must not find fault with its accommodation, size or speed. Turning to the right from the ferry, I commenced the rather steep and rugged ascent, and in a few minutes stood in the presence of the monument shown at the lower left hand corner of this page. This structure stands on the brow of what is now called Mount Ledyard, in honor of the brave but unfortunate commander of the fort which stands near, where so many brave men lost their lives in the murderous foray of the traitor Arnold, and his tory and Hessian troops. The anniversary of the massacre was celebrated for many years afterward, but towards the close of the last century, the Rev. Henry Channing preached a sermon on the occasion of its celebration, taking for his text, "If thine enemy hunger, give him bread to eat; if he thirst, give him drink," in which he animadverted with considerable force upon the disposition which kept alive the hatred engendered by the occurrence, and the celebration thereof was discontinued; but an earnest desire was shown to commemorate the bravery and unfortunate deaths of the victims of the massacre. A celebration was held in 1825, at which it was decided to erect a suitable monument near the spot. The legislature was memorialized, and granted a lottery for the purpose; the funds were raised, and the corner-stone laid with appropriate ceremonies on the 6th of September, 1826, and the monument was completed in 1830. The stone of which it is built was quarried in the immediate vicinity. The base is 26 feet square, and the shaft diminishes to 12 feet at the top, where is a circular iron cage, which prevents the possibility of accident. It is 127 feet in height, and a winding flight of 168 steps affords access to the platform, from whence a magnificent view of the surrounding country is obtained. Over the entrance, on a marble tablet, is the following inscription: "This monument was erected under the patronage of the State of Connecticut, A. D. 1830, and in the 55th year of the independence of the U. S. A., in memory of the brave patriots who fell in the massacre at Fort Griswold, near this spot, on the 6th of September, A. D. 1781, when the British, under command of the traitor Benedict Arnold, burned the towns of New London and Groton, and spread desolation and woe throughout this region." Within the monument stands another marble tablet, which formerly occupied a niche on the southern side, and which bears the names of the 84 patriots who fell in the fort; among which there are nine by the name of Avery; four Lesters; three Allyns, and three Chesters. Applying at the door of the little house which stands in the angle of the enclosure, after repeated knockings I roused the inmate, a sandy-headed boy, who, on the payment of a shilling and eight cents, supplied me with the massy key of the monument, and a printed pamphlet, containing the narrative of Stephen Hempstead, who was a participant in the battle, was seriously wounded, but fortunate enough to survive his wounds. When I approached the door, I was almost deterred from entering by a loud roaring sound, which indicated the strong draft passing up the interior. The openings at top and bottom being small, and a strong breeze blowing, the shaft acted the part of an immense chimney, and I had to press my hat firmly to my head to prevent it from preceding me on the upward journey. Locking myself in, however, I commenced the ascent. For a short distance all went well, but after a little while the light, which struggled feebly to illuminate the interior, was shut out entirely, and I found myself in impenetrable darkness. The steps grew smaller and "more beautifully less" as I proceeded, and to add to the interest, they appeared to crumble under my feet. Not more than six inches wide at the widest, and about two and a half or three at the narrowest part, and covered with what appeared to be dry mortar, which crumbled and slid under the feet, I must confess that the ascent was anything but pleasant. I would advise no one to ascend with ladies, as it requires considerable nerve. Arrived at the top, however, the splendid panorama presented to the eye amply repays the trouble. The base of the shaft is 139 feet above tide-water, and the observer is thus placed at an elevation of 257 feet, and overlooks a vast extent of country, which is spread at his feet like a map. The sound, with glittering sails passing to and fro, the extended rolling country, made up of cultivated fields, interspersed with belts and strips of woodland; rivers and streams between, looking like serpents of silvery hue, twining their sinuous course across the scene; with towns and villages dotting the landscape, and peeping out here and there; the city at our feet, with its busy hum, and numerous craft entering and leaving the harbor, with the fort beneath us, all conspire to form a picture rarely equalled, and of intense interest to the lover of nature as well as the student of history. No more appropriate spot could be selected, from whence to glance at the history of the country which is embraced within the scope of our vision. Let us turn over the chronicles, and see what we can glean from their teachings to enliven and add interest to the visit to so interesting a locality.



GROTON MONUMENT, OPPOSITE NEW LONDON.

CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH, NEW LONDON.

The entire region embraced within the bounds of the horizon was the country of the Pequots, and was the scene of many a bloody strife and warlike struggle between the Narragansetts and Mohegans; the Mohegans and Pequots, and the two former combined against the latter, when Capt Mason, with Miantinomoh and Uncas, utterly destroyed the Pequot fort upon the Mystic river, put to death by fire and sword seven hundred men, women and children, and wiped out their once powerful name from among the list of nations.

The first white settler was John Winthrop the younger, who, on the destruction of the Pequots, sought and obtained from the general court of Massachusetts a grant of Fisher's Island, situated in Long Island Sound, nearly opposite the mouth of the Thames. All the islands in the sound being considered within the jurisdiction of Connecticut, he applied to the general court of that State, which confirmed the grant; and when, in 1664, they were included in the patent of New York, he obtained from that State also a confirmation of his claim. His title was therefore confirmed by three different States. He did not appear to be in any hurry to locate, for after it was confirmed by Connecticut, he went to England, and was absent a long time. In 1644 the general court of Massachusetts granted him a "plantation at or near Pequod for iron works," and he commenced a settlement at Pequot harbor, now New London, in 1645. Associated with him was Thomas Peters, a clergyman, who had been ejected from his parish, in Cornwall, England, for non-conformity, and had, like many ot. fled to America. This gentleman entered heart and hand in the enterprise, and the elder Winthrop being governor of Massachusetts, every aid was rendered by that colony to the undertaking. Winthrop removed his family to "Nameaug"—so called from a remnant of the Pequot tribe who inhabited the west side of the river—and the settlement began to grow in numbers and importance.

The colony of Connecticut, wishing to obliterate the Pequot name, directed the Nameaug Indians to become subject to the rule of Uncas, the Mohegan chief—who had been a petty sachem under Sassacus the Pequot, but had rebelled and joined the whites previous to the tragedy at Mystic Fort—but they strenuously objected to submit to his yoke. The settlers at New London encouraging them in their objections, was the cause of much dissatisfaction on the part of Uncas, and for a long time fears were entertained that he might injure or attack the little settlement. This calamity was fortunately averted, and the embryo city flourished apace. Some idea may be formed of its growth, by the fact that in 1653, eight years after its settlement, it paid to the general court a tax rate of £3334, and ranked as the sixth town in the colony.

The safe and eligible harbor early attracted the attention of commercial men, and New London soon enjoyed a very important and valuable coastwise trade. In 1730 an association called "The New London Society of Trade and Commerce," was established on a grand scale, to carry trade into new channels, and operate largely; and for a time—being encouraged by the colonial government—it flourished; but losses and misfortunes impaired its resources, and having issued bills of credit, with which to sustain its sinking fortunes, it was dissolved, and went out of existence, not, however, without leaving much misery and suffering behind it, as the natural consequences of its mismanagement. Trade continued to increase; ships and smaller vessels were built, launched and fitted in her yards, and when the war of the Revolution broke out, it was a busy, thriving and populous place. Its inhabitants exhibited the most decided resistance to the oppressive measures of British ministers, and when Boston was called upon to suffer for its patriotic ardor, the New Londoners sympathized deeply in their cause, and took an active part in the struggle that soon commenced. In 1775 two forts were erected to protect the harbor, one on the point where now stands its namesake, Fort Trumbull, the other at Groton, which was called Fort Griswold. Several of the vessels of war which were ordered by Connecticut for the naval armament, were built at New London. Privateers were fitted out from here, and numerous prizes brought into the harbor, confiscated and sold. In 1777 a frigate of thirty-six guns was constructed on the Thames, by order of Congress, and under the direction of Capt. Huntington. While the British occupied New York, their vessels and convoys were frequently annoyed or captured by private armed vessels from New London, and it became unsafe for them to navigate the sound, so bold and audacious had the Yankee privateers become. This state of things excited the ire of the British commander, and he determined upon its destruction. Circumstances, however, delayed the consummation of the object until the 6th of September, 1781, when a British fleet of 24 vessels appeared off the harbor at daybreak, and landed a force of about two thousand troops, composed of British veterans, Hessians and tories, the whole under command of the infamous Benedict Arnold, who had recently returned from Virginia, where he had been engaged in similar expeditions, and who was now about to consummate the basest act of his life, and close his infamous career by burning the dwellings of his neighbors and old friends.

The alarm signal agreed upon to call for assistance from the country people in case of attack, was two minute guns from Fort Griswold. These were fired when the fleet was first discovered, but one of the vessels fired a single gun immediately afterwards, and as three guns was a signal of rejoicing over a prize, this stratagem altered the import of the signal, and proved that the enemy had been faithfully informed of all matters appertaining to the defence of the place. Everything was confusion in the doomed town. The inhabitants were hurrying to and fro, gathering their most valuable articles and placing them on board of the shipping in the river for safety, while others were hurriedly arming themselves and hastening to defend their homes as best they might. Col. William Ledyard was the military commandant of the district, Capt. Adam Shapley commanded at Fort Trumbull, and Capt. Wm. Latham at Fort Griswold. The former was a mere battery, not tenable when attacked from the land side, and orders were given to Capt. Shapley to evacuate in case of attack, and cross to Fort Griswold. Expresses were sent off to alarm the country, inform Gov. Trumbull, at Lebanon, and collect assistance; and Col. Ledyard hoped to be able to make an efficient defence. As he stepped into the boat to cross to Fort Griswold, after making every arrangement in his power, he said to some friends whose hands he pressed, "If I must lose to-day, either honor or life, you who know me, can tell which it will be."

The enemy, meanwhile, had landed in two divisions, one under Col. Eyre, composed of the 40th and 54th regiments of British regulars, and the third battalion of New Jersey volunteers, with a detachment of yagers and artillery, landed on the Groton side; while the other, composed of the 38th regiment of regulars, the loyal Americans, the American legion, refugees and a detachment of yagers, under the immediate command of Arnold, landed on the New London side, in a cove at Brown's farms, near the lighthouse, and marched direct for the town. A party of the inhabitants had collected, to the number of a hundred or more, armed with what came first to hand, and marched without leaders towards the point where the enemy were landing, but when they saw the overwhelming force with which they had to contend, they became disheartened and scattered in small parties to annoy the enemy's flanks. A small band threw themselves into an advanced battery, about half way between the light house and town, wherein were six iron cannon, and commenced a hot fire upon the advance of the British. They were forced to retire, however, without doing much damage, and the town lay at the mercy of the torch-bearing foe, who commenced immediately the work of destruction.

The shipping in the harbor was specially marked for the flames, and hence the attack of Col. Eyre upon Fort Griswold, which work commanded the harbor, and its possession by the British would have prevented their sailing up the river. The harbor was filled with vessels, and many were lying at the wharves; among the rest was a rich merchant ship called the "Hannah," recently captured from the British, whose valuable cargo had been taken out and placed in the stores on the wharves. These with all their contents, the shipping at the docks, all the public buildings of whatever kind, and a greater portion of the town, were given up to the flames and plunder. Justice to the traitor who commanded, however, leads me to give him the benefit of the doubt whether it was his intention or by his orders, that private property was destroyed. He expressly states in his report that he is indebted to "Capt. Stapleton (who acted as major of brigade) for his spirited conduct and assistance; in particular in the attack upon Fort Trumbull, and his endeavors to prevent plundering (when the stores were burnt), and the destruction of private buildings." He further says: "The whole of which (the cargo) was burnt with the stores, which proved to contain a large quantity of powder, unknown to us; the explosion of the powder, and change of wind, soon after the stores were fired, communicated the flames to part of the town, which was, notwithstanding every effort to prevent it, unfortunately destroyed." Numerous instances are on record, too, of officers protecting buildings and females from the torch and from insult, and in one case an officer chastised a soldier on the spot, for attempting to plunder from a female, who appealed to him for protection.

The change in the wind was favorable to the vessels at anchor in the harbor, and they slipped their cables and sailed up the river. Seeing this, Arnold "despatched a boat with an officer to Lieut. Col. Eyre, to countermand his first order to attack the fort, but the officer arrived *a few minutes too late.*" What an unfortunate few minutes too late was that! How many valuable lives had been spared, and how much of misery been saved to weeping relatives! how much of human suffering and agony had been prevented, could those few minutes have been recalled! One of the saddest pages of American history had never been written!

The record of events on the east side is best given in the narrative of Stephen Hempstead, who participated in the contest at Fort Griswold, and was severely wounded and left for dead, which I subjoin:

"I was first sergeant of Captain Adam Shapley's company of State troops, and was stationed with him at the time, with about twenty-three men, at Fort Trumbull, on the New London side. This was a mere breastwork or water battery, open from behind, and the enemy coming on us from that quarter, we spiked our cannon and commenced a retreat across the river to Fort Griswold in three boats. The enemy were so near that they overshot us with their muskets, and succeeded in capturing one boat commanded by Josiah Smith, a private. They afterwards proceeded to New London and burnt the town. We were received by the garrison with enthusiasm, being considered experienced artiderists, whom they much needed, and we were immediately assigned our stations.

"The fort was an oblong square, with bastions at opposite angles, the longest side fronting the river in a northwest and southeast direction. Its walls were of stone, and were ten or twelve feet high on the lower side, and were surrounded by a ditch. On the wall were pickets projecting over twelve feet; above this was a parapet with embrasures, and within, a platform for the cannon, and a step to mount to shoot over the parapet with small arms. In the southwest bastion was a flag-staff, and in that side near the opposite angle was the gate, in front of which was a triangular breastwork to protect the gate; and to the right of this was a redoubt, with a three pounder in it, which was about one hundred and twenty yards from the gate.

"Between the fort and the river was another battery, with a covered way, but which could not be used in this attack, as the enemy appeared in a different quarter. The garrison, with the volunteers, consisted of about one hundred and sixty men. Soon after our arrival the enemy appeared in force in some woods about half a mile southeast of the fort, from whence they sent a flag of truce, which was met by Captain Shapley, demanding an unconditional surrender, threatening at the same time to storm the fort instantly, if the terms were not accepted. A council of war was held, and it was the unanimous voice, that the garrison was unable to defend themselves against so superior a force. But a militia colonel, who was then in the fort, and had a body of men in the immediate vicinity, said he would reinforce them with two or three hundred men in fifteen minutes, if they would hold out; Colonel Ledyard agreed to send back a defiance, upon the most solemn assurance of immediate succor. For this purpose, the colonel started, his men being in sight; but he was no more seen, nor did he attempt a diversion in our favor.

"When the answer to their demand had been returned by Capt. Shapley, the enemy were soon in motion, and marched with great rapidity, in a solid column, to within a short distance of the fort, where, dividing the column, they rushed furiously and simultaneously to the assault of the southwest bastion and the opposite sides. They were, however, repulsed with great slaughter, their commander mortally wounded, and Major Montgomery, next in rank, killed, having been thrust through the body while in the act of scaling the walls at the southwest bastion, by Captain Shapley. The command then devolved on Colonel Beckwith, a refugee from New Jersey, who commanded a corps of that description. The enemy rallied and returned to the attack with great vigor, but were received and repulsed with equal firmness. During the attack a shot cut the halyards, and it fell to the ground, but was instantly remounted on a pike pole. This accident proved fatal to us, as the enemy, supposing it had been struck by its defenders, rallied again, and rushing with redoubled impetuosity, carried the southwest bastion by storm. Until this moment our loss was trifling in number, being six or seven killed and eighteen or twenty wounded. Never was a post more bravely defended, nor a garrison more barbarously butchered. We fought with all kinds of weapons, and at all places, with a courage that deserved a better fate. Many of the enemy were killed under the walls by simply throwing shot over on them; and never would we have relinquished our arms, had we had the least idea that such a catastrophe would have followed.

"To describe the scene, I must be permitted to go back a little in my narrative. I commanded an eighteen pounder on the south side of the gate, and when in the act of sighting my gun, a ball passed through the embrasure, struck me a little above the right ear, grazing the skull and cutting off the veins, which bled profusely. A handkerchief was tied around it, and I continued at my duty. Discovering some little time after that a British soldier had broken a picket at the bastion on my left, and was forcing himself through the hole while the men stationed there were gazing at the battle which raged opposite to them, and observing no officer in that direction, I jumped from the platform and run to them, crying, 'My brave fellows, the enemy are breaking in behind you!' and raised my pike to despatch the intruder, when a ball struck my left arm at the elbow, and my pike fell to the ground. Nevertheless, I grasped it with my right hand, and with the men, who turned and fought manfully, cleared the breach.

"The enemy, however, soon after forced the southwest bastion, where Captain Shapley, Captain Peter Richards, Lieut. Richard Chapman, and several men of distinction and volunteers, had fought with unconquerable courage, and were all either killed or mortally wounded, and sustained the brunt of every attack. Colonel Ledyard, seeing the enemy within the fort, gave orders to cease firing, and to throw down our arms, as the fort had surrendered. We did so, but they continued firing upon us, crossed the fort and opened the gate, when they marched in, firing in platoons upon those who were retreating to the magazines and barrack rooms for safety. At this moment the renegade colonel commanding cried out, 'Who commands this garrison?' Colonel Ledyard, who was standing near me, answered, 'I did, sir, but you do now,' at the same time stepping forward, handed him his sword with the point towards himself. At this moment I perceived a soldier in the act of bayoneting me from behind. I turned suddenly round and grasped his bayonet, endeavoring to unship it and knock off the thrust—but in vain. Having but one hand, he succeeded in forcing it into my right hip above the joint, and just below the abdomen, and crushed me to the ground. The first person I saw afterwards, was my brave commander, a corpse by my side, having been run through the body with his own sword, by the savage renegade.

"Never was a scene of more brutal, wanton carnage witnessed, than now took place. The enemy were still firing on us by platoons in the barrack-rooms, which they continued for some minutes, when they discovered that they were in danger of being blown up by communicating fire to the powder scattered at the mouth of the magazine while delivering cartridges, nor did it then cease in the rooms for some minutes longer. All this time the bayonet was 'freely used'—even on those who were helplessly wounded and in the agonies of death. I recollect Captain William Seymour, a volunteer from Hartford, had thirteen bayonet wounds, although his knee had previously been shattered by a ball—so much so, that it was obliged to be amputated the next day. But I need not mention particular cases. I have already said that we had six killed and eighteen wounded, previous to their storming our lines; eighty-five were killed in all, thirty-five mortally and dangerously wounded, and forty taken prisoners to New York, most of them slightly hurt.

"After the massacre, they plundered us of everything we had, and left us literally naked. When they commenced gathering us up, together with their own wounded, they put theirs under the shade of the platform, and exposed us to the sun, in front of the barracks, where we remained over an hour. Those who could stand were then paraded and ordered to the landing, while those who could not (of which number I was one), were put into one of our ammunition wagons, and taken to the brow of the hill (which was very steep, and at least one hundred rods in descent), from whence it was permitted to run down by itself, but was arrested in its course near the river by an apple-tree. The pain and anguish we all endured in this rapid descent, as the wagon jumped and jostled over the rocks and holes, is inconceivable; and the jar in its arrest was like bursting the cords of life asunder, and caused us to shriek with almost supernatural force. Our cries were distinctly heard and noticed on the opposite side of the river (which is nearly a mile wide) amidst all the confusion which raged in the burning and sacking of the town. We remained in the wagon more than an hour before our humane conquerors hunted us up, when we were again paraded and laid on the bench, preparatory to embarkation. But by the interposition of Ebenezer Ledyard (brother to Colonel Ledyard), who humanely represented our deplorable situation, and the impossibility of our being able to reach New York, thirty-five of us were paroled in the usual form. Being near the house of Ebenezer Avery, who was also one of our number, we were taken into it. Here we had not long remained, before a marauding party set fire to every room, evidently intending to burn us up with the house. The party soon left it, when it was with difficulty extinguished, and we were thus saved from the flames. Ebenezer Ledyard again interfered, and obtained a sentinel to remain and guard us until the last of the enemy embarked, about 11 o'clock at night. None of our people came to us till near daylight the next morning, not knowing previous to that time that the enemy had departed.

"Such a night of distress and anguish was scarcely ever passed by mortal. Thirty-five of us were lying on the bare floor—stiff, mangled and wounded in every manner, exhausted with pain, fatigue and loss of blood, without clothes or anything to cover us, trembling with cold and spasms of extreme anguish, without fire or light, parched with excruciating thirst, not a wound dressed, nor a soul to administer to our wants, nor an assisting hand to turn us during those long, tedious hours of the night; nothing but groans and unavailing sighs were heard, and two of our number did not live to see the light of the morning, which brought with it some ministering angels to our relief. The first was in the person of Miss Fanny Ledyard, of Southold, L. I., then on a visit to her uncle, our murdered commander, who held to my lips a cup of warm chocolate, and soon after returned with wine and other refreshments, which revived us a little. For those kindnesses she has never ceased to receive my most grateful thanks and fervent prayers for her felicity.

"The cruelty of our enemies cannot be conceived; and our renegade countrymen surpassed in this respect, if possible, our British foes. We were at least an hour after the battle within a few steps of a pump in the garrison, well supplied with water, and, although we were suffering with thirst, they would not permit us to take a drop of it, nor give us any themselves. Some of our number, who were not disabled from going to the pump, were repulsed with the bayonet; and not one drop did I taste after the action had commenced, although begging for it after I was wounded of all who came near me, until relieved by Miss Ledyard. We were a horrible sight at this time. Our own friends did not know us; even my own wife came into the room in search of me, and did not recognize me, and as I did not see her, she left the room to seek for me among the slain, who had been collected under a large elm-tree near the house. It was with the utmost difficulty that many of them could be identified; and we were frequently called to assist our friends in distinguishing them, by remembering particular wounds, etc. Being myself taken out by two men for this purpose, I met my wife and brother, who, after my wounds were dressed by Dr. Downer, from Preston, took me—not to my own home, for that was in ashes, as also every particle of my property, furniture and clothing—but to my brother's, where I laid eleven months as helpless as a child, and to this day feel the effects of it severely.

"Such was the battle of Groton Heights; and such, as far as my imperfect manner and language can describe, a part of the suffering which we endured. Never for a moment have I regretted the share I had in it. I would, for an equal degree of honor, and the prosperity which has resulted to my country from the Revolution, be willing, if possible, to suffer it again."

Before the work of destruction was complete, the militia from the country had collected in such numbers that Arnold thought his safety lay in retreat, and he accordingly gathered his troops and re-embarked at dusk, taking with him many of the inhabitants and soldiers from Fort Griswold as prisoners. Thus ended one of the most bloody scenes of massacre and destruction during the war for independence.

In 1793, the General Assembly of the State endeavored to remunerate the sufferers by gifts of land on the Western Reserve in the State of Ohio, but owing to deaths and removals, but few of the actual sufferers ever realized much benefit from their munificence. So many heads of families had been killed and their households broken up, so many left for safer abiding places, that for many years the town did not cease to exhibit marks of the besom of destruction which had swept over it. The treaty of peace which soon followed, and the consequent release from heavy drawbacks upon trade, induced many who had been thrown out of employment thereby—captains of privateers, discharged officers and soldiers,—to seize upon the inducements held out by commercial enterprise, and as early as 1784, we are informed, a flourishing commerce was the characteristic of the place.

From 1812 to '15, or during the last war between Great Britain and the United States, New London suffered immeasurably, in a commercial point of view; nor were her sufferings limited to the period embraced between those dates. The embargo act of 1807 completely and suddenly stopped the tide of a prosperous trade which had come to her shores up to that time, and for a portion of the period during which the war lasted, her portals were so closely shut and guarded that not even a row boat could pass out. In December, 1812, Commodore Decatur entered the harbor in the United States, accompanied by his prize, the Macedonian, which he had captured a month previous in latitude 30 degrees, longitude 26 degrees. In April, 1813, Sir Thomas Hardy, in the flag-ship Ramillies, accompanied by a formidable fleet, entered the sound, and blockaded the entrance thereto, so as to shut off the exit of vessels in that direction. In June following, the frigates United States and Macedonian, and sloop-of-war Hornet, came through the sound, hoping to slip past the enemy and get to sea; in this, however, they were disappointed, and being chased by their whole force, were driven into New London harbor, and a strict blockade commenced. The British fleet was augmented, and for a long time the inhabitants feared another invasion, and made every preparation to meet it. Nothing of the kind was attempted, however, and the remainder of the time, until the close of the war, was passed by the vessels and the inhabitants in a state of inactivity, unrelieved, except by incidents, which came more properly within the scope of her local historian. One or two of these I will notice.

The first, which has given the name of Mother Bailey a wide celebrity, occurred when the British fleet first blockaded the port. Preparation was made to cannonade the enemy, in case he should bombard the vessels and town, and Major Smith, with a company of volunteers, garrisoned Fort Griswold. He was somewhat deficient in the munitions of war, and, among other things, lacked flannel for cartridges. He mentioned this want to a Mr. Latham, who volunteered to procure it. He crossed to New London, but such was the confusion consequent upon the expected attack—many families removing their effects from the city,—that he was unable to obtain a supply, and he re-crossed to Groton. While walking through the village in pursuit of his object, he was met by Mrs. Anna Bailey, a warm-hearted and impulsive woman, the wife of one of the defenders of the fort in 1781, who rallied him upon his downcast countenance. He explained the cause, and she immediately promised to relieve him. Going about among her neighbors, she collected all the children's petticoats she could find, and brought them to Mr. Latham, who told her there was

[CONCLUDED ON PAGE 206.]

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

I AM NEVER ALONE.

I am never alone—everything is a token—
The woods, and the streams, and the clouds, and the sea;
There is not a leaf or a bud but hath spoken,
In eloquent silence, my loved one, of thee.
I roam amid scenes that some would call dreary,
When night o'er fair nature her mantle has thrown,
But thy gentle form is still hovering near me—
Wherever I wander I'm never alone.

I am never alone: when the red morning blushes
The rose of thy cheek in the tints I can trace,
The soft rippling waves, when the wind gently gushes,
Remind me alone of thy beauty and grace;
Thy lips seem the roses the sunshine outvieing,
Thy voice I can hear in the lake's joyous tone;
Thy violet eyes 'neath the mossy bank lying,
I fancy I see—I am never alone.

I am never alone; for thy spirit is near me;
'Tis thou art my first happy dream in the night;
I whisper thy name when the winds only hear me;
I hear the sweet echoes, and they are delight.
Though doomed for a time my heart's treasure to banish,
The thought that thou'rt constant, for all will atone,
As long as the light of thy love will not vanish,
Wherever I wander I'm never alone.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE NEW WHITE DRESS.

BY ALICE CAREY.

The Osborns were the most unpopular family in the village where they lived—not for any harm they had done to anybody, and not because they were poor—so their neighbors said; they would not think of disliking Mrs. Osborn and her daughters on that account simply—O, no, not they! But to use the term by which she was characterized among the village people, she was "stuck up," and what right she had to be so they could not see. Now there was no reason that any one knew of, why Mrs. Osborn should not entertain as much self-respect as any other person, except that she was very poor—so poor, indeed, that herself and children were obliged to do that which their hands found to do, in order to procure the necessities and comforts of life; and with all their efforts, they were often forced to do without a good many of the latter. But no matter what Mrs. Osborn's neighbors said to the contrary, the secret of their dislike was all in the fact that she was poor and proud. She would starve to death, it was often said, before she would set her big girl to washing, as she ought to do.

She had lived in the village of Clopperton seven years at the time our story opens, and though people believed and said she had never five dollars in her purse at one time, no one had ever seen herself or her children untidy, or even inelegant, if to be tastefully and becomingly dressed may be called elegant.

At church she and her children were always as well dressed as the best of them—not so expensively, to be sure, but with a propriety and prettiness which no vulgar outlay of money could match. The same black silk dress, which assumed the new fashions under the skilful management of Mrs. Osborn, as often as the new fashions came, served her all these seven winters; the same white shawl, which the Clopperton ladies said, spitefully, looked always as if it had just come from the store, and the same leghorn bonnet, with one dark brown ribbon for winter, and another of mixed blue and white for the summer, made the chief variety of her costume; all the variety in which she went abroad, if we add a white summer dress, and a new collar now and then, which Mrs. Osborn's neighbors said were invariably trimmed with the same lace.

When she came, she brought a baby in her arms, and a little girl ten years old, and those were grown now to be seven and seventeen; and two lovelier children were not to be found in all the village, but never grew sisters together more unlike. Rebecca, the eldest, had eyes and hair as black as the night, and her complexion was that clear brunette where the reddest roses are sure to grow. She had all her mother's pride, and more than her mother's stateliness of manners. It did not grieve her at all to be left out of the play at school; with her book at the brookside, or in the shadow of some thick-topped tree, she could amuse herself more pleasantly than with their pastimes; and when she grew older it was an easy thing to find compensation for the forgetfulness of her young acquaintances, when at their merry-makings she was overlooked. She had the same smile, and the same polite salutation for the young women of Clopperton one time as another. If she chanced to be carrying the bundle of sewing-work, which she and her mother had been doing, she made no effort to conceal it, nor turned her feet one inch from the path she was in, nor averted her eyes one inch from the eyes that looked scornfully upon her; and this, the villagers said, was the worst pride of all—if she would but avoid them, or try to conceal her bundle of work, they would comparatively care nothing about it.

The younger child, Lucy, had never a rose on her cheeks from year's end to year's end; her eyes were brown and melancholy, and her hair of the same color hung in half curls down her neck and shoulders. It was her delight to tend the flowers, of which Mrs. Osborn had many beautiful varieties, and to feed the birds, which congregated in great numbers about the garden and dooryard. Her voice was low and soft, and few persons had ever heard it at all, or knew what music they lost in shutting their doors and their hearts away from the little girl.

Spring was come; the time for new leaves and new dresses, new hopes and new plans, new improvements and new courage. But none of these, except, indeed, the new leaves and flowers, came to the house of Mrs. Osborn; and these last, the flowers, were raining down untimely. The low, mossed roof of her cottage was white with the blooms of the cherry trees that grew thick in her dooryard; the caves were full of them, and with the lightest swaying of the wind they drifted in at the open window, and over the pillow and the white face of little Lucy, sick unto death.

The wild winds of March had blown too roughly for her frail constitution, and a chill had been struck to her heart by them, which the soft, showery April, and the sweet, genial May, and even the golden warmth and rosy flush of June had failed to dissipate. The birds that had been used to her feeding, chirped at her window, and flutterred their brown wings in and out the rosebushes; but she made no answer—she did not see them now. The pieces of broken china, so carefully gathered in days past, shone in a row on the shelf of her playhouse, the mossy carpet of which had grown black and dry for the need of her careful tendance; her frock hung by one sleeve at the head of the bed, and close by it against the wall hung her straw hat, some withered violets and rosebuds twisted through its blue ribbon, and beneath it, their strings tied together, dangled her half-worn shoes. Dear little child, she would never need them any more—so the mother felt as she trembled and prayed at the bedside, and so felt the sister as she kissed her and called her name, saying, when the white lips made no answer, "God giveth his beloved sleep."

O, how dark the night shut in over the little house that till then had been so happy; they could not believe, mother and daughter, that the morning would ever come—surely never to their hearts. No voice of lamentation went up. There were none to hear, or to comfort the poor widow and child, and shutting the agony close in their own hearts, they suffered a double torture.

The candle light shone faintly from the open door—so faintly, that the Rev. Dr. Ephraim Flint, as he walked staidly and circumspectly past, did not see it. His hat was lowered over his eyes, and they were downcast, as in a musing mood—it might have been supposed that he was meditating the next Sabbath's sermon, as with slow steps he pursued his way, not looking to the right nor the left. He wore his "customary suit of mourning black," as became a clergyman, and on his face a look of sober sanctity, exceedingly proper. And you would have thought, to look at him, that the heart beating in that broad chest would have sometimes rebelled against the everlasting propriety, but it did not; no smile but the benign one following the quotation of some scripture text had ever been known to cross his lips. Was he not set apart and consecrated to the work of the ministry, and how should he smile like common, worldly men?

Rev. Dr. Flint was not, however, a bad man, nor a hypocrite; at any rate, it was a sanctified hypocrisy (if such a thing may be) that made him the solemn, respectable, unsympathizing individual he was. He had confounded the manner and method of his life to what both himself and his parishioners considered propriety, if not duty, and long habit had become second nature; and Rev. Dr. Flint had no conception of how much better the nature was which God had given him than the one he had made for himself. He had been the pastor of a church in Clopperton (the wealthiest and most respectable, of course,) for fifteen years, and his fine black hair had now a few sprinkles of gray, and the real careworn expression in the deep lines about his mouth and across his forehead told of struggles with sorrow, of wrestlings with temptation, and it may be (for who is wholly pure?) of yielding to sin.

He was familiar with the faces of Mrs. Osborn and her children, for he had been used to seeing them in one of the rear pews of his church all the seven years of their life at Clopperton; but he had never seen them in their own house—indeed, he had never thought about their house at all, or themselves, except as creatures immortally endowed. He had greater and more profitable things to contemplate than the widows and orphans of his congregation!

He had wrought earnestly, in season and out of season, desiring the salvation of souls; nevertheless, his people were like a collection of dry bones, needing to be stirred by an influx of spiritual life, which he had no power to pour upon them. He could convince the understandings and enforce a dry obedience to the performance of religious duty, but he could not touch the hearts of men, nor make the dead bones live. And as he made his melancholy walk past the house of death; he was mourning over his incompetencies and insufficiencies; he had searched all the ends of the earth for moving epithets, yet they had fallen powerless, and he had ingeniously knitted strong and burning phrases one into another, yet they had seemed rather to scar than to melt the hearts for which they had been coined. His own heart the while was darkened and close shut—that needed to be touched first of all. So profound were his meditations, that his hands, closely locked behind him, failed to unclasp themselves as he came opposite the gate of Mrs. Josiah Longstreet, who gave a strawberry supper that night, and had invited the great Dr. Flint as the crowning glory of the repast. It was the cessation of the hum of voices (for the assembled party were awaiting him in the garden), rather than the solemn beckoning which the oldest woman of the party made with her black fan, that arrested his attention, and turning soberly about he undid the latch noiselessly, and with scarce a perceptible brightening of his customary benignant expression, walked down the path, shaking hands to the right and left as he went.

The party now received an accession in the person of Miss Abigail Spankum. There was something in the manner of her shaking the dust from her black silk gown, and stamping her little feet at the door, which told of unusual excitement before it had been seen in the flashing of her black eyes, or heard in the sharp twang of her voice. Miss Spankum felt herself, and was acknowledged to be, one of the regulators of the proprieties of Clopperton. How she became invested with the authority she exercised I cannot tell, but she was the law in matters both sacred and secular. Her sharp black eyes quickly detected the corner of the room in which sat Dr. Flint, hedged round by half a dozen old ladies in black, and quickly Miss Spankum was seated in the rocking-chair next to him.

"What do you think I saw as I came along?" she said. "Why the greatest piece of folly that a certain proud woman you all know could be guilty of—the extravagance of some people is dreadful. I was positively shocked when I thought what might have been done with that money! Just to think what that money might have done!—bought our minister a new hat, for instance. But some women are so selfish and so proud, they never think of anybody but themselves, and I dare say, it is not without design she spent that money to-night."

The doctor said something about the wonderful excellence of charity, but Miss Spankum cut him short, by adding:

"She bought what she was not able to pay for; and any woman that will do that, would soon ruin a husband, if she could get one."

"Do you understand the circumstances?" inquired Dr. Flint. "The purchase you so disapprove, may have been a necessity; and always to be slow to condemn is commendable."

Everybody knew that Mrs. Osborn was alluded to, and all inquired eagerly what it was that she had bought, and what price she had agreed to pay. When it was known that it was a new white dress, there was a general uplifting of hands, and many exclamations of indignant surprise.

"If it were only herself she is injuring," faltered Miss Spankum, wiping her eyes, "it would be very different; but think of the terribly extravagant example she is setting to our young people—who of them that can get a dollar will not sooner give it for some gewgaw than for a Bible!"

Everybody said it was shocking, except Dr. Flint, who looked solemn and said nothing. Miss Spankum eyed him sharply, saying something must be done, and somebody must do it; she for one had put up with that woman as long as she could or would. Mrs. Longstreet suggested the propriety of bringing the offender before the church.

"I'll tell you what I think," said Miss Spankum; "I think Dr. Flint ought to go and talk with her. It's his privilege, as well as duty; and to give effect to the reprimand, and make the woman ashamed, if anything can, Mrs. Longstreet and I will go along."

In vain Dr. Flint urged excuses, or suggested some other time. It would not do; the ladies knew right well that Mrs. Osborn outshone them in her old dress, and the thought of what she would do in her new one, stimulated them to urge the propriety, nay, the necessity, of a summary and severe reprimand.

When, after supper, the doctor announced his intention of calling on Mrs. Osborn, Miss Spankum and Mrs. Longstreet hastened to proffer their services, but the doctor politely declined; he felt that what he should say would be given to him at the right moment. He was enjoined to hasten his return, and the ladies, highly delighted, resumed their tea drinking and their gossip.

An hour went by, and two hours, and three hours, and Dr. Flint did not return; Miss Spankum was afraid some fearful accident had befallen him, and suggested the propriety of following him, but for the first time in her life her suggestion was disregarded. The ladies blamed her for the deprivation they suffered in the absence of Dr. Flint. Now that it was too late, they felt that another time might have been chosen for the visit to Mrs. Osborn—a time when it would not, as now, have conflicted with their pleasure. Miss Spankum had made a mistake—a serious mistake; she felt it, but not so positively then as thereafter.

Irritated with himself and with everything (for ministers may sometimes be irritated), Dr. Flint walked hastily to the widow's house, and without having been noticed by mother or daughter, rapped abruptly and sharply on the open door.

"How good in you to come," said Mrs. Osborn, a smile shining through her tears; "she has been in heaven more than an hour." And softly she led him to the bed, where fast asleep lay the prettiest lamb of all his flock. As he laid his hand on the soft hair combed smooth for the burial, his heart smote him for never having done so till then; and kneeling beside the dead, he prayed long and fervently—not so much for the mourners, as for those who had never been called to mourn; those whose hearts in the continual sunshine of prosperity had been withered to littleness, or parched to dusty dryness. We need scarcely say the white dress was for the dead child, and that the mother herself wept less bitterly at the funeral than did Miss Spankum, for her heart reproached her for all the evil things she had spoken; and though she tried to speak some comfort to the mourners, it was herself who needed comfort the most.

The next time there was a gathering at Mrs. Longstreet's the mirth of the children was unrebuked, and never a shake of the head was given to the young girls for their sly jokes and laughter. Merriest of them all was Rebecca Osborn; before the first real kindness of her young neighbors all her proud reserve had melted away, and it was the wonder of the young folks of Clopperton how they had ever got along without Rebecca.

Shining among them like the genial sunshine of summer, was the contented smile of Dr. Flint. And chattering and bustling, everywhere at once (a little authoritative, but not disagreeably so), was Miss Spankum. It was, indeed, time now that Mrs. Osborn had a new white dress, and Mrs. Longstreet whispered confidentially to some of her friends that it was the gift of Miss Spankum. We said Mrs. Osborn had a new dress; but though made for her, it was worn by Mrs. Flint—a name which no one took occasion to speak so often as Miss Spankum.

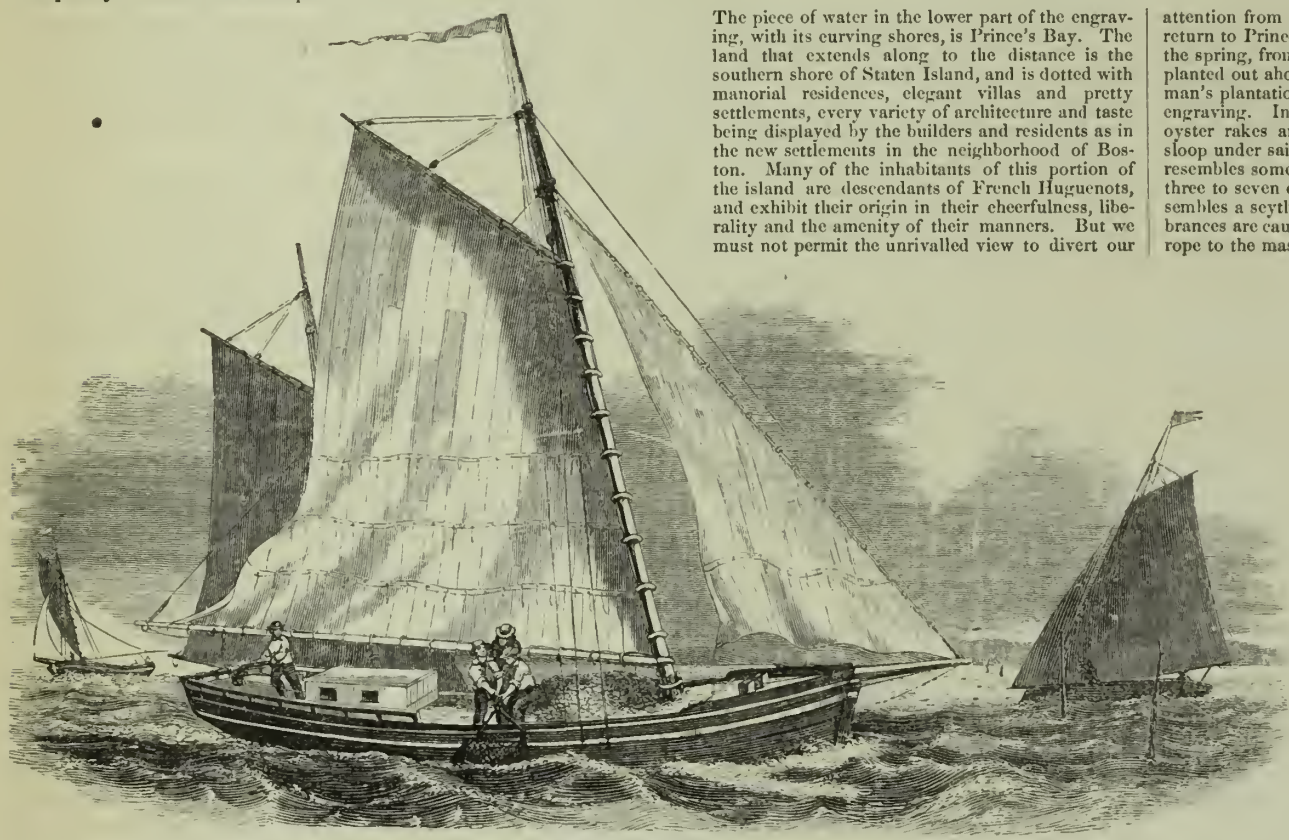
Thereafter the dry bones of the church in Clopperton moved and lived; the tears of sympathy had fallen upon them, and they had recovered as beneath an exceedingly precious dew—through human love, divine love had descended.

THE OYSTER BUSINESS.

During the hot months, the Pictorial was silent on the subject of oysters. It brought up no reminiscences of "fancy roasts," it indulged in no anticipations of "raw in the shell." It would have been an aggravation to epicures to allude to these delicious bivalves during those melancholy months which are spelt without an R. We knew, by the way, an inveterate oyster-eater who always insisted on writing "Orgust," instead of August, and he was borne out in his spelling by several dealers in the bivalves from selfish (sell-fish or shell-fish) motives. But now they are no longer tabooed, and we may speak of them, not as things that were or are to be, but are. They are a fixed fact. They may be indulged in with impunity—they are indulged in. Let us, then, speak of Prince's Bay, and the hardy mariners who there obtain these luscious treasures of the deep. The largest of the engravings on this page represents Prince's Bay, a very picturesque locality, apart from the interest which connects with the subject of this notice, as one of the greatest oyster depots on the continent. The sketch is taken from Red Bank Light, looking towards Coney Island, the favorite resort of the New Yorkers, for sea-bathing, and the ocean. The lighthouse tower on our left is quite a picturesque object in the wide landscape

RAKING FOR OYSTERS.

The piece of water in the lower part of the engraving, with its curving shores, is Prince's Bay. The land that extends along to the distance is the southern shore of Staten Island, and is dotted with manorial residences, elegant villas and pretty settlements, every variety of architecture and taste being displayed by the builders and residents as in the new settlements in the neighborhood of Boston. Many of the inhabitants of this portion of the island are descendants of French Huguenots, and exhibit their origin in their cheerfulness, liberality and the amenity of their manners. But we must not permit the unrivalled view to divert our attention from the more immediate subject of our remarks. To return to Prince's Bay. The oysters here are mostly brought, in the spring, from the coasts of Virginia and Delaware, and are planted out about a mile from the shore, the boundaries of each man's plantation being designated by stakes, as shown in our first engraving. In the fall they are raised by means of oyster tongs, oyster rakes and dredges. Our second engraving represents a sloop under sail, with the crew dredging for oysters. The dredge resembles somewhat a steel purse open, and varies in length from three to seven or eight feet. One edge of the mouth, which resembles a scythe, scrapes the bed, and the shells and other encumbrances are caught in the dredge bag, which is attached by a strong rope to the mast of an oyster sloop, and dragged along while the vessel is under full sail, running up and down over the bed until it is dragged in every direction. Just before the sloop goes about, the dredge is hauled up and its contents emptied. For supplying the market, the usual way of raising the oysters is by the tongs and rake, as shown in our first engraving. In very severe winters, many oysters adhere to the cakes of ice which form at low tide, and are thus raised from their beds and carried out to sea, occasioning great losses to the oystermen. When large bodies of sand are driven over the oysters by storms and currents, they are invariably killed, and this is not a very unusual occurrence. Almost every family that borders on the shore of the bay has a bed of its own, and when appetite calls, all hands go to work and raise an immense quantity for a general oyster feast, compared to the luxury of which, even a Rhode Island clam-bake must sink to insignificance. In the deep holes near the foot of Red Bank, oysters are found of a fabulous size. Though large enough to fill a breakfast plate, yet they are delicate and of a most delicious flavor. These Rip Van Winkles of Prince's Bay are not often disturbed; but sometimes an ancient oysterman, who has acquired by long experience a venomous facility of handling a sixty foot rake, makes no scruples about laying his skiff over the deep hole, and bringing to light, by the aid of his terrific implement, some scores of these submarine monsters.



DREDGING FOR OYSTERS.

VIEW OF PRINCE'S BAY

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL.

THE CHEAPEST WEEKLY PAPER IN THE WORLD.

MATURIN M. BALLOU, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.
FRANCIS A. DURIVAGE, ASSISTANT EDITOR.

BOSTON MEN.

The Providence (R. I.) Journal recently paid a very high compliment to our city, in a general article upon our eminent men. It gives us the credit of fostering virtue and talent from the earliest stage of its manifestation. "She (Boston)," says the Journal, "selects the gifted and promising boy at her public schools, and honors his early industry with appropriate rewards. In the subsequent stages of his progress at the university, or in his apprenticeship, or clerkship, she still remembers the promise he gave, and the hope he inspired; and when at length he enters upon his profession, or is settled in business, she reminds him of her expectations of his future eminence. His first deeds of benevolence, or public spirit, or his first public achievements of intellect, are sure to be greeted with lively interest as those of one who is on the road to worthy distinction. She multiplies the occasions on which he may appear, and cherishes the early reputation which he wins. He soon feels that he 'has a future,' and begins to live more for others, and less for himself; and when at length success has crowned his efforts, and he finds his reputation established, and his position strong as a leader in the community, she loses no opportunity to bestow on him her applause, and promote him to the high places which she has to bestow." This, we think, is well-deserved eulogy. In the pursuit of wealth, men are here, probably, as selfish and striving as they are elsewhere, but they are certainly ready to accord praise, and to bestow honor and position where they are deserved. And, as a result of this appreciation of industry and ability, there are very few idlers among us. Mere wealth is not a passport, though it certainly has its due weight. There are very few among us who are known as mere men of fashion and fortune. On the contrary, nothing is more common than to see young men, born to opulence, earnestly devoting themselves to one of the learned professions, or embarking in commercial pursuits, not from a sordid desire to increase their possessions, but from an internal conviction of the duty they owe to themselves, and to a community where capital and talent command little consideration unless they are usefully employed.

THE PLAINS OF ABRAHAM.—We lately published a view of this memorable spot. When Lord Dalhousie was governor-general, he ordered the plain to be ploughed up and seeded to grain, whereupon the following epigram was perpetrated:

"Some care for honor, others care for groats—
Here Wolfe reaped glory, and Dalhousie, oats."

ECONOMY.—There is nothing like beginning life with settled economical principles. Extravagance is a habit easily contracted, and goes on increasing as a snow ball does in volume when rolling down hill. The slang phrase "Go it while you're young," has been the ruin of thousands.

BALLOU'S DOLLAR MONTHLY is for sale at all the periodical depots in the country, at *ten cents* per copy, but the best and cheapest way to obtain it regularly, and at the earliest moment after publication, is to enclose us *one dollar*, and receive it for one year by mail direct.

SPLINTERS.

.... Peaches have been sent from Illinois to New York this season, and arrived in perfectly good condition.

.... Editors and others are just as mad about Rachel as they were about the Swedish nightingale.

.... There is an aged colored woman in this city who is at least one hundred and seven years old—perhaps older.

.... Very pretty ballet girls are to be among the attractions of the Boston Theatre, the present season. A sure card.

.... The Cambridge horse railroad promises to be a successful speculation. It will soon go into operation.

.... Ninety-nine young men compose the present Freshman Class of Harvard University.

.... There is a spring in Western Pennsylvania which yields sperm oil. What will the whales say to that?

.... Bochsa, the harpist, is probably no more by this time. At the last accounts he was very low.

.... Henry Ward Beecher is out in favor of coffee. He is rapturous in descanting on the beverage.

.... Every orchestra contains two pairs of mustachios, one pair of spectacles, a bald head, and a man in a white cravat.

.... Signor Arditi has written an opera, the libretto being from Cooper's spy. Will there be a solo for Washington?

.... A woman at Albany stole a basket, and found it contained a baby. Nobody prosecuted her.

.... During the funeral of Lord Raglan, the Russians did not fire a gun. Yet the British call them savages.

.... The grasshoppers are said to be starving out the Mormons. Why don't the Mormons eat the grasshoppers?

.... Santa Anna's last appearance in Mexico is probably not his "positively last appearance." He'll be re-engaged.

.... In a certain village in New York, Mr. Butcher sells cloth, and Mr. Taylor deals in coal.

.... Donna Isabella Alvarazio, a Spanish lady, lately died at the immature age of 129 years.

.... A Frenchman in San Francisco with a portable boiler makes money by going round selling hot water.

OLD TIMES.

It is strange with what tenacity we cling to the past, and with what constancy we harp upon the "good old times." All times seem good times, if they are only old. The merry-makings of the hour do not seem half so pleasant to us as

"The days when we went gipseying,
A long time ago."

Of course, in the decline of life, when we are incapable of present enjoyment, we cannot believe that anything is enjoyable in the present, and look back to that period as the golden age, when we were a part of the movement of the times. But the backward-looking of vigorous manhood is another affair. It is perhaps rather a fashion than a natural impulse. The sort of regretfulness with which we call up bygones, embraces not only the earlier of our own years, but the earlier ages of the world. We weary o the present, and fancy that the past was a brighter era, simply because distance has obliterated its repulsive features. Were the memory as tenacious of evil as it is of good, this were a wearier world than it is. Our religion inculcates upon us the duty of the forgiveness of injuries, and Providence has kindly rendered the memory less tenacious of pain than pleasure. We can recollect a joy vividly, but who can recall or describe a pain that he has suffered? We cannot, and ought not if we could, close our eyes to the evil that surrounds us, for it is each one's duty to do his share towards its mitigation; but the past is utterly beyond our control. It is a fixed fact—it is completed history. Perhaps we take that sort of pleasure in looking upon it that we do on a completed structure, a finished painting—and regard it with the more favor because we know it is incapable of being altered. We gaze with almost unalloyed delight on the tremendous ruins of the Colosseum, save that we regret its crumbling condition, its falling arches—forgetful of the fact that man met man in deadly strife within its bloody arena,

"Butchered to make a Roman holiday,"

and that here our co-religionists were rent limb from limb by ravenous wild beasts, for embracing the doctrines of the meek and holy Jesus. A golden mist rises between us and the past—a lovely mirage changes the desert sand into an oasis. Few persons have not wished, at some time, to have existed in the good old times rather than the present. But those good old times had, all of them, their great evils, their petty annoyances, their constant trials; and it would be unphilosophical to deny that the world is constantly progressing. Our grand old Puritan ancestors, with their far-reaching political foresight, their deep religious enthusiasm, their care for the welfare of the mind, their soaring self-denial, had faults and errors, not indeed peculiar to them, but to the "good old times" in which they lived. They banished, branded, whipped and hanged Quakers; believed in witchcraft, and punished sorcery by death. They smote the Indians, hip and thigh, and sold into slavery the innocent children of the vanquished chieftains. We may thank Heaven that we are not so bigoted and cruel; but yet without much self-glorification, for we have sins and errors of our own to answer for that will scarcely bear the light of rigid examination. It is well to honor the virtues of the past; but it is idle to be constantly regretting the "good old times," and fancying them superior to our own.

NATIONAL SUBJECTS.—We are very glad to find that it is now the rule and not the exceptian for popular writers to locate their stories at home and not abroad. "To prove how interesting national subjects may be made," remarks an essayist, "we need but to refer to the tales of Irving and Cooper. The former has converted the good old city of New York into a land of story and of song. What dreams of poetry should we enjoy, if lulled to rest in the silence of Sleepy Hollow? In what vagaries might we not indulge around the scene of Rip Van Winkle's adventures in the Kaatskills? The scenes of the adventures of Harvey Birch and Natty Bumppo meet us at every step around the 'Horican' and the interior of New York. All this is classic ground."

A NEW GEM.—A Parisian jeweller, Mr. Brahy, is the owner of a mine in Brazil which yields a new precious stone called the rubasse, very hard, and more brilliant than the topaz and amethyst, with a splendid internal crystallization, which gives it the luminous qualities of the diamond. The action of fire does not injure it. In color it resembles a ripe red currant. We shrewdly suspect that the Brazil mine which produces this wonderful stone is in the laboratory of Mr. Brahy. The French jewellers are famous for manufacturing precious stones.

THEATRICAL MANIA.—We have not heard of any such frantic excitement about Rachel as there was in the case of Cooke and the elder Kean. When the latter played at the Federal Street Theatre, in Boston, boys used to be let down by ropes from the eaves of the box-office to the window for tickets! Kean lived to be hooted and hissed at the same theatre.

STEAM MURDERS.—Under this title the "Mail" lately published a vigorous article respecting the wholesale slaughter of passengers on railroads. Railroad disasters are quite too common, and it is aggravating to think that the greater part of them are not *accidents*, but the sure consequences of criminal carelessness.

WALCOTT BROTHERS, PAWTUCKET.—This firm, whose extensive establishment we last week noticed and illustrated, are, we observe, now exporting largely of their valuable "button-hole cutters" to various parts of Europe.

PUFFING.

Mr. Puff, in Sheridan's "Critic," discourses of various sorts of puffing—the puff direct—the puff preliminary—the puff collateral—the puff collusive, and the puff oblique, or puff by implication. He illustrates the puff direct as follows: "A new comedy or farce is to be produced at one of the theatres: the author, suppose Mr. Smatter or Mr. Dapper, or any particular friend of mine—very well; the day before it is to be performed, I write an account of the manner in which it was received—I have the plot from the author,—and only add—characters strongly drawn—highly colored—hand of a master—fund of genuine humor—mine of invention—Attic salt! Then for the performance—Mr. Baker was astonishingly great in the character of Sir Harry! That universal and judicious actor, Mr. Edgerton, perhaps never appeared to more advantage than in the Colonel; but it is not in the power of language to do justice to Mr. Jones! Indeed he more than merited those repeated bursts of applause he drew from a most brilliant and judicious audience! In short, we are at a loss which to admire most,—the unrivalled genius of the author, the great attraction and liberality of the managers, the wonderful abilities of the painter, or the incredible exertions of all the performers!"

Now do not one half the puffs we read in the newspapers seem as if they were bodily stolen from Mr. Puff's exaggerated illustration? We are in the infancy of the science—we are not adepts in the ingenious subtleties which he afterwards describes—but are contented with the bold point blank discharge of the puff direct. Certainly we must be, with all our acuteness, a very credulous race. We take for gospel whatever booksellers choose to tell us about their wares, and on the faith of an advertisement of an interested party, buy, read and admire. Enormous fortunes are daily stolen out of our pockets by the puff direct. If we were the victims of ingenious swindling, we might console ourselves for our losses by reflecting on the subtlety of the roguery—but we give up our change to the "gay, bold-faced villain" who demands our money in the face of day. What a monument of popular gullibility might hereafter be built of the volumes of profitable trash with which the press groans, if haply they escaped the rag-pickers' and the trunk-makers' clutches! The "most splendid romance ever issued," the "soul-thrilling narrative," the two-hundred-thousand-edition book, where will they be a dozen years hence? The waters of Lethe will have rolled over them, for the time is not far distant, we verily believe, when men will no longer listen to the voice of the puffer, puff he ever so wisely, and literary productions will stand or fall by their own intrinsic merit. Then new books will not pour from the press in avalanches, and yet we shall be wiser and better for the cessation of the rush—for have we not an English literature, ripe, golden and glorious, almost unknown to the masses, though unequalled? Now-a-days men and women make a business of writing who have no business to write, but the good time is coming, when no man will assume the pen, unless, like the Friends, he has a call from the spirit, and then he will "look in his heart and write," and write well, too.

THE CRIMINAL SCALE.—The "six degrees of crime" are thus defined by a cotemporary: "He who steals a million is only a financier. Who steals a half million is only a defaulter. Who steals a quarter of a million is a swindler. Who steals fifty thousand is a knave. But he who steals a pair of boots, or a loaf of bread, is a scoundrel of the deepest dye, and deserves to be lynched."

CUBA.—One of the absurd and oppressive port laws of Havana is that which prohibits the entrance of vessels into the harbor after sunset, even during stress of weather. Our government ought to demand that our flag should enter at all times.

FORTHCOMING.—We have some rare and valuable illustrations, just designed for the Pictorial, which we shall hasten to place before our readers.

MARRIAGES.

In this city, by Rev. Mr. Hanson, Mr. Henry Bell to Miss. L. Annie Bassett; by Rev. Mr. Edmunds, Mr. John W. Cornell to Miss Mary C. Thompson, both of Westport; by Rev. Mr. Cilley, Mr. George H. Parks to Miss Rachel Howe; by Rev. Mr. Clark, Mr. L. L. Oliver, of New York, to Miss Mary C. Noyes; by Rev. Mr. Winkley, Mr. William H. Lillyman to Miss Elizabeth Guard.—At East Boston, by Rev. Mr. Clark, Mr. Rodolphus F. Hahn to Miss Sarah G. Irvin.—At South Boston, by Rev. Mr. Colver, Mr. William H. Preble to Miss Hannah A. Poole.—At Lynn, Mr. Henry A. Smith to Miss Mary F. Huse; Mr. George A. Curtis to Miss Mary Harris.—At Marblehead, by Rev. Mr. Dutton, Mr. Andrew Madison to Mrs. Hannah Caswell: by Rev. Mr. Richmond, Mr. John Hammett to Miss Ellen Mulland.—At Beverly, by Rev. Mr. Abbott, Capt. Charles H. Odell to Miss Nancy F. Lovett.—At Essex, Mr. John S. Atkinson to Miss Sophronia P. Burnham.—At Stowe, by Rev. Mr. Bates, Mr. Osgood Chase, of Boston, to Miss Sarah E. Hannaford, of Somerville.—At New Bedford, by Rev. Mr. Girdwood, Mr. Henry Eames to Mrs. Emily S. Hall.—At Worcester, by Rev. Mr. Faunce, Mr. Daniel S. Kelley to Miss Harriet G. Lesure, both of Rutland.—At Fall River, by Rev. Mr. Bronson, Mr. George T. Berkely, to Miss Elizabeth Perry, of Tiverton.—At Portland, Me., by Rev. Mr. Pratt, Mr. John T. Thurston to Miss Mary A. Strong.—At Topsham, Me., by Rev. Mr. Jacques, J. H. D. Blake, Esq., of Boston, to Miss Martha M. Coffin.

DEATHS.

In this city, Mrs. Ann Howland, 66; Miss Elizabeth Jones, 43; Mr. Edward B. H. Stewart (printer), 41; Miss Elizabeth Anastasia Brown, 16; Miss L. Josephine Bryant, 22; Mr. David Davenport, 54; Mr. Abraham Taylor, 44; Mrs. Mary D. Ellis, 34.—At Charlestown, Mrs. Hannah Parks, wife of Mr. Samuel Roulstone, 41; Mr. Isaac Sargent, 46; Widow Mary Stoddard, 77; David Devens, Esq. 78.—At Cambridge, Mrs. Mary Elliot, 85; Robert J., son Mr. Joseph and Mrs. Mary Brownlow 5.—At Chelsea, Miss Mary Susan Jones, 16.—At North Woburn, Mr. Archelaus Tay, 76.—At Dedham, Widow Lucy Morse, 71.—At Weston Widow Anna Warren, late of Charlestown, 78.—At Jamaica Plain, Miss Martha Swett, formerly of Marblehead, 95.—At Blackstone, Mr. Moses Farnum, a worthy elder of the Society of Friends, 86.—At Fitchburg, Mr. William B. Walker, 32.—At Leicester, Mrs. Eliza P., wife of Mr. Horace Howard, 50.—At Holden, Mrs. Lucinda Steele, 31.—At New Bedford, Mr. Allen Stoddard, 40.—At Marblehead, Mrs. Rosanna, wife of Mr James Elworth, 42.—At Walpole, Mrs. Adaline, wife of Mr Charles Guild, 49.—At Salisbury, Widow Mary H. Roaf, 85.—At Weston, Mr. John Francis, 84.—At South Scituate, Mrs. Huldah Leavitt, 88.—At South Adams, Miss Harriet S. Tanner, 43.—At Carlisle, Mrs. Isabella Symonds, 100.—At Portland, Me., Frederick B. Franklin, M. D., 23.—At Providence, R. I., Mrs. Chloe Pettengale, 84.—At Kingsbury, N. Y., Mr. Asa Catlin, 95.

NEW LONDON.—[CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 202.]

not yet enough for his purpose. "You shall have mine, then," said she, and taking her scissors, she cut the strings, slipped out of it, and handed it to her neighbor; "it is a stout, new, blue one, and I hate to part with it, but all I want is to see it go through the Englishman's insides." After this sacrifice, Latham could ask no more, and departed for the fort, where he told the story, and the blue petticoat was hoisted on a pike and cheered with enthusiasm as a banner under which to fight the British. This little incident made her renowned as the heroine of Groton, and she received many attentions from visitors, among others of several of the presidents and other distinguished personages. She was burnt to death by her clothes taking fire, in January, 1851; aged ninety-two years.

Another affair, and one which caused considerable excitement at the time, occurred in the winter of 1813 and '14. Commodore Decatur, accused by thoughtless and reckless minds of a want of courage and efficiency in remaining so long inactive without making an attempt to escape, determined to accomplish that end if within the bounds of possibility. For this purpose, he gradually dropped down the river from Norwich, and by the end of November he was anchored off the city. Every precaution, as regarded secrecy, was observed, and at length the night of the 12th of December was fixed upon for the attempt. Everything promised success to the effort; but to the surprise and indignation of the officers and crews of the ships, about two hours before the time appointed, *blue lights* were seen on both sides of the harbor's mouth, evidently intended to warn the enemy of the attempted escape—at least, so thought the officers and many of the inhabitants, and the plan was relinquished. This affair caused the utmost excitement, and for many years it was the frequent source of controversy, and even to the present day it is a matter of doubt whether there were traitors among the residents who were ready to sell their country's interest for British gold, or whether the officers mistook the lights in fishermen's cottages for beacon lights to warn the enemy of the effort to escape. At any rate, the vessels made no further attempt, and returned to their former anchorage, where they were placed in ordinary until the close of the war.

The West India trade, in which New London was so actively engaged previous to the war of the Revolution, and which was followed to some extent previous to the embargo non-intercourse and war of 1812, was completely destroyed by those events, and was not resumed when peace was restored; but the efforts of many of its leading business men were devoted to the establishment of the whale fishery. This promised to fill the void, and proved a source of much greater profit, not only to owners and captains, but to all engaged, even to the crews, and in 1845, New London ranked next to New Bedford, which stood at the head of the trade. In that year, New London had seventy-eight vessels employed, with an aggregate of 26,200 tons, and a capital invested over two millions of dollars.

During the period when the California excitement was at its height, twenty-five captains of whaling vessels gave up the business, and took their departure for the new Eldorado, which had a serious effect upon the trade, and reduced the imports from 81,052 barrels in 1847, to 38,148 barrels in 1850, since which time it has somewhat improved. A glance at her noble harbor, her wharves, and the city itself, will convince the observer that her proximity to the empire city, and its paramount attractions to men of enterprise, alone prevents her from ranking among the first of American cities.

Let as descend from our elevated perch among the clouds to earth again. Be sure of your footsteps as you attempt to descend, and grasp well the hand rail, for a single misstep would send you inevitably to the bottom of the shaft, without the possibility of there being the semblance of manhood left in our lifeless corse, by which to recognize it as belonging to humanity. Look over the railing, if you have steady nerves, down, down, to that small speck of light, which, like the star in the heavens, seems to evade the computation of distance, and imagine, if you can, what your fate would be were you to fall. Once more safe at the bottom, let us visit the fortress near by, which will ever prove a subject of interest so long as America shall have a history.

The walls remain in a good state of preservation, although dismantled and devoted to far more peaceful purposes than to shield the breasts of the heroes of liberty and '76 from the steel of the foe. A glance at the engraving, with Hempstead's description, will give a far better idea of the fort than any words of mine, and it only remains for me to say that the view of the exterior was taken from the foot of the monument, and shows the angular breastwork in front of the gateway; and in the distance, on the right, you get a glimpse of Fort Trumbull on the other shore. The view of the interior was taken from the gateway, and shows the interior of the fort with the barracks, and in the background, the magazine, which is fast decaying under the "corroding tooth of time," in the angle of the southwest bastion, where so many brave men lost their lives. The barracks are used as stables, and where the heroic Ledyard was slain, and dyed the earth with his heart's blood, where "fury raged and shuddering pity quit the sanguine field," there the lowing herds yield their milky streams, and proud chanticleer lords it o'er his feathered flocks. I was forced, by the fast falling drops of rain, to seek shelter, and, leaving a spot where I fain would have lingered, I retraced my steps to the ferry, and was shortly landed upon the other shore. The storm prevented me from visiting and sketching Fort Trumbull; but I met with a faithful representation, which I have copied in the first of the group of illustrations at the top of page 201, and extract from Miss Caulkins's "History of New London" an able description:

"Fort Trumbull is situated on a point of land that extends into the river from the west side, nearly a mile and a half north of the light-house, and two-thirds of a mile, in a straight line, from the centre of the town. The present structure is the third that has stood upon the site. The old revolutionary fortress, built in 1775, was an irregular work, of comparatively small size; but standing high on its mounment of rock, it had a gallant air of defiance, which concealed in a manner its defects. The old inhabitants of the town regarded this fort with a kind of hallowed affection. It was allowed to fall into decay, but this very neglect softened its features, and gave it a rural and picturesque appearance, pleasing to the eye of taste. In 1812, the old walls and battlements were entirely levelled, and the work reconstructed from its foundation. The portions retained of the former work were so inconsiderable that it was considered a new fort. In a military point of view, it was far superior to the former structure, though by no means a finished work. The surface had been imperfectly prepared, and the dishevelled rocks, which ran straggling about the isthmus, were much better adapted to cover and protect assailants than to defend the garrison.

"This second fortification was demolished in 1839, the rugged ledges blasted away, and the site beautifully graded for the reception of the new fortress. The old original block house of 1775 has, however, been retained, through all changes, standing amid the magnificent walls and embankments of modern art, like a sepulchre in which the old forts lie entombed.

"The present fort is built of granite from the quarry at Millstone Point, and was ten years in building. The works were planned and executed from the commencement to the completion in 1849, by Capt. George W. Cullum, of the U. S. Engineers. By his judicious management, the cost of construction was kept within the first estimate, viz., $250,000. It is allowed by all observers to be a beautiful structure, simple, massive, and yet elegant in form and finish; a magnificent outpost to the town, and a fine object in the landscape."

I spent the evening in visiting an old and highly esteemed friend, whom I had not seen for years, and, in the morning, bade my friend and host Root, of the City Hotel, good-by, and took the cars for Norwalk. I am yours, NEUTRAL TINT.

Wayside Gatherings.

Whiteman's paper mill near Nashville, Tenn., has been destroyed by fire—a great loss, as there is no other establishment of the kind nearer than Knoxville.

Catharine Hayes would seem to have found a gold mine in Australia. On dit, the immense Barnum is concerned in her travels.

The Bangor Journal states that a resident of North Lincoln, Me., has caught a young wolf, and is training him to serve the purpose of a watch dog.

It appears not to be generally known that the Haytien government have removed the discriminating duty of ten per cent., formerly levied upon American commerce.

The head and feet of a boy named Jones were found in Woodford, Vt., on the banks of a stream beside his fishing rod and line, and it is supposed he had been killed and eaten by a panther.

An amateur performance was given at the Wesselhœft Water Cure, Brattleboro', Vt., a few evenings since. "The Day after the Wedding" and "The Two Buzzards," were the pieces represented.

The gas company of Providence, R. I., announce that "in consequence of the reduced cost of coal," the price of gas will be reduced on the 1st of October, to three dollars per thousand cubic feet.

Ladies who have attained the age of twenty-four or five, without having married a fool or knave, a gambler or a drunkard, are generally called old maids; but they need not be ashamed of the appellation.

John J. Fleming, a colored man residing in Boston, was sentenced by Justice Willard, in Charlestown, to one month's imprisonment in the House of Correction, for robbing the orchard of the McLean Asylum. Good!

At the ensuing Fair of the American Institute, to be held at the Crystal Palace, New York, as an encouragement to the youthful talent of our country, $500 have been set apart as a premium for the productions of apprentices and minors.

Newly discovered copper mines in Torrington, Ct., promise to yield abundant returns to the owners, and the old copper mines of Granby, under the increased facilities offered by late discoveries and inventions, are now being worked with profit.

In the city of Brooklyn, the Primitive Methodists are holding Sabbath services in the open air, with good effect, it is said, upon those who are too poor or too wicked to visit the churches. Thus occasionally "the poor have the gospel preached unto them"

The Rev. Eleazer Williams, the lost Bourbon, officiated as clergyman in St. Paul's church, Troy, recently. His appearance is said to excite much interest wherever he goes. He is collecting funds for a projected church among the Indians of northern New York, where he intends to labor.

A foreign paper says "the Russians not only throw shells, but keep up a constant discharge of 'grape' and 'bouquets' against the advanced trenches." This is following botanical pursuits under difficulties. Possibly it is intended as a reflection upon the want of stamina among the allies.

A letter passed through the post-office at Carlisle, lately, with the following direction: "Tak this letter to Carlisle. Tak it to Wm. Graham, blasterer, Dixon street, its no for him its for A son of his they Ca John Graham a canny young Cheil about Twenty-two. Tak it to Carlyle as I said before."

The annual State election in this Commonwealth, which has heretofore been held on the 2d Monday in November, will this year be held nearly a week earlier—on the Tuesday following the 1st Monday in November—agreeably to the 15th amendment to the constitution adopted by the people in May last.

The conductors on the New York and Erie Railroad have adopted a uniform. It is appropriate and becoming, not unlike that of the New York police. The buttons bear the emblem of a miniature locomotive, and the word "Conductor." Will not the example be followed by conductors on other roads?

Some days ago, a washing-fluid pedler, while pursuing his vocation in Portland, had his cart searched. Of course, those who made the examination had pretty good grounds for suspicion, as it was dealt out from a barrel boxed in the rear part of a wagon. The searchers were satisfied, however, after imbibing a quantity of the "fluid."

Improvements are shortly to be commenced in the Boston Post-Office. The newspaper department is to be enlarged and improved. A foreign department is to be established, and an office opened for the sale of postage stamps. These improvements will be located in the new building now in process of erection on the west side of the Exchange.

The Greenbrier White Sulphur Springs, Va., with the large tract of land attached to it, has been sold for $750,000. It is conjectured that the purchase is made by a northern company. It is to be hoped that the White Sulphur will be revolutionized and made worthy of the incomparable fountain which has kept the locality famous and attractive under every disadvantage.

There have been discovered in Costa Rica, lately, a number of coal, copper and gold mines, and one mine from which potassium is taken. One of the gold mines, though worked only on a small scale, is rich in its yield; the coal mines which exist upon the coast of Pleasant Gulf, will, it is thought, in time form a source of inexhaustible wealth. The copper mines, however, are by far the most abundant and important, and are already worked with great success.

Next to St. Peter's at Rome, the mosque of St. Sophia is the most sublime monument of architecture, and many testify that in unity of effect and impression on the mind, St. Sophia is far superior. Indeed, it was designed to surpass all that had been before or might come after it. Justinian lavished upon it, in gold, marbles and precious stones, the wealth of the Roman empire; and as he came in state on Christmas eve to celebrate its completion, he raised his hands to heaven, and exclaimed: "God be praised, who hath esteemed me worthy to finish so sublime a work! O, Solomon! I have surpassed thee!"

The use of narcotics appears to be universal. Siberia has its fungus; Turkey, India and China their opium; Persia, India and Turkey, with all Africa, from Morocco to the Cape of Good Hope, and even the Indians of Brazil, have their hemp and haschich; India, China and the Eastern Archipelago, their betel nuts and betel pepper; the Polynesian Islands their daily ava; Peru and Bolivia their long-used coca; New Grenada and the Himalayas their red and common thorn-apples; Asia and America—all the world, indeed—their tobacco; the Florida Indians their emetic holly; northern Europe and America their ledums and sweet gale; the Englishman and German their hop; and the Frenchman his lettuce.

Foreign Items.

Baron de Dietritch, of Vienna, who has just died, has left a fortune of 20,000,000 florins (about 50,000,000 francs), consisting chiefly of landed property. The whole of this vast sum goes to his grandson, aged seven.

The Emperor of the French has just placed at the disposal of the President of the Committee of Gendarmerie a sum of 10,000f. to be distributed among the wives and children of the two battalions of the regiment of Gendarmerie of the Guard now in the Crimea.

The banner, sword, crown and achievements of the Emperor of the French were recently placed by Sir Charles Young, Garter King of Arms, over the stall of his imperial majesty, which immediately faces that of the King of Prussia, in the Chapel Royal of Saint George, Windsor.

The University of Konigsberg intends to erect a monument to the philosopher Kant, once the great ornament of that institution. It is to be a statue in bronze, and will be placed on the daily promenade of the great man, which, after him, has been called "Der Philosophensteig" (the Philosopher's Path).

A gamekeeper's wife at Stanthorne, Cheshire, Eng., named Bancroft, has made herself famous by the capture of a burglar named Whittaker. Coming home and finding a man had broken into her house, she seized him, dragged him to the front window, opened it, gave the alarm, and maintained her hold of the prisoner until her husband came to her assistance.

The Singalese religion is Budhism, and their sacred language Pali. Budhism numbers at least three hundred millions of followers—a more extensive religious system than any other in the world. It does not acknowledge God, and invites to a life of self-mortification by no other ultimate inducement than a heaven of annihilation.

The number of monastic institutions in England is considerably on the increase, as will appear from the following statement: In 1847, there were 34 convents and 8 monasteries; in 1848, there were 38 convents and 11 monasteries; in 1851, the convents for women alone had increased to 52; in 1852, they numbered 60; and in 1853, 75.

Sands of Gold.

.... I take it to be a principal rule of life, not to be too much addicted to any one thing.—*Terence.*

How can we explain the perpetuity of envy—a vice which yields no return?—*Balzac.*

No liberal man would impute a charge of unsteadiness to another for having changed his opinion.—*Cicero.*

.... If idleness be the root of all evil, then matrimony is good for something, for it sets many a poor woman to work.—*Vanbrugh.*

.... Sin is never at a stay; if we do not retreat from it, we shall advance in it; and the further on we go, the more we have to come back.—*Barrow.*

.... It is an unhappy, and yet, I fear, a true reflection, that they who have uncommon easiness and softness of temper, have seldom very noble and nice sensations of soul.—*Greville.*

.... The greatest parts without discretion may be fatal to their owner; as Polyphemus, deprived of his eye, was only the more exposed on account of his enormous strength and stature.—*Hume.*

.... In this theatre of man's life, God and angels only should be lookers-on; contemplation and action ought ever to be united, a conjunction like unto that of the two highest planets, Saturn the planet of rest, and Japiter the planet of action.—*Bacon.*

.... Gaiety is to good humor as animal perfumes to vegetable fragrance. The one overpowers weak spirits, the other recreates and revives them. Gaiety seldom fails to give some pain; good humor boasts no faculties which every one does not believe in his own power, and pleases principally by not offending.—*Johnson.*

.... We meet men who are charlatans externally and in good faith. These men deceive even themselves. Mounted on their stilts, they think themselves on foot, and perform their tricks with a sort of innocence; their vanity is in their blood; they are born comedians and boasters, extravagant in form as a Chinese vase: perhaps they laugh at themselves. Their personality is, moreover, generous, and, like the splendor of the royal garments of Murat, they attract danger.—*Balzac.*

Joker's Budget.

"I shall be indebted to you for life," as the man said to his creditors when he ran away to Australia.

The king's evil is not known in this country, and is becoming rare even in Europe.

"I really can't express my thanks," as the boy said to a schoolmaster when he gave him a thrashing.

"The smiles of home are exceeding pleasant," but there are many people who have good homes, who prefer "smiling" with a friend outside.

The learned have often been puzzled about the sudden rise and fall of western lakes. May these phenomena, suggests the Boston Post, not be owing to the great snake moving from one lake to another?

The statement that there are no mosquitoes in Hall having been deemed fabulous by the suffering inhabitants of the city, the town authorities of that noted spot are about offering a reward for the capture of a single insect of this species.

A "stuck up" sort of a genius entered a store in Philadelphia, and turning up his nose at some apples in the window, exclaimed: "Are those apples fit for a hog to eat?" "I don't know; try them and see," was the instant reply of the storekeeper.

A matter of fact friend of ours, some five years a father, speaking of the return a child should make a parent, said that he didn't think, as children behaved now-a-days, that they paid three cents on a dollar of what they owed of affection and gratitude.

A witty gentleman of Buffalo, speaking of a friend who was prostrated by illness, remarked that "he could hardly recover, since his constitution was all gone." "If his constitution is all gone," said a bystander, "I do not see how he lives at all." "O," respouded the wag, "he lives on the by-laws."

Sydney Smith writes of a Miss Markham: "In carving a partridge, I splashed her with gravy from head to foot, and though I saw three distinct brown rills of animal juice trickling down her cheek, she had the complaisance to swear that not a drop had reached her. Such circumstances are the triumphs of civilized life."

NOTICE TO ADVERTISERS.—*One page only of this paper is devoted to advertisements.* The immense circulation of the PICTORIAL (being *over one hundred thousand copies weekly*) forms a vehicle of advertisement that is rarely offered to the public. Another fact which greatly enhances the value of the PICTORIAL as an advertising medium is, that it is *preserved*, and not destroyed after being read, being regularly bound up every six months, so that each advertisement (all being placed on the *inside* of the paper) becomes a *permanent card of the advertiser's business for years to come.*

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Office of the Maryland Consolidated Lotteries,
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sept 29 1t

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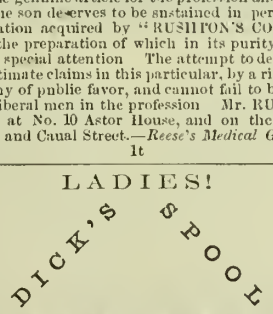

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Corner of Tremont and Bromfield Sts., Boston.

CONVOY OF GOLD FROM BRAZIL TO RIO JANEIRO.

SCENES IN BRAZIL.

Previous to the discovery of gold in California, the greater part of the precious metal which supplied the European market came from South America, and a large proportion of the gold from Brazil. The gold mines were discovered in 1698, and the diamond mines in 1782. Up to the year 1810, Brazil had sent to Portugal 14,280 cwt. of gold and 400 pounds of diamonds, which foreign countries, and especially Great Britain, purchased at the London market. The first of our series of engravings shows a convoy of gold on its way from the interior of Brazil to the city of Rio Janeiro. The gold is laden on the backs of mules, which are accompanied by their *arrieros*, or driver. Armed native and creole soldiers on foot precede it, while a group of mounted officers and soldiers bring up the rear. The second engraving exhibits the halt of the convoy. A well thatched roof protects them from the rays of the sun. While the menials of the party are engaged in the preparation of the noonday meal, the officers disperse themselves in easy attitudes, and one skilled in the favorite instrument of the Spanish races, thrums a seguadilla on his guitar. The third engraving exhibits a scene in the hills, with the various operations connected with washing the superficial sands, and filtering the mountain streams for particles of gold. These spots are commonly found in places inaccessible to any but the most resolute climbers, and delays of months' duration are consequently not uncommon in the transmission of produce. On the left hand of the picture are a party of slaves catching the gold dust by immersing fleeces in the running water. On the right are two negroes beating out the dust from a fleece into a large wooden dish placed on the ground to receive it. Further back is seen a man weighing the dust in scales. Men and women are seen bringing down pieces of quartz containing gold to be broken up by others. The whole scene is a curious and interesting one. The great sources for a supply of gold are, of course, California and Australia, and here the deposits appear to be inexhaustible. Native gold is, however, found in all parts of the world. From Georgia and Carolina, there were coined, in one year, $320,000—an amount that now seems utterly inconsiderable in view of the prodigious sums annually exported from the Pacific coast. The mountain of Vorostapak, near Abrudbanya, in Transylvania, is a remarkable instance—a rock impregnated throughout with a small portion of gold. It has been worked to a considerable extent since the time of the Romans; it consists of greywacke and porphyry. In a similar rock it is found in many places along the chain of the Alps, and in the Schlangenburg in Siberia. The treatment of the ores of gold, where the gold is free, consists in submitting them to the contact of mercury after they have been crushed and rendered fine by washing. The levigated ore and mercury are agitated together, until it is conceived that the amalgamation is perfect, when the compound is exposed to a heat sufficiently intense to volatilize the mercury, which is condensed and recovered for successive operations. When gold occurs intimately mingled with iron pyrites, the process differs from that described above, only it is necessary to roast the ore, in order to pulverize it sufficiently to set it at liberty. Some years ago, Humboldt estimated the average annual gold product of Mexico and New Spain at nearly $11,000,000. The whole of Europe furnishes less than a million annually, of which a large proportion comes from the Hungarian gold mines. The immense influx of gold from California has led to the supposition that it would become a drug in the market; but, as yet, this precious metal, the "root of all evil," has not depreciated in value. The gold "costs what it comes to." Whether improved machinery and processes applied to the auriferous quartz which exists in such enormous quantities in California and Brazil will produce the condition of things to which we have alluded, is a question that time only can determine. There is certainly no complaint as yet that gold is too plenty, nor will there be likely to be for a long time.

HALT OF THE CONVOY

GOLD WORKS OF ITACOLUMI, BRAZIL—GOLD WASHING.

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL

M. M. BALLOU, { CORNER OF TREMONT AND BROMFIELD STS. BOSTON, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 6, 1855. $3,00 PER ANNUM. 6 CENTS SINGLE. } VOL. IX., No. 14.—WHOLE No. 222.

AN INLAND FISHING PARTY.

Our artist, Mr. Warren, has here presented us with a pleasing scene, thoroughly American in its character, which he has treated with great spirit and taste. It has the merit of telling its own story, the figures being all characteristic and expressive. Nowhere are these fresh water excursions more common than in New England, the physical peculiarities of which have served to create a race of fresh-water sailors, just as the ocean gives birth to a race of hardy mariners. You cannot go far in any direction in New England, without encountering some bright stream, pouring from a rocky cliff, or meandering through green meadow or woodland or some placid pond, mirroring the blue sky, and set in a framework of embowering shores. These streams and ponds would be rivers and lakes in the old world; but here, where we have, as standards of size, the great chain of inland oceans on our northern border, and such lordly water courses as the St. Lawrence, the Hudson, the Mississippi and the Missouri, the great arteries of a vast continent, sheets and streams of water, in themselves inconsiderable, sink into insignificance by comparison. Lakes and streams, Goethe has remarked, are the eyes of the landscape. The most beautiful combinations of wood, and indeed all valleys lack an essential charm if this brighter element be wanting. But here we are not subjected to this deprivation. We have "water, water everywhere." The Charles and the Mystic pour their bright waters around the feet of the city. At a greater distance, the Merrimac and the Connecticut roll over their silver tide to the ocean. Maine boasts of her brimming and exulting waters. But besides these considerable streams, besides such vast sheets of water as Lake Winnipiscogee, Moosehead and Umbagog Lakes, Champlain and Lake George, there are a thousand nameless streams and ponds, intersecting our whole territory, like threads of silver, performing incessantly their service of beauty and utility, swelling the material and intellectual wealth of the community. The dweller of the city is not denied the enjoyment of their beauty. There are some charming streams and ponds within the compass of a short walk from the city. Fresh Pond, in Cambridge, would have its minstrels and its painters, were it a European scene—or were it an almost inaccessible lake hundreds of miles away in the mountains. Spot Pond, in Stoneham, is a truly magnificent expanse of water, with wooded shores and islets, greener than that which gems the bosom of Loch Katrine. Our rivers and lakes have the pure, fresh charm of nature alone. In the place of those storied castles that frown along the "wide and winding Rhine," we only have the castellated crags that nature sometimes loves to pile along the shores in mockery of human art. We have no ruined monasteries, no ivied towers, to reflect themselves in the blue wave by day, and paint their dark outlines against the evening sky, but we have a charm more unalloyed in the exuberant beauty of Nature herself. Those old towers of the old world are haunted by memories of battle and murder, of superstition and oppression—they are the monuments of dark deeds or desolating splendors. Thank Heaven, we have no ruins. And if our little sailing party is not destined to pass beneath the frowning battlements of an old castle, it is sure of those simple pleasures which have pure air, and bright scenery, and sweet companionship for their bases—a union, perhaps, of the highest gratification which falls to the lot of man.

AN INLAND SAILING PARTY.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

FALCONE:

—OR,—

THE MYSTERIES OF MEXICO.

A ROMANCE OF OUR DAY.

BY AUGUSTINE J. H. DUGANNE.

[CONTINUED.]

CHAPTER XV.

HANNIBAL.

HANNIBAL, intent on overtaking his mistress, pushed on with undiminished ardor, descending the national road, from the pass of Rio Frio, at a pace which the mules under his charge doubtless considered quite unnecessary, particularly as many portions of the hard highway were quite destitute of shade. But Hannibal was a literal constructionist of the orders of those in authority, and consequently, as he had been directed to follow "Massa Dusenbury," no alternative presented itself to the mind of the faithful black, but to pursue his forward march till his mistress and her party should be overtaken.

But, anxious as was Hannibal to make the best of his way, the mules were far from being averse to rest, the more so as the morning route had sufficiently taxed their powers of endurance. It was not therefore extraordinary, that, in a quite sheltered and inviting spot, where overhanging rocks prevented the slanting sunbeams from invading a wide patch of grass on either side of the road, the foremost beast should incontinently plant himself on his knees, and in spite of Hannibal's remonstrances, by rein and thong, insist on maintaining that position, to the manifest retardal of farther progress. In this specimen of obstinacy the animal received "aid and comfort" from his associate which carried the pack, and the result of this mulish combination was to bring our poor negro at once to a standstill. In vain alike were coaxing and threats; in vain did Hannibal, taking his place between the two refractory beasts, alternately implore and flog, in order to bring them to a sense of their dereliction. Useless were his asseverations concerning the importance of his speedily overtaking "Missy Teresa," unavailing were his dark intimations of the treatment they might look for at the hands of "Massa Dusenbury," when that formidable individual should "cotch 'em cuttiu' up in dat fashion."

"T'ink nigga gwine to stay yer all night?" demanded he contemptuously, of the principal rebel, which he had ridden. "T'ink nobody in de world but jist two sons ob jackass? Gorra! Wait till we cotch up wid de hosses—dat's all."

But "cotching up wid de hosses" did not appear to enter at all into the calculations of Hannibal's mules. With all the stolidity vouched for by the organ of "firmness," so notorious in their race, they continued the "masterly inactivity" which no dint of persuasion or of menace, no promises "in futuro" of a beating "in esse" could move them one inch from the posture which they had assumed. It was manifest that the Mexican mules were inimical to the Anglo-African origin of their sable driver, or else were flatly determined on taking their own time in the matter of repose from labor. The passage of the Anahuac Alps appeared less practicable to our present Hannibal than was that of the Italian Alps to his Carthaginian namesake of ancient memory.

But the negro was fertile in invention, and ceasing to berate the animals, he gathered up a clump of tender grass and sought to entice the fellow with the pack, by holding off the morsel a few inches above his expectant nose. This plan succeeded admirably as could be expected. The mule rose to his feet in order to possess himself of the dainty, whereupon the politic Hannibal withdrew it immediately and essayed the same method with the saddle beast, which, in its turn, was induced to take a standing posture. But alas for human calculation! the pack-mule at the same instant dropped back on his knees, and when Hannibal turned quickly to present his whisp of grass—lo! the saddle mule sank into his former attitude. It was too much. Hannibal lifted up his voice and lamented long and loudly.

It is not within the province of the historian, truthful and accurate though he may strive to be at all times, to detail the objurgations and perhaps reprehensible figures of speech, which fell rapidly from the voluble negro, upon the devoted heads of his unmoved mules. Suffice it, that in the midst of a stream of luxuriant tropes, Hannibal was cut short by a merrily-ringing laugh at his side, while at the same time a cracked voice from a little distance, cried:

"Take care, daughter—be wary, child! It may be a brigand."

Hannibal looked up, and became aware that the laughter proceeded from a beautiful young Mexican lady, who was mounted on a gaily-caparisoned pony, whilst the cracked voice belonged evidently to a little, sallow and dried-up specimen of an old gentleman, who bestrode a sedate-looking mule, at a short distance behind. Two servants, mounted like their master, brought up the rear, and the whole party had apparently just entered the high road from one of the rugged mountain paths which intersected it below the pass of Rio Frio.

The perplexity of the negro gave way to surprise at the long-continued and exuberant laughter which broke from the rosy lips of the youthful lady. It seemed as if she recognized something extremely ludicrous in the countenance and attitude of poor Hannibal, who still held the clump of grass with which he had endeavored to influence his unruly charge. Clear and silvery, like the gurgling music of a brook, the light mirth of the girl rang through the woods around, until the negro, puzzled but pleased, opened his own mouth with a broad smile, and resorted to that invariable African operation when in doubt, scratching of his sable poll.

"Gorra! Wha' for she make laugh so long?" ejaculated he, with an inquiring sneeze.

"Mexicana! Mexicana!" cried the old man, in his shrill treble. "Why do you laugh so? Are you afraid of nothing?"

"Surely, when there is nothing to make one afraid," replied the girl. "What's the matter, comical fellow?" she continued, fixing her merry black eyes upon Hannibal. "Why do not your mules go forward? Why do you weep?"

The negro raised his hand and felt upon his cheek the large teardrops, of which in his vexation he had not before been conscious; and truly, the poor fellow's countenance presented an absurd appearance, a wide grin revealing his teeth, whilst the tears he had shed mingled with the perspiration and dust, and formed great blotches, that added more picturesqueness than beauty to his African lineaments.

"O, missy—I am c'most dead. Mules no go furrard—no 'tand up on dere feet. Gorra!"

Hannibal's Spanish, broken like his English, was yet sufficiently intelligible, and he soon made the new-comers acquainted with the fact that he had lost or missed his mistress and her party, and that, in spite of his desire to overtake them, the incorrigible mules insisted upon suspending their progress. He did not mention the fact of pursuit having occasioned the separation, for his good sense told him that such a disclosure could have no bearing upon his present difficulties, but simply explained that his mistress, by pushing forward with the horses, had left him considerably behind with the pack-mule.

"And your mules are so obstinate that they will not move?" cried the Mexican lady, with another silvery laugh. "Let me see if I cannot coax them."

Saying this, she beckoned one of the servants to ride up, and directing him to open a small valise that was strapped to her saddle, took from it some little cakes, which she presented to one of the mules, at the same time patting the animal gently with her delicately-formed hand.

"There! do you not see? He obeys *me* at once," cried she, laughing loudly, as the mule rose from his knees, and munched the cates which she extended to him. "Now, mount, my brave fellow, and we shall presently get you out of your difficulties."

"Mexicana! Mexicana! this may be all a plot!" cried the old man, shuffling uneasily in his saddle. "Should there be an ambuscade of robbers, my child! Pablo! Juan! hold fast to your arms! be ready!"

"Poh—poh—father! let me manage my long-eared friends," replied the young lady, whilst the two servants, Juan and Pablo, smiled at an order which was regularly repeated to them every ten minutes by the apprehensive Don Manuel their master. And the girl continued to feed the two mules, now firmly on their legs, and apparently quite disposed to a compromise. Hannibal, meantime, had bestridden the saddled beast, and possessed himself once more of the pack-mule's bridle.

"Now, then, let us consider," cried the senorita, addressing the negro, whilst continuing to feed the mules, "whither was your mistress travelling?"

"'Spees we go to Puebla—'spees we go to Monterey—'spees we go home to New Orleans," answered Hannibal, with a sigh, as he thought of his lost master, Glinton.

"Aha! you hear? They are Americans and we are to be invaded by them. Should he be a spy, Mexicana! Pablo! Juan! stand fast to your arms!"

"Puebla—Monterey," said the young lady, paying no attention to Don Manuel, who was eying the negro with great suspicion expressed in his withered old features. "We are going thitherward ourselves. You may accompany us, as you are unacquainted with the route. Will that suit you, if I take care that your mules go? What is your name?"

"O, t'ank you, missy—t'ank you! Hannibal my name, missy. Go long wi' you, for sartain; Missa Teresa be bery glad to see you—lub you bery much, for sartain."

"Ah, and why do you think your mistress would love me, Hannibal?"

"Can't help, missy. Ebbery body lub dem what is kind. Eben de mules—dey mind you when dey no mind me. Gorra!"

"Well, Hannibal, ride forward with Juan and Pablo. No doubt we shall find your mistress at Puebla. Come, dear father! there is no danger. We have Hannibal at our backs."

Saying this, the merry Mexican girl gave her last cates to the mules, and then, tapping her father's chin with a little fan which she carried in lieu of a whip, rode forward at Don Manuel's side. Pablo and Juan, with Hannibal and the pack-mule, brought up the rear.

CHAPTER XVI.

LORENZO AND INEZ.

AN atmosphere of happiness reigned in and around the hacienda of Lorenzo and Inez, the gentle entertainers of Dusenbury and his two companions. Lorenzo, possessed of ample means, and warmly seconded in his tastes by the devotion of his lovely wife, had surrounded their beautiful home with all that could contribute to the gratification of true artistic taste, or enhance the pure pleasures of domestic life. The mansion itself, embowered in fragrant woodlands, and redolent with the perfume and grace of the flowers which encompassed its every border, was a fit dwelling-place for hearts inspired with mutual love, and charming as the seat of freely-dispensed charity and enlarged hospitality. The master and mistress of that hacienda, though mingling little in the world beyond their threshold, were yet known and esteemed by high and low through all the cultivated neighborhood, which stretched from the main road nearest to their gates, downward through the luxuriant "Valley of Murillo," named after the father of Lorenzo's bride, a rich proprietor, and around the base of the lofty "Outlaws' Mount," once the retreat of a band of brigands, lately dispersed by the death of their famous leader.

Dusenbury's welcome, the welcome which warm hearts extend to a tried friend, was shared in by Alonzo and Teresa, and the latter speedily found herself as *spiritually* acquainted with her young Mexican hostess as if the intimacy of years had been cementing a friendship between them; for there is a magnetism in guileless natures that, losing sight of mere conventionality, bases its esteem on an appreciation which is the result, not of reason, but of intuition, and is therefore seldom deceived.

Lorenzo and the Yankee found much to engage their thoughts and converse, for they talked of mutual friends, linked to their recollections by the association of past service and grateful appreciation; and it was, consequently, no wonder that the first day's sojourn of the travellers at the romantic hacienda passed like the transition of a happy dream.

The family circle of Lorenzo was not large, for Heaven had not yet vouchsafed the blessing of children to their wishes. The father of Inez, a cheerful old man, who passed his time in light superintendence of the planting operations upon the estate, and found his comfort chiefly in the contemplation of the serene happiness of his children, and a young girl, named Berta, the orphaned daughter of the notorious brigand Moroni, who had lost his life at the neighboring city of Puebla, were the only members of the household, besides the husband and wife. Berta, the young orphan, was beautiful and interesting, but, alas! reason no longer dwelt in the shrine of her classic brow. The severe experiences of early life, and the shock of losing her only friend, the brigand chief, had stricken this child of nature with an insanity deemed incurable, but harmless and touching in the extreme. Brother and sister could not have been more tender than were Lorenzo and his wife to this poor maiden, who wandered evermore about the cottage and through the neighboring vale and mountain, known to all the peasants by her sad smile and fantastic costume, as the orphan of him who had been the terror of the neighboring country, and, moreover, as one whose affliction demanded pity and kindness from every Christian heart.

The American orphan, Teresa, sympathized deeply with the stricken Berta, whose sad story was quickly revealed by her new friend Inez, and it became apparent, soon, that the mad girl was attracted by the gentleness of the stranger-guest, for only a few days elapsed before it began to be noticed that Berta, instead of absenting herself for hours in the day, as was her usual custom, and roaming distraught through the forest, seemed now desirous of remaining near the hacienda, and within sound of the low and musical voice which was one of Teresa's sweetest charms. Lorenzo and Inez said, with a smile, that their fair American guest was a fairy who could draw all natures to do her homage, and Dusenbury, shaking his head as he puffed one of his host's fragrant cigars, declared, in his broadest vernacular, that, "Miss Teresa was a gal it wa'n't no use talkin' about—she was jest a bran noo angel waitin' for wings."

But a week fled swiftly over the heads of the three guests, and yet no tidings of the Padre Herrata, or of the missing Hannibal and the mestiza could be gathered, though messengers had been despatched at various times from the hacienda to the neighboring villages, and even as far off as Puebla, some miles across the plain, from the other extremity of the valley of Murillo. Dusenbury grew impatient, for he apprehended that danger had befallen his friend the padre, since he well knew that the good priest's enemies, as well as his own, were not few among the supporters of the new government. Once or twice, when no news came, he thought of leaving the hacienda, which would afford a secure retreat for his young countrywoman, and retracing his course to the capital; but a little reflection satisfied the Yankee of the futility of any aid of his, should the priest be really in the hands of powerful foes, whilst his own discovery might involve both himself and friends in greater peril. He resolved, therefore, to accept for a period longer, the hospitality of his Mexican friends, in order to see what turn the political affairs of Mexico might take, before exposing himself to all the risks which, in the present excited state of popular feeling, an alien might encounter, even though provided with a passport of the late president, Herrara.

But when, after the lapse of ten days more, during which nothing was heard of Hannibal or the luggage of Teresa, but instead of which the most alarming rumors crowded fast upon one another concerning the war with the United States, Jake Dusenbury resolved to leave the valley of Murillo, and press forward on his interrupted journey. Various considerations induced this decision. The Yankee, in his capacity as trader, had no small amount of pecuniary interest involved in his business connections with the north-eastern province of Mexico, and it became very necessary that he should journey near the borders, in order to be ready for any contingency of risk, which a protracted state of hostilities might threaten. Besides this, Dusenbury knew that, in a country so distracted as Mexico, he could not for a great while reckon upon the personal protection which Herrara's passport for the present might insure, and it was therefore of importance, if he valued his liberty or life, that he should make the best of his way to a less excited portion of the land. It was now established beyond doubt that a severe contest between the two republics was at hand, and the news of Taylor's successive victories at Palo-Alto and Resaca de la Palma, the capture of Matamoras and the advance of the conquer-

ing Americans into the province of New Leon, had exasperated the hatred of the inhabitants of all the interior, who loudly called upon General Paredes to avenge the shame of the first defeats. The government, in obedience to the popular feeling, as well as in pursuance of its own plan, was now engaged in pushing enlistments vigorously, and collecting men and means for the concentration of a powerful army, to be pushed forward to the defence of the northern provinces. Dusenbury, convinced that no time was to be lost if he would effect his escape, communicated his wishes to Lorenzo, and implored the latter's protection for his countrywoman, Teresa.

"It is out o' question for the senora to travel further now, ye see," said the Yankee, "for it's as much as I can do, you may be sure, to take care o' my own skin, agin these yaller chaps, now they've got their dander so riz about the States. So, you'll obleege me, senor, if you'll jes' let the young folks stay at the hacienda till better things turn up. This war can't last long, I hope, and maybe it'll blow right over. But it's best to be prepared, senor, and so—jes say you'll take care o' the senora."

"Fear nothing, my friend," answered Lorenzo, grasping the Yankee's hand. "Senora Teresa is as safe beneath this roof as is my Inez herself. Thank Heaven, we are secluded and very little troubled with the tumult of politics or strife. Trust me, the senora shall be as a sister in our household."

"Thank ye, thank ye," cried Dusenbury, warmly. "I'll not forget you, and I feel easy about the young gal as long as she's here. There's that Senor Alonzo, too, he'll be a protection to you all, for he's a brave young chap, and loves the senora as the apple of his eye. There's no deceit about that boy, Senor Lorenzo. He's open and above board."

"Alonzo Vallejo is a noble youth," replied Lorenzo, who had conceived a strong attachment for his guest. "I feel toward him like a brother, and truly believe, as you say, that he is worthy of all esteem. Trust me, Senor Dusenbury, you leave us a happy family in all but losing one whom we regard so highly as yourself."

"I shall be back before you know it, maybe," returned Dusenbury. "But ef anything should happen to me, Padre Herrata is the friend o' these young folks, and in him, you know, you can confide. And now, senor, I must make short work sayin' good-by all round, for to-night must see me beyond Puebla."

In accordance with this determination, Dusenbury speedily acquainted his young friends with the necessity of his departure, enjoining them to make themselves contented with their quiet retreat in the hacienda, and await with patience the first results of the war. Teresa grieved deeply at the prospect of losing her kind protector, but perhaps she would have been less reconciled had Alonzo been likewise obliged to pursue his journey. Alonzo, on his part, regretted to separate from his North American friend, but the consciousness of his being left the proud guardian of the one beloved best, contributed doubtless to the equanimity with which he supported the parting. Nevertheless, it needed no demonstration of regard, to assure Jake Dusenbury that all who crowded around him, as he put foot in stirrup, were his warm and true friends, who would gladly never lose sight of his honest countenance. The Yankee felt, as he wrung the hands of all, from his host's to that of the mulatto Lucille, that it was no hollow courtesy but deep and earnest regard which followed him out upon his perilous journey. Thus he bade adieu to the pleasant hacienda of the hospitable Senor Lorenzo.

It was the dusk of evening which Dusenbury chose as the most fitting time for his passage through the populous city of Puebla, in view of his unwillingness to subject himself to too great scrutiny on the part of Mexicans. The Yankee was acquainted with several commercial friends in the place, and these he sought as speedily as possible, in order to make provisions for the settlement of such business as must be left hereafter without his supervision. He found the traders filled with apprehensions concerning the war, and astonished at the Yankee's temerity in attempting at this time to penetrate through the wild frontier provinces.

"You will most assuredly be arrested and imprisoned, Senor Dusenbury," said one of the traders, a rough-looking fellow, who had brought peltries to the American, and had derived much profit in driving bargains with the latter.

"More likely he will be shot," was the consoling remark of another fellow, who had often supplied Dusenbury with the silver of Chihuahua in exchange for articles of traffic with the northern tribes.

"That's true," rejoined the first speaker. "General Ampudia is in command below San Luis, and he makes short work of aliens and spies. Take advice, Senor Dusenbury, and keep quiet till this unlucky war is over, and honest men can travel unmolested."

"Good friends, all o' ye, no doubt," answered Dusenbury. "But I reckon I'll take my chance out in the open country, sooner than stay here, cooped up and rustin' out."

So saying, the Yankee proceeded to develop such plans for future connection with his trusting friends as might be carried out, with due consideration of the contingencies of war, and then announced his intention of resuming his regular speculations, so soon as hostilities should cease. The traders declared that he had their best wishes, and drank their aqua ardiente to his good health with the greatest show of enthusiasm.

"It's lucky, however, that you're not troubled with personal effects in your travels, Senor Dusenbury," remarked one of them, "or you might fare as badly as the poor devil of an American black did, a few weeks since, who lost his mule-load, and was near being clapped in prison as a spy or something worse."

"What say you—a black?" inquired Dusenbury, whose quick perception immediately divined that Hannibal must be the unfortunate wight alluded to.

"Truly, senor—a fellow who, with a couple of fine mules, one loaded with goods, was arrested by the guard as he entered the gates. He told some stupid story of being in search of his mistress, which nobody believed, and the fool would have been shot had it not been for the protection of some Spanish don and donna who took pity on him."

"And what became of him?"

"He was suffered to go off with his Castilian friends, but the pack-mule as well as the one he rode, was detained by the captain of the guard. So you see, senor, what risks you run, and that to keep concealed is your best policy."

"But I have President Herrara's safe-warrant."

"Good for nothing with the army, my friend. The soldiers of Paredes will laugh at you."

"Well, then, I take my chance," said the Yankee, laughing and lighting a cigar. "And now," he continued, addressing the peltry-trader, "as we may be parting for the last time, I will ask a little service of you. When I am gone, take a note for me to the hacienda beyond Murillo's Valley, to a certain Senor Alonzo Vallejo, whom you will find there."

"With much pleasure, Senor Dusenbury," returned the peltry-trader, "for I pass the house to-morrow."

Dusenbury hastily penned a short note to Vallejo, informing him of what he had learned concerning Hannibal, and directing him to request Lorenzo to apply to the authorities at Puebla for the restitution of the pack-mule with Teresa's wardrobe and effects. The Yankee had little doubt that the influence of Lorenzo or his father-in-law, Murillo, would easily obtain the mules; so congratulating himself upon the accident which had acquainted him with the negro's mishap, he gave his brief note to the peltry-trader, and bidding the Mexicans adieu, set out once more to pursue his dangerous journey.

But fortunately for the North American, the very excitement which existed concerning the war, generating a common hatred of the enemy, was of such a nature as to absorb public attention with the news constantly arriving from the border States; so that, contrary to his fears, Dusenbury found that the pass which he carried signed by Herrara, was examined without much scrutiny by the officials to whom it was presented. Besides, in many towns through which the Yankee passed, after diverging from the Vera Cruz road, his name was known to several in connection with his northern trading operations; so that our traveller soon banished all apprehensions so far as regarded his personal safety. His purse was well lined, he spoke the provincial language with a tolerable accent, and prudently avoiding the fortified posts, Dusenbury managed, after a fortnight's leisurely travel, to reach the lower districts of the State of Tamoulipas, without experiencing other difficulties than those naturally consequent on the route he had taken, hardships and exposures which, to one accustomed to ease and luxury, might have been formidable, but which the enterprising Yankee trader deemed scarcely worth a passing thought.

The neighboring State of New Leon was then in daily expectation of being invaded by the American army that threatened its borders. General Pedro Ampudia, a brave and experienced commander, had fortified the capital city, Monterey, and there, with about seven thousand men, awaited the approach of Taylor, who, flushed with the first successes of the Rio Grande campaign, was concentrating all his forces for the capture and occupation of the inner States. Dusenbury, as he entered upon the great road leading through the province of Tamoulipas, and approached upon the actual seat of strife, became painfully aware of the incipient afflictions of war, though as yet he witnessed none of its horrors. A large military draft had been made by the authorities upon the population, and great numbers of the peasantry were forced from their harvest fields to bear arms in defence of the republic. Consequently, though no hostile foot had yet pressed the soil, much misery was already occasioned by the withdrawal of the people from their agricultural operations, and by the high prices of every necessary of life, the natural effect of the presence of a large army of non-producers. Dusenbury's heart was touched at the many deserted cottages, and groups of wandering, half-famished women and children that met his eye, nor was he less moved at witnessing the arbitrary manner in which able-bodied men, unwillingly recruited for a war of whose merits they were totally ignorant, were dragged in pairs and driven to barracks, thence to be marched to the battle-field and sacrificed in the quarrel of governments, which had never thought of them till they were found necessary as food for powder. But Dusenbury had little opportunity for more than pity, inasmuch as it required the utmost caution on his part to avoid observation, which at this crisis might be followed by serious results.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE LADY MEXICANA.

In the meanwhile, Hannibal, the negro, after his gentle auxiliary, the lady Mexicana, had opened to his sagacious perceptions a novel and striking method of rendering tractable that stubborn beast, the Mexican mule, rode on in the rear of his protectors, quite contented with his good fortune, and doubting not that he should find his mistress Teresa at Puebla, which they would reach on the morrow. With this conviction, the black replied with good-humored frankness to the questions of the servants with whom he rode, and when the party halted at dusk to pass the night at a small village, the best understanding in the world prevailed between them all.

But at Puebla no traces of Senora Teresa, Senor Dusenbury, or the rest of his friends, were to be discovered. On the contrary (as Dusenbury afterwards learned from the peltry-trader), the negro's anxious inquiries, coming to the notice of the officials, rendered poor Hannibal himself an object of suspicion; so much, indeed, that he was very speedily relieved of his charge, as respected the mules, and might have seen the inside of a prison for some months, had not Don Manuel Ribera, the old Spanish sire of the beautiful Mexicana, who was well known as a person of importance (having amassed a great fortune in Mexico), interfered in season to prevent any severity being visited upon the unfortunate servant who had lost his mistress. This good offer of Don Manuel was due to the gentle pleading of Mexicana, rather than to any generosity on the part of her nervous old father, and Hannibal evinced his assurance of this by the grateful manner in which he acknowledged the offer of further protection from the lady's party.

"It is very evident, my poor fellow," said she, to the perplexed black, "that you can do no good to your mistress, and must endanger yourself, by wandering without protection through the country. It may be that your friends have gone to Monterey. My father's destination is Tampico, and we shall travel the great road, making a circuit, in order that Don Manuel may transact some business at Victoria. Now, brave Hannibal, if you like, you shall continue to journey with us, at least as far as Victoria, where you must surely learn if your mistress has journeyed to Monterey."

"Ah, Missy Mexicana—I am so t'ankful to you for dis kindness. But, O, de Lord lub your sweet soul an' body, what will 'come ob de dear young missy?"

"It is true, good Hannibal, you can be of no service to your mistress."

"Berry true—berry true! I'm only a poor nigga—dey wont b'lieve I lub my missy so, and maybe dey put poor Hannibal in de calaboose after all."

"That is more than likely, Hannibal, so you had better go on with Juan and Pablo, and all three 'look well to your arms.'"

So saying, with a merry laugh as she repeated her father's customary injunction to their attendants, Donna Mexicana turned away and went to make preparations with the old Castilian for their journey from Puebla.

Don Manuel Ribera, long known as a thriving *administradore*, or overseer and collector of revenues from estates held in Mexico by non-resident Spaniards, had, it was equally well known, amassed a very large fortune by his shrewdness. He had managed to make himself useful in the way of negotiating loans to various administrations, from that of Guerrero to the present one of Antonio Paredes, and had therefore enjoyed many immunities which he failed not to turn to good account for his personal advantage. He was now travelling to various points, but still *en route* for the seaboard at Tampico, whence he proposed taking passage for his native Spain, whither the bulk of his fortune had already been transported; for the old financier had long foreseen the crisis to which Mexican affairs were hurrying, and resolved, in his declining years, to wind up his connection with the distracted republic, and with his only daughter, the one object he loved better than his money bags, seek some quiet spot in old Castile, where, free from care and apprehension, he might enjoy a repose that as yet he had never known.

The negro Hannibal proved himself no useless member of the little party which now traversed the mountain passes and half-desert plains bordering on the highway that stretched from Puebla through the rich mining districts of Potosi, downward to the province of Tamoulipas, and thence, diverging eastward from Victoria, forms the most travelled road to Tampico. Hannibal was shrewd and faithful, and his gratitude prompted him to many offices of prudence and kindness, which the stolid attendants of Don Manuel would never have dreamed of; so that the old Spaniard not only soon lost all apprehensions concerning treachery on the part of the black, but grew accustomed to look upon the latter as a very valuable addition to the party.

No event of importance, however, transpired to the travellers on their journey over the great road from San Luis. The national troops were concentrating at various points in the country, extending westward from the foot hills of the Sierra Madre; and save an occasional examination by some officious government representative (an interference which the old *administradore* never failed to resent with querulous impatience), nothing disturbed the regularity of the short daily stages which, in consideration of Don Manuel's feeble health, sufficed for their progress.

It was near the middle of August when they arrived at Victoria, and there the fears of Don Manuel began to acquire some tenure in the constantly augmenting and exaggerated reports which were rife concerning the invading North Americans. Victoria, the capital of Tamoulipas, situated at the head waters of the Rio Santander, which empties into the Gulf of Mexico, was the extreme north-eastern point to which the *administradore* had proposed extending his journey, and thence, after transacting his affairs, he contemplated proceeding at once to Tampico, there to embark for the old world. But greatly to his dismay, news here greeted him to the effect that the American naval force menaced the entire coast bordering on the gulf, and that Tampico was blockaded and threatened with capture. At the same time he learned that the entire country below the valley of San Juan, from the environs of Monterey to the borders of the Rio Grande del Norte, had submitted to the enemy, who, with his victorious army was now advancing upon the interior provinces. Don Manuel Ribera cursed his unlucky stars that had led him to waste so much precious time in his long land journey; and though, speedily concluding his business at Victoria, he found himself in possession of a large amount of specie, he trembled lest the unlooked-for protraction of the war should involve him in dangers which, had he proceeded at once from Mexico to Vera Cruz, he would in all likelihood have escaped. But with this reflection obtruded the uncomfortable recollection that Vera Cruz was at this very

season the seat of malignant disease, which might have proved quite as perilous to his safety as would the invading Americans; and so the poor old don found himself in a state of perplexity that tended in no degree to improve his temper.

Donna Mexicana, on her part, laughed heartily at the gloomy forebodings of her father. She had enjoyed her expedition through the wild and picturesque regions they had traversed, with all the ardor of her buoyant nature, and would have made not the slightest objection to a return to Mexico in the same romantic manner. This, however, Don Manuel dreaded as much as he did the enemy, so Mexicana endeavored to convince him that Victoria itself was not a bad place for sojourning.

"I am very sure, dear father, we shall enjoy ourselves very much here," she said. "They say that General Santa Anna will soon be here with a great army, to drive the wicked Americans back to their own country."

"What they say," answered Don Manuel, with an uncomfortable shrug of his shoulders, "is not always to be believed. For my part, I shall marvel little if those marauding Americans drive General Ampudia from Monterey yonder, and we have to run from this charming Victoria, as you call it, faster than we entered, my child."

"O, nonsense, dear father. General Ampudia has a great army of ten thousand brave soldiers."

"Brave fiddlesticks!" cried Don Manuel, irreverently. "Ampudia should have met that fire-eating General Taylor on the Rio Grande and driven him back, before he had frightened all Mexico."

"But you forget, father—they say our troops fought bravely at the Rio Grande."

"They should have died there—the last man—the last general," cried Don Manuel, stamping his foot. "All Mexico should have marched to the border and met the enemy there. But no! It is now as in days past. This unhappy country is doomed, and the sooner it falls the better."

"O, say not so, my father. Our soldiers are gallant, and will yet defend their country."

"I tell you no, child!" exclaimed Ribera, angrily. "This wretched Mexico is doomed to be the sport of her unnatural children, till the strong hand of the stranger crushes all beneath it. Have I not seen it, child? Have I not seen a dozen of these puppet presidents, fighting one another by turns, whilst their country lay prostrate and bleeding beneath them? Away with them. Herrera has fallen—Paredes will go next, and then Santa Anna comes once more to play the old game of ruin."

"O, father! let us hope for better things."

"Hope!" muttered the old man; "let us hope to get away from this unhappy land before we become involved in her ruin. Did I not tell thee, Mexicana, years ago, that these times must come? Maledictions! why did I not leave the country then?"

"But there is yet time, father. The enemy is far away. Let us at once go back."

"Back! Whither? No! I will take my chance at Tampico, so soon as fate shall decide the battle which must speedily take place between Ampudia and Taylor. Till then, we may as well remain where we are."

"And shall Hannibal go to Monterey? The poor fellow seems anxious—"

"Another piece of nonsense! Is it not evident that his mistress (if the fellow ever had one) has taken some other route? We have discovered no trace of persons such as the black describes—and I am convinced that they have never passed over the road."

Donna Mexicana was about to reply to her father's remark, when the voice of Hannibal was heard beneath the balcony on which they were conversing. Unlike his usual quiet tones, the black's accents seemed now to be agitated with great emotion, and he spoke in a high key, though so hurriedly that what he said could not be understood.

"What is the matter with that fellow?" demanded Don Manuel, suddenly alarmed. "Are we attacked by thieves, that he makes such an outcry? Look, Mexicana! Holy saints! Call Juan! call Pablo!"

"O, Santa Maria! what a man!" answered the maiden, as she leaned over the balustrade, and looked down upon the little paved court in front of the house, where, in the shadow of a clump of lime trees, the dusky form of Hannibal could be seen in the twilight which was now enveloping the street. The negro was uttering a succession of ejaculations expressive of satisfaction, whilst he flourished in one hand the straw sombrero which he usually wore composedly upon the apex of his woolly head, and with the other grasped the extended hand of a stranger, whose grotesque appearance caused Donna Mexicana to laugh outright.

"What's the matter? Are we attacked? Juan! Pablo!"

"O, father! look here!" cried Mexicana, running to the old don, who, seated in his arm-chair, shook to and fro with nervous excitement. "See Hannibal! and that odd man he is speaking with! Was there ever such a grotesque figure?"

And with difficulty suppressing her laughter, Donna Mexicana assisted her father to rise and look over the balcony at the stranger beneath, who was conversing with Hannibal.

The appearance of this individual was well calculated to excite the risibilities of a volatile maiden like Mexicana. Imagine a tall, broad-shouldered and loose-limbed specimen of the genus *homo*, clad in a costume motley and fantastic as could well be adopted by a merry-andrew in masquerade. On the ungainly shoulders slouched an enormous hat of rusty cotton velvet, that had once been black, profusely trimmed with parti-colored ribbons, and shaded by a heavy red plume, which, as the sombrero rested on the top of its wearer's head, flapped down over his forehead, directly between the eyes. From beneath the sides of this imposing head piece depended two masses of matted brown hair, that parted in disordered flakes as it came in contact with the high collar of a soldier's coat, heavily embroidered, and ornamented with tarnished bullion. Over this coat was strapped a knapsack, or pack, a short-barrelled gun, and a long-necked, crooked gourd, and below the garment appeared a pair of yellow jean pantaloons, very scant, and reaching scarcely below the tops of heavy cowhide boots, on which were buckled a ferocious pair of Mexican spurs. A brace of pistols and a long knife without a scabbard hanging from a belt, completed the costume of this personage, whose *tout ensemble* inspired Donna Mexicana with a mirth which communicated itself even to the nervous Don Manuel himself.

"But what does it want? What is it doing with Hannibal?" asked the old man. "Surely—that cannot be the fellow's mistress—eh, Mexicana?"

At this suggestive query, the young girl's suppressed laughter broke forth into a peal so clear and ringing that it echoed through the balcony and court-yard like a silver trumpet. Hannibal paused suddenly in his animated discourse, and the stranger, looking up, beheld fixed upon him a pair of dancing black eyes, which seemed, as they flashed amid the twilight, like twin stars falling from heaven. His mouth opened in surprise, and had the light been such as to enable Donna Mexicana to distinguish his features as well as he could hers, she would have beheld a sudden flush mantle his bronzed cheek, as he met the clear glance and heard the musical laugh of the sudden apparition above him.

"He may be dangerous! surely—he is heavily armed," cried Don Manuel, in trepidation. "You should not laugh, Mexy, dear! Juan! Pablo!—where are the knaves?"

"Hannibal! who have you there?" cried the maiden, bending over the balustrade.

"O, missy! dar you is! Lor' bress me, dis yer is Massa Dusenbury for sartain! Gorra! I'se so happy I doesn't know nothin'. Massa Dusenbury! dat is de bressed missy herse'f, dat I'se tellin' you 'bout—Missy Mexicana—and dat is her fader, de don—Lor' bress me, I'se so happy!"

And with a caper which the honest negro could not resist, he again seized the hand of his companion, who at the same time removed his motley head-gear and revealed the marked and not unhandsome countenance of the Yankee.

"Well, come up here, and let us know all about it," said the maiden, "and bring your friend with you. O, there's no danger, father," she continued. "I'll warrant those heavy arms will be at our service instead of against us."

And then, with a new gurgle of laughter, as she cast a side glance at the queer-looking Dusenbury, Donna Mexicana led her father from the balcony into the spacious apartment from which it projected, and where Pablo was now bringing lights. There in a few moments the grinning Hannibal appeared, radiant with ebony satisfaction, as he introduced the doughty North American to the notice of the old Don Manuel Ribera.

Certainly no two individuals with more dissimilar traits of character could have been brought *vis-a-vis* than were the Spanish *administradore* and the American citizen and general adventurer, Jake Dusenbury, "from the States." What opinion they formed of one another, however, and what events followed their acquaintanceship must be related in other chapters, for we have at present to follow the fortunes of other characters in our true history.

CHAPTER XVIII.

FALCONE AND THE PADRE.

Padre Herrata, after enjoining Hannibal to make all haste in overtaking his mistress, rode back with the mestizos to meet his pursuers, as we have stated. Arrived within speaking distance of the advancing party, he drew rein at their abrupt command, his countenance being as serene, his demeanor as placid, as if he stood in the presence of brother pilgrims, instead of vindictive foes.

The two mestizo servants checked their mules and cowered behind Padre Herrata, as he looked calmly into the angry face of Gabriel Falcone, who, curbing his foaming steed, presented a pistol at the priest's head.

"Dog! traitorous friar! where is the rest of your party?"

"Truly, all of *my* party is before you, senor."

"Liar! where is the North American spy and his female accomplices, for whose capture I bear the warrant of General Paredes? Answer me without evasion, priest, or I will blow your plotting brains out on the spot."

"Have you a warrant for that, also, my son?" asked the padre, in an unmoved tone.

"By the fiends, you will learn that speedily. At once, answer! Where are the Americans?"

"They have journeyed another road," replied Padre Herrata, calmly.

"Another road! beware, priest!"

"What I say is the truth, my son. My friends, with great foresight, chose the upper road, leaving myself and these poor fellows to be honored by your pursuit, my son."

"Villain!" cried Falcone, turning fiercely in his saddle, "you shall have your warrant for this, at any rate."

And pressing the trigger of the pistol with which he had not ceased to threaten the priest, he discharged it full at the latter's breast. Padre Herrata raised his hand to his bosom, looked for a moment at the inflamed features of Falcone, and then fell heavily from his mule upon the dust of the road.

The Mexican soldiers who formed the troop which Falcone led, uttered a cry of horror as they beheld the friar reel from his saddle, and hardly did he touch the earth before two or three had dismounted and were kneeling beside him. Gabriel Falcone smiling contemptuously and contenting himself with a savage glare at the fallen padre, rode toward the two mestizoes, who shrank in their seats at his menacing look.

"Where the fiend are your masters?" demanded Falcone, savagely. "Did yonder friar lie to me? Speak, or you shall hang to the boughs above you."

The mestizoes glanced from the distorted countenance of the enraged young man to the branches of a tree above them, which offered a gallows altogether too convenient for their comfort. Then, dropping the reins of their mules, they with one accord slid to the ground and dropped upon their knees.

"*O, misericordia por amor de Dios!* O, senor! we are innocent! We are only poor devils of servants, not worth hanging."

"In the devil's name, then, speak! Where are your master and mistress?"

"*Los Americanos!*" cried the nearest mestizo.

"El Senor Dusenbury?" murmured the other trembling wretch.

"Yes—and the young lady—the young senora. Speak, dogs! or you hang at once."

"*O, illustrissimo!* the padre spake the truth. They have taken the upper road. It is more than a league back, *excellenza.*"

"Perdition!" cried the young man, spurring his steed and riding down the wretched servants, who grovelled in the dust of the highway. Then, gulping down an oath, he whirled the horse around and fronted the group of soldiers who had raised the padre in their arms, and were engaged in stanching a wound in his right breast from which the blood flowed freely.

"Is the traitor dead?" demanded Falcone, frowning at the foremost soldier.

But, instead of a reply, he encountered an ominous look from the man that boded no good.

"Dost hear? Is the knave dead?"

"Not quite a murder," muttered the man. "The holy father still breathes!"

Captain Falcone, for he now held that rank, smothered his indignation and gave the order to mount.

"And what shall we do with the wounded priest?" asked the soldier who had before spoken for his companions.

"To the devil—. Will ye mount, or are ye, too, traitors to Mexico?"

"We are no traitors, captain, neither mutineers, in point of duty," answered the soldier. "But Padre Herrata is the friend of Mexico, as every soldier knows well. He has shared camp and field with many of us, and we like not to leave him in the highway."

This speech was spoken with a dogged calmness that convinced Falcone of the determined character of the men who composed his refractory command. He saw at once that intimidation of such a party was out of the question, and bitterly cursing the rash passion which had led him to attack the priest, he yielded reluctantly to necessity, and ordered the trembling mestizos to assist in placing the wounded man upon a litter which was hastily constructed with branches stripped from the roadside trees. Several of the dismounted soldiers joined in supporting the rude carriage, whilst their horses, together with the mules, were led by the rest of the cortege. And thus, instead of pursuing his fugitive enemies and the fair Teresa, Gabriel Falcone, with muttered curses, saw himself compelled to retrace his steps to the capital. Falcone did not know, what might possibly have prevented his committing the rash act of shooting a priest, that Herrata had mingled far and near with the Mexican soldiery, and had devoted much of his wandering life to offices of kindness and benevolence performed for a class of men generally looked upon as but blind instruments of military despotism, but in whom such true Christians as the good padre beheld immortal spirits to be accounted for at the last day by their more fortunate fellow-men.

With secret threats the captain solaced his angry feelings, as, riding at the head of his gloomy troop, he took his descending way to the gates of Mexico, and revolved his plans for the future. Chagrined at the escape of Dusenbury and the fair American girl when he had deemed both almost within his grasp, the young gamester considered what should be his next move in the play. That the senora would succeed in leaving Mexico, or that Dusenbury, well known as an American, could fail to be intercepted at Puebla, or some other military post upon the route he travelled, did not enter into Falcone's calculations for a moment. He did not know, however, that the shrewd Yankee had possessed himself of the sign-manual protection of the former president, nor of the arrangement which, by separating Dusenbury from his countrywoman, Teresa—had insured, to a great degree, the security of both.

Arrived at the city, the young adventurer found that evening was at hand; so, ordering the two mestizos to be conducted to the guard-room of the barracks, and the Padre Herrata to be placed at the disposal of his superior officer, Falcone divested himself of his road-stained military trappings, and proceeded to seek his friend Ricardo, just as the promenading throngs were passing through the grand plaza, and about the same hour, too (though he did not know it), in which the Yankee, Dusenbury, and the young Alonzo Vallejo were busily constructing that romantic bower in which, as we have elsewhere seen, the beautiful Teresa passed so quiet a wildwood night.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

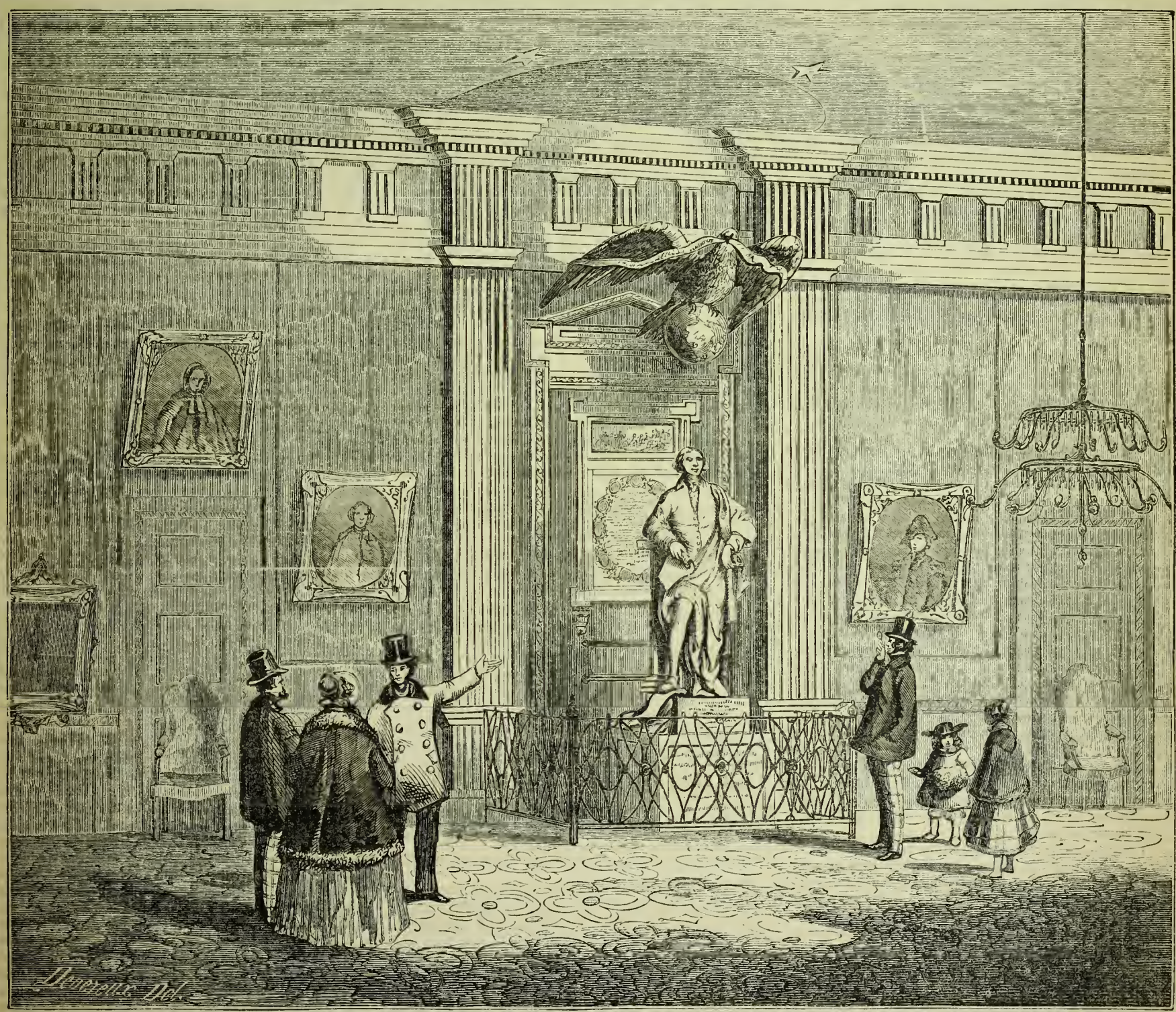
Infinite toil would not enable you to sweep away a mist; but, by ascending a little, you may often look over it altogether. So it is with our moral improvement; we wrestle fiercely with a vicious habit, which would have no hold upon us if we ascended into a higher moral atmosphere.

EAST ROOM—INDEPENDENCE HALL, PHILADELPHIA.

The signing of the Declaration of Independence on the 4th of July, 1776, was incontestably the most important event of modern times. This is not the partial opinion of an American citizen, who seeks to magnify the great deeds of his countrymen, but the deliberate verdict of the historians and statesmen of all ages. Followed up by the successful assertion of the rights it proclaimed, it became the great charter of universal liberty. Henceforth, whenever a nation of the world rises to assert its rights, it will look to the immortal declaration for an enumeration of those political principles which are applicable to east and west, to north and south, to one hemisphere as to the other—in a word, to the whole universe. The spot where this declaration was adopted has become sanctified; it is the Mecca of the pilgrim of liberty. Like the old cradle of liberty, Faneuil Hall, its memory will be cherished long after the materials of which it is composed shall have crumbled into dust. In the letter press which accompanied our series of Philadelphia scenes in the fourth number of our last volume, we sketched the history of the declaration and of the eminent men by whom it was signed and adopted. We now present our readers with a highly interesting picture—a view of the East Room, Independence Hall, Philadelphia, where this important document was passed. The hall has in it nothing striking of architectural character. Many a country lyceum has a more beautiful place of meeting. It would scarcely do for the entrance-hall of a European palace. But it needs no adventitious splendor. Its severe simplicity gives it an additional charm. It is unostentatious, like the republic which there was born. It is hallowed by associations which no marble shafts, no gilded canopies, no waving banners, no tessellated floors, no frescoed ceilings, could enhance. The memory of the author of the declaration, Thomas Jefferson, pervades the chaste interior. As we stand before his silent but eloquent effigy, the mind travels back to those days of doubt and trial, when to take the step required by the men of '76 required the greatest moral heroism. Jefferson and his compeers were equal to the great emergency. While speaking of Independence Hall, we may remark that in this country there is perhaps a little inattention to and carelessness of memorials of the past. We dwell, perhaps, too much in the present and the future, and too little in the past. How many of our battle fields are marked by enduring monuments? In a country where the face of nature is constantly being changed by the hand of man, there is more need of commemorative land-marks. Bunker Hill and Lexington have monuments, so should other noted fields.

EXECUTION OF ANDRE.

The following account of Andre's execution was taken down from the lips of a soldier in Colonel Jeduthan Baldwin's regiment which was stationed a short distance from where Andre suffered. "One of our men, whose name was Armstrong, being one of the oldest and best workmen at his trade in the regiment, was selected to make his coffin, which he did, and painted it black, as was the custom at that period. At this time Andre was confined in what was called the Old Dutch Church—a small stone building with only one door, and guarded by six sentinels. When the hour appointed for his execution arrived, a guard of three hundred men were paraded at the place of his confinement, and the guard were placed in single file on each side of the road. In front were a number of American officers of high rank on horseback. These were followed by the wagon containing Andre's coffin, then a large number of officers on foot, Andre in the midst. The procession wound slowly up a moderately rising ground about a quarter of a mile to the west. On the top was a field without any enclosure; and on this was a very high gallows, made by setting up two poles or crotchets, and laying a pole on the top. The wagon containing the coffin was drawn directly under the gallows. In a short time Andre stepped into the hind end of the wagon, then on his coffin, took off his hat and laid it down; then placing his hands on his hips he walked back and forth as far as the length of the wagon would permit, looking up to the pole over his head and the whole scenery around. He was dressed in a complete British uniform; his coat was of the brightest scarlet faced and trimmed with the most beautiful green. His under-clothes, vest and breeches were bright buff; he had a long and beautiful head of hair, which was wound with a black ribbon and hung down his back. Not many minutes after he took his stand on the coffin, the executioner stepped into the wagon with a halter in his hand, on one end of which was what the soldiers in those days called a 'hangman's knot,' which he attempted to put over the head and around the neck of Andre, but by a sudden movement of his hand this was prevented. Andre now took the handkerchief from his neck, unpinned his shirt collar, and deliberately took the cord of the halter, put it over his head, and placed the knot directly under his right ear and drew it very snugly to his neck. He then took from his coat pocket a handkerchief and tied it before his eyes. This done, the officer who commanded spoke in rather a loud voice, and said, '*His arms must be tied.*' Andre at once pulled down the handkerchief which he had just tied over his eyes, and drew from his pocket a second one, which he gave to the executioner, and then replaced his handkerchief. His arms at this time were tied just above the elbow and behind the back. The rope was then made fast to the pole overhead. The wagon was very suddenly drawn from under the gallows, which, together with the length of rope, gave him a most tremendous swing back and forth; but in a few moments he hung entirely still. During the whole transaction, he seemed as little daunted as John Rogers when he was about to be burnt at the stake, although his countenance was rather pale. He remained hanging from twenty to thirty minutes, during which period the chambers of death were never stiller than the vast multitude around, when orders were given to cut the rope and take him down without letting him fall. This was done, and his body carefully laid on the ground. Shortly after, the guard was withdrawn and the spectators permitted to come forward to view the corpse; but the crowd was so great that it was sometime before I could get an opportunity. When I was able to do this, his coat, vest, and breeches had been taken off, and his body laid in the coffin, covered by some under-clothes. I viewed the corpse more carefully than I had ever done that of any human being before. His head was very much on one side, in consequence of the manner in which the halter had drawn upon his neck. His face appeared to be greatly swollen and very black, resembling a high degree of mortification. It was indeed a most shocking sight to behold. There were at this time standing at the foot of the coffin two young men of uncommon short stature. They were not more than four feet high. Their dress was extremely gaudy. One of them had the clothes just taken from Andre hanging on his arm. I took particular pains to learn who they were, and was informed that they were his servants sent up from New York to take care of his clothes—but what other business I did not learn. I now turned to take a view of the executioner, who was still standing by one of the posts of the gallows. I walked near enough to him to have laid my hand upon his shoulder, and looked him directly in the face. He appeared to be about twenty-five years of age; his beard of some two weeks' growth, and his whole face covered with what appeared to me to have been taken from the outside of a greasy pot. A more frightful looking creature I never beheld. His whole countenance bespoke him to be a fit instrument for the business he had been doing. I remained upon the spot until scarcely twenty persons were left, but the coffin was still beside the grave which had previously been dug. I returned to my tent with my mind deeply imbued with the shocking scene which I had been called to witness."



EAST ROOM, INDEPENDENCE HALL, PHILADELPHIA.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

SONG.

BY WM. L. SHOEMAKER.

O, do not think I love thee less,
That I ne'er sing in praise
Of thee,—thy more than loveliness,
And dainty, winning ways!
The violet that loves the star,
Can only love and gaze,
And the flower that loves the sun afar,
Is silent in his rays.

Thyself art sweetest poesy,
With music rich and rare
As sound of seraph's harp may be
To a holy saint at prayer:
'Twould mar that soul-felt melody,
If I thy praise should dare,
And weak my strongest eulogy
Would be for one so fair.

As in some river's deep, dark breast,
The star of evening beams,
And he enfolds the lovely guest
In silence in his streams;
So, bright within my silent heart,
Thine image ever gleams,—
A ray from heaven—a thing apart
For worship and for dreams.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

CHRISTOPHER AND HIS LODGINGS.

BY MRS. M. E. ROBINSON.

TAP, tap, tap!

Now Mr. Christopher Mayhew heard these sounds plainly enough; but he was standing before a mirror, making a very graceful tie in his cravat, and if he let go the ends to open the door, the prospect was that the knot would have to be made over again; so he waited until the summons was repeated, and then simply said: "Walk in."

A "good morning, Mr. Mayhew," caused him to turn round.

"Excuse my early call, sir," said a short, plump woman, with a great many flowers on her dress, a great many curls about her face, and a great deal of ribbon on her cap. "I just stepped in to see if you are suited."

"Suited? with what, ma'am?"

"With the room, sir," said the plump lady, with a bland smile.

"O, very well,—very well, Mrs. Ross."

"Is your bed made to please you, sir? Some folks like a square bed, and some a round bed; others like most of the feathers at the top, and others want them all over alike. I knew one man who wanted his feet elevated, and his head lowered; but I pleased him completely by putting three pillows at the foot and none at all at the head—reversion, you understand, Mr. Mayhew? Now if you have any little whims about such matters, don't be backward about telling me. I want to make my lodgers feel at home."

"Thank you, Mrs. Ross; I don't humor myself with whims, and I have no fault to find with your chambermaid," responded the gentleman, in a dry tone, at the close of this voluble preface.

"Does she sweep often enough? Some gentlemen don't want sweeping done oftener than once a month; while others aint contented unless the broom and dust-brush are flying every day. Single gentlemen almost always have pet ways of their own, which I make it a point to gratify, if I can, and when I undertake a thing, Mr. Mayhew, I never stop for trifles. Now if you'll be good enough to tell me what you've been accustomed to, I'll—"

"I beg you not to trouble yourself, Mrs. Ross; I have no pet ways that I am aware of. My carpet is clean, and the furniture free from dust, as you can see," replied the lodger, rather annoyed at the lengthy interruption.

"I dare say, now," she resumed, not in the least daunted by Mr. Mayhew's responses, "that your fire isn't built properly. There are so many different ways of making fires that it's impossible to hit right every time. There was Mr. Mills, the gentleman who occupied this room before you, sir,—wouldn't have the coal disturbed but once in three days; while Mr. Martin wanted *his* grate emptied, and the fire made up new twice a-day. A trial that lodger was, sir! but I had the satisfaction of hearing him say that I was the only woman of judgment he ever met with. A piece of flattery, I presume, but then it was very good in Mr. Martin to do me justice. But as I was saying, sir, if you have any particular notions about coal fires, just tell me."

"I don't believe I *have* any particular notions; but if I have, I shall be careful about exposing them. My fires burn very well—that is a sign that they are properly made. By the way," added the gentleman, at a loss to know what all this preamble was for, "if my rent is due, the money is ready for you."

"Rent, sir?—that will not be due for three weeks. I beg you will give me the credit of knowing *something* about propriety, Mr. Mayhew!" exclaimed Mrs. Ross, with a slight toss of the head, and an uprising of her short person.

"I ask your pardon, ma'am," said the submissive lodger.

"I am sure you didn't mean to insult me, sir; but your words implied a lack of knowledge on my part," continued the mollified landlady, who had refused an offered chair, and stood holding the door-knob with one hand, and fingering her curls with the other; while the impatient Christopher leaned against the bed-post, with hands crossed behind him, wishing devoutly that lodgings could be obtained without the interference of landladies. "Very few such sightly and airy chambers to let as this," resumed the plump woman. "There's the mall, and the State House, and the fountain, and Park Street Church, and the green grass, and—"

"A good view, I will allow," interrupted Mr. Mayhew, buttoning his coat.

"O, you are thinking of going out! I hope I haven't detained you, sir. I only wanted to ask if you are willing to pay more for this room; I've got a chance to let it to much better advantage, but as I didn't wish to do anything impolite or unhandsome, I thought I'd mention it to you, before giving the other gentleman a final answer," said Mrs. Ross, hesitatingly.

"Then why in the—in the dence, ma'am, couldn't you say so at once!" exclaimed the lodger, fretfully. "I pay you an exorbitant price for this room, now, and am certain I shall vacate it before giving more."

"Just as you please, sir; but I've given you the first chance," returned Mrs. Ross, as she closed the door and ran down stairs.

"Imposition!" muttered Mayhew. "It seems to me that landladies are made up out of the refuse part of creation. They're tyrannical, miserly, ignorant, ill-mannered, uncultivated and homely. I never saw a handsome one, upon my word! They all have yellow hair, like Ross, square shoulders, red faces, turn-up noses, low foreheads, short, thick fingers, tub-like figures, and know as little about good taste and harmony of colors in dress as monkeys. Then they are either squint-eyed, or cross-eyed, or freckled, or have wens on their heads, or warts on their hands, or scandal on their tongues."

Ah, Christopher Mayhew, it is easy to see that you are a bachelor!

"Here I am," pursued the plain-spoken lodger, "scarcely settled in this room—which I was three weeks in finding, and which I pay too much for by a dollar and a half a week,—when Madame Ross coolly informs me that she can get more for it, the same as to say, 'Give me the like, or vacate the premises,' and this, after spending an hour of my time getting at the subject. It is intolerable! Single men are entirely at the mercy of penurious widows and scheming old maids; nobody else has lodgings to let. I might have known something was coming when the old feminine spoke so feelingly about my comfort; they never ask an unfortunate lodger if his bed is made to suit him without intending to make at least fifty cents out of the question, and the motherly enquiry, 'if he hasn't pet ways,' is nothing but a forerunner to some fleecing operation which he will soon be the victim of. But what's the use of complaining? looking for lodgings isn't any worse than hunting houses for squalling babies and scolding wives. Christopher, you might be worse off!" And with this consoling assurance, Mr. Mayhew lowered himself into an arm-chair, and seizing the morning paper, began to devour the contents of a column headed "To Let." Nothing applicable to his peculiar case presented itself, until his eye met these lines:

"A large, airy chamber, commanding a most delightful prospect of the city and surrounding country, situated in a house where there are no other lodgers and no boarders, and in a neighborhood most unexceptionable, will be let to a single gentleman of quiet habits, who wishes the comforts of a home instead of the frigidities and annoyances of a boarding-house. Breakfast and tea can be had, if desired. Apply at No. 12, Blake Place, between the hours of ten and eleven, A. M."

"What a lucky dog!—just the thing—capital chance!" cried Christopher, thrusting the paper into his pocket. Hurriedly donning hat, coat and gloves, he locked his door and walked down the street as though he had a note to meet at bank in precisely ten minutes; somebody might forestall him at No. 12, for it wanted only that period of time to eleven o'clock. He reached Blake Place, heated and panting for breath, stopping an instant opposite the house where "the comforts of a home" were to be obtained, to take an outside survey; but he could not learn much by externals of the character of the inmates, the house being, like all city houses, a brick one, with stone steps and green blinds—the former dirty and the latter closed. However, mud would stick that morning, as his boots testified, so that explained the offence against cleanliness. A white-headed urchin answered his ring, opening the door just wide enough to peep out.

"Is your father at home, my little man?" queried Mr. Mayhew.

The "little man" shook his head.

"Is your mother in?" continued the would-be lodger.

The "little man" nodded affirmatively, but made no demonstration toward calling his maternal parent, and evidently disposed not to waste words. To relieve his increasing embarrassments—Christopher had glanced over his shoulder, and perceived a couple of young ladies tittering in the opposite house,—a motherly-looking woman pushed open the almost closed door, and politely asked him to walk in, apologizing so gracefully for the boy's ill-manners that he forgave him on the spot.

The "large and airy chamber" proved to be of common size, ventilated by two windows of the usual dimensions. The "prospect," he was grieved to find, had been exaggerated; by standing on his toes and straining his neck disagreeably, he could just catch a glimpse of Charles River, and one house and two barns in the "surrounding country;" but the "home comforts" in prospective promised to remunerate him for the lack of scenery. The house, he thought, had not quite such a well-ordered appearance as that of Mrs. Ross; yet there was certainly less of stiffness and formality about it. There was a marble mantel—that looked better than a wooden one; there was a gas-burner—Mrs. Ross burned oil; there was a bathing-room at his disposal—without doubt that was an advantage.

"We don't make a practice of taking lodgers," said the motherly woman, familiarly; "but as we had a spare room, and rents are so high, I suggested to Mr. Dodge—my husband, sir,—that we should let it. Besides, the more people I have round me, the better I feel; and a lodger, I think, is just as much entitled to the comforts of my sitting-room as a boarder. I don't like ceremony, and cold conversation chills me; sociableness is the great thing in this life. Then I don't object to mending a pair of hose, or sewing on a button, or a string, once in a while, for gentlemen who haven't any sisters, and whose mothers live a long way off."

"That is really kind of her," thought Mr. Mayhew. "I shouldn't wonder if this proved to be the very place I've been in search of these two years. How different she is from Mrs. Ross! None of that don't-care-for-you expression, and that condescending manner which signifies that one is receiving a favor by being allowed to hire her rooms. There is a charming home-feeling here already."

"When lodgers are sick," pursued Mrs. Dodge, "I feel it my duty to wait upon them. I can't tell, I'm sure, sir, how many bowls of gruel and herb tea I've made for folks that wasn't any relation to me; though, perhaps, I shouldn't be the one to tell of it," she modestly added.

"Kind soul! Catch Mrs. Ross making a bowl of gruel!" mused Christopher, glad that one woman had an idea beyond dollars and cents.

These valuable considerations, added to that of moderate terms, being summed up, the product was so promising that Mr. Mayhew engaged the room at once. His earthly possessions, consisting of two trunks, a valise, a writing-desk, several books, four pictures, three statuettes, and a boot-jack, were soon transported to No. 12, Blake Place, where he spent the rest of the day in selecting places, with proper light, to hang his landscapes; Mrs. Dodge kindly assisting him with a hammer, a high stool, a "piece of advice," for which he was duly grateful. Having completed his artistical movements, Christopher looked at the marble mantel, the gas-burners, thought of the bath-room, the herb-tea, the missing buttons and strings that would not be off when they ought to be on, the friendly calls in Mrs. Dodge's sitting-room, and then retired to sleep the sleep of the satisfied.

During the ensuing week, the master of the dwelling was seldom seen; but this can be explained by saying that Mrs. Dodge was active, and Mr. Dodge passive; therefore, the latter came and departed without any noise, went on errands submissively, and drank his tea cold without a murmur. But his wife was sociable enough for both; she looked in almost every time she came up stairs, either to bring an apple, or a piece of cake, or a new book, quite disdaining the trifling formality of knocking, as that was "so ceremonious." The lodger was not over particular, but he could not help reflecting that it might sometimes be inconvenient, to say the least. The idea occurred to him, furthermore, that, perhaps, something in return was expected of him; for selfishness, he truly believed, was the prominent characteristic of people with lodgings to let. If he had doubts respecting Mrs. Dodge's motives for her repeated kindnesses, they were quickly removed; he could not mistake the path of duty. She made him a confidant; told him of a difficulty with her nursery girl, which had ended in her dismissal that morning; of the necessity of her going shopping that afternoon, which would have to be delayed on account of their being no one to take care of her youngest. So what could our bachelor do—with a large slice of fruit-cake and a glass of lemonade fresh in his memory—but offer to "look after" the child during her absence. Mrs. Dodge was profuse in her thanks, and put on a more motherly air than ever.

Two hours from that time, view Mr. Mayhew, baby in lap, its hands and feet flying, its lungs in full operation, making violent efforts to get away, which only resulted in throwing off two tiny shoes, and being held the closer. Now Christopher had never sung a note in his life; but, in this instance, he availed himself of all his musical ability, in hopes to drown the rival voice, if he could not stop the exercises on the high notes; he rapped loudly on the window-panes; he talked of imaginary horses and dogs; he trotted his knees up and down until they ached with weariness; he produced his gold watch, which was nearly thrown from his hand by a more energetic kick; but quiet the infantile he could not. It was his first experiment in baby-tending, and it neither raised children in his estimation nor strengthened his patience; it was a kind of "home comfort" not to his fancy.

When Mrs. Dodge returned—it was nearly night,—her lodger had experienced several conditions of mind: annoyance, vexation, dejection, and was now in the last stages of resignation. She was astonished at the report; "the dear little fellow was always so good, something must have ailed him. Yes, and there was the whole trouble—a great pin! No wonder he cried."

This, however, we must add, was an innocent ruse on the part of the mother to screen her hopeful from the charge of misbehaviour. Wily woman! And now the young Dodges dodged in and out of Mayhew's room very often, sometimes under maternal patronage, sometimes alone; in the latter case they were mildly requested to leave, in the former they spoiled good pens and tore nice books with impunity.

Mr. Mayhew was a gentleman of leisure, and Mrs. Dodge was not long in remarking that he had an abundance of time on his hands. It was curious how much shopping she had to do, and how many calls she had to make, and what difficulty she had in getting somebody to take care of the children. Victimized Christopher! he could not say "no" to the motherly landlady, and so he tended the baby, and waited upon the white-headed urchin a great deal. More, he had once ordered dinner for the family when Mr. Dodge was too ill to go out; afterward, Mrs. Dodge observed that she wished he would do so every day, flatteringly adding that few single gentlemen were such good judges of meat. Our bachelor tried to be oblivious to her intentions; but just as he was leaving the house the next morning, the words, "A pair of chickens to-day, if you please, Mr. Mayhew," settled the question as to her meaning. But it was one of "the comforts of a home;" he selected the fowls very ungraciously, notwithstanding.

In rather bad humor, he spent the day at his club-room, and the

evening at a concert, returning home about ten. He was proceeding directly up stairs, when Mrs. Dodge called to him; he stopped.

"I've had company come since you went out, Mr. Mayhew, and as I didn't know what else to do with them, I've put one couple in your room."

"In my room!" cried the wondering lodger.

"I didn't suppose you'd have the slightest objection," she said, in an aggrieved tone. "I was sure you had an accommodating disposition."

"But how did you get in? it was locked."

"O, I have duplicate keys, in case of fire, you know, sir."

"But where am I to lodge?" pursued Christopher, quite taken aback by these unanticipated developments.

"There are plenty of hotels, my dear Mr. Mayhew, and very near by, too. I hope you wont be much incommoded by my arrangements. You see I don't make strangers of my lodgers, as I told you when you first came; I treat them the same as my own family. Good-night, my dear sir."

"Extraordinary conduct, it seems to me," soliloquized the dismissed gentleman. "Extraordinary! Who ever heard of the like? Walking into a man's room without leave; putting strangers into his bed, and then coolly advising him to lodge at a public house! My trunk isn't locked, my writing desk is open, my papers are exposed, my gold shirt-studs are on the table, my books will be handled, my statuettes will be thrown down, my razor will be used. Confound the woman! She's worse than Mrs. Ross! I shan't sleep a wink to-night."

Curious as it may seem, Mr. Mayhew not only spent *one* night at a hotel, but three, the unwelcome bed tenants taking possession of his couch at a certain hour, whether he was present or absent. These proceedings had such a novel and, on the whole, objectionable aspect that he seriously thought of expostulating with the primo mover in the matter; but after discovering that his socks were whole, and the full complement of buttons on his shirt, he was ashamed to; his landlady had such coaxing ways he could not withstand them; he knew she had a good heart and meant well. Yet these proved only initiatory trials; as the old ladies would say, the good-natured bachelor was "put upon" in every conceivable way, each day unfolding some new method to Mrs. Dodge to make her lodger useful. But the aid at length grew discontented; the marble mantel, the gas-burner, the conveniences of a bath-room, the usual offerings of cake, and the other "comforts of a home," became of slight consequence in his eyes. He was hard hearted enough to believe that Mrs. Dodge had an interested motive in discharging her nursery-maid, and that she intended the "large, airy chamber" to serve for both guests and lodgers. He wished from his heart that he had never left Mrs. Ross—she did not cloak her cupidity or cover her selfish purposes; and honesty he esteemed a great virtue—considerably above mere amiability.

Singular as it may appear, Mr. Mayhew found himself again in the mood of looking for lodgings. He took up an evening journal, and read:

"A lady, residing near the Common, is desirous to let a spacious, handsomely-furnished apartment to a first-class gentleman, on remunerative terms. No cheap applications desired. A widower, with one child, providing he be agreeable, would find a rare opportunity. Address box 2992, post-office."

"Here are three important points to be considered," mused Mr. Mayhew, "viz., a first-class gentleman, a widower, a child. What is a first-class gentleman? Here is a subject for critical inquiry and analysis. First-class must evidently mean a gentleman of the highest caste, before all others. The word gentleman signifies a person of politeness and good breeding. Am I a first-class gentleman, is the question to be decided. O, awful test of modesty! I will look in the glass; I will consult my friends; I will read Chesterfield. How do I converse? how do I walk? how do I eat? am I *comme il faut?* Astute lady advertiser, to what an ordeal have you subjected me! But I will settle it at one audacious dash, by voting myself a 'first-class gentleman.' Next comes the abominable item of a 'widower with one child.' I certainly am not a widower, and I haven't one child. But I am a bachelor, and a bachelor is worth two widowers and as many children—a fact which I thought pretty well understood, especially by the ladies. I'll tell her so, which despatches the second and third propositions. Now for the note:

"DEAR MADAM,—I hope to convince you that I shall answer all the purposes of a 'first-class gentleman, a widower and one child,' all of which is respectfully submitted. No. 12, Blake Place. CHRISTOPHER MAYHEW."

The next day brought the following response in a pink envelope:

"SIR,—Please call at No. 10 1-2, Park Street.
"LUCINDA FLOWERS."

"That looks maiden-ladyish," was his first reflection. "The handwriting is too stiff for a young lady, and too plain for an elderly lady. She's about forty, not 'fat and fair,' but tall, thin and yellow, with a disposition of the nature of pickles. But I can't be much worse off than I am at present. If she says a syllable about sewing on buttons, or making gruel, or speaks in general terms of the comforts of a home, I shall know she is a humbug, and not to be trusted."

Though Mr. Mayhew had, in the course of the last eight years, answered a great many similar advertisements in person, he felt more lively curiosity mingled with a little trepidation than he could account for. He made a more careful toilet than usual; his hair took an extra brushing and curling; his whiskers were subjected to a careful trimming, and a new cravat made its *debut* that morning. Then drawing on his gloves, with hat in hand, he took a long survey of himself in a mirror. The face and figure there reflected satisfied Mr. Mayhew; whether they would anybody else, was another thing.

Arriving at the designated place, the applicant for lodgings was shown into a pretty room, where a harp, a piano and an open work-box denoted the existence of musical taste and industrious habits in the occupant. He had not long to wait; a lady, perhaps thirty years of age, but not more, of medium height, graceful bearing, and pleasant countenance, entered.

"Ah, sir," she said, somewhat confused, "you called in consequence—"

"Of an advertisement," added Mr. Mayhew, bowing. "But since I have seen you," he resumed, "I regret that I am not—"

"That you are not?" interposed the lady, anxiously.

"A widower," said Christopher.

"And, of course," continued the lady, averting her eyes modestly, "are—are—"

"Without the third requisition; but I had the vanity to suppose that a young bachelor would offset a widower and one child. I think, moreover, that I am a first-class gentleman, but I don't happen to remember, at this moment, any practicable way of proving it, which is certainly unfortunate. The fact is, madam, you'll have to try me; if I bring you a spurious article, why, expel me from your paradise."

"You are frank—that I like. But you have not seen the room destined for my lodger: it may not please you; neither do you know my terms," said the lady advertiser, smiling naively.

"That is true, madam; it always takes two to make a bargain. But I shall be willing to engage the room before seeing it, and accept your terms before knowing them," he gallantly rejoined, in reply.

Rash Christopher! He had never spoken a sentence so lacking in discretion in his life.

At the words "Please walk up stairs," he followed his fair guide to an apartment furnished with the softest of carpets, the prettiest of curtains, and the most luxurious of beds. Nothing was said about "prospects," conveniences, or advantages; not a promise was made, or an inducement held out. The place and its appointments spoke for themselves. He surveyed the whole with unfeigned gratification, nor was he backward in verbally expressing the same.

"The room suits you; I am glad of it, and as my terms are complied with beforehand, I do not need to mention them now; some two or three months hence, if we please each other so long, will be time enough. I observe you do not address me by name, perhaps for the good reason that you are not certain what it is; I am called Miss Lucinda Flowers, and your appellation is—"

"Christopher Mayhew, at your service, madam," he added, with an indefinable sense of relief at learning that his future landlady was not a married woman. Curious, wasn't it, that he should care for such a comparatively unimportant declaration? It looked rather inconsistent in a man professing entire indifference to the whole sex, to say the least. Experience kept telling him that he must not trust to appearances; but, despite this wholesome counsel, he assured himself over and over again, after the termination of his interview with Miss Flowers, that he had "made a hit." How unlike Mrs. Sampson, Mrs. Ross, Mrs. Dodge, and a score more of female rulers, under whose reign he had lived anything but happily! Possibly he had not been very prudent in promising to pay whatever she might see fit to ask; but she seemed too much of a lady to take any undue advantage.

Mr. Mayhew's leave-taking with the motherly Mrs. Dodge could not be called cordial. That lady thought he was decidedly ungrateful, deeply regretting that she had been foolish enough, to use her own language, to treat him so well. There was her nice cake and oranges just thrown away! But she might have known how it would be; men, especially, never knew when they were well off. To revenge herself for having been kind enough to sew on a few buttons for her departing lodger, she opened the bundle of clean linen which his washerwoman had just left in her charge, and spitefully pulling out the different articles, cut off all the buttons she could find on the luckless shirts, and picked out all the darning she had put into several pairs of socks, besides putting her finger (accidentally of course) through a thin place in a nice handkerchief, and tearing it quite across; then neatly tying the bundle again, she carried it to the owner with the most innocent face in the world. As a parting tribute of kindly feeling, she ran against Mr. Mayhew's pet statuette, knocking off its head and breaking an arm, thereby causing that worthy gentleman much sorrow.

After considerable tribulation, Christopher succeeded in changing his lodgings, leaving his old quarters in a state of mind bordering on disgust. No more baby-tending, no more dinner-buying, no more errand-doing, no more hotel-sleeping, thanks to Miss Lucinda Flowers! It was directly ascertained by Mr. Mayhew that the household of the latter consisted of herself, a niece of twelve years, an aged housekeeper, and several servants. He was told, moreover, that the lady had never harbored a lodger before, and it was plainly a matter of surprise to the whole domestic cabinet that she should do so now. She was well provided for, and did not need money. What, then, did she give up one of her best rooms for, and inconvenience herself by the coming in and going out of a strange man?

"Sure enough!" thought Christopher. "What possible motive can she have?"

But this query did not long tenant his brain. Miss Flowers was so lady-like, so attractive in manner, so intelligent, and such a good talker, that he let possibilities and probabilities go, occupying himself solely with actualities. If she had not wanted a lodger, she would not have advertised for one; it was nothing to him what she was doing or intended to do; she seemed content, and he was comfortable: what more was there to be known? What a mistake he *had* made in supposing his correspondent a starch, stiff prude, in age forty, and of a sour disposition! Indeed, she was the reverse; he should be careful, in future, how he estimated people by their chirography.

Mr. Mayhew was excessively fond of music and whist-playing he could listen to sweet tones a great while without tiring, and shuffle pasteboard as long as anybody would keep him company; for amusement only, it must be understood. Miss Flowers kept open house; rarely an evening passed that more or less agreeable company could not be found in her drawing-rooms, among whom she was the "bright, particular star," twinkling with wit and wisdom for each and all. To these reunions the lodger had the *open sesame;* he was treated with marked attention and courtesy, his hostess soon perceiving that he bid fair to be a valuable addition to her coterie of friends. She was correct; in a short period he was a universal favorite.

The bachelor was in his element; he had lost his relish for solitary reveries, and his club associates—jovial fellows, too,—bantered him in vain concerning his non-appearance among them. Refined female society imperceptibly drew him away from the delights of eating, drinking, smoking, lounging, and the many other modes which a man of leisure devises to spend time. But now the hours never hung heavy on his hands. It was astonishing how well Miss Flowers wore; she improved wonderfully upon acquaintance Highly educated, talented and accomplished, united to a cultivated intellect and good qualities of head and heart, Mr. Mayhew began to think her an uncommon woman. He walked with her, rode with her, sung with her, read to her, and escorted her to evening entertainments, and all voluntary on his part. Miss Flowers employed none of the Dodge tactics; she was neither patronizing nor condescending, but quiet, modest and unassuming. He felt a certain kind of pleasure in offering her his attentions, they were received so gratefully and unaffectedly. She did not treat him like a lodger, nor a father (fudge!), nor a brother, nor quite like a friend. What *did* she treat him like, then? Christopher wished he knew.

"Miss Flowers," he said, looking up suddenly, "you advertised for a widower; does a bachelor answer as well for a lodger?"

"Quite as well, my dear sir."

"And a 'first-class gentleman'—how about that?"

"O, you have proved yourself one, Mr. Mayhew, and when I say that, you will not care to have me define the term, I am sure," laughingly replied the lady.

"Nevertheless, I am dissatisfied," added Christopher, looking the blushing Lucinda steadily in the face.

"Dissatisfied?"

"So much so that I must leave, unless you accede to a condition I shall name," he continued, growing more serious.

"What may it be?"

"That you take me as a lodger for life."

"That I have no hesitation in doing," was the immediate reply.

"You do not understand me; I simply mean—will you marry me?"

"I understand perfectly; I will marry you, Mr. Mayhew."

"And when, my dear Miss Flowers?"

"To-day, if you wish."

"Excellent woman! Now tell me your motive for advertising for a lodger."

"Willingly; that I might get a husband and he a wife, providing we liked each other well enough to assume these relations These were the terms you accepted before knowing them," rejoined the lady advertiser, meaningly, her eyes shining with mirth.

"Ah!" exclaimed Mr. Mayhew, playfully. "I'm afraid I've been the victim of a conspiracy. But I'll cancel my obligations on the spot; accept my hand, my dear Lucinda, and my heart, too."

Lucinda did, and a kiss into the bargain; all three had been fairly won. Both looked as happy as though a courtship of six years had just been terminated, and although their love-making was not after the established mode, it was probably as genuine and likely to be as lasting as that we read about in romances, where soft-sighing and heart-fluttering are distinctive features. Yes, Mr. Christopher Mayhew had uttered words he never meant to speak in female ears—words significant of joy or sorrow.

"It occurred to me several times, my dear Miss Flowers, that you received my advances in very good part, just as though they were expected," he said, at the close of this tete-a-tete.

"Yet you must admit that they were entirely unsolicited," was the smiling retort. "I believe there were no compulsory measures resorted to."

Mr. Mayhew was so well answered that he dropped that phase of the subject; in truth, the lady had exhibited no boldness or female vanity. And now the genuine "comforts of a home" are in a fair way to be realized; for to-morrow is the wedding-day of Mr. Mayhew and Miss Flowers. No more cross landladies and uncomfortable lodgings for the former, or lonely hours for the latter. Never despair, bachelors, of getting good quarters; never despair, ladies, of getting good husbands while newspapers are so plenty and advertising so cheap.

THE TEACHER'S OCCUPATION.—Have you ever thought of what that man is doing who teaches children? You go into the workshop of the wheelwright; he is making wheels and shafts, and you say he is a useful man. You enter the house of a weaver, who is making cloth, and you say he is a valuable man. You visit the blacksmith's shop, where you find him making pickaxes, hammers and plowshares, and you say this men is essential—you salute these skilful laborers. You enter the house of a school-master, salute him more profoundly. Do you know what he is doing? He is manufacturing minds.—*Annals of Education.*

VOYAGE OF AN AMERICAN CLIPPER.

Eighteen hundred years ago, the Roman poet, enlarging on the temerity of the first navigator, gave utterance to the sentiment which occurs spontaneously to every one who for the first time stands by the shore of the great deep and beholds the frail embarcations committed to its mercy. Horace says:

"Illi robur et æs triplex
Circa pectus erat, qui fragilem truci
Commisit pelago ratem
Primus."

"His breast in oak and triple brass was sheathed,
Who first the frail bark to the false sea gave."

"Vainly," he goes on to say, "has the wisdom of God placed the ocean limit to the earth, if the impiety of men has invented vessels to pass those gulfs which they should not approach." These protestations were not called forth by the departure of a friend on a voyage around the world—the circumnavigation of the globe was unknown to the ancients: their *Ultima Thule* was a near point in Europe,—but on a brief trip from Ostia to Athens. How would the imagination of the poet have kindled, sweeping away his fears, could he have beheld, if only in a vision, in place of those three-banked galleys with their little fluttering sails, his highest conception of a ship, a magnificent American clipper, such as Mr. Wade has drawn for us in the first of the fine series of marine sketches now laid before the reader, with every inch of canvass spread aloft and alow, looking, not like an inanimate object, but a "thing of life," spreading her broad wings exultingly, like an ocean bird, and sweeping, in her triumphant flight, across the pathless waters!

"So stately her bearing, so proud her array,
The main she will traverse for ever and aye;
Many ports will exult in the gleam of her masts."

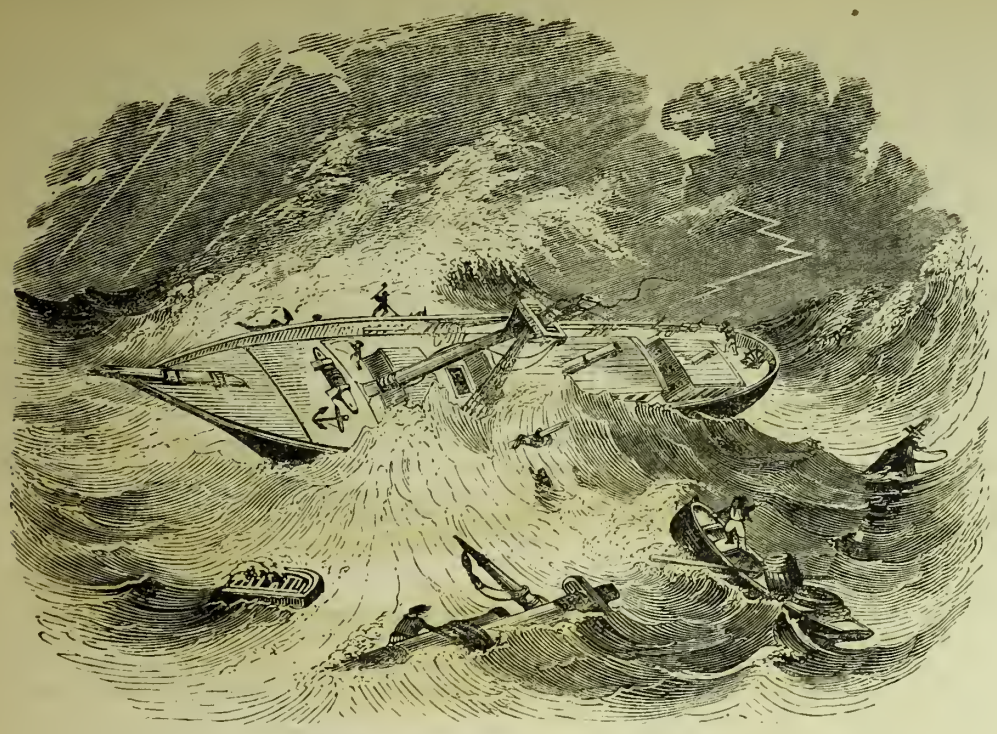
The origin of ship-building, like that of most of the useful arts, is lost in the dim night of antiquity, and poets and fabulists have lent their aid in yet further obscuring it. The wings which Dædalus fabricated to escape from the labyrinth of Crete were the sails with which he fled from the pursuit of Minos. Hercules, we are told, used his lion-skin to waft him over the water. We find a great similarity among the contrivances of savages and half-civilized nations to navigate the deep. The primitive canoes of the Egyptians, Ethiopians, Arabs and early Britons, as described to us, were not unlike those of our North American Indians. The early Egyptians used to traverse the Nile on rafts. Sicily and Corsica were colonized by parties who came thither on such contrivances. So the "balza" of the modern Peruvian is made of a number of logs tightly bound together, secured by transverse beams, and sharpened towards the prow, while vertical planks, almost identical with our centre-boards, hold the water, and enable the balza to sail on a wind. Some of these rude vessels safely navigate the stormy coasts of Peru, carrying ten and twenty tons of merchandize. The Egyptians, who probably originated the raft, soon improved on their contrivance. They built vessels of strong joists of the

AMERICAN CLIPPER SHIP, CLOSE-HAULED ON A WIND.

AMERICAN CLIPPER SHIP, ALL SAILS SET

acanthus wood, overlapping each other, and secured together by strong wooden pins. The seams were strengthened by introducing leaves of the papyrus, and the stout fabric, thus constructed, supported the benches of the rowers. Afterwards, a mast, furnished with a sail of papyrus, took advantage of a wind. But the Egyptians improved little on this rude contrivance. Their navigation being confined exclusively to the Nile, necessity did not prompt the spirit of invention. They had a horror of the sea, which they figured as the monster Typhon swallowing up their sacred river. They were emphatically fresh-water sailors. The Phenicians, a more adventurous and sea-faring people, improved on the contrivances of the Egyptians, and rendered their vessels somewhat more sea-worthy. In the Chinese junk of to-day, the same in model and equipment as the junk of thirty centuries since, we probably behold the counterpart of the Phenician ship. The early ships of the sea-faring people of the East were broad and flat-bottom, without a keel, which was subsequently added. We are told that, "in order to increase the strength, a keelson was soon added, overlaying the floor timbers and confining them to the keel; beams were also placed aloft, to hold the sides together and sustain the deck. The planking, which took its name among the Greeks, from the garment which covers the human body, was firmly attached to the frame by means of iron nails, some of which passed through, and were clenched within. When, however, the ancients discovered the tendency of iron to rot the wood, they substituted copper. To obviate the danger of starting the plank ends—a danger sometimes fatal to the mariner,—a piece of wood was sometimes let into both in form of a dove-tail. Oak and pine, then as now, were the woods most used, and to the last the Greeks gave the name of 'everlasting wood,' though it was found not to hold well when nailed in the ordinary way, and to grow iron-sick; cypress, not being subject to shrink and cause leakage, was also esteemed, and elmwood was placed in such parts as were constantly under water. The Romans were very particular as to the season of felling ship-timber; aware that there was much to be gained by attention to this subject, though mistaken as to the means. They would only fell between the fifteenth and twenty-third days of the moon's age, believing that when it was on the wane, the sap, which is the chief cause of early decay, descended; they were also attentive to the quarter from which the wind blew; in autumn it should be westerly, in winter, north. To stop the leakage at the joints, lime and pounded shells were first applied; these being found soon to pull off, wax, rosin and pitch were advantageously substituted; flax was also driven into the seams, and leather occasionally used as a sheathing. A vessel of the time of Trajan, raised, after thirteen centuries, from the bottom of a lake, was found to have a bottom of pine and cypress, still in a sound state; her seams were caulked with linen smeared with pitch, then sheathed with sheet lead and copper nails. Nor were the ancient vessels without ornament; the prow was especially decorated with paint and gilding, representing the forms of the gods; taking its name from the human face, its sides were called the *cheeks*. Its foremost extremity was usually carved into the representation of men and animals, or else formed in graceful curves; where it divided the water, it was called the *goose*, from the image of that animal, placed there as an omen that the vessel should not sink. The distinguishing banner stood at the bow, representing a mountain, tree, flower, or other emblem; from this the name was usually taken, and conspicuously painted on a round piece of wood called the *eye*. The stem was sometimes carved in the figure of a shield and elaborately decorated; upon a staff there erected, ribbons were hung, distinctive of the ship, and serving, at the same time, to show the direction of the wind; there, too, stood the *tutela*, or chosen patron of the ship; prayer and sacrifices were daily offered to it, and it was held so sacred as to offer a sanctuary to those who fled to it. Family considerations, patriotic partiality, or simple expediency, determined the selection of the deity; thus merchants committed themselves to the protection of Mercury, warriors to Mars, and lovers to Cupid and Venus." As ship building improved among the ancients, the form and size of ships was greatly varied. The war galley was extremely narrow and sharp, with an armed prow, while the merchantman was broad and capacious. The first sailing vessels had a single mast, with a leather, and afterwards a cloth sail, managed with ropes of the same material, or of a bush broom and hemp. The first anchors used were large stones attached to a cable, afterwards they were made of wood and stone combined, and finally of iron with large teeth to enable them to take hold. There is no question but in their palmiest days the ancients built ships of enormous tonnage, equalling, perhaps, the leviathans of modern times. The largest of the obelisks of Heliopolis was conveyed to Rome by the Emperor Constantius on board a ship which must have had a carrying capacity of 2600 tons! We are told marvels of a ship which Archimedes constructed for Hiero, king of Syracuse, and which had banqueting rooms, galleries, stables, fish ponds, a temple of Venus, and many other marvels,—in short, quite a floating world. Allowing for the propensity of the ancients to exaggerate their achievements, we must confess that this must have been a noble specimen of naval architecture. Yet such vessels as these were undoubtedly exceptional—were monstrous curiosities, for Cicero speaks of a ship of 56 tons as being noteworthy for her size. Naval architecture, with other valuable arts, was driven backward by the night of the dark ages. The vessels which carried the Saxon invaders to Britain were rude structures of wicker work sheathed with hides—mere floating-baskets. Then mariners began again, and, by slow degrees, to recover the lost arts of ship-building. The Mediterranean was again covered with war-galleys, until, finally, the oar was banished by the sail. The introduction of the compass and the application of astronomical principles to navigation gave it a new impulse, and from that moment the art of constructing ships has been rapidly advancing, until it appears to have reached its *acme*. It was reserved for the mechanics of this country, by industry, perseverance and practical experiment, to surpass all the rest of the world in the model, symmetry and speed of their vessels. The Baltimore clipper schooner first

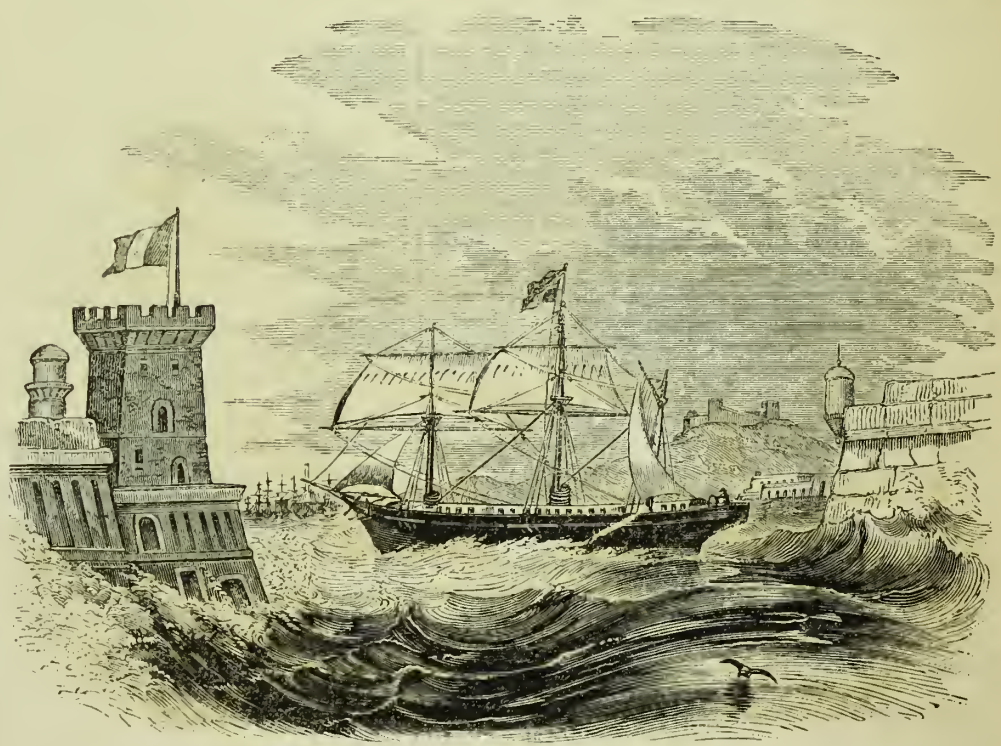
AMERICAN CLIPPER SHIP, SCUDDING.



AMERICAN CLIPPER SHIP ON HER BEAM ENDS.

attracted European attention to the skill of our builders. Overhauling everything upon the ocean, she excited admiration by her performances. It is only of late years, however, we have resolved the problem of combining speed and capacity, and, applying the same principle which governed the construction of the clipper schooner, produced clipper ships which vie with it in speed, and nearly so in facility of handling. The American clipper ship stands forth pre-eminently the champion of our mechanic skill. She carries the fame of our builders to every port. She gladdens the waters of San Francisco, and astonishes the natives of Japan. The rake of her masts, the gleam of her canvass and the flash of her beautiful sides excite as much attention in the waters of the Mersey as they do in the ports of Australia, where the gold flies for transportation to the stars and stripes. For many years our English friends had had reason to admire the beauty and speed of our ships; but there were one or two things on which they still prided themselves as excelling. They built the fastest yachts in the world. The royal yacht squadron boldly challenged the maritime universe. This was all very well, until, one day, a saucy little schooner-rigged craft, showing Yankee colors, made her appearance at the Isle of Wight. The blind followers of routine held up their hands in astonishment, and curled their lips in contempt at this embodiment of the spirit of innovation. "What a queer-shaped hull, and what a trim! what raking masts! and how curiously those sails are cut! They set as flat as boards!" Such were the expressions of amateurs, as they gazed upon the phenomenon. But more than one salt, who knew what Yankee clippers had done, shook his head as he gazed, and, with a hitch of his trowsers, whispered to his mates that she was an ugly customer. The day of trial came. How gloriously the stranger craft behaved! How she shot right into the wind's eye, laying two or three points nearer than the best boat in the royal squadron! "Never mind," said the still sanguine; "we shall beat her going free." But alas! how speedily that hope vanished when the Yankee schooner came about, and spreading her enormous wings, whose close texture imprisoned every sigh of the breeze, swept down to the goal triumphantly, beating some of the crack boats of England out of sight! What a triumph for the little "America," and the great nation she represented and typified! And such it was acknowledged to be by hearty John Bull, who, with all his prejudices, is a generous fellow at bottom, and who is magnanimous enough even to forgive a victory. From that time to this the old fellow has never breathed a word of disparagement of Yankee ships and Yankee crews. From this necessarily brief and cursory glance at the history of ship-building, let us proceed to a consideration of the series of beautiful engravings made from original designs furnished for our paper by Mr. William Wade, whose spirited marine drawings have elicited so many commendations from the subscribers of the Pictorial. This series might be termed not inaptly the life of an American clipper ship, for it is next to impossible to look upon a noble ship as an inanimate object. Byron says of his corsair bark: "She walks the waters like a thing of life;" and a ship does indeed seem to move by her own volition. The first picture shows the American clipper, gliding majestically down the bay on her outward voyage, every stitch of canvass set, her royals and sky-sails seeming to sweep the very heavens. What a beautiful and complicated fabric! Yet there is not a line, not a spar, not a sail in that magnificent moving pyramid which has not a name and a purpose. The whole structure is nicely balanced and adjusted, and she rides like a sea-bird on the wave. A thousand hearts beat high as they see her moving onward in obedience to the pressure of the breeze, gathering headway as she glides, and gradually disappearing on the verge of the horizon, her white skysails being the last to fade from the object-glass of the observer, as they melt like mists in the distance. How many hopes and prayers go with her, as she goes on her path, freighted with a richer burthen than the valuable cargo with which she is laden! The second engraving exhibits another phase in the adventurous career of our ship. She is no longer darting through the waters under a press of canvass. The wind has shifted and is blowing fresh, and the clipper is now on the wind, close hauled, under double-reefed topsails, courses, spanker, fore-topmast staysail and jib. She holds her own gallantly, and now the pride of the naval architect is seen as she runs steadily into the wind's eye, the steersman at the wheel keeping her on her course. The shattered waves are pierced by her sharp prow, and flash away under her counter. She seems born to conquer the element with which she strives. The third engraving shows yet another change in her circumstances, and one which calls into exercise the seamanship of her commander, and the prompt obedience of her hardy crew. It is now blowing a gale, and the noble ship, unable to make headway against the fury of the wind, is scudding under close-reefed fore and main topsails and storm-sails. The waves are running high, and every sign that shows itself informs the wary commander that a hurricane is at hand. He is prepared to meet the exigency. His orders, brief, stern and peremptory, are promptly obeyed; for every man feels that on perfect obedience and alertness the safety of the ship and cargo depends. All sails are furled and secured, and the hatches battened down to exclude every drop of water should she ship a sea. The light spars, yards and gaffs are sent down and stowed away for use, and the flying jib-boom is taken in,—all being made snug alow and aloft. A spare tiller is got in readiness; axes and hammers placed ready, and the pumps tried. A life-line is rigged along each side of the deck, and each man has a belt on to make fast to, to prevent his being washed overboard. And now everything having been done, that experience and foresight can suggest, the hardy crew, with firm hearts, prepare to meet the storm, ready to cry out, with Shakspeare, "Blow wind, and crack your cheeks!"

"The land is no longer in view,
The clouds have begun to frown;
But with a stout vessel and crew,
We'll say, 'Let the storm come down!'
And the song of our hearts shall be,
While the winds and the waters rave,



AMERICAN CLIPPER SHIP MAKING PORT.

A life on the heaving sea!
A home on the bounding wave!"

In scudding, the safety of the ship depends on the steering, which demands a "quick small helm," and the best man in the ship. Sometimes the sea travels faster than the ship, and swamps her. The minutest detail must be attended to. Many a ship has been lost by the blowing out of the binnacle lamp; a lighted lantern should always be on hand. Our fourth engraving represents a thrilling scene—the ship on her beam ends, with the crew cutting away her masts. If, in this exigency, the wreck be not cleared immediately, the ship will infallibly go down. The mizzen-mast is cut away first and secured to the quarter to act as a drag. This is a period that tries the souls of those who encounter the dangers of the stormy deep. The fifth picture shows a change for the better. The hurricane has subsided, the ship righted, and the decks are clear. An old mast or spar attached to the ship is now useful in enabling her to lay to. After the waves have gone down, all hands are employed in rigging jury-masts. The ship, as it now appears, is stripped of all her ornamental work, and lies on the waves a naked hull, like a giant oak stripped of its foliage and branches by the fury of the hurricane. The sixth engraving completes the series. It shows us fair weather and a calm sea. After all her trials, the noble ship is proudly entering the port of Marseilles, under jury-sails, with her rich merchandize safe and sound under hatches. The jury-masts are rigged in the following manner: Take any large spar (and all ships carry extra ones), say a topmast; with the head over the night heads, and heel against the stump of the foremast, rig on a couple of ropes to the head, take to sides and heave taut; hook on another, and take aft. Lash the heel to the stump, and raise the mast with the after-rope. When it is raised, set it up with stays and rigging. Send up a smaller spar for the topmast, and rig on what yards you have. The process for main and mizzen-masts is the same. To navigate a ship in fair weather is a comparatively easy task; but to meet and control the storm in its might, to repair damages by ingenious expedients, "from the nettle, danger, to pluck the flower, safety," this demands a brave, able and experienced man, and taxes his knowledge of seamanship to the utmost. The experienced commander must not only be thoroughly acquainted with seamanship, but with human nature; for he has various specimens of humanity to deal with; and he must, moreover, love his profession. A thorough seaman has the same love for his ship that an Arab has for his horse. Cooper, who understood the sailor's character thoroughly, does not violate probability when he makes Long Tom Coffin refuse to leave the wreck of his schooner, saying: "I saw the first plank of the little Ariel laid, and I always said she should be my coffin." And it was. And this feeling pervades the sailor's heart, and binds him like a lover to his mistress's embrace; so that he is often ready to perish with the destruction of the craft that has been his joy and pride in her voyages over the deep.

AMERICAN CLIPPER SHIP RIGHTED—MASTS CUT AWAY.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

MEMORY.

BY WM. RODERICK LAWRENCE.

Fond memory will recall the forms
Of those we loved, though passed away,
Far from the troubles and the storms
That here beset the pilgrim way.

None tread a thorulcss path below,
Though roses greet us through the shower;
And in the genial, sunlight glow,
Oft sorrow lurks beneath the flower.

Though specious phases life may wear,
And many a pleasing mask put on;
How soon will fade the bright and fair,
How soon life's golden hour be gone.

The dear companions of our way,
Who fought the fight, whose race is o'er
Have borne the burden of the day,
And safely reached that far-off shore.

Yet memory will recall the forms
Of those we loved, now passed away:
Far from the troubles and the storms
That here beset life's transient day.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

YOUNGER BY THIRTEEN YEARS.

BY MRS. CAROLINE ORNE.

Floribel Eldon was not far from the truth, when, raising her eyes from the embroidery with which her delicate fingers had been trifling for the last ten minutes, she thought that the face and figure reflected in the mirror opposite were the most beautiful she had ever beheld. There was all the bloom, freshness and sparkle of a June rose, the dew still unexhaled, with features such as a sculptor would have chosen for a model. And then her blue, starry eyes were so deeply fringed, and the whiteness of her forehead and throat was relieved by such a profusion of golden brown hair, which fell in natural ringlets, that nothing more could be desired, either in contour or color, to please and satisfy the eye.

Floribel and her sister Gertrude, who was thirteen years older than herself, were the only survivors of a large family. Parents, brothers, sisters, were all gone. Since the decease of their father, who outlived their mother by many years, they had resided with an aunt, whose name was Seaton.

Gertrude, while her sister's attention was divided between a primrose leaf, which was not more than half done, though commenced an hour previously, and the contemplation of her own fair person, was busy with some plain sewing. Gertrude, as has been said, was thirteen years older than her sister. She had never been as handsome as Floribel, and now, at the age of thirty, when she had a little over-exerted herself, or when her spirits were somewhat depressed, it could be seen that her beauty was on the wane.

Mrs. Seaton sat in a retired nook, half concealed by the drapery of a window. Though she held a book in her hand, her eyes wandered from its pages as frequently as Floribel's did from her embroidery. She noticed how often her younger niece looked towards the mirror, and though she could scarcely find it in her heart to blame her for gazing with delight on the fair form it reflected, she regretted that she entertained so exalted a sense of her personal grace and loveliness, as to seriously interfere with mental or moral culture. She could even recall instances, when, by her vanity and selfishness, she had wounded the feelings of Gertrude, who had, for the last ten years, watched over her with maternal solicitude. To her own mind, Gertrude, with her soft hazel eyes, smooth, serene forehead, shaded with rich wavy hair of a dark brown, and with fresh red lips, around which hovered a world of sweetness, that even in moments of sadness lingered there still, was by far the most interesting and lovable.

As the hour approached for making fashionable calls, Floribel, when she raised her eyes from her embroidery, as often directed them to one of the windows which looked upon the shaded avenue that led to the front entrance, as to the glass. He whom she hoped to see, did not make his appearance, and at last she exclaimed, rather petulantly:

"There's no dependence to be put in any one. I wished very much to call on Fanny Wilmer this morning, and should, had I not heard you say, aunt, that Mr. Clevedon inquired of you last evening, if Gertrude and I should be at home this morning, an inquiry which showed that he meant to call."

"It isn't too late, yet," said Mrs. Seaton.

"If he don't come," remarked Gertrude, "I shall think he is for some reason necessarily detained, rather than that no dependence can be placed in him."

"We may be quite certain of that," said Mrs. Seaton, "it being evident that the attraction in this quarter is so strong, that he wouldn't voluntarily refrain from calling, especially after giving us reason to expect him."

"When he does call," said Floribel, "I shall be tempted to punish him by not being at home."

"What if it shouldn't be a punishment?" said her aunt.

"There can be little doubt of it, I should think, if the attraction is as you represent it to be."

"That does not follow. Will not Gertrude be here?"

"And what if she is? I am younger by thirteen years than Gertrude. She has already turned 'the old maid's corner.'"

"If she has, Mr. Clevedon is her senior. He told me the other day that he was thirty-two."

"Well, if Mr. Clevedon resembles other gentlemen I've been acquainted with, he will not be likely to prefer a woman of thirty to a girl of seventeen."

"Unless there were advantages possessed by thirty, which seventeen had no pretensions to," said Mrs. Seaton.

Floribel looked at Gertrude, then at herself in the glass. Mrs. Seaton understood what was passing in her mind, and replied the same as if she had spoken.

"I admit," said she, "that there are few who would not award you the palm of beauty. Mr. Clevedon does, without doubt."

"O, yes, aunt," said Gertrude. "Neither Mr. Clevedon, nor any other gentleman would be likely to notice me, except what was required by common politeness, when Floribel was present."

"But, if I mistake not, Mr. Clevedon is one to be attracted by goodness of heart and superior acquirements, rather than a pretty face. I have thought for some time, if Percy Clevedon should make up his mind to marry, it will be Gertrude, not Floribel, that he will choose for a wife."

"We shall see," said Floribel.

The next minute Clevedon was seen coming up the avenue. He was a model of manly beauty, and his air was at once noble, elegant and refined. His was

"A combination and a form indeed,
Where every god did seem to set his seal."

Owing to the remarks made by her aunt, Floribel was not in a very amiable mood at the time of his arrival, while Gertrude, who felt hurt that she should be presented to her sister's mind in the light of a rival, was silent and embarrassed. Floribel was not long in rallying her spirits, and she entered with animation into a light and playful conversation, in which she peculiarly excelled. All at once, Mr. Clevedon made some remark, which gave it a graver turn. Floribel soon became silent from her inability to properly sustain her part, and he naturally turned to Mrs. Seaton and Gertrude. Mrs. Seaton, who was determined that Gertrude should be drawn out, so managed as to evade bearing a prominent part in the conversation herself, which Mr. Clevedon saw, and perhaps suspecting the cause, addressed himself solely to Gertrude. Gradually, her embarrassment wore off, the conversation became more and more animated, and while she felt surprised at her success, she could not but feel it was pleasant to be something more than a mere cipher.

When Mr. Clevedon rose to take leave, he was surprised to find that he had far exceeded the limits of a fashionable call. There was a cloud on Floribel's brow, but it vanished, she knew not how, as Clevedon, previously to his departure, addressed a few words to her in the gay and playful vein in which she was most at home.

"There can be no doubt that I was right in my conjecture," said Mrs. Seaton, when he was gone. "Youth and beauty alone have not the power to gain the ascendency over a mind like Mr. Clevedon's. Don't frown, Floribel. It is for your good that I speak thus plainly. The estimable qualities of Gertrude, without her once thinking of such a thing, have imperceptibly been winning his good opinion, which will, I hope, impress on your mind the value of those precepts which hitherto have had little effect."

"I'm not afraid of finding a rival in Gertrude," said Floribel. "I should almost as soon think of finding one in you."

"At any rate," said Mrs. Seaton, "it wont injure you in his, or any other gentleman's opinion, should you think less of your beauty, and devote more time to the cultivation of your mind."

Gertrude, since her first acquaintance with Percy Clevedon, had thought him superior to any gentleman she had ever seen; yet it never occurred to her, as may be inferred from the remark she made that morning before he called, that she, rather than Floribel, was the attraction. And now, though her aunt seemed so certain of it, she could not think that he preferred her to her sister—her, who had lived thirty years without ever having a single offer which any lady of education and refinement could think of accepting.

In a few days, Mrs. Seaton and her nieces were invited to attend a large party. As it was known that the parties of Mrs. Danby, the lady who had invited them, were more *recherche* than any one else in that vicinity had the means of giving, and that she, moreover, expected that some rich and fashionable city friends would be present, Floribel said that she could not think of going, unless she could have a new dress.

"I rather think 'twill be necessary for each of us to have a new one," said Mrs. Seaton. "We can tell better, however, after we examine our old dresses."

The examination was made, and the decision was made in favor of the new ones. As there was no time to lose, the materials were purchased without delay, and the services of the best dressmaker in the place fortunately secured. Mrs. Seaton insisted, that in all essential points her nieces should dress alike, though it was strenuously opposed by Floribel. It was preposterous, she said, for Gertrude to dress like her, who was younger by thirteen years. Gertrude would willingly have been ruled by her sister, but Mrs. Seaton said that it should not be, for there was no reason in the world why the rich silk that had been selected, would not be as suitable and becoming for Gertrude as Floribel.

It was late when the dresses were sent home. Floribel had been extremely impatient for the last half hour previous to their arrival, and when they at last came, approaching hastily to examine them the moment they were unfolded, she upset a lamp, which fell directly on one of them. The blazing wick came in contact with the elegant and costly trimming, consuming a part of it, while one of the breadths was covered with splashes of oil in a place which neither folds nor gathers could be so disposed as to conceal. It was Floribel's dress, as could be seen by the trimming, Gertrude having selected a much plainer one. An exclamation too passionate to be exactly ladylike, burst from the lips of Floribel, when she saw the result of her carelessness, then, having remained silent a few moments, she burst into tears.

"Floribel," said Gertrude, "don't make yourself uneasy about it. You shall wear my dress. We are so near of a size, that it will fit you as well as it does me."

"And what are you going to wear?" said her aunt.

"I have nothing I can make answer on so short notice; it wont disappoint me to stay at home half as much as it would Floribel."

"But my dress looks so much handsomer with its beautiful trimming," said Floribel.

"If you had foreseen this accident," said her aunt, "you would not have said so many sharp and cutting things to Gertrude about her being old, in order to persuade her to select a plainer trimming. Your fault has met a speedy punishment."

"Come, Floribel," said Gertrude, "there's no time to lose. Let us go to our dressing-room, and I will assist you to prepare."

When Floribel's toilet was completed, Gertrude thought that she could hardly wish to appear more beautiful; and so thought the young beauty, as she surveyed herself in the pier-glass, which was so large that it reflected the whole of her figure, from the beautiful head, with its bright brown hair, to the small, well-turned foot.

"I am not at all reconciled to leaving you behind, Gertrude," said Mrs. Seaton, when she and Floribel were ready.

"You know, aunt," replied Gertrude, smiling, "that I like my own thoughts so well, I seldom feel lonely."

They had been gone scarcely five minutes when the door-bell rung, which was answered by a girl who had been in the room at the moment Floribel overturned the lamp, and had heard the arrangement for Gertrude to remain at home, so that her sister could attend the party. It was Percy Clevedon who had rung, and he inquired for Mrs. Seaton and the two young ladies.

"Mrs. Seaton and Miss Floribel have gone to the party," replied the girl.

"And Gertrude (I mean Miss Eldon), hasn't she gone?"

"No, sir. Miss Floribel turned the lamp over on her new dress, and spotted it so bad with oil, it weren't fit to wear; so Miss Gertrude, when she found how disappointed her sister was, told her she should wear hers, and she would stay at home. It's the way she always does—she gives up to Miss Floribel in everything."

"Is Miss Eldon particularly engaged?"

"O, no, sir, she is only reading; and stepping to the parlor-door, she threw it open, and said, "Miss Eldon, here is Mr. Clevedon."

"It is later than I thought it was," said he, as he entered the room. "As Mr. Seaton is absent, I intended to be in season to escort you all to the party."

"My aunt and sister have been gone only a few minutes," said Gertrude.

"And you (so the girl told me who came to the door) have decided to remain at home."

"Yes."

"Then I hope that the book I saw you lay aside at my entrance is not so very interesting, but that you will allow me for an hour or two to find in your pleasant room a refuge from the crowd I shall be sure to encounter at Mrs. Danby's."

"Neither Mrs. Danby, nor her guests, would thank me for allowing it," she replied.

"Half an hour spent in such a crowd is as good as a whole evening."

By some means the conversation took a very confidential turn, during which the flight of time was so carelessly noted, that Mr. Clevedon came near being late for even the half hour which he had decided to spend at Mr. Danby's party.

Soon after his departure Mrs. Seaton and Floribel returned. The latter was in no very pleasant frame of mind, and when Gertrude inquired of her how she had enjoyed herself, she replied:

"Not at all; and that she didn't thank her for forcing her old maidish-looking dress upon her to induce her to go, when she should have been much happier at home."

"The dress, my child," said her aunt, "had little to do with your enjoyment. Learn to be amiable, and you will be comparatively happy. We cannot with impunity disregard the feelings of others. By so doing, we always mar our own happiness."

"I know," said Floribel, "I said some ill-natured things to Fanny Wilmer, but I couldn't help it. I was provoked with myself for refusing to dance with Harry Sudley, for I was expecting Mr. Clevedon every minute, and that he would invite me. So Harry asked Fanny to dance with him, and as Mr. Clevedon didn't make his appearance, I was obliged to accept the invitation of Peter Bowen. I wish I knew where Percy Clevedon was."

"He was here," said Gertrude.

"Here?" said Mrs. Seaton and Floribel, both speaking.

"Yes, he called to wait upon us to the party, as uncle was gone; finding me alone, he staid longer than he intended, I believe."

"You must have found something marvellously interesting to talk about, by his taking no better note of time," said Floribel.

"It was interesting to me," said Gertrude, "and of moment to us both."

"Without pretending to necromantic skill," said Mrs. Seaton, "I think I know what it was. He has proposed, and you've accepted. Is it not so?"

"It is."

"You are welcome to him," said Floribel. "Harry Sudley is as good as Percy Clevedon; and if he prospers in the profession he has chosen, he may one day be as wealthy."

"There can be no doubt of Harry's goodness, or the superiority of his talents," said Mrs. Seaton; "but Miss Floribel Eldon will never have the offer of his hand till she learns to correct some of her faults."

"I can correct them, I know, if I try."

"There's not the least doubt of it; and your success will soon show you, that by promoting the happiness of those around you, you increase your own."

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

SPEAK GENTLY.

BY JULIA M. EMERSON.

Speak gently; cold, hard words are felt
Beyond the passing hour;
In after life is known, alas!
Their chilling, deadly power

Speak gently to the blithe and gay;
Earth has enough of woe,
Then do not by thy coldness check
The spirit's joyous flow.

Speak gently to the sorrowing;
The heart, oppressed with grief,
May find, in thy consoling words,
A blest and sure relief.

Speak gently to the little ones
That cluster round thy way;
Life may not always wear to them
An aspect fair and gay.

Speak gently to the suffering poor;
'Twill help to soothe their woe,
If thou, with kind and gentle words,
Thine alms in love bestow.

Speak gently; a kind, friendly word—
It is not much to give;
But, in the weary, care-worn heart,
Its memory long shall live.

Speak gently; for kind, loving words
Possess a magic power,
To lighten sorrow, care dispel,
And cheer a lonely hour.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

FIRE AT SEA.

BY FREDERICK W. SAUNDERS.

COMPARATIVELY few persons have had an opportunity of witnessing the burning of a large ship upon the open sea; to those connected with the burning vessel the sight can only be one of terror and apprehension, but to a spectator, safe upon the deck of his own ship, having no fears for the safety of the crew of the doomed vessel, and with the comfortable consciousness that whatever loss there may be, will fall upon the wealthy underwriters of Wall and State Streets, the spectacle is one of unsurpassed grandeur and sublimity.

In December of '48, on a homeward bound passage from the East Indies to Boston, near latitude thirty-five north, at about three bells—half past nine—in the first night watch, we discovered a dim light in the horizon, about two points on the larboard bow; it was, however, so faint, and at such a distance, that but little notice was taken of it at the time. The wind, which was on the quarter, was steady, and with royal studding-sails set, we were going from seven to eight knots. The night was clear and starlight, and the sea nearly as smooth as a pond; the good ship gathering headway from her immense spread of canvass, was darting through the water with a continuous rushing sound, very musical to homeward-bound ears, especially after a long voyage.

The beauty of the night had kept most of the watch below upon deck, and the increasing light, which we were rapidly approaching, brought up the rest; the crew were scattered about in the forward part of the ship, some walking backward and forward in the waist, talking of home, which they were so soon to see, and from which they had so long been absent; others, in the rigging and aloft upon the yards, gazing at, and speculating as to the cause of the strange light. Various were the conjectures; the most probable, and the one which for the time satisfied us, was that it proceeded from some whaler, trying out blubber.

By eleven o'clock, tongues of flame could be distinctly seen—by the aid of a glass—shooting up from the horizon; there could no longer be any doubt; it was some ship on fire. Our course was accordingly changed two points, and squaring the yards, we stood directly for her—another half hour, and the flames could be seen from the deck—the highest sails caught and reflected the light, imparting to them a soft, hazy, golden hue, while every brace and stay were as clearly defined as at noonday—the fresh tar upon the rigging glittering like diamonds—in strong contrast to the pure white of the sails, and the misty, indistinct tracery of the rigging, not yet lighted up by the flames.

As we continued to approach, one sail after another took the same sunset hue, until every part of the ship, from water-line to royal truck, was a-glow with the weird light, now becoming dim and pale, as huge clouds of smoke settled between us and the flames, and again flashing out with almost dazzling brilliancy, as they rose and drifted lazily off to leeward.

We were now within three miles of her; the masts, rigging, and bulwarks were already gone, but the inflammable nature of her cargo—oil, she being a homeward bound whaler—caused the flames to ascend to an immense height, twisting and curling like fiery serpents, and finally disappearing in a dense column of black smoke, which rose almost perpendicularly, as if unwilling to leave the scene of destruction.

The wind had been gradually dying away as we approached, and the gentle swell and ripple of the sea momentarily caught and reflected the light from their summits in a thousand gorgeous hues, while the concave space between took the deep metallic tint of burnished steel, ever varying with the changing motion, like the beads of a kaleidoscope. The frightened sea-birds circled round and round the flaming mass, terror stricken at the unwonted illumination of their watery domain, and yet impelled by an irresistible influence to keep ever near. Soaring high in air, with outstretched neck and wildly beating pinion, they approached to the very verge of the fiery column, hovering for a moment with motionless wing, in seeming indecision whether to plunge at once into the new and terrible element, then with sharp discord and cry, darting swiftly away, their snowy pinions gleaming whitely for an instant, ere they disappeared in the surrounding gloom.

Having approached to within half a mile to windward, the studding-sails were taken in, the fore and mizzen yards braced sharp up, and the main-topsail laid to the mast. It had now fallen almost a complete calm, the hissing and crackling of the flames only breaking the stillness.

Having hove the ship to, we commenced firing guns for the purpose of attracting the attention of the crew, who, we imagined, had taken to their boats, and were still in the vicinity, as no shipwrecked sailors would ever dream of quitting the spot while such a signal of distress as a burning vessel remained to attract to his rescue. The firing was continued at short intervals for nearly an hour, but as no answer was returned, and we saw nothing of the boats, we came to the conclusion that the crew had already been picked up; and were about squaring away the main yards, when slowly emerging from behind the smoke and flame, which had before hidden it from us, a small topsail schooner made its appearance, and slowly ranged ahead, within speaking distance, to windward.

The schooner, from its size and appearance, we rightly judged to be a coaster. No event could have given us greater pleasure than this meeting, for we had not heard a word from home for the preceding eight months, and had been anxiously expecting to fall in with some American vessel ever since leaving St. Helena. It was therefore with considerable gratification that we heard in reply to our hail, the answer come across the water, that the schooner was from New Providence, and consequently possessed of much later news than ourselves.

The first questions were of course concerning the crew of the burning ship. They had seen nothing of them, but supposed they must have been picked up by a large ship which had passed them about six hours before; at any rate, as the captain of the schooner remarked, the fact of their not being there was conclusive evidence that they were somewhere else—a position which we were not prepared to contest; he also informed us that the ship must have been burning for some time, as he had seen the light for twenty-four hours, while beating up from the leeward. Then followed questions of home—who was president?

"Gin'ral Taylor," answered the schooner; and three rousing cheers went up from our deck, although it must be owned, we would have cheered just as loudly had it been any one else; and considering nearly the whole crew were natives of Great Britain, quite patriotic to cheer for any one; but in consideration of the holiday we had enjoyed, and the powder we had burned on the preceding fourth of July, we felt it a duty to cheer anything Yankee, whatever it might be.

Our questions and replies occupied considerable time, and the attention of all was very naturally directed toward the schooner, to the total forgetfulness of the burning ship. I was standing leaning over the weather rail, when a sensation of heat at my back induced me to turn my eyes to leeward; we had drifted into fearful proximity with the fire, and with an exclamation of surprise and alarm, I called the attention of the captain. He was perfectly thunderstruck at the position in which our carelessness had placed the ship.

"Lee main-braces there—haul in the lee main-braces," he yelled, springing to the rail, and throwing off to windward.

The men executed the order with a will, and the main and main-topsail yards swung round to the back-stay as if by magic; but, having been laid to, there was, of course, no headway upon the ship, and the wind, which had almost wholly died away, scarcely filled our sails; we were laying broadside to the ship, our head being exactly abreast of her stern, at a distance not exceeding two cables' length.

Having got to the wind, or where the wind should have been, we watched with intense anxiety for some indication that we were forging ahead, but the sails flapped idly against the masts, without any apparent effect upon the ship. All hands were set to work wetting the sails; the force-pump was rigged upon the topgallant-forecastle, the deck wash-tub taken up into the main-topmast cross-trees, and a whip for drawing water rove at the main topgallant yard-arm. The sails being completely saturated, bellied out, as if with a breeze; all danger appeared to be passed, and with a cheer louder than we had given for "Gin'ral" Taylor, we ceased our exertions, expecting to see the ship shoot ahead at once. But no; although the sails were full, we made not the least headway, and were diminishing the distance between ourselves and the burning ship with fearful rapidity. The cause was apparent: the vast body of flame causing an immense quantity of heated air to ascend, the surrounding atmosphere rushing in to supply its place, would, in a calm, as it then was, create a current upon every side, towards the fire as a centre, and we were slowly but surely being "sucked in" to destruction, our efforts in wetting the sails only hastening the catastrophe.

The only thing that could now be done, was what should have been done in the first place, and would, had it been possible; but our ship, like too many others, was provided with boats for show, not for service; they having been put on board when the ship was new, and no occasion arising for their use, they had remained lashed to their davits, exposed to the sun and weather voyage after voyage, with no other care taken of them than to apply a fresh coat of paint at the termination of each passage, and now that we had occasion to use them, we found the seams so shrunk and warped, that a good sized mouse could have gone through them without ruffling a hair. Our only hope was in obtaining aid from the schooner.

"Schooner ahoy!" bellowed the captain, dancing about the like a monkey, in his excitement. "Schooner ahoy! send your boats, that we may row the ship out of this—we shall be a-fire in ten minutes—our boats are all stove."

"Can't spare 'em," returned the schooner; "want 'em for our own use; wait till we are well out of the scrape, and we'll come to you."

The schooner was light, and the vigorous exertions of her crew soon placed her at a safe distance, when they immediately came to our assistance. More than ten minutes could not have elapsed, but to us it seemed like so many hours, and by the time they arrived under our bow to take the line for towing, so rapid had been our approach to the burning vessel, that our destruction seemed inevitable, and for a moment we hesitated whether to attempt to save her, or make the best of the time in removing valuables. The heat had become so intense as to be almost unendurable, and the tar, trying out from the standing rigging, was running down upon the deck in streams.

The idea of abandoning the ship to her fate, lasted but for an instant, and plunging over the bow and into the boats, we bent to the oars as if our very existence depended upon our exertions. The double crew furnished an abundance of power, and with three men to each oar, the boats, as the tow-lines tightened, fairly leaped from the water, quivering beneath the strokes.

A forward motion was soon communicated to the ship, and she began to move slowly by the burning vessel, but at so short a distance that we were in momentary expectation of seeing the rigging take fire. Already we were half the ship's length ahead, our quarter just lapping over the forecastle of the other, but scarcely a distance of ten feet intervening.

"Pull—pull!" roared the captain, as he stood upon the forecastle, the hair fairly singeing upon his head.

We did pull, and as a light puff of wind filled our after sails, and drove her stern still nearer the fire, we bent to the work with such a will, that half the oars broke in our grasp. But it was enough—a stronger puff drove her bodily to leeward, the stump of the burning bowsprit just grazing our taffrail as we swung clear; two feet less headway, and the fire would have been communicated to our mizzen rigging, and the destruction of the ship inevitable.

The puffs of wind became stronger, until they finally settled into a steady breeze, and we quickly placed a half mile between ourselves and our late foe, when the burning ship suddenly assumed a new aspect; the stern gradually settled, while the bow rose higher and higher, until it stood almost perpendicular, then with a deep sough, a gurgling and hissing of the water, the wreck disappeared; huge columns of steam rose from the surface, hovered a moment over the spot, then quickly condensed and vanished—and the stars which had been outshone by the flame, once more resumed their brilliance, and there was nothing to mark where a noble ship had perished.

With many thanks to the schooner for her assistance, we braced up the yards, and on a west-nor'-west course, turned our prow toward the coast of our native land with joyful anticipations.

NOTICES OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

OLIE: or, *The Old West Room.* By L. M. M. New York: Mason Brothers. 1855. 12mo. pp. 525.

A work of great originality of conception and treatment, quiet and truthful in its delineation of character, and the antithesis of the flashing tone of novel-writing of which we have latterly had so many specimens. For sale by Fetridge & Co.

THE HIDDEN PATH. By MARION HARLAND, Author of "Alone." New York: J. C. Derby. 1855. 12mo. pp. 433.

It has become the fashion—and a very good one—for American writers to select home scenes and characters for their locality and *dramatis personæ.* The author of this vividly written and interesting story has looked about her, and drawn what she has noticed of the machinery of society, and the workings of the passions. Her first work was a success—and this will be another. For sale by Phillips, Sampson & Co.

ELLA: or, *Turning over a New Leaf.* By WALTER AIMWELL. Illustrated. Boston: Gould & Lincoln. 1855.

A capital little work, written with a good purpose, and well calculated to enforce the moral lessons of the popular author. The leading object of the "Aimwell Stories" has been to persuade the young to lay the foundations of a good character. The tales are interesting, and the moral insinuated pleasantly, and not forced upon acceptance.

THE SIX DAYS OF CREATION. By W. G RHIND. Philadelphia: Parry & McMillan. 1855. 12mo. pp 347.

The "Six Days of Creation" is the leading title of a very attractive illustrated work, in which, in a series of familiar letters, a father describes to his children the "natural history of each day's mercies, with particular reference to the illustration of scriptural truth." It is a beautiful reprint of an English work which has enjoyed the widest circulation. It is based on the idea that all parental instruction should have the salvation of the children as the leading purpose. The engravings which aid the comprehension of the marvels enfolded are numerous and well-executed, and the designs truthful and spirited.

THE MINERAL AND THERMAL SPRINGS OF THE UNITED STATES AND CANADA. By JOHN BELL, M. D. Philadelphia: Parry & McMillan. 1855. 18mo. pp. 394.

An admirable manual for travellers in search of either pleasure or health, embracing an account and an analysis of every noted spring in the Union and Canada. It contains a vast amount of interesting and important information, and gives evidence of the greatest care in its compilation.

THE ISLAND EMPIRE. By the author of "Blonddelle." Philadelphia: Parry & McMillan. 1855. 12mo. pp 335.

This book gives a most interesting and elaborate account of the island of Elba, the temporary empire of Napoleon Bonaparte after his abdication at Fontainbleau, from which he went to France to figure in the memorable events of the "Hundred Days." It tells the story of his first exile very graphically, and treats of a series of occurrences in the life of the "man of destiny," of which, hitherto, there has been no historical record. It is a very attractive book.

OAKFIELD: or, *Fellowship in the East.* By W. D. ARNOLD, Lieut 58th Regiment, B. N. I. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1855. 12mo. pp 444.

The scene of this very agreeably written work, which has met with great success in England, will be entirely fresh to most of our readers, lying in British India, a country which presents many social features of the highest interest. So far as we are able to judge, the circle in which our author moved is sketched with the utmost fidelity, as it certainly is with spirit and animation. Altogether it is one of the pleasantest books we have met with for a long while.

PICTURES OF EUROPE FRAMED IN IDEAS. By C. A. BARTOL. Boston: Crosby, Nichols & Co. 1855. 12mo. pp 407.

This is no ordinary book of travels, merely describing external objects with statistics from Murray, but the production of an original mind, regulated by the purest principles, and seeking, in the world of art and nature, something better than transient amusement. Mr. Bartol gives rather the results than the incidents of travel: and he has done it so admirably, that we can scarcely regret that one who can describe so well, has been so chary of his graphic talent. An interesting account of the ascent of Mount Blanc, by Dr. I. T. Talbot, of this city, forms an appendix to this truly valuable volume.

HON. CHARLES H. PEASLEE,

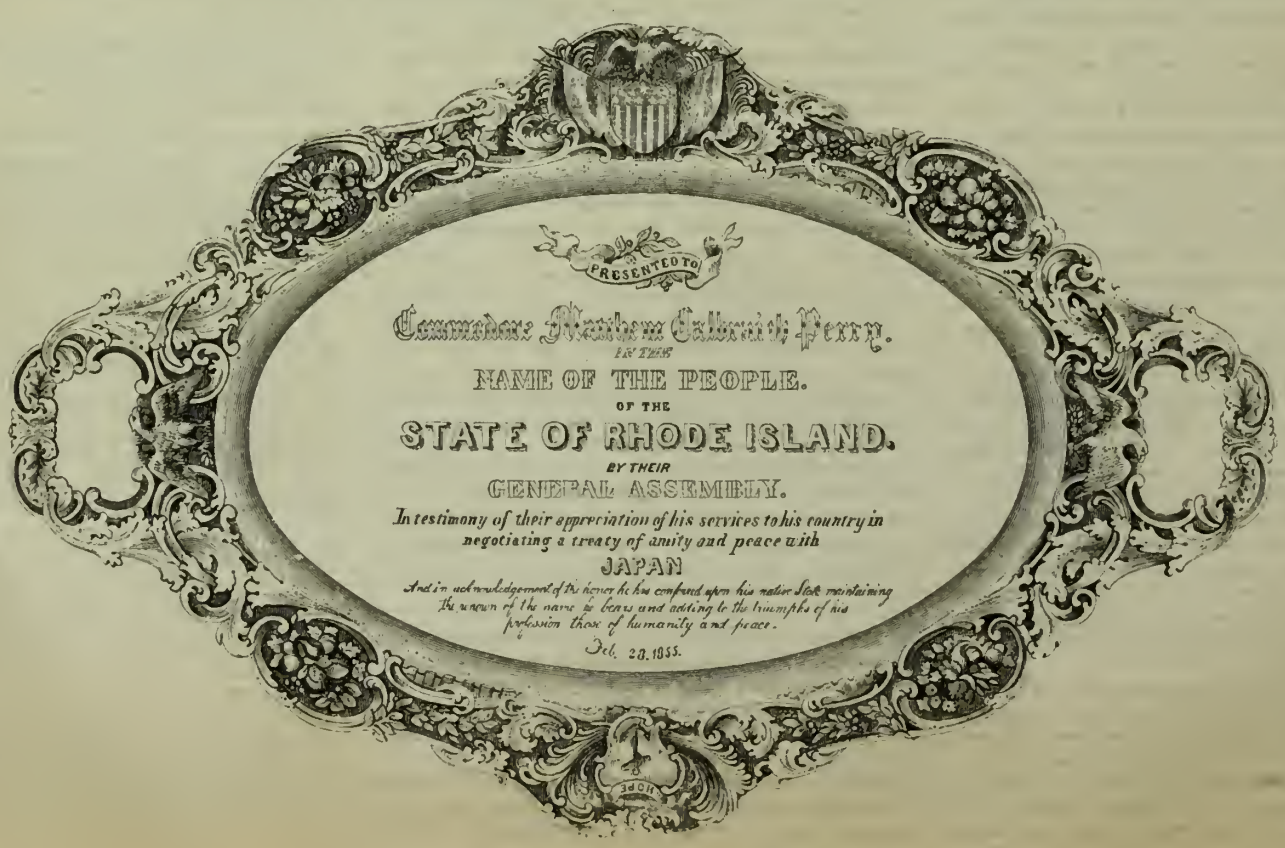
COLLECTOR OF CUSTOMS FOR THE PORTS OF BOSTON AND CHARLESTOWN.

Hon. Charles H. Peaslee, whose admirable likeness, accompanying our sketch, was drawn for the Pictorial by Mr. C. A. Barry, was born in Gilmantown, New Hampshire, in February, 1804. He entered Dartmouth College at an early age, and graduated in 1824, with the highest honors of his class, and a well-deserved reputation for classical culture and scholarly attainments. He commenced his pupilage, as a student of law, in his native town, immediately after his college graduation, and completed his preparatory legal term in Philadelphia, where, under the teachings of the astute and learned practitioners of the very able bar of that city, he enjoyed facilities for complete legal training of a superior order. After admission to practice in the courts of New Hampshire, he opened a law office in Concord, the capital of the State. He was immediately successful in his professional business, and acquired the reputation of a wise counsellor and a persuasive advocate. The political career of Mr. Peaslee commenced in 1833—soon after he had established his residence in Concord—when he was chosen representative of the town in the State Legislature. He was re-chosen representative at three subsequent elections, and in a locality where party spirit always runs high, and where a *nomination* by the party of which Mr. Peaslee has always been a persistent and devoted member, was very far—as was and is the case in other portions of the Granite State—from being tantamount to an *election*. As a member of the legislature he was diligent, discreet, and eminently serviceable to his immediate constituency, and to the State. With the ability and directness of a man of affairs, and one looking to those objects of legislation which concern "the common good," he devoted himself to those objects with that thorough assiduity which has conspicuously characterized every business or official relation of his subsequent life. The New Hampshire Asylum for the Insane, of which he has been a trustee since its establishment, is of itself a monument to his energy, his public influence, and his labors for that large and pitiable portion of humanity, the indigent insane. Mr. Peaslee is justly recognized as the originator and founder of that institution. His labors in its behalf—voluntary and always without pecuniary consideration or emolument of any kind,—commencing with addresses in different towns in various portions of the State, sustained by his speeches and reports on the same subject in the legislature, and ending with the completion of the firm pecuniary and legislative foundation upon which the institution now reposes, are, in their results, amply sufficient of themselves to characterize him as one "who has done the State some service." In 1839 he was appointed Adjutant and Inspector General of the Militia of New Hampshire, the duties of which office he discharged till 1847, when he was elected Member of Congress from the Concord district. Mr. Peaslee carried to Washington those most desirable qualities in a legislator, sound judgment, eminent discretion, and unabated devotion to the best interests of his State and his country. Throughout his Congressional career, he was recognized by the leading members of both political parties as a controlling man of large influence and great energy, although never seeming to desire a reputation for either attribute. His speeches in Congress and on different occasions are marked with great clearness of mind and power of reasoning. He was elected a member of Congress for three successive terms, an occurrence of prominence in his career, because public opinion in New Hampshire has so generally decided that the rotatory rule of "two terms" is the most expedient and the best. His Congressional career having expired in March, 1853, Mr. Peaslee was offered by President Pierce the office of Collector of the port of Boston and Charlestown, the most important position in New England under the federal government, which office he accepted, and which he now holds. How well he discharges its manifold and responsible duties, we leave the merchants of our prosperous city, and the government, whose agent he is, to decide; venturing however to suggest that it will be long, very long, before either will find a collector of this port with more fitness for the place, more intelligence, more integrity of purpose and action, or with more urbanity of official demeanor. His administration has already been signalized by two acts by which it will ever be distinguished and remembered. One of these was the removal of the appraisers' stores from the extremity of Long Wharf to Commercial Street, a change which the merchants of Boston had long desired, but which no preceding collector had been able to effect, and the other the erection of a new marine hospital at Chelsea for the accommodation of invalid American seamen, in place of the present inconvenient and inadequate building. To the representations and the labors of Mr. Peaslee, the adoption of the latter measure is mainly attributable; and the magnificent building which is now in the process of erection will be a monument of his warm-hearted philanthropy and disinterested zeal in behalf of one of the most deserving and most neglected classes of our citizens. In the life of Mr. Peaslee, of which we have given but a meagre outline, *success* is the predominant characteristic. He has seldom failed to accomplish whatever he has deliberately undertaken, and the reason thereof is obvious, to those familiar with his character. His unsurpassed accuracy of judgment, and his wise foresight in the anticipation of obstacles, never allow him to embark upon any wrongful, ill-starred enterprise, but whenever he has once entered upon the pursuit of a given object, the amount of practical, every-day wisdom, of irrepressible activity, of unyielding tenacity, of capacity to meet the requirements of every exigency, of thorough acquaintance with the motives and inducements which control the action of men, never fails to achieve the result at which he aims. In all the relations of social life Mr. Peaslee is precisely that which the expression of his countenance indicates. He is as kind and quick in sympathy, as he is wise in counsel. His devotion to his friends, no matter what circumstances may surround them, is proverbial. Nature, in her most generous moments, has bestowed upon few men more of those elevated social qualities, which adorn and gladden life, than she has upon the subject of this imperfect sketch. Blessed with a good constitution, and enjoying vigorous health, he may look forward to many years of active usefulness.

HON. CHARLES H. PEASLEE, COLLECTOR OF BOSTON.

TESTIMONIAL TO COMMODORE PERRY.

The engraving below is an accurate representation of the magnificent silver salver lately presented by the General Assembly of Rhode Island to the gallant Commodore Perry, of the United States Navy, as a token of their appreciation of his national services in conducting the mission to Japan, which resulted in the opening of the long-sealed ports of that wealthy and important country to the commerce of America. The ceremonies of the presentation were of an imposing character, and took place in the balcony of the venerable State house at Newport, in the presence of a vast and brilliant concourse, on the 14th of June last. Governor Hoppin made an exceedingly felicitous speech on presenting the token to the gallant commodore, who made a brief but appropriate response. In the course of his remarks, the governor said: "Were this the occasion, and would time permit, many highly interesting additional facts relating to your personal history in connection with the mission to Japan might be presented. The unwavering faith which you had in the expedition, akin to that which animated the spirit and fortified the courage of the great discoverer of this continent; the extraordinary discretionary powers confided to you by your government, and the wise, humane and beneficent use which you made of those powers; the memorable and delicate consideration manifested by you in the treaty stipulations for the just rights of the Japanese women, thus recognizing in that far distant land the appropriate influence of woman in all the important affairs of life; the great moral power of the course of policy and rules of conduct which you adopted, especially in declining to receive or to make visits of ceremony, or to negotiate on the Christian Sabbath—thereby presenting to the minds of this intelligent and observing people, irrefutable proof of the respect and reverence of your nation for that great commandment of the Almighty, which is enjoined upon us all, 'to remember the Sabbath day, to keep it holy;' these and kindred topics afford rich food for thought, and invite to extended remarks—but I forbear. Permit me now, sir, to present to you, in the name of your native State (which cherishes, as among its most priceless possessions, the name and memory of your heroic brother), this piece of plate, voted to you by the General Assembly of Rhode Island, in such terms as must give you gratification. The plate is altogether of Rhode Island fabric; and from this circumstance, its slight intrinsic value may be increased in your estimation. It is at least, sir, a sincere expression of the respect and approval of your fellow-citizens of Rhode Island. They rejoice that the name of Perry is still a word of strength to your profession and country; they rejoice that the olive leaf of peace is entwined with its unfading laurel." The reply of Commodore Perry is worthy of preservation. He said:—"Your Excellency: It is impossible for me to express the feelings of gratitude with which my heart responds to the flattering expressions you have this moment uttered in your capacity of governor of the gallant little State of Rhode Island, and as the organ of both branches of its legislative body. You may well imagine my pride and satisfaction in being permitted thus to stand before this assembly, and upon a spot sanctified by the most agreeable associations. It was in my earliest boyhood, before the introduction of steamboats or railroads, that I often watched upon the shore for the first glimpse of the gaily-decorated packet-sloop that, in those days, annually brought the governor from Providence to this town—and witnessed, with childlike delight, in sight of this very edifice, the pomp, parade and festivities of 'Election Day.' Since then, I have traversed almost every part of the globe, in the prosecution of the duties of a profession of which I am justly proud; and now, after a lapse of nearly half a century, when in declining life, to be called by the Representatives of my native State back to these hallowed precincts, here to receive from the lips of its chief magistrate the commendations of my fellow-citizens, is an honor I little expected, when, as a boy-midshipman, forty-six years ago, I first embarked upon an element then and always the most congenial to my aspirations for honorable emprise. And should I not feel doubly honored in finding my public services associated with those of a lamented brother, the memory of whose heroic deeds has so far been, and I trust ever will be, fondly cherished by every true Rhode Islander. In conducting the mission to Japan which a confiding government entrusted to my sole charge, I was fully impressed with the magnitude of the responsibility imposed upon me; and true to this generous reliance upon my judgment and discretion, was the more ambitious to accomplish an object which to many seemed unattainable. You have just now, sir, told me how these services are appreciated by those of my compatriots who are nearest and dearest to me—and I am satisfied. The valuable testimonial, now presented with so much eloquence and grace, shall be preserved in my family as an heirloom, to commemorate an event to be remembered by all who may be allied by the ties of blood to the grateful recipient, who begs to tender to your excellency and all here present his profound and heartfelt thanks." The testimonial consists of a magnificent silver salver, of unusually large dimensions, massive in weight, and most elaborately chased. This salver is oval in form, 28 inches long inside the handles, and about 38 inches outside. It weighs 319 ounces. The embellishments and designs are entirely in the border, which is four inches in its greatest width, the centre being left plain to receive the inscription. The opposite centres of the border, midway between the handles, are occupied by the coat-of-arms of the United States and of Rhode Island, in bold relief—the former supported upon a cluster of flags of the United States, and the latter surrounded by a wreath of palm leaves. The handles, which are large, and composed of scroll and shell work, are so arranged as to form a portion of the border, by which means the awkward appearance of detached pieces is avoided. Immediately beneath, or inside of each handle, is a large eagle, in bold relief. At the quarters, midway between the handles and the coats-of-arms, are four compartments, formed by the arrangement of the scroll work, containing clusters of fruit from all countries. The olive branch, bearing fruit, is entwined among the scroll work. The handles, though very large, do not have that appearance, owing to the great width of the border and manner in which they are connected. This salver was designed, modelled and made in every particular in the establishment of Messrs. Gorham & Company, and there is no doubt that it has the heaviest border ever manufactured in this country. The case, which is of beautiful workmanship, is of solid rosewood, and mounted with heavy plated trimmings; the whole design is exquisitely beautiful.



TESTIMONIAL TO COMMODORE PERRY.

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL.

THE CHEAPEST WEEKLY PAPER IN THE WORLD.

MATURIN M. BALLOU, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.
FRANCIS A. DURIVAGE, ASSISTANT EDITOR.

NAHANT HOTEL.

The season which has just closed at this popular establishment, has been, in all respects, brilliant and agreeable. Notwithstanding the capricious character of the weather which was unaccountably fickle in its transitions, and which caused the tide of company to ebb and flow, the number of visitors was, in the aggregate, very large, and the books show a greater influx than at Saratoga even. To the attractions of the peninsula itself were added those of a summer establishment without a rival in the States. Persons, who this year divided their time between Nahant and other celebrated watering-places, concede unhesitatingly, that the former bears away the palm. Col. Stevens has won new and unfading laurels by his administration of this great establishment, which he entirely remodelled on taking possession of it. There is scarcely a memorial of the old hotel left, while to the new one every luxury and comfort have been added which money could command and taste suggest. The fashionable furniture, the excellent attendance, the nightly music in the drawing rooms, the weekly *soirées dansantes*, the character of the guests—all rendered the internal life of the hotel agreeable and attractive, when the weather was unpropitious without. An additional inducement to visitors was the excellence of the steamer—the Nelly Baker, Captain Rouell—placed upon the route. Nahant needed but the accommodations to which we have alluded, to enable it to keep the lead among the fashionable resorts. It has it now and it will retain it.

COLE'S VOYAGE OF LIFE.—This series of splendid paintings, on which, perhaps, rather than on the "Course of Empire," the fame of the lamented Cole will rest, is now on exhibition at Parker, King & Co's, Cornhill. They have already attracted many visitors. Among the wonderful pictorial effects noticeable in this series is the gorgeous cloud palace, which attracts the gaze of the ardent. While the architecture of the airy vision is distinctly made out, it is still so like some of the fantastic sports of the atmosphere, that it does not impress you like a strange phenomenon. Its introduction was a bold but perfectly successful experiment, and of itself stamps its author as a genius.

A LOVE OF NATURE.—Who was it that said "Nature never betrays the heart that trusts her?" Akin to that sentiment is one of Foster. "It is the peculiarity of genius, that the phenomena of nature never become so familiar as to lose their influence."

SPLINTERS.

.... In New York they are selling Rachel shoes and Rachel cigars. There is quite a Jenny Lind furor about Rachel.

The company of the Boston Theatre is an admirable one, and the present season has opened with every prospect of success.

.... Mlle. Gabrielle de Lamotte, the celebrated piano-forte teacher, has re-opened her classes here, and is reaping rich harvests.

.... We are sorry to see the Evening Gazette condemning "Venice Preserved" as an acting play, and wishing to shelve it.

.... An engineer ran a railway train so fast that the telegraph poles looked like a fine tooth comb. Good time, that.

.... Low prices of provisions, fair prices for board and crowded houses, are making hotel keepers look peculiarly pleasant.

Who does not enjoy the fine October weather? Some prefer our Indian summer to the regular summer—a failure often.

.... Why can't we learn economy of the Chinese? A couple of door mats and a pussy make a nice soup for the Celestials.

.... There are no fewer than twelve places of amusement open in New York this season. The Gothamites ought to be cheerful.

.... Professor Agassiz is teaching natural history to a class of young ladies at his residence in Cambridge.

.... There is a young lady in New Haven who can dive deeper, stay under longer and swim farther than any other girl there.

.... Mrs. Bodisco, late from St. Petersburg, declares that the allies only burned a wood-pile at Sweaborg. Guess she's mistaken.

.... The great agricultural show and horse fair on the Neck will draw crowds. It will be Neck or Nothing.

.... Miss Adelaide Phillips will soon be singing here in Boston, where she is so much loved and admired.

.... The original manuscript of Mozart's Don Juan has been purchased by Madame Viardot for 5000 francs.

.... De Beriot, the violinist and friend of Malibran, is at Brussels. He has become hopelessly blind, they say.

.... The French government have offered the Italian, Ristori, Rachel's rival, a life engagement at the Theatre Français.

.... A gentleman in England has lately recovered heavy damages of a lady for a breach of promise of marriage.

.... After all the talk about the potato rot this season, it does not appear to have done very considerable damage.

.... The barque Juniata of Boston, when ashore on the Barbary coast was protected from the Arabs by a French war-steamer.

.... The American officers sent abroad to observe the war, have been kindly treated and aided by the Emperor Alexander.

The citizens of Philadelphia are erecting a new and elegant opera house and theatre which will seat 3000 persons.

Recently there were 3700 Americans in Paris. Gen. Scott's wife and sister were there, and the general was expected.

ENDICOTT AND THE ENGLISH ENSIGN.

The very spirited engraving on our last page, drawn for us by our artist, whose pencil appears for the first time in the Pictorial, illustrates one of Hawthorne's most brilliant stories, "Endicott and the Red Cross." The scene is on the training-field at Salem, when the militia were mustered under English colors and the command of stout John Endicott. The period is the reign of Charles I., when "the bigoted and haughty primate, Laud, Archbishop of Canterbury, controlled the religious affairs of the realm, and was consequently entrusted with powers which might have wrought the entire ruin of the two Puritan colonies, Plymouth and Massachusetts." "The central object in the mirrored picture," says Hawthorne, "was an edifice of humble architecture, with neither steeple nor bell to proclaim it, what nevertheless it was—the house of prayer. A token of the perils of the wilderness was seen in the grim head of a wolf, which had just been slain within the precincts of the town, and, according to the regular mode of claiming the bounty, was nailed on the porch of the meeting-house; the blood was still plashing on the door-step. * * * In close vicinity to the sacred edifice, appeared that important engine of Puritan authority, the whipping-post, with the soil well trodden with the feet of evil doers, who had there been disciplined. At one corner of the meeting-house was the pillory, and at the other, the stocks; and, by a singular good fortune for our sketch, the head of an Episcopalian and suspected Catholic was grotesquely encased in the former machine, while a fellow-criminal, who had boisterously quaffed a health to the king, was confined by the legs in the latter. Side by side, on the meeting-house steps, stood a male and a female figure. The man was a tall, lean, haggard personification of fanaticism, bearing on his breast this label, 'A Wanton Gospeller,' which betokened that he had dared to give interpretations of Holy Writ, unsanctioned by the infallible judgment of the civil and religious rulers. His aspect showed no lack of zeal to maintain his heterodoxies, even at the stake. The woman wore a cleft stick on her tongue, in appropriate retribution for having wagged that unruly member against the elders of the church; and her countenance and gestures gave much cause to apprehend that the moment the stick was removed, a repetition of the offence would demand new ingenuity in chastising it. The above-mentioned individuals had been sentenced to undergo their various modes of ignominy for the space of one hour at noonday. But among the crowd were several whose punishment would be lifelong. Some, whose ears had been cropped like those of puppy dogs; others, whose cheeks had been branded with the initials of their misdemeanors; one, with his nostrils slit and seared, and another with a halter about his neck, which he was forbidden ever to take off, or to conceal beneath his garments. * * * There was, likewise, a young woman, with no mean share of beauty, whose doom it was to wear the letter A on the breast of her gown, in the eyes of all the world and her own children; and even her own children knew what that initial signified. Sporting with her infamy, the lost and desperate creature had embroidered the fatal token in scarlet cloth, with golden thread, and the nicest kind of needlework; so that the capital A might have been thought to mean Admirable, or anything rather than Adulteress."

The latter passage is quite remarkable as being the germ of Hawthorne's splendid romance, the "Scarlet Letter."

Endicott receives intelligence by letter of a design on the part of King Charles to send over a governor-general, "in whose breast shall be deposited all the law and equity of the land." Thereupon, he summons his warriors around him, and delivers a violent harangue, denouncing the aggressions of the throne.

"Endicott gazed around at the excited countenances of the people, now full of his own spirit, and then turned suddenly to the standard-bearer who stood close behind him.

"'Officer, lower your banner,' said he.

"The officer obeyed, and brandishing his sword, Endicott thrust it through the cloth, and with his left hand rent the red cross completely out of the banner. He then waved the tattered ensign above his head. * * * * *

"'Treason, treason!' roared the royalist in the stocks. 'He hath defaced the king's banner!'

"'Before God and man, I will avouch the deed!' answered Endicott. "Beat a flourish, drummer! Shout, soldiers and people, in honor of the Ensign of New England!'

"With a cry of triumph, the people gave sanction to one of the boldest exploits which our history records. And forever honored be the name of Endicott! We look back through the mist of ages, and recognize, in the rending of the Red Cross from New England's banner, the first omen of that deliverance which our fathers consummated, after the bones of the stern Puritan had lain more than a century in the dust."

SENTIMENTAL.—Mrs. Child once heard a young girl remark to her mother, "I should like of all things to be married if I could be sure my husband would die in a fortnight; then I should avoid the disgrace of being an old maid, and get rid of the restraint and trouble of married life." That young lady had a very exalted opinion of the marriage relation.

THE PERRY TESTIMONIAL.—We call particular attention to the engraving of the Perry Testimonial in this number. The script lettering is equal to any piece of work ever executed. Our readers are aware that the wood on each side of every letter has to be cut away, leaving the delicate lines standing.

THE PILGRIM MONUMENT.—We understand that the committee of the Pilgrim Society have adopted H. Billings's plan of the monument which is to be erected at Plymouth, to commemorate the landing of our forefathers at that place.

ARTIZANS' RECREATIVE UNION.

This institution is of a novel character, and deserves more than a passing notice. The trustees, Judge Russell and Messrs. John Gove and Israel Nash, state its aims to be "to open cheap avenues for refined and elevating recreations to classes hitherto mainly shut out from them; to establish evening schools and other means of instruction to young working men; and to advance the cause of temperance, by simply ignoring the use of anything that intoxicates upon whatever premises may be used under the auspices of the Union. In short, to overcome intemperance and other evils by practical moral suasion." The members of the Union are to form their own constitution, to elect their officers and make their by-laws; while the board of trustees will appoint the treasurer of the institution and supervise its affairs, so as to afford a satisfactory guarantee to contributors that the objects of the association are faithfully cared for. The funds to carry out the views of the projectors will be derived from annual subscriptions of members at $1, life subscriptions at $50, and the profits of lectures, concerts and the sale of refreshments. This revenue is to be devoted to opening suites of rooms, some for music and conversation, others for light refreshments. They will be furnished elegantly, and adorned with pictures, statues and engravings. The ladies of the families of members will be admitted free, as their countenance and presence is relied upon to give a healthy tone to the society. A beginning has already been made by the recent formal opening of a suite of rooms at No. 15 Brattle Street, by Mr. N. Gilson, jr., the lessee of the dining-establishment known as "Our House." There is a large music and conversation hall, a library and reading-room, and an ice cream and coffee saloon. Thus the incipient step (the only one that costs according to the popular saying) has been taken. We are confident that great results will flow from it. The plan is, as far as we know, an entirely original one. It provides for the enjoyment of the elegancies and refinements of life by those whose individual resources could never command it; it secures all the advantages of the club-room, without any of its obnoxious features; (and we should have mentioned that nothing sectarian nor partizan enters into the organization;) in a word, it supplies certain means for social and intellectual improvement, which have never yet been brought to bear upon the masses. We shall take occasion to refer to this subject hereafter. Mr. J. Federhen, Jr., No. 53 Court Street, is the treasurer of the Union.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.—The readers of the Pictorial will observe that we are giving faithful and picturesque views illustrating the various towns and cities of the United States. We shall confine these sketches to no particular locality, but shall continue them east and west, north and south. We have two of our best artists constantly engaged in travelling for this purpose. This fall and winter, we propose to illustrate some of the southern and western cities, and large towns, making our journal, what it purports to be, a paper for every section of the country, knowing no local interest, but *national* in all respects.

"REDPATH: *or, The Western Trail.*"—The novelette thus entitled, which we are now publishing in the Flag of our Union, from the pen of Dr. J. H. Robinson, author of "Silver Knife," and other Indian stories, is the most popular tale ever published from this establishment. The Flag and Pictorial, it will be remembered, are sent to one address for *four dollars* per annum. The Flag has a wide-spread popularity, especially for its stories of frontier life and adventure, and the sterling character of its historical and nautical tales.

LONG SERVICE.—There is a compositor on one of our large daily journals who has worked thirty five years in the same office. How many million ems he must have set up!

BEAT THIS WHO CAN.—*Eleven hundred* subscribers' names were added to the list of our Dollar Magazine in the last seven days!

MARRIAGES.

In this city, by Rev. Mr. Kirk, Mr. Albert A. Decatur, of Nashua, to Miss Sarah A. Upton; by Rev. Mr. Himes, Mr. Charles E. Gage to Miss Hannah E. Wentworth; by Rev. Mr. Twombly, Mr. Charles Williams to Miss Julia Fitzpatrick; by Rev. Dr. Neale, Mr. Frank L. Penney to Miss Anna W. Whitney; by Rev. Mr. Taylor, Mr. Daniel Cowing, Jr. to Miss Catharine E. Wilkinson; by Rev. Mr. Tucker, Mr. Edward Le Droit to Miss Anna Maguire; by Rev. Mr. Randall, Mr. John H. C. Campbell to Miss Carrie E. Huse; by Rev. Mr Stowe, Mr. Charles Cummings to Miss Catherine E. Handy.—At Cambridge, by Rev. Mr. Holland, Mr. William Robbins to Miss Elizabeth S Young.—At Lowell, by Rev. Mr. Dadmun, Mr. Sylvester Parker, of East Leominster, N. H., to Miss Maria S. Thompson, of Burnham, Me.; by Rev. Mr. Woodbury, Mr. Henry A. Coburn to Miss Rhoda P. Lindsey, of Chelmsford.—At Newburyport, by Rev. Mr. Spaulding, Mr. Theodore Jaques to Mrs. Betsey Elliot, both of West Newbury.—At Franklin, Hon. Marshall P. Wilder, of Dorchester, to Miss Julia Baker.—At Pittsfield, by Rev. Mr. Parvin, Mr. Henry A. Orne, of Memphis, Tenn., to Miss Annie S. Merrill.—At Hingham, by Rev. Mr. Townsend, Mr. Isaiah B. Hamblin to Miss Maria G. Gardner, all of Boston.—At Salem, by Rev. Mr. Mills, Mr. Moses Roberts, of Boston, to Miss Olive L. Henderson.—At Bangor, Me., by Rev. Dr. Lothrop, of this city, Mr. Gilbert Atwood, of Boston, to Miss Sarah B. Goss.

DEATHS.

In this city, Mr. William P. Jackson, 50; Mrs. Adah Parker; Mrs. Abigail H. Payson, 33; Mrs. Olivia Prescott Adams, of Dover, Mass., 54; Mr. John Lefavor, 36; Widow Elizabeth Ammidown, 80; Mr Seth Thaxter, 74; Mrs. Mary Pope, 54; Mr George A. Lewis, 34; Mr. Charles Abbott, 21.—At Roxbury, Mrs. Hepsey Felton, 68; Mr. A. S. Cutting, 37.—At Charlestown, Mr. Joshua Taylor, 29; Mr. John Felley, 30; Miss Augusta B. Kimball, 20.—At Jamaica Plain, Mr. George Washington Ames, 62.—At Brookline, Mr. Lemuel Foster, 69.—At Winchester, Mrs. Sarah, wife of Dea. Calvin Richardson, 77.—At South Weymouth, Miss Malvina R. Blanchard, 18.—At Andover, Mrs. Stuart, widow of the late Prof Stuart.—At Lowell, Widow Mary Rice, 73.—At Groton, Mrs. Hannah M. Woods, 46.—At Sterling, Mrs Sally Allen, 78.—At Nantucket, Mrs. Abigail, wife of Mr. Matthew Myrick, 81; Mrs. Sarah, widow of Capt. George W. Gardner, 67; Mrs. Abigail, widow of the late Capt. Grafton Gardner, 89; Mrs Sarah J. Waitt, 35.—At Barre, Mrs. Mehitable, widow of the late Mr. Spooner Ruggles, of Petersham, 97.—At Thornton, N. H., Mrs Maria, widow of the late Mr. Winthrop Bagley, 94.—At Haverhill, N. H., Mrs. Hannah, widow of the late Hon. Ezra Bartlett, 79.—At Stratford, Vt., Mrs. Harriet E., widow of Rev. Benjamin Austin, late Rector of St. James's Church, Amesbury, Mass.—At Norfolk, Va., of yellow fever, Mr. Luke Kevill 20; Mrs. Elizabeth, wife of Mr. Wm. L. Kevill, 25; Mrs. Mary Kevill, 66

EDITORIAL MELANGE.

Captain J. L. Folsom, who recently died, was believed to be the richest man in San Francisco. He went out there poor enough, with the New York regiment of volunteers. One-third of his real estate he leaves to his nephew, G. D. Folsom, who is at school in Ohio, and the other two-thirds to the children of Mrs. Forrest. These are subject to an annuity of five thousand dollars per annum to his mother. His personal property he divides between his mother and sister. —— Miss Andrews, the young lady from Syracuse, who performed the Good Samaritan in the fever-infected districts of Virginia, at the risk of health and life, is a niece of Judge Hall, of New York State. —— The cause of Santa Anna's flight was the desire to save his private fortune, which is immense. The skirmish at the National Bridge is said to have been occasioned by the attempt of the pursuing party to capture a particular box of gold, which, although marked as the private property of Santa Anna, was claimed to be government funds. But he had taken his measures too well, and got off with the gold. —— The widow Woodbury, who hung herself in Goffstown, N. H., on account of the death of her husband a few days before, was a very respectable woman, and leaves a comfortable property and four grown up sons. —— Dr. Knapp, of Covington, Ky., has recently published an essay, in which he claims to have discovered the cause, nature, cure and prevention of epidemic cholera. Dr. Knapp discards all previously conceived notions on the subject, and attributes the attacks of cholera to the causes which produce scorbutic affections. He is induced to do this from the fact that the winters and springs preceding the appearance of cholera, as an epidemic, were marked by severe cold, which caused an abridgement of the supply of succulent vegetables, thus giving rise to scurvy in its most virulent form. —— Colonel Stockton, of Fayette county, Va., has recently sold 40,000 acres of land in that county to Dr. Salisbury, of one of the northern States, for $105,000, the money to be paid some time this month. —— The Chicago Tribune relates a case of a young girl, only twelve years of age, who attempted to implicate a German, against whom she had a grudge on account of a whipping he gave her mother, in a murder. She adhered to her story until confronted by the accused, when she confessed the lie. The tenacity with which she adhered to the story, which was well fabricated, was remarkable for one so young, and showed a degree of mendacity most deplorable. —— A man named Patten, a spiritualist, living in Rochester, lately deserted his wife, and sought another woman, because, as he said, himself and his wife could not agree upon the doctrine of the resurrection. —— The Victoria (Texas) Advocate contains some very singular statistics. It says that, according to the report of the assessor and collector, there are two hundred families in that town, of whom fifteen are "happy families!" There are also in the town fifty young ladies who are opposed to marriage, forty-eight of whom would marry under "favorable circumstances," notwithstanding their opposition! It further asserts that there is one *honest* lawyer in the place! —— Three American ladies, Mrs. Kyle and two daughters, were lately robbed while on a visit to the heights of Camaldeli, in Italy, by four Neapolitan brigands. The robbers demanded and obtained all they had, which was only two piasters. —— Says one of the editors of the Independent, we lately inquired of the son of an American missionary, just arrived from Constantinople, "If Russia should take Constantinople, how long could your father remain there at his work?" "Not a day," was the instant reply—an answer thought, by those who know, to be a true exponent of the respective attitudes of Russia and Turkey toward the missionary work. —— Rev. J. S. Hayes, of New Orleans, and General Charles W. Clifton, of Point Coupee, are among the victims of yellow fever. —— Mr. Jacob Courson, of Sussex county, N. J., whilst binding a sheaf of wheat, took up a rattlesnake and bound it so tight that it could not escape. He was unaware of the fact till his attention was called to it, and he then killed it.

THE MINIE RIFLE.—M. Minie, of bullet celebrity, has just lost his patent case, before the imperial tribunal of Paris. He sold his patent for France four years ago to a M. Morceaux. Last year M. Mares offered to the minister of war an improvement on the Minie bullet; M. Morceaux, hearing of this, sued him for infringement. The advocate of M. Mares pleaded that Minie, belonging to the army, and holding a commission from the government to make improvements in instruments of war, could not take out a patent for any improvement so made. The court decided that the patent was null, and that any one may manufacture or improve upon it.

THE CONGREVE ROCKET.—This missile was the first step in an invention by which the flight of such projectiles is considerably extended, and a size and power secured which, under other principles, prevent the rockets rising from the ground. They are armed with shells and case-shot; are formed in metallic vases, and are the invention of Colonel Congreve. One of their great advantages is, that they can be discharged at the largest sizes from a small boat, as they cause no recoil.

BROCK'S MONUMENT.—The monument which is in process of erection on Queenstown Heights, to the memory of General Brock, has risen to the height of one hundred and forty feet. The workmen are now busy upon the Corinthian shaft, and probably this will be finished next summer. Upon the top of the shaft is to be placed a colossal statue of General Brock, seventeen feet in height.

NICE CALCULATION.—A modern philosopher, taking the motion of the earth on its axis at seventeen miles a second, says that if you take off your hat in the street to bow to a friend, you go seventeen miles bareheaded, without taking cold!

Wayside Gatherings.

Dr. Pond, of Rutland, Vt., has invented a pill-making machine, which will manufacture any quantity of those articles in a day.

The tolls on the Suspension Bridge, over the Niagara, have been sold to Mr. Walsh, of Portland, for one year for £1503.

The trotting horse belonging to Mr. Snyder, of Congress Hall, Saratoga, worth $4 or $5000, died a short time ago.

Miss Vandenhoff has written a play, which is to be brought out in New York by Mr. and Mrs. G. Vandenhoff.

In Galesburg, Mich., a rowdy, who grossly insulted some ladies, was recently tarred and feathered, and then rode on a rail.

The total population of Chicago, as by the census just taken and complete, is 80,028. In 1850 it was 28,620.

Miss Glyn, the actress, a relative, we believe, of Charles Kemble's, was married, recently, in England to Edward S. Dallas, the author.

Madame Santa Anna is a brilliant woman, of French descent, and engaging manners, well educated, and only twenty-three years of age.

The Japanese authorities have recently been so ungallant as to refuse to allow several American merchants and their wives to land upon their territory.

The New York Herald discovers a secret treaty between Great Britain, France, Spain and St. Domingo, excluding the United States from a commercial foothold in the island.

A Mr. Pease, of Limerick, Me., was recently swindled out of $1200 by some gipsies, who persuaded him that the sum of $4000 in gold was buried somewhere on his farm.

The Hon. George S. Boutwell, late governor of Massachusetts, has been appointed State Librarian and Secretary of the Board of Education, in place of Rev. Barnas Sears, D. D., the newly elected President of Brown University.

A few days since the citizens of Provincetown held a meeting, and chose a committee of five persons to proceed to the West, with full powers to contract for flour sufficient to supply the families in town.

A company has been formed in England for the manufacture of paper from the stem of the plantain. A good paper for printing upon, and a very superior kind as a wrapping paper, it is said, may be made from this weed.

The wife and daughter of Captain Dumaresque, of ship Romance of the Seas, were recently upset in a boat on the Kennebec, near Swan Island, and drowned, with Miss Richards, of Gardiner, Me. Mrs. and Miss Dumaresque resided in Roxbury.

The great "crib," as it is called, for the draw of the new bridge to rest on, in the river at Rock Island, Illinois, is 500 feet long and 40 feet wide, and requires 1,000,000 feet of lumber to build it, and 16,000 yards of rock to fill it. The estimated cost is $75,000.

An Eastern paper announces, as a matter of news, that it has "been informed by a most reliable correspondent that there is at present residing somewhere in California an editor who has actually killed but one man for a year, and has been shot at but six times during that period."

A regular line of stage coaches is about to be established between Independence, Mo., and the Mormon city of the Salt Lake. A contract for carrying the mails has been made with Mr. W. W. Magraw, who has already purchased coaches and wagons for the line, six of which have arrived at St. Louis.

The N. Y. Tribune says that a New York mechanic named Reade, who is the inventor of a compact and simple style of steam engine, has gone to Paris, and has just finished putting up three of his engines, and is said to have already received French orders for more engines than he can make in months.

Captain Hughes, of the schooner D. B. Warner, on the passage from New York to Charleston, S. C., in about twenty-three fathoms water, forty miles northeast of Frying Pan Shoals, in hauling up the deep sea lead, found attached to the bottom of it a gold ring set with red stone, which he now has in his possession.

Mr. Hiriart, the warden, and Mr. Booth, assistant warden of the state prison at Baton Rouge, La., had a fight in the street, fired four or five pistol shots at each other, then struck each other over the head with the pistols, clinched and fell down, and all without mortal wounds; and the advocate hopes the matter will be amicably arranged!

Mrs. Evans, of Franklin Square, Baltimore, after washing an infant ten months old in a tub of water, laid it on the floor while she left the room. Meantime a larger child put the infant back in the tub, and attempted to resume the washing of it; but, unfortunately, the poor baby's head was kept under water so long that when the mother returned she found it dead.

A bar keeper in Rutland complains that the authorities have put back the temperance cause years by prosecuting him. He says that the people were becoming so well trained that they took liquors from him which were two-thirds water, and if he had been let alone he would have got them so that they would have drank clear water within six months.

The Wesleyans in Ireland have lately been inaugurating a new scheme for home missions, viz., raising a sum sufficient to secure preaching for every hamlet in the country. One gentleman is said to be giving $170,000 annually, with a view to the increase of church sittings or church edifices for the masses of London. Another gives $25,000 for the same purpose.

An American lady direct from St. Petersburg (Mrs. Bodisco), states that there was no financial or commercial distress in Russia, that money is abundant, and business as brisk as ever. No fears were entertained of the capture of Sebastopol. A large reserved force was awaiting orders at St. Petersburg, and there was no difficulty in obtaining recruits or supplies of provisions and money.

According to the Russian admiral's account of the bombardment of Sweaborg, the allies appear to have done but little damage, besides the burning of the public stores. He says no damage whatever has been done to the fortifications or guns, and closes his despatch of the evening of the 12th ult. thus: "The enemy remain at their old anchorage, and do not renew the attack."

In the vault of a building on the corner of Montgomery and California Streets, San Francisco, formerly occupied by Adams & Co., an apparatus for the preparation of bogus gold dust was recently found, including acid and other chemicals, and an iron mill used for the purpose of giving to the particles of base metals the peculiar shape of flake gold. This mill had the remains of the last grist in it.

There is a religious sect in Russia, called the Beypoportchine, who dislike the national bishops and priests so much that, when any one of them enters their houses, they hasten, as soon as they leave, to wash the seats and the walls. They believe that the church is in a state of decline and apostacy, and that legitimate priests are impossible at the present day. They await the Lord's coming for the reorganization of the church.

Foreign Items.

Omar Pasha has been decorated with the British Order of the Bath.

M. Louis Battisier, the vice consul of France at Suez, has just sent to the museum of the Louvre a papyrus nearly two thousand years old, containing a fragment of the 18th book of Homer's Iliad.

The shoe-blacks of London are divided into brigades, and are stationed in different parts of the metropolis, in the neighborhood of the great thoroughfares. It is stated that these "brigades" earn from £1500 to £2000 a year.

One of those ingenious spirits who delight in statistics has found out that there are at present living in Paris no less than three hundred of the scribbling confraternity calling themselves "historians."

In the Green Vault at Dresden there is a pair of ruby ear-rings, which have been valued at 24,000 thalers, though at present they would probably bring a much higher price, owing to these gems being greatly in fashion. The above sum would be about 18,000 of our dollars.

One of the curious sights to a stranger in Florence may be seen at the market-houses. An ox is slaughtered, hung up entire in the stall, head, hoofs and tail complete, and exposed in the morning for sale, when it is separated into joints, steaks or roasting pieces, as customers may demand.

After three months' incessant labor, the Russians have replaced the great bell in the tower of San Juan, on the Kremlin, which, our readers, perhaps, recollect, on being tolled for the late czar, fell and broke through no less than three separate stories of vaults, killing five persons on the spot. The bell is said to be the largest in the world, weighing no less than 80,000 pounds.

The good results of vaccination are shown in the fact that in the British army, where all recruits are vaccinated, of 11,000 deaths in twenty years, only six were of small pox. In Marseilles, in 1828, of 30,000 vaccinated, only twenty died of varioloid, while of 8000 unprotected, 4000 took the small pox, and 1000 died; out of 2000 inoculated for small pox, twenty took the disease a second time, and four died.

Sands of Gold.

.... Truth is violated by falsehood, and it may be equally outraged by silence.—*Ammian.*

.... Misfortune makes of certain souls a vast desert through which rings the voice of God.—*Balzac.*

.... The reason why so few marriages are happy is, because young ladies spend their time in making nets, not in making cages.—*Swift.*

.... He that lives in perpetual suspicion, lives the life of a sentinel—of a sentinel never relieved, whose business it is to look out for and expect an enemy, which is an evil not very far short of perishing by him.—*Young.*

.... The approaches of sin are like the conduct of Jael: it brings butter in a lordly dish; it bids high for the soul. But when it has fascinated and killed the victim, the nail and the hammer are behind.—*Cecil.*

.... There are cases in which a man would have been ashamed not to have been imposed on. There is a confidence necessary to human intercourse, and without which, men are more injured by their suspicions than they could be by the perfidy of others.—*Burke.*

.... Accustom your children to a strict attention to truth, even in the most minute particulars. If a thing happened at one window, and they, when relating it, say that it happened at another, do not let it pass, but instantly check them. You do not know where deviations from truth will end.—*Johnson.*

.... The two most precious things on this side the grave are our reputation and our life. But it is to be lamented that the most contemptible whisper may deprive us of the one, and the weakest weapon of the other. A wise man, therefore, will be more anxious to deserve a fair name than to possess it; and this will teach him so to live, as not to be afraid to die.—*Colton.*

.... I am well convinced that this life is not the land of enjoyment, but of labor and toil, and that every joy is granted to us but to strengthen us for further exertion; that the management of our own fate is by no means required of us, but only self-culture. I trouble myself, therefore, not at all concerning the things that are without. I endeavor not to appear, but to *be*.—*J. G. Fichte.*

Joker's Budget.

It is said that a lady, bathing at Coney Island, was carried away by several under-toes!

"Bill," said Bob, "why is that tree called a weeping willow?" "'Cause one of the sneaking, plaguy things grew near our school-house, and supplied master with switches."

A person out West is offering for sale grass-seed gathered from the path of rectitude. A religious cotemporary fears that the path must be sadly overgrown with grass, as it is so little travelled now-a-days.

The Waterbury Democrat knows a man who, on going out of a house, stumbled over a dog in the entry, fell and broke his nose! He attempted to kick the dog, but missed him, kicked over a hat-stand, put his ankle out of joint, and was laid up three months.

Anybody who supposes that locking a girl in a back room will prevent her from knowing what love means, might as well undertake to keep strawberries from blushing in June, by whispering in their ears about the snow we had last winter.

A witty lawyer once jocosely asked a boarding house keeper the following question: "If a man gives you five hundred dollars to keep for him, and dies, what are you to do? Do you pray for him?" "No, sir," replied he, "I pray for another like him."

Lately, at a masquerade ball in New York, when the party sat down to supper, and the masks were removed, "several gentlemen found they had been flirting with their sisters, making love to their mothers, and, for once, playing the agreeable to their own wives."

A preacher once broke off the thread of his discourse, and said to his hearers: "My dear friends, let me tell you that I am halt through with my services; but, seeing your impatience, I will say that the remaining half is not more than a quarter as long as that you have heard."

A sick man was telling his symptoms—which appeared to himself, of course, dreadful—to a medical friend, who, at each new item of the disorder, exclaimed: "Charming! Delightful! Pray go on!" and, when he had finished, said, with the utmost pleasure: "Do you know, my dear sir, you have got a complaint which has been for some time supposed to be extinct?"

NOTICE TO ADVERTISERS.—*One page only of this paper is devoted to advertisements.* The immense circulation of the PICTORIAL (being *over one hundred thousand copies weekly*) forms a vehicle of advertisement that is rarely offered to the public. Another fact which greatly enhances the value of the PICTORIAL as an advertising medium is, that it is *preserved*, and not destroyed after being read, being regularly bound up every six months, so that each advertisement (all being placed on the *inside* of the paper) becomes a *permanent card of the advertiser's business for years to come.*

☞ TERMS FOR ADVERTISING.—*Fifty cents per line*, in all cases, without regard to length or continuance.

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LEVERETT'S CÆSAR. AND FOLSOM'S CICERO, etc.
oct 6

FIRST PREMIUM MELODEONS.

THE VERY BEST NOW MANUFACTURED.

S. D. & H. W. SMITH

RESPECTFULLY call the attention of the public to their IMPROVED MELODEONS, constantly on exhibition at their Warerooms,

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By means of a new method of *voicing*, known only to themselves, they have succeeded in removing the harsh and buzzing sound which formerly characterized the instrument, and rendering the tones full, clear and organ-like The action is prompt and reliable, enabling the performer to execute the most rapid music without *blurring* the tones. The swell is arranged to give great expression.

The manufacturers received the First Premium over all competitors, at the Fair of the Massachusetts Charitable Mechanic Association; also, at the Metropolitan Mechanics' Fair, held at Washington, D. C.

For the Parlor, Instruments are furnished at prices varying from $45 to $150.

Larger Instruments, with two banks of keys, for small churches and chapels, $200.

This last instrument, known as the ORGAN HARMONIUM, has been essentially improved by Messrs. Smith, and they have secured a patent therefor.

Persons who wish to hire Melodeons with a view of purchasing at the end of the year, can have the rent credited as part payment of the purchase money. tf sept 29

[ESTABLISHED IN 1780.]

PREMIUM CHOCOLATE.

W. BAKER & Co.'s

Leaf, Flower and Fruit of the Cocoa, with a pod opened.

American, French, Homœopathic and Vanilla Chocolate; Prepared Cocoa; Broma; Cocoa Paste; Cocoa Sticks; Soluble. Homœopathic and Dietetic Cocoa; Cocoa Shells; Cracked Cocoa, etc., etc.

These articles are an excellent diet for children, invalids and persons in health. They allay rather than induce the nervous excitement attendant upon the use of tea or coffee, and are recommended by Drs. Warren, Jackson, Hayward, Ware and Adams, of Boston, and by other eminent physicians elsewhere.

For sale by all the principal Grocers in the United States, and by their agents, D. C. Murray, New York, Grant & Twells, Philadelphia, T. V. Brundige, Baltimore, Kennett & Dudley, Cincinnati.

oct 6 tf WALTER BAKER & Co., DORCHESTER, MASS.

Office of the Maryland Consolidated Lotteries,
Baltimore, Maryland, 20th June, 1855.

CAUTION!—LOTTERY FRAUDS!

THE Commissioner of the *Maryland State Lotteries* has deemed it his duty to caution the public against the numerous swindlers who circulate by mail and otherwise, fraudulent Lottery schemes, and pretend to be agents for the sale of tickets in Lotteries which are wholly fictitious.

The only legal Lotteries in Maryland are those drawn under the superintendence of the Commissioner elected by the people of the State, under the new Constitution, to examine and approve the schemes and attend to the drawings.

All the tickets in these Lotteries, and all certificates of packages of tickets, have the lithographed signature, "F. X. BRENAN, General Agent for the Contractor. Office of the Maryland Consolidated Lotteries, Baltimore, Maryland." All others are fraudulent. For full information on the subject of these frauds, address

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A DOMESTIC STORY.

BY MRS. CAROLINE H BUTLER LAING

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CHARLES H. DAVIS, PUBLISHER, PHILADELPHIA.
aug 25 3m

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HEGEMAN, CLARK & CO.—Late RUSHTON, CLARK & Co.—GENUINE COD LIVER OIL —The great success attending the use of this valuable remedy in Consumption having induced all kinds of imitations, purchasers are cautioned to notice that the signature, HEGEMAN, CLARK & Co. in full, is over the cork of each bottle, without which it is not genuine

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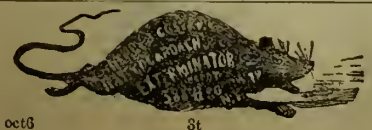

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OF

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july 7 tf

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—A—

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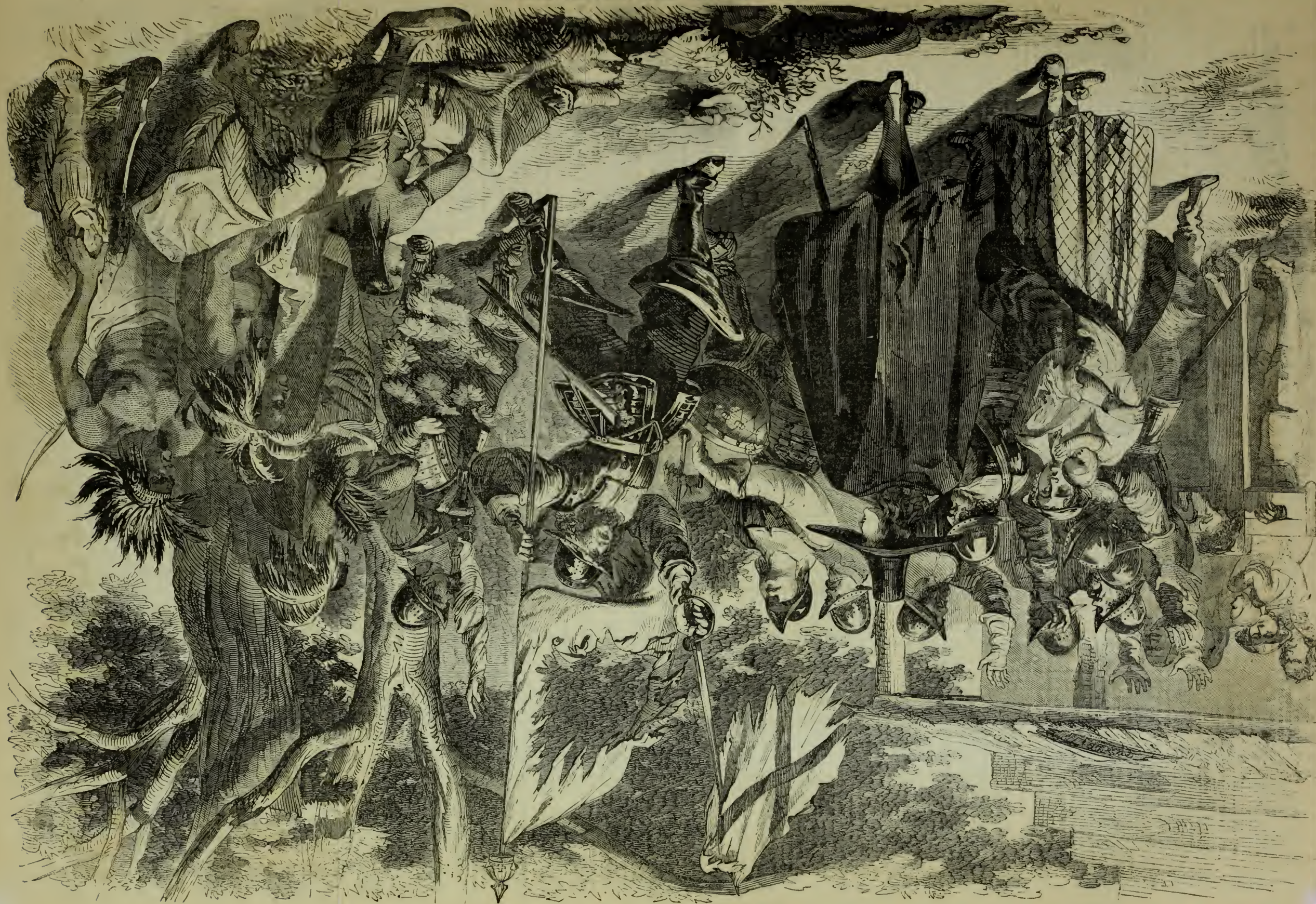

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M. M. BALLOU, { CORNER OF TREMONT AND BROMFIELD STS. BOSTON, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 13, 1855. $3,00 PER ANNUM. 6 CENTS SINGLE. } VOL. IX., No. 15.—WHOLE No. 223.

NEW MASONIC HALL, CHESTNUT ST., PHILA.

We present our readers below, with a drawing from the pencil of one of our favorite artists, Mr. Chapin, of New York, representing the new and magnificent hall recently erected in the city of brotherly love, by the Grand Lodge of Pennsylvania, and dedicated with becoming ceremonies by that body on the 26th of September. This splendid structure, which reflects great credit upon the taste and liberality of the fraternity, is an ornament to the Quaker city, and will be an object of admiration to its citizens, and to all who visit her from abroad. It occupies the site of the old hall, which was demolished to make room for the new and more commodious building, and is located in the immediate vicinity of Independence Hall, the Custom House, etc., the centre of the fashionable thoroughfare of Philadelphia. The design and plans were drawn and furnished by Mr. Samuel Sloan, architect, and the exterior presents a beautiful specimen of the Gothic order of architecture. The whole front is of brown stone, most elaborately carved and ornamented, as a glance at our engraving will show. The size of the lot on Chestnut Street is 101 feet seven inches, by 178 feet in depth to Lodge Alley, and the building occupies the entire site, except about eight feet of the depth. The first floor is devoted to stores, of which there are four, extending the entire depth to Lodge Alley. The entrance to the Lodge rooms on the second and third floor is by the wide doorway in the centre. The height of the finials on either side of the turret in the centre, is 112 feet above the pavement. The front of the first story on Lodge Alley is formed of cast iron box pilastres, into which the shutters fold, and above, the wall is of pressed brick, and is thirteen inches thick; double cellars are under the entire building. The beautiful brown stone front rests upon granite pillars below the pavement. The second story contains the following rooms:—1. A magnificent and elaborately ornamented Grand Lodge Room in the Gothic style, 78 by 42 feet in dimension, with a gallery at the west end over the Ante-Rooms and Tiler's room, and increasing the length to nearly 100 feet. In connection with this room, at the western end, there are three ante-rooms of the following dimensions, viz., one of 32 feet by 11 feet, and two of 11 feet by 8 feet each. 2. Blue Lodge room, 30 feet by 56 feet, with three connecting rooms, viz., one of 14 feet by 11 feet, and two of 11 feet by 8 feet each. 3. Banqueting rooms, 76 feet 8 inches long by 33 feet in width. 4. Tiler's room, 72 feet long by 10 feet wide. 5. Conversation hall, 42 feet by 25 feet in dimensions. 6. Grand Master's room, 21 feet by 31 feet. 7. Grand Secretary's room, 21 feet by 31 feet. 8. The north-eastern part of the building, over the easternmost store, is appropriated to the residence of the Tiler. To this there is an entrance from the main centre passage-way by the side of the Banqueting room. The portion of the structure appropriated to the Tiler contains a parlor, kitchen, dining-room, six bed-rooms, a bath-room, etc. Over a portion of the second story rooms there is a half, or entresol story, which contains four committee rooms and a regalia room. The third story contains the following apartments:—1. A Chapter room, 30 feet wide by 78 long, having four connecting rooms, 21 by 12 feet, 30 feet by 10, 20 feet by 11, and a closet 11 by 10 feet. 2. An oval Encampment room, 43 feet by 31 feet; this apartment also has four connecting-rooms, besides the ante rooms, which will be 33 feet long by 7 feet wide. 3. A regalia room, 58 feet by 12. 4. A Tiler's room, 21 feet by 31 feet, and an apartment 20 feet by 12. In the centre of the building, and extending east and west about ninety feet over the stores, there is an area for the purpose of affording light and air; this area divides the building into two parts (over the stores). The Tiler's room connects the two branches. The ceilings of the stores are 16 feet in height; those in the second story are 30 feet in the front building, and in the back are 22 feet; the third story ceilings are 22 feet high.

NEW MASONIC HALL, PHILADELPHIA.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

FALCONE:

—OR,—

THE MYSTERIES OF MEXICO.

A ROMANCE OF OUR DAY.

BY AUGUSTINE J. H. DUGANNE.

[CONTINUED.]

CHAPTER XVIII.—[CONTINUED.]

"So you let the bird escape when it was so nearly caged, and the fiend only knows if you can line its pretty wings again," was Don Ricardo's salutation to Falcone when they met.

"Little fear have I that either will escape, Don Ricardo. The route they travel is filled with the troops of Paredes, and they have lost the guidance of the treacherous priest, whose wind I nearly stopped for him."

"A bad business that, Falcone. Paredes will never dare to uphold such assaults against the sons of holy church, particularly as her well-filled coffers are to be tapped very soon, to support the war. You had better get out of bad odor, my friend, in that quarter."

"The priest is a traitor, as Paredes well knows."

"True, my friend, but he is likewise a priest. Had you shot the Senor Dusenbury, your fortune would have been made—but a padre!—it was a blunder, my dear Falcone."

"What's to be done?"

"Wash your hands of it, and let the government settle with the church. And as you think that our friends, the Americans, will certainly be captured—"

"Not a doubt of it."

"Then make your peace concerning the padre, and obtain authority from the general to dispose of the other traitors as may be deemed advisable."

"That I have already."

"Very well, my dear Gabriel—go to sleep, and to-morrow we will talk further upon the subject."

But the morrow did not realize the sanguine expectations of Gabriel Falcone concerning the capture of the fugitive Americans. On the contrary, the morrow and another, and a third day passed, and yet no news from Puebla or any of the military stations related to the interception of foreigners without passports. Had Dusenbury and Teresa sunk into the earth or vanished into unsubstantial air, all traces of them could not have been more suddenly lost. A week passed on and naught further was revealed. Gabriel Falcone raved, and Don Ricardo twirled his gray moustache.

"I'll scour the country for twenty leagues around," threatened Falcone.

"Wait a while, Gabriel! Be not precipitate! Padre Herrata is in the hospital, recovering from his wound, so you are safe out of that difficulty."

"Do you think they are concealed?"

"Not a doubt of it."

"Between here and Puebla?"

"That is my opinion."

"Don Ricardo—I do not like to flatter you to your face—but you are—"

"Speak out, Gabriel."

"You are an enigma. But you are my friend, though I once doubted you."

"Ha! ha!" laughed Don Ricardo, as he found himself alone. "An enigma—and *his* friend. And so I was his father's and his *mother's* friend. Ha! ha! It will be a nice match—a rare union indeed, when brother and sister wed! And I shall be god father to the first child! Ah, my dear Gabriel, an enigma, indeed!"

CHAPTER XIX.

SANTA ANNA.

In the meantime the aspect of Mexican affairs grew more warlike day by day. General Paredes, elevated to the station which had so long been the object of his aspirations, found himself at the head of a party strongly opposed to any concessions to the demands of the United States government, and determined to sustain the belligerent attitude which Mexico had assumed at the outset, even under the presidency of Herrara. It is true that many minds, the sagest of the nation, were in favor of opening every honorable channel for peaceful negotiations to be resumed between the two republics, but the voice of dispassionate reason was unheard amid the tumult of ambitious counsel, and the few who hazarded their doubts as to the ultimate result of the strife, and sought to blend prudence with the courage that was lauded on all sides, were stigmatized as timorous or untrue to their native land. It was one of those crises in the political affairs of a nation, when contending factions unite for their selfish purposes on a popular line of action, and push it to the extreme, in order to display their own present zeal, without reference to future consequences. In Mexico, whose disrupted system had long been the prey of military and civil leaders, intent on their own aggrandizement, and bringing their personal feuds into action upon the field of national politics, there was at this time apparent union of parties so far as regarded the one great question of a patriotic defence of the soil against invasion. In the councils at the seat of government and at the quarters of detached sections of the army, all who were or aspired to be leaders of the masses united in ringing the changes upon the duty and necessity of organization in the country's behalf. Differences of party must be forgotten, individual jealousies ignored, personal quarrels waived—until the insolent Americans were driven back beyond the northern limits of Mexico, and the severed portions of the republic re-united to the natural trunk. War, till Texas should be conquered and re-incorporated, was the controlling idea of those who sought, not only to keep pace with, but to outrun the spirit of the nation. On the other hand, the war feeling, in spite of some opposition, was rife in the United States.

Months had elapsed since the first blood of the opposing nations had stained the waters of the Rio Grande del Norte, and hitherto the success of the invader had been signal. Taylor, the American general, had advanced from his position on the banks of the dividing river, and capturing Matamoras, Camargo, and several other towns upon his march, defeating some of the best troops of Mexico in various engagements, had at length taken up a position which threatened the seaboard portion of the northern provinces which his army already partially overran. General Ampudia, entrenched at Monterey, the fortified capital of New Leon, was now prepared to dispute his further progress, but in the meantime affairs at the seat of government were becoming more complicated.

Paredes found himself opposed suddenly by an unlooked-for rival. General Santa Anna, the former president of Mexico, who had once been very popular, and signalized himself often in defence of his country, suddenly left Havana, where he had sojourned for some time, and, passing through the blockading squadron of an American commodore, unexpectedly appeared upon the soil of his native land. His arrival was the signal for one of those spontaneous political changes to which Mexico is so accustomed. A party immediately rallied around the returned ex president—he was declared the man for the times, the only general capable of withstanding Taylor; and at once measures were taken for the deposition of Paredes from his seat and the placing of supreme authority in the hands of Santa Anna. Thus matters stood on the eve of the siege of Monterey, and thus it happened that a group of officers, assembled in the midst of an encampment of Mexican soldiers, on the great road which leads from San Luis Potosi to the sea-coast, were engaged in a warm discussion concerning an event which had just transpired.

These officers, of various grades and ages, surrounded the entrance of a large tent, or marquee, over which waved the federal flag of Mexico. Scattered in sight, at various points, parties of soldiery, off duty, appeared occupied, like their superiors, in animated conversation. Indeed, the event that had occurred, though one common enough to their experience, had, at this juncture of their affairs, more than common interest attached to it. A change of government had been decreed by the army, and the General Paredes was to succumb to the General Santa Anna. The latter had arrived among the division of military encamped at this place, and was now in the tent over which floated the republic's banner. Santa Anna was once more Dictator of Mexico.

"But who is this Montognone who has returned with the general?" inquired one of the officers, a splendid looking colonel, dressed in the uniform of the chivalrous lanceros.

"Say, rather, Colonel Aldrade, that this Montognone brought our general to his country, and rumor will bear you out," rejoined an artillery-officer, standing near.

"But who is Montognone? Since you know that to him we owe the general's return, pray enlighten us further, Colonel Obando."

"Faith, my knowledge ends with Madame Rumor's gossip, and that only vouches for Montognone's enormous wealth and his great interest with Santa Anna."

"And he is now with the general—is he not, Obando?"

"In close counsel with his excellency. And yonder in waiting for the same honor are a dozen generals of renown. It is marvellous, truly, Aldrade, that this stranger, whoever he be, should engross our commander-in-chief to the exclusion of Lombardini, Pacheco, Micheltorena, Andrade and Minon, all of whom I see waiting patiently as we poor subalterns."

Colonel Aldrade might have replied to his fellow-officer's complaint, but the drapery at the entrance of the marquee was suddenly drawn aside, and Santa Anna appeared, closely grasping the hand of a majestic-looking young man, who slightly preceded the general as the latter limped from the tent. A sudden movement of respect was visible among all the officers, of high or low degree, who stood near, which the commander-in-chief acknowledged by an inclination of his head, at the same moment addressing his companion.

"Colonel Montognone,—it is with regret that I suffer you to depart. But we must all haste to the post of duty, which is also for us that of danger. For me, the task of concentrating the forces of our country, of putting in military shape these incongruous materials which constitute our defence, of restoring the lustre of our tarnished arms, is one of peculiar difficulty; but if the fatality which unhappily seems to direct the destinies of this nation does not interdict a unanimity of our counsels—if division and distrust do not frustrate my hopes and annihilate my plans, then I will make a good report against these vandal Americans."

"And peace is still distant, alas!" said the young officer.

"I fear so, Montognone. But our quarrel is a just one. We sustain the most sacred of causes—the defence of our territory and the preservation of our nationality and rights. We are not the aggressors, and our government has never really offended that of the United States."

"And yet, as we were told on our journey, the authorities at Washington expect you will at once exert the power confided to you, in making a peace."

"Could I effect a peace honorable to Mexico, no time should be lost—not another drop of blood be shed," answered Santa Anna. "But that is not what these ambitious Americans look for. They believe that I can be made the tool of their schemes—that I will overthrow Paredes only to accept whatever terms they may dictate. They are mistaken. They will find me harder to deal with than a score of such as Don Antonio."

"O, may God prosper your excellency's plans," cried the other, with enthusiasm, as he kissed the hand of Santa Anna. "Though I mourn that these pleasant provinces should be given over to the desolation of war, yet I know there is no alternative. But that one commands who combats, not for personal renown, but to liberate his native land from her invaders, and force by his arms a speedy peace—that such a chief is at our head, must be the consolation which I share with every patriot Mexican."

"Montognone! we will perish or vindicate our rights! While our ports are blockaded, our soil ravaged—while a single North American in *arms* treads upon the territory of this republic, I banish every idea of peace. If annihilated, Mexico shall be annihilated with glory!"

With these words General Santa Anna warmly embraced his young friend, and bade him farewell. The latter bowed respectfully as he turned away, and sprang to the saddle of one of the general's horses, which a servant at the moment led up to the marquee. Then, as the commander-in-chief made a signal to one of the waiting subalterns that he was now prepared to receive his general officers, the stranger Montognone, who had awakened such curiosity in the groups around, rode quietly past them, and touching his hat gracefully, as he recognized an acquaintance, put spurs to his steed, and was soon far distant from the encampment.

CHAPTER XX.

FALL OF MONTEREY.

To the parties who in Victoria awaited the result of what was daily expected, a battle at Monterey between the Americans and Mexicans, a despatch one morning verified the worst predictions of the old Don Manuel Ribera. Monterey had surrendered after a determined resistance of three days, and General Taylor was, as heretofore, triumphant. To the inert inhabitants of the interior provinces, the news of this defeat was overwhelming, and a sudden panic overspread the country, far and near. General Pedro Ampudia had, however, in consideration of his brave defence, succeeded in effecting the most favorable terms of capitulation, being allowed to retire with all his army, and with all the honors of war, relinquishing only the artillery defences, and stipulating to fall back to a point specified by the American general. An armistice of eight weeks had likewise been granted by the victorious enemy, the acceptance of which, however, was an error on the part of the Mexicans, never afterwards retrieved. And in this light was it viewed by the testy *administradore*, who, on the evening after the intelligence of the fall of Monterey had reached them, was seated, with his daughter and the Yankee, Dusenbury, upon the balcony of their dwelling at Victoria.

"A truce!" muttered Don Manuel, as he bit off his cigar with a vexed closing of his teeth. "What does the fool Ampudia want of a truce? Answer me, Senor Americano—does not the very moderation of your countrymen, after this signal victory, show that they are incapable of following up their success?"

"It does look like it, I must confess," answered the Yankee, who, in the space of a week's sojourn at Victoria, had managed to fall into the good graces of the old don to an extent which quite puzzled the latter individual to account for. "Not that those awful critters from the States are afeared, for by thunder! I believe they'd follow old 'Rough and Ready,' as they call him, to the very gates o' Jimmy Squaretoes' underground arrangements—but I kind o' think the general has calk'lated putty sharp about the chances, and has made up his mind that he kin afford to lay by, and rest a spell. That's my 'pinion, Don Ribera."

"Senor Dusenbury, you are a sensible man," said Don Manuel, sententiously, as he lit a fresh cigar from the silver brazier of coals which the fair Mexicana handed to him. "I respect your opinion because it is precisely my own. General Ampudia should have marched away without making any stipulations for the future, collected a greater force, roused the people, and returned upon Monterey, backed by the whole force of the republic."

"He's skeered, I reckon," said Dusenbury—"skeered orfully."

"He's afraid of his shadow—like half our popinjay generals," muttered the old man. "But it's no use talking about this doomed nation. Monterey is but the beginning of its troubles."

"O, dear father! why are you so fearful of our poor Mexico?" cried his beautiful daughter, approaching Don Manuel, and placing one white hand caressingly upon his snowy head. "Is she not unfortunate—is she not also brave and noble?"

"She is all that you say, child—but her base children are her worst enemies."

"Ah, father! what a general you would have been!" laughed Mexicana.

Dusenbury contented himself with smoking his cigar, and replying, when he found an opportunity, to the oracular sayings of the ancient Don Manuel, who avowed his determination to set forth on the morrow for Tampico, and take his chances for getting safely to sea.

"And you, I suppose, senor, will lose no time in pushing forward to your countrymen," said the *administradore*. "Now that Monterey is in their possession, and the country open back, you will experience no difficulty in reaching the frontier."

"And precisely for that reason, I reckon I'll not push on," remarked Dusenbury.

"Indeed, senor! And wherefore not?"

"Because, Don Ribera, I'm a good deal o' your notion about what's goin' to happen. General Taylor'll just put ahead, when this truce is over, and, like as not, gain half a dozen more victories over these greasers—beg pardon—Mexicans, in short order. So, in that case, you see, I sha'n't want to go to the States suddenly."

"Ah! I understand you, senor. You would remain and witness the utter fall of this wretched country—join with your barbarous countrymen in insulting a nation which—"

"Now, Don Ribera, just shut up," interrupted Dusenbury, with a rather vehement gesture, that precipitated his half-consumed cigar over the balustrade. "I never was otherwise than agin this war, from the first shot. However, I tell you plain, I wouldn't like to see the boys whipped, and so I hope that General Taylor 'll do his dooty."

"Then, senor," said Mexicana, "you and Hannibal will go with us to Tampico, will you not?"

"Yes, by thunder! I'll go to the ends o' the earth with ye!" said Dusenbury.

The next moment Jake Dusenbury was puffing vigorously at his weed, conscious that he had said a very bold thing, but unable to divine how he should remedy his fault. Mexicana, however, only laughed heartily, and went away with the brazier, while Don Manuel, who had heard the Yankee's excited assent to the proposition, said, very quietly, that he should be happy to have Senor Dusenbury's protection on the journey.

"And we shall go to-morrow," he added. "Hannibal will accompany you. Then there will be myself, Mexicana, and the two servants—six in all. I think there will be no danger of attack, though they say the roads are infested above Victoria."

"By brigands?"

"By lawless characters of all kinds. To mend the matter, not a soldier can be procured to escort us, for love nor money."

"I would rather trust to my own barkers than to any gridiron greaser of a soldier," said Dusenbury. "And as for brigands and such chaps, I have had experience of 'em before, Senor Ribera."

Don Manuel proceeded to discourse with Dusenbury concerning further arrangements for their journey, which resulted in the understanding that the Yankee should accompany his new friends to Tampico, and there assist in getting them on board one of the blockading ships, whence they could easily be transferred to some American or British vessel bound for the old world.

In accordance with this plan, the administradore and his party took leave of the capital of Tamaulipas, leaving its inhabitants greatly excited by the further news which reached them concerning the defeat at Monterey, brought by couriers who had been engaged in the defence. General Ampudia had retreated from the city, and fallen back with his army toward the interior, where were concentrating the new levies which were to be controlled by General Santa Anna. Too late the central government would learn that their policy should have been to throw detachments continually forward, reinforcing the advanced troops of General Arista, in such time as would have prevented the rapid progress of the enemy. But the opportunity was now lost forever. Monterey, the key of the interior, was in the hands of an enemy flushed with success, and determined to carry the war to the very heart of Mexico.

Such were the reflections of Don Manuel Ribera, as in company with his daughter and Dusenbury, who rode at the right of the maiden, and followed by Hannibal, Juan and Pablo, he left Victoria, and proceeded on the road to Tampico. The gay laugh of Mexicana oft awoke the echoes of the hills adown which they journeyed through the day, or was borne in silver clearness on the still air to the ears of some wondering peasant girl, plaiting straw at her cottage door, or to an admiring husbandman, beguiled for a moment from his toil in the field. Dusenbury's loud glee at some lively sally of the maiden, and the half shout of the privileged Hannibal, who was ever ready with his native love for humor, mingled at times and added to the hilarity, so that the *administradore*, in his novel enjoyment of travel, almost forgot his customary timidity, and ceased to bid Juan and Pablo to "look well to their arms."

Thus, the first two days of their easy journey passed pleasantly enough, and Don Manuel blessed his good fortune in meeting the negro Hannibal, who had been the means of introducing to him so good-humored and sensible a fellow-traveller as Dusenbury the Yankee. More than once the old don expressed his wish that the wretched Mexicans whom they encountered, could have infused into them a modicum of the American temperament.

"In that case," quoth the *administradore*, "there might be hope for the poor rascals—but as it is—*diablo!*"

The latter exclamation was occasioned by the sudden apparition of a specimen of the "poor rascals" whose condition the good don so deplored, emerging from a thicket which they were at the moment passing, and stepping upon the road close to the saddle of the *administradore;* so close, indeed, that the latter's remark must have distinctly reached to his ears. The Mexican was a biped of that class peculiarly described by Dusenbury's epithet "greaser," and his appearance in any locality might have resulted in a slight derangement of ordinary nerves. He was a low-browed, scowling individual, with mahogany-colored skin, lank cheeks, hair matted and disordered, and teeth decayed. He carried in one hand a heavy stick, and the other was stretched out to the *administradore* in an instantaneous appeal for charity.

And, apart from his repulsive personal characteristics, the man exhibited certainly as strong a claim to compassion as garments ragged and filthy, shoeless feet and uncovered head, joined to an air of sullen despair, could present to the beholder; and so thought the gentle Mexicana, whose fair hand in an instant drew from her pocket a handful of silver and tendered it to the beggar.

"Tut, tut, child—if we give to every vagabond who crosses our path, we shall soon have nought left to give," muttered the old don, attempting to arrest his daughter's hand, which had, however, been emptied into the broad palm of the Mexican. But apparently the fellow was not satisfied with the liberal alms dispensed by his beautiful countrywoman, for at the same instant in which he received the gift, he clasped also the white fingers of the maiden, and at the same time grasped the bridle of her horse. The movement was so sudden that Donna Mexicana was hardly aware of it before she felt the man's rude hand confining her arm. Dusenbury, however, had in an instant perceived it, and reaching his long arm behind the maiden, seized the "greaser" by the neck with an iron grip. The fellow uttered a cry of pain, and releasing Mexicana's hand, turned his scowling face toward the Yankee.

"What do ye mean, ye varmint?" demanded Dusenbury, whirling the Mexican round to his own steed with the quickness of lightning. "What do ye want with that lady?"

The beggar muttered something about the hand of Donna Mexicana, at which the maiden burst into a merry laugh.

"Poor fellow! He but wanted to tell my fortune!" she said. "Ah, senor! you have frightened him out of his senses."

The Yankee released his grasp, and sent the Mexican reeling from him with a vigorous push.

"Where's his manners, then, to take a lady's hand, without her liberty?" exclaimed Dusenbury, not deigning to cast a second glance at the discomfited "greaser."

Don Manuel, however, as well as his daughter, looked back as they moved on, and beheld the eyes of the Mexican following the figure of Dusenbury with an expression of such intense malignity that they simultaneously uttered an exclamation.

"Holy St. Iago! what eyes!" cried the Castilian.

"Santa Maria shield us! what a wicked look!" exclaimed his daughter.

But the next moment the "greaser" had darted from the road and was lost in the thicket out of which he had emerged.

"That was a dangerous fellow! You should never have given him anything, Mexicana!" said Don Manuel, as they rode on.

"But he was such a pitiable object."

"A brigand—thief—the Lord knows what else!" cried the *administradore*. "We must be on our guard. Juan! Pablo! look well to your arms!"

CHAPTER XXI.

THE VALLEY OF MURILLO.

The news of the disastrous termination of the campaign which had been opened by the battle of Palo Alto and concluded with the fall of Monterey, completed the annihilation of that party in the capital which still supported the claims of General Paredes, and at the same time turned all eyes to the man who was felt to be the centre of national hopes, if not of entire national confidence—Santa Anna. But to the peace party, or to those in favor of an attempt to re-open negotiations with the Washington government, the intelligence of Ampudia's surrender imparted no welcome anticipations; for with it came the avowed determination of the new commander-in-chief and dictator to prosecute the war at all hazards, and dispute every inch of Mexican ground against the advance of invaders.

Don Ricardo Ramos and his friend Falcone were not, it may be imagined, inspired with the loftiest impulses of patriotism; and yet there were hundreds of adventurers, holding stations of responsibility under the government, and thousands of political gamesters swarming in the capital, who held quite as lax sentiments in reference to their duty as citizens, as did either of these men. Under such influence the true lovers of their country beheld, day by day, their noblest efforts wither in neglect—their best aspirations mocked, their fondest hopes blighted.

But the two worthies above-mentioned gave themselves in truth little concern about the approaching dangers which menaced their native land. Don Ricardo was rich and a refined voluptuary—played high at the gaming-house, and seldom lost. Under his tutelage Falcone grew more adroit in his calculation of fortune, as well as more skilful in controlling her uncertain chances, so that there seemed now little danger of his ever being compelled to turn footpad, or reduced to the unpleasant necessity of blowing out his own brains on account of bankruptcy.

But, in spite of the young captain's (for Falcone still held the commission of Paredes, and was in command of a company at the castle of Chapultepec) unremitted efforts to discover the whereabouts of his North American enemy, Dusenbury, and the North American maiden in whom he was no less interested, in spite of her rejection of his advances, Senor Gabriel remained in entire ignorance of the fate of either. That they were concealed not many leagues from the capital was strongly impressed upon his mind, though the country had been scoured by his spies as well as traversed by himself and Don Ricardo, in every direction. At times, indeed, the thought that they might have met with some fearful accident among the mountains, which had removed them forever from both friends and foes, would obtrude upon his reflections, but he banished it immediately, choosing rather to remain in incertitude than to recognize a possibility of his revenge losing its victim or his passion its object.

Thus passed the months, till the return of Santa Anna, the fall of Paredes and the capitulation of Monterey, followed one another in agitating the public mind. But, hardly had the latter event been chronicled by report, than intelligence more nearly affecting his desires, was communicated to Falcone. Don Ricardo roused him one evening with the information that he had at length obtained certain traces of the fugitive Teresa.

"And—Dusenbury."

"Of him I have as yet learned but little. One at a time ought surely to satisfy you, my dear Gabriel. Here we have the lovely American maiden almost in our clasp."

"In the name of all that's ——. Explain yourself, Don Ricardo, and tell me where she is."

"Ah, you come to your senses. Well, to shorten the matter, Gabriel, the fair one is at a romantic hacienda, some miles this side of Puebla, where, snugly concealed, she has hitherto managed to baffle all our search."

"And how the fiend did you find this out?"

"By the merest accident. A silver-trader from Chihuahua, who has dealings with Senor Dusenbury, and who is a talkative fellow, made acquaintance with me last night at the gaming-table. From him I learned that your friend, the Yankee, had passed through Puebla, and given a note to the silver-trader to convey to a hacienda on his way to the capital. This note was to Senor Alonzo Vallejo, the young cavalier who accompanied the Americans. This was hint enough to me, and following up the trail, I have the satisfaction to inform you that Senora Teresa is within a day's good ride of us, and quite secure, as she fancies, from all molestation."

"And this Vallejo?"

"Is with her, it seems—but him you do not fear?"

"*Fear!*" echoed Falcone. "I think not, Don Ricardo. But—this good news—is overpowering! What shall we do now?"

"A half dozen stout fellows at our backs will easily remove whatever objections the senora might interpose to our company—eh, Gabriel?"

"And she can be brought here, to your house, in Mexico?"

"Certainly—where the grave is not more secret."

"Let us set out at once."

"To morrow, my dear Gabriel. But, one other thing is necessary. You think you love this girl, my friend?"

"Proud and insulting as she is, I cannot help it."

"And you will marry her—I think she will agree to no other course."

"I *will* marry her, Don Ricardo."

"That is nobly spoken, Gabriel, and you shall lose nothing by it, for I am rich, and will take care of her dowry. All we want is a priest when the senora arrives."

"Priests are not hard to find in Mexico."

"Well, can we not secure our friend the padre, whom you so nearly murdered with that unlucky shot? He is in prison still, I believe."

"But he is completely recovered from his wound. These friars are tough."

"All the better. When he is wanted, I shall take measures to have him released, but will first make a bargain for his services in the matter of the marriage. You comprehend me, Gabriel?"

"Yes—but I fear this—Padre Herrata is an impenetrable fellow."

"He must be gained over. With friars one can do anything. And he has influence, it is not to be doubted, with your senora, so he can smooth the matter for you as no other priest could."

"That is true! He is acquainted with her."

"I am right, then, Gabriel."

"I leave all in your hands."

It was at the earliest dawn of day, not long after this conversation, that the two schemers, Don Ricardo and Falcone, might have been seen, in company with six other horsemen, riding leisurely along the national road in the neighborhood of a declivity which conducted to the entrance of Murillo's valley, near which was situated the hacienda of Lorenzo and Inez—the happy retreat in which the lovely Teresa had till now found a secure refuge.

September was drawing near its close, and the luxuriant beauty of the valley and plain had arrived at its highest point of perfection. The emerald woods rocked in leafy magnificence, the rich, soft verdure of the meads stretched into the passes and up the mountain sides and broadly across the plains, and far and near the harvest fields and gardens, teeming with their ripened products, presented a picture of plenty and luxury in nature which seemed to bid defiance to all the rude assaults of man. War had not yet assailed the peaceful plains of the ancient Cholula.

But neither Don Ricardo nor his younger associate took much interest in the lovely scenes beneath their eyes. They were intent upon other purposes, long conceived and now ripening to completion. Little conversation passed between the two during their ride from the small hostelry where the party had lodged on the previous night, but they had matured their plans beforehand, and now waited only for the moment to carry them into execution.

The thick woods through which the road wound, before reaching the eminence on which stood the hacienda, shielded from observation of all who might approach from the direction of the hills, while many narrow openings in the prospect afforded to the traveller glimpses of the house and grounds, long before he reached their immediate vicinity. Don Ricardo and Falcone were thus enabled to make their observations at a distance before arriving in the neighborhood; and, after satisfying themselves that their followers could be concealed within a few hundred yards of the gardens of Lorenzo, they prepared to dismount and dispose their horses within the leafy covert which lined the mountain sides.

The six men, who, at a word from their leader, threw themselves from the saddle, and proceeded, without confusion to tether their steeds in such manner as to permit the animals to crop the herbage, whilst at the same time they should be securely confined within the thicket, were such characters as one seldom meets

in time of quiet or in a peaceful land, but who, in Mexico, are at all seasons too common. Swarthy and sunburnt, with the stamp of fierce passions marked legibly upon their faces, and with a look in their eyes that told of the utter recklessness which inspired them, these fellows might be recognized at once as members of that lepero confederacy which is the curse of Mexico, as the lazzaroni are the pest of Naples. Devoid of conscience, yet possessing cunning, violent in passion, yet cringing with instinctive baseness, these wretches afford a fair type of the degradation of manhood, when ignorance and despotism unite to enslave it—when the loftier feelings of humanity are blotted out, and the possessor of man's physical attributes retains no spark of divine intelligence; alike unconscious of true religion or patriotism, yet superstitiously servile to priestcraft, and fitting material wherewith ambitious demagogues may work their country's ruin. Such is the half-bandit, half-imbecile lepero of Mexico.

It had not been difficult, therefore, for Don Ricardo, by the bribe of a well-filled purse, to choose his instruments for the present enterprise; and now naught remained for the completion of his nefarious designs against Senora Teresa but the opportunity to approach the hacienda as soon as the fair inmates of its walls should be discovered in their morning walk through the sequestered grounds. For this, the conspirators had not long to wait.

The Senora Teresa had, in the seclusion of her new home, surrounded by the gentle attentions of her hostess, and cheered by the deep and poetic affection of Alonzo Vallejo, recovered in a great degree from the depression which had threatened, after the death of her unfortunate brother, to cast a blight over her young life. The consolation of love is mighty, and as Teresa grew daily more sensible of the worth and nobility of Vallejo's character, and felt that he was becoming inexpressibly dear to her, the bitter recollection of her late bereavement became softened in her mind, and she ventured to cast off a melancholy foreign to her nature and youth, and once more began to look forward to the radiant future which loving hearts are ever weaving out of the beautiful mists that enfold them, and which they cannot believe will ever distil to tears.

Such, perhaps, were the dreamings that occupied Senora Teresa—such hopes, perhaps, formed the burden of her thoughts, as leaving her friend Inez engaged in the graceful duties of her household station, she descended from the hacienda to wander amid the garden walks, perchance to venture into the great depths of the woods, and there steal suddenly, with a fairy footstep, upon her dreaming lover Alonzo, who, stretched beneath some branching tree, was very likely at that moment building bright realms of fancy, in which her beauteous self was throned, the queen of all his future hopes.

But whatever might have been the senora's reflections, as she passed from the garden, after plucking a bunch of fresh blossoms, and entered upon the solemn stillness of the woody mountain side, they were rudely cut short by the sudden rush of a man from the thicket near her, and before she could utter a note of alarm, Teresa found herself tightly wrapped in a heavy cloak and borne swiftly through the dense undergrowth that laced the forest-paths. In vain she struggled with all her strength and strove to articulate a cry. The arm of Gabriel Falcone gathered her slight form nearer to his breast, and the ruffian's hand pressed the mantle more closely on her lips. Don Ricardo led the way, parting the thicket for their passage, and at times assisting, without speaking, in the management of his companion's restless burthen. Thus the abductors hurried through the woodland to the sheltered covert where the leperos awaited their coming, in readiness to mount and gallop away with the prize which they had not deemed so easy of attainment. But, indeed, the prize was not yet secured.

For, as the ruffians reached the thicket's edge and gave the signal to their myrmidons to emerge from their hiding-place, Teresa, with a spasmodic exertion, forced the covering momentarily from her mouth, and uttering a shriek of pain, half smothered, but still piercing in its despair, sunk insensible in the arms of her kidnapper. Don Ricardo muttered an oath and hurriedly made toward the thicket, whither Falcone followed with the now motionless weight which he bore. Ere, however, the latter had advanced another pace, he saw himself confronted by the form of a young man, who, grasping a heavy club, presented himself in the narrow path. It was Alonzo Vallejo, who, half doubting that he had caught the sound of Teresa's voice, had hastily rushed to the spot and beheld the situation of his beloved. At once he grasped the only weapon in his reach, the fragment of a fallen tree that lay near, and cast himself upon the villain, whom he immediately recognized as his former antagonist, Gabriel Falcone.

Had the gamester been armed in proof, and of a giant's strength, he could scarcely have withstood the sudden onset of the young lover, or escaped impending death from the huge weapon which Vallejo, inspired by the momentary vigor of a Hercules levelled at his enemy. But Falcone, at the instant in which he beheld his peril, adroitly interposed the form of Teresa beneath the threatening blow. Alonzo's arm remained fixed, as if petrified, and ere he could recover his presence of mind, Don Ricardo had discovered the danger of his comrade, and emerged from the thicket followed by all the leperos, who threw themselves at once upon the young Mexican.

Vallejo saw the strength and audacity of the kidnappers, but he resolved to sacrifice his life, if necessary, in defence of Teresa. Springing aside to avoid Don Ricardo, he struck the foremost lepero so sturdy a blow with the huge club he had seized, that the villain fell bleeding to the earth. Then, relinquishing the unwieldy weapon, he rushed upon the fallen man and grasping with one movement the sword from his scabbard and a pistol from his belt, stood in a moment armed before his surprised enemies. Don Ricardo fell back a pace, and just in time to escape the bullet which sped from Alonzo's pistol. It grazed his cheek and buried itself in the brow of a lepero who stood behind him.

Such an unlooked-for disaster as the fall of two of their comrades in the space of a moment, seemed to strike a panic in the remaining leperos, and, forgetting that but one man opposed them, they turned as if to flee from the spot. But the voice of Don Ricardo recalled them.

"Cowards! do ye fear a stripling like that?" cried the latter, drawing his sword and rushing upon Vallejo, whose weapon immediately crossed with his.

And now it seemed that the poor lover was indeed to expiate his devotion with his life; for, though Falcone, embarrassed with his insensible burthen, could take no part in the conflict, yet five armed men upon one, was odds too fearful to resist. Nevertheless, the young man for a moment gallantly withstood his antagonist, who pressed him vigorously, at the same time crying to the leperos:

"Leave him with me! Out with the horses and mount. I will settle this affair."

In obedience to this command, the horses, which stood ready for flight, were led into the road, and whilst Vallejo, unequal in strength or skill to Don Ricardo, felt his arm failing under the latter's assaults, the leperos, with deadly imprecations upon the slayer of their comrades, had assisted Falcone in securing Teresa upon one of the dead ruffians' steeds.

"Settle that youth with a pistol-shot," cried Falcone, as he sprang to his steed, to one of the leperos beside him.

The obedient villain at once drew his weapon and fired it at Alonzo, just as the latter received Don Ricardo's blade in his sword-arm. But the bullet passed the youth harmlessly.

"Curse your unsteady hand!" cried Falcone, drawing a pistol from his own holster.

But ere he could discharge it another interruption changed the face of affairs. A sudden dash was heard from the roadside, and the tall figure of a Mexican officer sprang into the path, and dashing towards the gamester, who at on horseback next to the steed on which two of the leperos supported Teresa, grasped him firmly by the shoulder, and tore him from the saddle to the ground. Then, striking the lepero, who had just discharged his pistol, a heavy blow with his fist, which laid the myrmidon beside his master, the stranger drew his sword and prepared to renew the conflict. This unexpected incident put the conspirators and their assistants to flight.

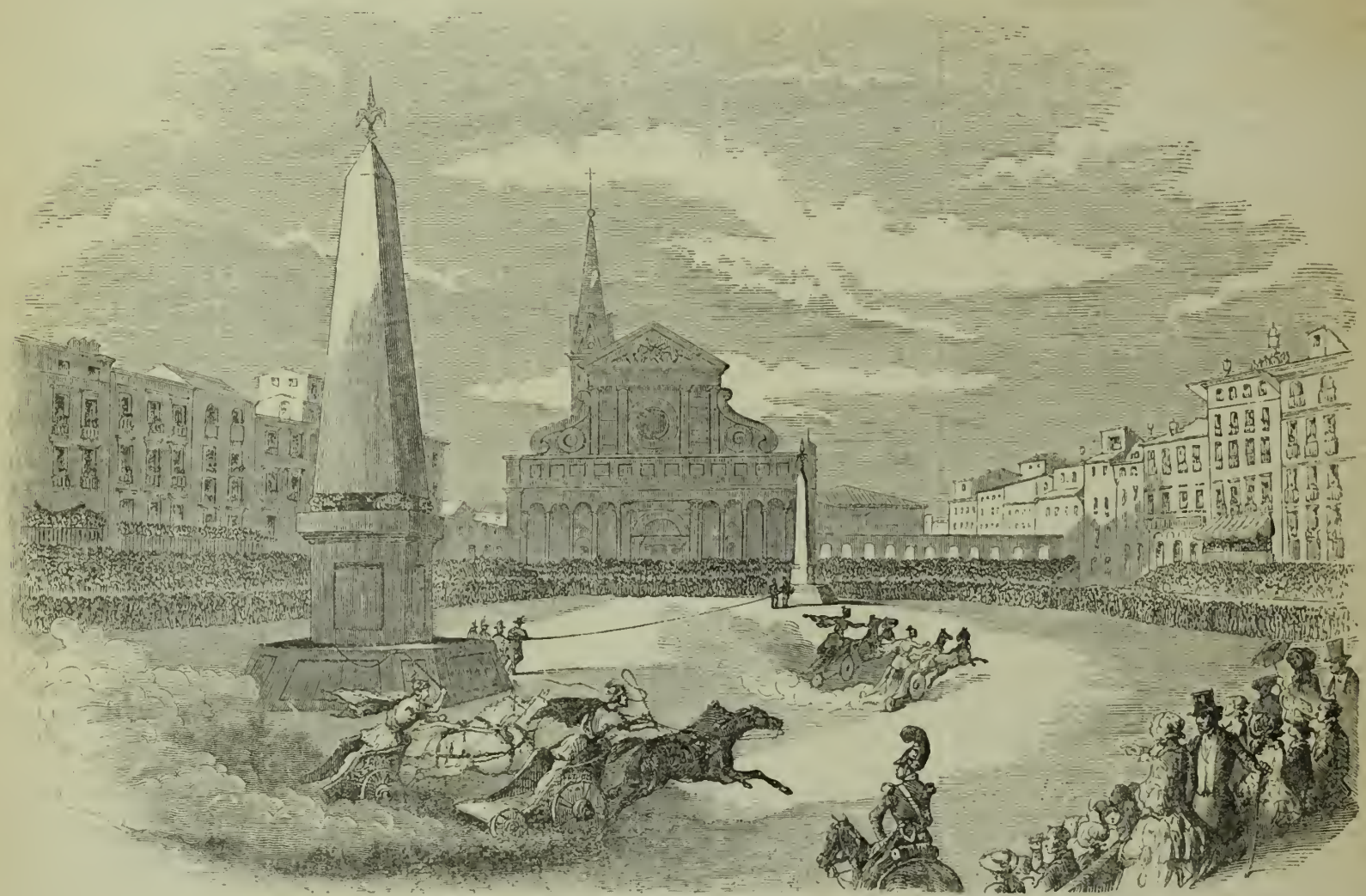
Senora Teresa, who had speedily recovered from her swoon now looked wonderingly upon her rescuer, whilst Lorenzo with a half dozen servants appeared advancing through the wood. Hardly had Lorenzo glanced at the scene, than a mutual recognition took place between him and the officer. Their hands met and then they were folded in a warm Mexican embrace.

"Guamezin!"

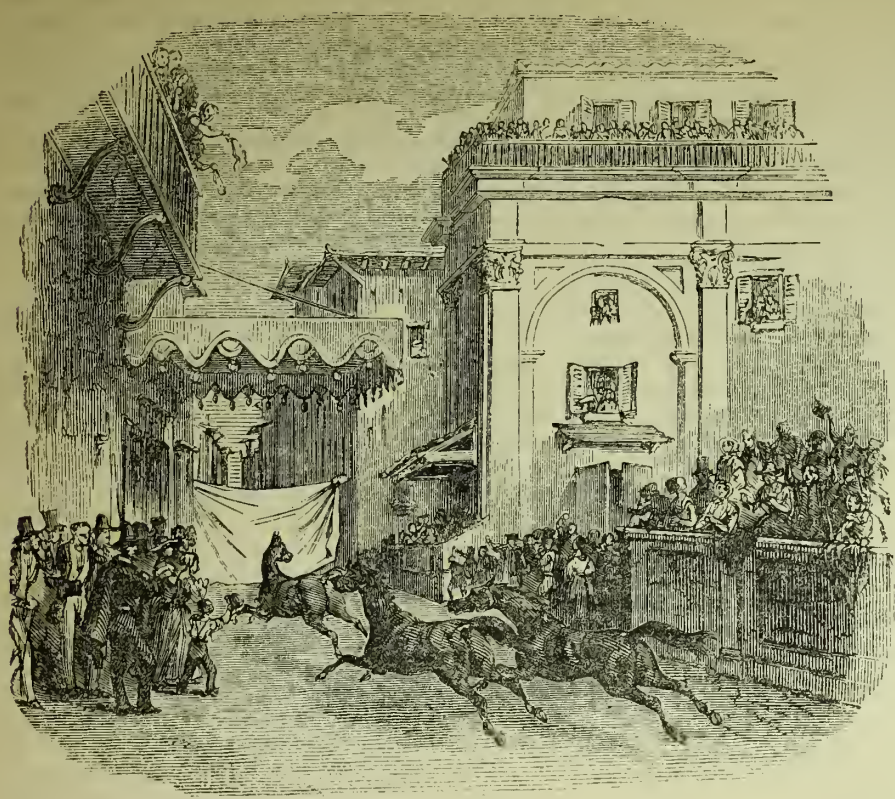
"Lorenzo!"

It was Montognone or Guamezin. Sent by Santa Anna to the capital, he had arrived in this vicinity this eventful morn. After renewed congratulations the joyful party returned to the hacienda, returning thanks to that Providence which had so signally manifested itself in their behalf.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



CHARIOT RACES, AT FLORENCE, ITALY.



HORSE RACES AT FLORENCE, ITALY.

SCENES IN FLORENCE.

The festival of St. John is annually celebrated at Florence with great splendor. With the exception of the Cascine, a drive outside the gate of Pisa and the perpetual Longchamp of Florence, excepting the long mercantile street, recently improved and embellished, which joins the palace and the new cathedral, there are few situations in Florence more favorably adapted for public ceremonies than the street of stone, which, between two walls of elegant dwellings and sculptured palaces, leads from the Duomo to the church of Santa Maria Novella. San Gallo, La Scala and Cocomero are broader, but less central avenues. Besides this street, dei Banchi (Bianchi) is the most burning page of the history of Florence; it has been the great path of its seditions, and of its most memorable events. It is here that the souvenirs of Dante seem to come most home to us; the Portinari family, and consequently Beatrice, lived there, and later yet, Bianca Capello. It was on St. John's Day, 1438, that Pope Eugene IV. repaired from Santa Maria Novella, where he lived, following this street to the cathedral (then Santa Reparata) which Brunelleschi had just completed. The first of the engravings, the announcement, represents the square of the Trinity at the opening of Long-Arno, near the hotel Schneiderff, formerly one of the palaces of the Medici. The third represents the square and obelisk of Santa Maria Novella at the moment of the chariot race, one of the details of the festival, instituted by Cosmo I., in honor of St. John, the patron saint of Florence. This race, imitated from antiquity, revives the quadrigæ and the colors of the Roman circus—white, red, scarlet and green. The engraving above shows the horse race without riders, which takes place at the Piazza San Piero. These animals are brought up in line to a cord stretched across the street, the owners exciting them and rousing all their energies for the start. At a given signal the cord is dropped and away they go at the top of their speed. The interest of this race lies in the spontaneous emulation of the noble animals. The goal is marked by a white drapery, and the horse who first touches it is of course declared the victor. The spectacle attracts vast throngs of people. Like all the public festivals of the Italians, this of St. John is terminated by a grand display of fireworks, exhibited on the Bridge Alla Carraia, not far from the gate of San Freddiano, through which Charles VIII., coming from Leghorn, entered Florence in 1494. Formerly these pyrotechnics represented the infernal regions, mixed with the phantasmagoria of Dante:

Diversi voce, orribile favelle.

"Whoever," said the programme of those days, "desires to have news of the other world has only to repair to the bridge of la Carraia;" and it happened one day (1378) that the fireworks illuminated a dreadful catastrophe, which the bills had unconsciously predicted, for the bridge gave way under the pressure of the vast multitude upon it, and thousands of the citizens of Florence perished in the Arno.

ST. PETERSBURG BIRD MARKET.

Perhaps for a stranger, the most interesting portion of this world of markets is that of the Tshukin Dvor, where the birds are sold. Two long booths are full of living specimens of ornithology; pigeons, fowls, geese, ducks, swans, larks, bullfinches, siskins and hundreds of other singing birds are there collected, and form the most picturesque and variegated menageries that can be imagined. Each booth is of wood and open at the front, so that the whole of its contents may be seen at once by the passing stranger, who is saluted with such a concert of cackling, crowing, chattering, cooing, piping and warbling as would suffice to furnish the requisite idyllic supply of melodies for a hundred villages. Between the opposite booths are usually bridges, from which the pictures of saints are suspended for the edification of the devout. On these bridges and on the booths whole swarms of pigeons are constantly fluttering about, the peaceful Russian being a great lover of this gentle bird. Each swarm knows its own roof, and the birds allow themselves to be caught without much difficulty when a bargain is about to be concluded. The pigeon is never eaten by a Russian, who would hold it a sin to harm a bird in whose form the Holy Ghost is said to have manifested itself. Pigeons are bought therefore only as pets, to be fed and schooled by their masters. It is curious to see the Russian merchant directing the flight of his docile scholars. With a little flag fastened to a long staff he conveys his signals to them, makes them at his will rise higher in the air, fly to the right or left, or drop to the ground as if struck by a bullet from a rifle. The poor little singing birds—the larks, the nightingales, linnets, bullfinches, etc., must be of a hardier race than in more southern lands, for in spite of the bitter frost, they chirrup away merrily, and salute with their songs every struggling ray of sunshine that finds its way into their gloomy abodes. The little creatures receive, during the whole winter, not one drop of water, for it would be useless to offer them what a moment afterwards would be converted into a petrified mass. Their troughs are accordingly only filled with snow, and this they must liquefy in their own beaks when they wish to assuage their thirst. Moscow is famed for its cocks, and here the Moscow cock may be seen proudly strutting about, in cages and out of them. The best pigeons are said to come from Novgorod, and Finland furnishes the chief supply of singing birds; geese are brought even from the confines of China, to be sold as rarities in the Tshukin Dvor, after a journey of more than four thousand miles; gray squirrels may be seen rolling about in their cages like incarnate quicksilver; while rabbits and guinea-pigs without number gambol their time away in their little wooden hutches. Within the booth, a living centre of all this living merchandize, behold the merchant, closely wrapped in his wolf-skin, and ready to dispose of his little feathered serfs at any acceptable price. At the back of the booth, be sure, there hangs a saintly picture of some sort, its little lamp shedding a cheerful light to guard the feathered crowd against the evil influence of intruding demons; but there are evil spirits that the good saint cannot banish. Man is there to hold in chains or sentence to death, according as it may suit his calculations for profit, or the caprices of his palate. On shelves around are ranged the trophies of his murderous tribe, and the northern swans, the heathcocks *(reptshiki)* and snow-white partridges *(kurapatki)*, are piled up under the very cages from which the captive larks warble their liquid notes. It is astonishing what a quantity of these birds are yearly consumed at the luxurious tables of St. Petersburg. In the winter the cold keeps the meat fresh, and at the same time facilitates its conveyance to market. The patridges come mostly from Saratoff; the swans from Finland; Livonia and Esthonia supply heathcocks and grouse, and the wide steppes must furnish the trap geese which flutter over their endless plains where the Cossack hunts them on horseback, and kills them with his formidable whip. All these birds, as soon as the life-blood has flown, are converted into stone by the frost, and, packed up in huge chests, are sent for sale to the capital. Whole sledge loads of snow-white hares find their way to market; the little animals are usually frozen in a running position, with their ears pointed, and their legs outstretched before and behind, and when placed on the ground, look, at the first glance, as if they were in the act of escaping from the hunter. Bear's flesh is also sometimes offered for sale in this market: and here and there may be seen a frozen reindeer lying in the snow by the side of a booth, its hairy snout stretched forth upon the ground, its knees doubled up under its body, and its antlers rising majestically into the air; it looks as if, on our approaching it, it would spring up and dash away once more in the search for its native forests. The mighty elk, likewise is no rare guest in this market, where it patiently presents its horns as a perch for the pigeons that are fluttering about, till, little by little, the axe and saw have left no fragment of the stately animal, but every part of it has gone its way into the kitchen of the wealthy. Similar markets for birds and game will be found in every large Russian city. Indeed, the habits and fashions of the Russian markets are completely national. Those of Moscow vary but little from those of Tobolsk: and Trkhutsh, Odessa and Archangel have shown themselves equally servile in their imitation of the metropolitan bazaars.

GIRLHOOD OF RACHEL.

Some years ago, the summer *habitues* of the Champs Elysees used to find amusement in listening to an open air entertainment of some singularity. A pale, thin, fragile, but bright-eyed and intellectual looking girl of perhaps ten or twelve years of age, used to appear in the most crowded part of the walk, an hour or so before sunset, attended by an old woman who carried a violin, a tin cup and a carpet. While the girl stood apart for a moment, with something of a rapt look, the old woman spread the carpet, put down the cup at one corner, and scraped a preliminary air upon the violin. The air was not always appropriate to the drama that was to follow, for the favorite overture of the performer was *"Ma'm'selle Pinson est une blonde!"*—and that was like making "Yankee Doodle" or "Nancy Dawson" pass as introductory symphonies to "Hamlet" or "Macbeth." However, the orchestra having terminated the prelude, the girl stepped on to the carpet with the air of a little tragedy queen, and recited long tirades from Racine and Corneille. But then she recited them superbly; and despite her air of suffering and her exceedingly poor attire, she produced such an effect upon her hearers, that while she rested, the audience were never weary of filling the cup carried round by the old woman, with sous and half-franc pieces, in order to encourage her to new efforts. The collection was always a large one; and when the delicate looking child retired, all palpitating and with a flush upon her cheek, of which it were difficult to say whether it were the flush of her own triumph or that of death destined to triumph over her, the acclamations and cordial compliments of her hearers greeted her as she passed. Well, a winter had gone and a summer had come, but with it did not come to the loiterers in the Elysian fields the tragic muse whom they were disposed and eager to welcome. But during the year a marvellous child appeared on the stage of the Gymnase Dramatique. She came like a meteor and so disappeared. The truth was, that her friends saw at once that she was too good for that stage and she was withdrawn, in order to appear on one more classical. Well do I remember that we loiterers in the shady avenues that lead to Neuilly used to dispute, and we youths the loudest of them all, as to whether the *debutante* of the Gymnase was or was not the inspired nymph that used in the public highway to create as much delight as Duchesnois herself before the critical pit of the "Français." The dispute was not to be determined by us, and in the meantime we spoke of our absent delight as of a lost Pleiad, and so the year wore away. And then came the eventful night on which a girl, of whom no one had previously heard by the name which she now wore, glided on to the stage of the Theatre Français, and in a moment awoke French tragedy out of the shroud in which she had been decently enveloped since Duchesnois had laid her down to die. The name of the girl was Rachel; and so pale and unearthly was she, yet so inspired in her look, so commanding, so irresistible, that every one was not only ready to acknowledge the new sovereign of the tragic throne, but all Paris declared that the Rachel who was now famous forever, was no other than the poor girl who used to stand on a carpet in the Champs Elysées, and recite Racine and Corneille for sous and half franc pieces.—*Dr. Doran's "Men and Habits."*

CAR ANNOUNCING THE FESTIVAL OF ST. JOHN.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE IDEAL OF THE SPIRITUAL.

BY MRS. E. R. B. WALDO.

The lofty walls are tapestried superbly
With scenes of glory, changing evermore;
And light—not of the sun or moon—is streaming
O'er golden dome and tessellated floor:

Far-reaching aisles, with everlasting pillars,
And jewelled pavement mortal foot ne'er prest:
Such is the inner temple; at whose altar
My weary spirit folds her wings to rest!

It is a haunted spot—a spell is o'er it;
And all around, on terrace, lake and tree,
Enchanting bird-notes mingle with the perfume
Of flowers, that bloom to live eternally!

I said 'twas haunted—not in the old fashion,
By restless sprites, whose coming I should fear—
But by angel forms of the true-hearted,
Who seek my earthly pilgrimage to cheer.

I see their radiant smiles, and hear their voices,
In dear, familiar tones, repeat my name;
Fond arms encircle me, and joy ecstatic
Pervades my soul, and thrills my trembling frame!

Some, smile, when I describe this habitation,
And say I am deceived—but well I know,
That He who gave me powers for such creation,
Would never mock my yearning spirit so!

Not half so real is my outward being,
Wearing itse'f away in earthly strife;
While stronger, brighter, grows this blest ideal—
The sacred earnest of eternal life.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE ROSICRUCIAN.

BY FRANCIS BACON.

When James the First of England, that "crowned cur," had betrayed Raleigh unto death, he began to turn his attention to affairs of a more jocund nature, and pave the way for the entrance into England of the destined bride of his son Charles, Prince of Wales. Buckingham—who, though far fitter for a troubadour than a statesman, was, at that time, master of the highest offices of the realm, including the chief justiciary, the wardenship of the *Cinque Ports*, and the lord high admiralty of Great Britain,—encouraged the infatuation of the king, and proposed a plan more absurd than the wanderings of the Paladins in search of Angelica, a plan no less than that the prince, in disguise of a knight errant, accompanied by Buckingham himself, should visit the court of Spain, and, in *propria persona*, woo and win the infanta. Instead of checking so precious a scheme, the king gave it his hearty consent; and being speedily equipped, the prince as knight and Buckingham as squire, they soon stood together on the coast of France, bound on their southern way.

Scarcely had they passed a day's journey beyond Paris, ere the country, far and wide, became illuminated at evening, with bonfires on the hills, colored lamps hung in every window of the many villas, and triumphal arches of dazzling light over the entrance of every hamlet. Bright flags, bearing the French escutcheon, hung rippling from casement to casement across the broad streets, and the great cathedral of the town behind was one blaze of candle, cresset and gilded spire. At first, Buckingham thought all this pomp was a salute to the prince, whom they must have discovered, but was finally re-assured, by the information vouchsafed by a peasant returning with his bundle of fagots from the woods, that it was in honor of the sweet Princess Henrietta, the darling of the French, who returned that way from the court of Naples, whither she had been tarrying.

A bend of the road brought them in full view of a tower, where, the peasant informed them, the princess and her attendants would lodge that night, as guest of her friend the Marchioness du Rene. The tower stood alone like a huge column upon a lofty hill, and was the solitary remnant of an old inheritance ruined by feudalism and civil commotions. A scanty band of attendants stood around the gates with torches, and in every bracket, niche and loophole of the wall, burning knots of pitch-wood sent forward a ruddy, smoke-wreathed glare. Large latticed windows, at about the central height, proclaimed the reception-room, and the perfect composure of all things bespoke the rare precision and refinement of the marchioness.

"Steenie!" said Prince Charles, to his companion, "we two will lodge in this fine ruin, and behold what manner of marvel is she for whom so gay a reception waiteth."

"I doubt, your highness, would we be received."

"Nay, a trial will do us no harm. Remember, my squire, our respective disguise. The Knight Gervase feareth naught;" and spurring their steeds, the two dashed up the hill and halted before the group of astonished attendants. "Your mistress, the marchioness," demanded the prince, and, awed by his commanding address, a gray-haired seneschal withdrew to seek her. Instead of ordering the stranger into her presence, the marchioness came speedily down the open flight of steps, fearing lest some accident to the princess would be announced. As she paused in the descent, fully visible in the torchlight, the prince threw himself from the saddle, and, bowing almost to the ground, said: "Your ladyship beholdeth an adventurer and his squire, who, bound on knightly errand, beseech your hospitality till the morrow's sun shall send them on their way."

The marchioness hesitated an instant.

"Our abode," she answered, "is prepared for a royal occupant. Yet never be it said the widow of Du Rene turned from his door those bound in his own holy profession of arms. Sir knight, you are most welcome." And consigning their steeds to a groom, she bade a footman conduct them to suitable apartments, requesting their presence below, when refreshed.

Accordingly, within an hour, Buckingham, in a proper although elaborate toilet, accompanied the prince to the reception-room. Prince Charles, who was declared the handsomest man of his father's kingdom, wore only the dignified undress of a knight; his rich sword by his side, and a purple mantle, on whose fringed end was embroidered in gold the English heraldry, thrown over his shoulder and looped low behind—an attire that admirably displayed the pensive beauty of a countenance whose paleness was enhanced by the beamy eyes, the dark love-locks flowing on his shoulder, and the curling, silky beard just fringing cheek and lip; no wonder if the marchioness, charmed by such appearance, received him with an impressive cordiality quite worthy of his real and unknown rank.

A few moments' conversation, replete with courtly phrase and compliment, was interrupted by a burst of loyalty as the warden called aloud from the top of the tower: "Her highness cometh!"

"Ay, it is she!" cried the marchioness, as she beheld the small cavalcade approach from the wood. "Conduct me, sir. I will greet her at the gate;" and placing her hand in that of the prince, she led the way down.

The coach, where sat the Princess Henrietta, was plainly to be seen from the lofty summit of the hill where they stood, as it wound from the wood, along the river side and among the bosky hedges of the road below. A jutting mass of rock lined the path on one side, a little in advance, and the outriders having preceded, as the coach itself was passing, there came a mighty flash, followed by the loud report of a dozen fire-arms aimed at the attendants, and a band of men sprung from the shelter of the rocks, and, knocking the coachman into the dust, turned the vehicle about amid loud shrieks from one of the occupants, and re entered the forest.

"For the love of Heaven, save her!" cried the marchioness, wringing her hands.

And Charles, who had perceived, by the glare of illumination, a shorter path through which he could intercept the villains, darted down, followed by Buckingham and the servants. Leaping fence and dyke, hewing his way through thickets, he plunged into the forest, and just as the leader, goaded by the spur of a self-constituted postilion, would have dashed by, the ponderous hilt of Charles's sword descended upon his head with the force of a giant, and felled him to the ground; while Buckingham dealt a similar blow to the rider. As quickly as the bandits had usurped the coach, so quickly were they ousted from their position, and, content with saving the princess and her property, the conquerors left them in the forest, and once more turned the coach about, freed the horses from the burden of the dead leader, and galloped back. Still the female voice within continued loud lamentation.

"Be quiet," said a low, sweet tone, which was, nevertheless, very firm and authoritative, and must have belonged to the princess,—"be quite directly, Marie. We are safe now." And, in a few moments, the princess was clasped in the embrace of the sobbing marchioness.

"My love," cried the latter, as they entered the drawing-room, "had it not been for this brave knight, never had I seen thee again!"

The princess threw herself on a cushioned lounge without a word, and, while the marchioness sat on a low seat beside her, closed her eyes as if completely weary. At the marchioness's request, her maidens and attendants retired to their apartments, and, obedient to a sign, the prince, smiling at Buckingham, took a lute and sang with exquisite modulation an Italian canzonet. Then bowing low, he would have resought his apartment; but the princess, springing to her feet, caught his hands.

"Delay a moment!" she cried. "I have thanked you for nothing, generous stranger, for I had no words to utter. You have saved me from death, and worse than death—from the arms of Gaspard de Marche! I can never thank—never repay so great a debt, but the lifelong gratitude of a princess of France is at your service." All the hauteur of her previous conduct had vanished, and in its place a beaming thankfulness, a gentle, yielding tenderness was visible, as, half-drooping before him, she held his hands.

"Believe that you owe me nothing, dear madam!" answered Charles, in her own language. "The pleasure of having rescued so divine a beauty from the grasp of ruffians would be sufficient recompense for the labors of Hercules." And he released her hands. If he had thought her beauty divine before, what must he think now when, throwing aside the hood of rose-colored silk she had hitherto worn, she turned the full force of it towards him? Large, dewy, languid eyes—dusky wells of light, beaming beneath a curtain of fine lashes that curled back in their pencilled length; features like some antique intaglio in delicate regularity; the small scarlet lips, half-parted and pouting over their ivory enclosure; a pale roseate tint resting on the firm, soft cheek, and long hair, half-escaped into curling masses of darkness from the braids that confined it beneath a fillet of pearls; a form, lithe and slender as a sylph's, and clad in an ash-colored robe broadly faced with rose, combined in all a beauty which the prince in his wildest dreams had never imagined.

She returned to her seat, and motioned Charles to take one by her side; but he contented himself with a cushion at her feet, questioning the marchioness who Gaspard de Marche might be. The princess took the word from the marchioness's mouth.

"He is a villain!" she said. "A needy adventurer; a Rosicrucian—detestable chimera! who thinks to obtain, perhaps, even my father's crown by forcing me to wedlock. He is mistaken, and he forgets the Salic law. Far from placing a crown upon his head, my father will put his head upon the traitor's block!"

"Is that, then, the reward of having loved in France?" asked Charles, expressively.

"The reward of those who love beyond their rank," she answered, haughtily.

The color flew into Charles's cheek, not unobserved by the princess, who, dropping her lids, hummed, with a deeper hue on her own meanwhile, the first words of a light air:

"The nightingale who hymns the rose all night,
Pours forth no note till the full bloom is blown,
But bursts in musical, ecstatic flight,
When veils of tenderest green aside are thrown,
And rolled in fragrance the rich heart offers itself his throne."

There was silence for a few moments, till the pageant, prepared by the marchioness, according to custom, for the royal Henrietta's pleasure, entered, disported and departed. Then, after partaking refreshments and prolonging a merry conversation till a late hour, they separated.

A heavy shower, accompanied by violent wind, had fallen during the night, and when, early in the morning, Prince Charles descended the staircase and entered an open balcony filled with roses, looking out over the broad chatellany, upon the other side of the tower, he espied the princess, attended by a fair-haired girl, binding up the vines of convolvulus and fragrant eglantine, blown down by the last night's gale. Her robe was of pure white, loosely girdled, and, blushing as she turned, she wound her rosy, taper fingers in the dropping mass of her dark hair, ere, with a sudden motion, she took a spray of eglantine, and offered it to him as she returned his morning salutation. Pressing the hand that gave it to his lips, the prince, with perfect gallantry, opened a scene of light badinage that gave Henrietta time to re-assure herself, and, accepting his arm, she left the balcony and entered the breakfast-room, whither Buckingham had already conducted the fair attendant Marie, and where the marchioness awaited them.

That day, at the persuasion of the marchioness, the next day and the next, delayed by heavy rains, till a week and more had elapsed, he prolonged his stay. At last the sun rose clear and bright; the horses were ordered round, and Buckingham was below at the gate, receiving the hearty farewells of the marchioness, who half-suspected some disguise, awaited the prince. Meanwhile, Charles still delayed with Henrietta. They were standing together in an alcove, the princess leaning, white and trembling, against the light balustrade, Charles gazing sadly at her, and toying idly with the white rose he held. It may have been that the lips of him who was on his way to wed another woman were pale as hers in whose presence he now stood and whose farewell he had come to receive.

"And you will persist in going?" asked she, with a faint smile.

"It is my duty, and were it not, I could no longer trespass on the hospitality of so recent a friend as the marchioness."

"Can friendship only grow on long acquaintance?"

"No other way, your highness. Love indeed springs into the world full grown, yet friendship is puny and weak, and of constant growth."

"But love is its apotheosis."

"True, dear lady; therefore, even friendship with those of superior station must be forsworn."

"Insensate man!" she cried, a passionate color streaming over her pale face. Then checking herself, she only said: "Farewell, Sir Gervase! Farewell, generous preserver! Rank is the curse of us all, and thrones are gilt icebergs. Gladly would I pass through worse dangers to be thus again rescued. Go; leave me isolated by pride!" and tearing her hands from his retaining grasp, she fled up the corridor, and sadly the knight and his squire rode from the tower.

Six months had passed, and Charles, with his follower, was wandering among the Apennines, the prince having left Spain, heedless of the handsome infanta, and filled with the love of Henrietta; for she, too, had been visitant among the dons, a guest of the Spanish court, with her princely pride forever rebuking her passion for a knight. Amid festive throngs and lordly sports, at tourney, dance and promenade, in palace and in barge, he for three months had met and squired her; for, carrying despatches as an honored messenger merely, the infanta and her friends were ignorant of his incognito, and knew him only as the Knight Gervase. Wandering through orange groves and down olive gardens, many a time by moon and star-light, had his lips severed to utter words of passionate emotion, for which he knew the sad girl waited in answering suspense; but shudderingly thinking how bloody a war, should he slight the Spanish and wed the French princess, must ensue; how fiercely the intriguing Gondomar would excite the Spaniards, and how many lives must be lost to please his idle fancy; again he fell into miserable silence. He could sacrifice himself, he thought, to his people's good, and thus early he began his trial.

And Henrietta had glided by his side, her eyes glooming large and pensive, her cheeks losing their crimson tints, her manner silent, uncertain, tearful, until, at last, gathering up her retinue, she resought her now cheerless home; and the Knight Gervase, a month later, made his worshipful adieu, and embarked on a small ship for London.

Scarcely had they sailed a day and night beyond the straits, when a frightful tempest seized and drove them back upon their path, through the straits and far up the Mediterranean, and stranded them, wrecked and weary, on the Italian shore. Leaving the coast, they entered the country, and sustained by a scanty provision they had secured, a week's journeying found them in a hostile region, shut in among the Apennines, and floating, in a

narrow skiff found on the banks, down a stream that broadened and narrowed at the bases of lofty mountains, along wide, marshy regions and under cavernous hills, in sunlight and in starlight, through a succession of several days. At last the river, running under a natural arch of dripping stone, flowed through a cavern larger than they had heretofore crossed, whose vast roof, full of frosty sparkling, gave back distant flapping echoes to the rushing stream and to their own low voices. Stalactitic formations of marvellous beauty depended from the vault; water-spouts dashed them here and there with a perpetual spray, and all the perpendicular side of the cavern was carved with grotesque outlines and strangest hieroglyphics.

"Stcenic!" cried Charles, suddenly. "All along have I thought we were traversing regions hewn by art, and now I recognize it. Behold carven yonder the cross, symbol of light, shedding rays of splendor upon a plain wash'ed with dew—dew, most powerful solvent of gold! This cavern and those behind, and God knows how many beyond, are the realms of the Rosicrucians, and of Gaspard de Marche! Now we may learn something of mysterious art."

As he spoke, the boat swept into a broad cove of the cavern, whose waters were yellow with lamplight, and turning, full of astonishment, the voyagers beheld, upon the side where should have been the surface of carven rock, long curtains heavily adorned with gold, looped across a wide arch, and opening into an apartment filled with a luxury and magnificence that was plainly visible from the boat. Four brilliant sconces, slowly burning perfumes, swung from the lofty and highly ornamented ceiling, and two well-filled grates sent out a cheerful gleam as they glowed with ruddy embers. Rich crimson tints of shadow relieved the brightness, and threw a flesh-like hue across the pale brows of marble muses as they stood still and white in their niches. But beneath the centre of the arch, at the water's edge, stood a figure more pale and perfect than the most symmetrical of statues, as loosely clad in white drapery, with a scarlet mantle wrapped about her, and long, dark hair falling around her; she gazed with wild, melancholy eyes into the depths of the pool at her feet. It was Henrietta, the princess of France. Charles uttered an exclamation of delight and wonder, and, seizing his oar, gave a tremendous sweep and sprung from the boat to her side. Instantly the boat with its single occupant swinging round, in the rebound of so sudden a movement, grazed its keel against an unseen point of rock, and a noise like the beat of a thousand gongs filled the whole place with fearful echoes.

"O you are lost, Sir Gervase! You are lost!" shrieked the princess. "Gaspard de Marche holds me in durance here. He is at hand. You have touched the spring, and all the Rosicrucians are about you. Leave me and escape!"

"Stayeth your highness by free will?"

"Not so indeed, Heaven knows. Save yourselves and think not of me."

"If thou wilt come with us, dear lady, we may yet all be safe."

The princess hesitated, then wringing her hands, half turned away.

"Your highness thinketh," said the prince, in low, bitter tones, "that there are other adventurers like Gaspard de Marche. Know, lady, that the Knight Gervase wishes only to restore thee to happiness."

The color going and coming in her cheeks, the shining tears and the quick breath, told too painfully her thoughts; a moment she delayed, then stepped freely towards the skiff. One foot was on the gunwale; her hand was in that of Charles; Buckingham sat with uplifted oar; wild, joyful hope beamed on the three faces, when a score of boats shot from up and down the cavern, and completely fenced them in. At the same moment, Gaspard de Marche, tall and erect, stood alone beside the fugitives, and seizing the sword of Charles, whirled and threw it far into the stream.

"You are my prisoner," said he, blandly. "As for my fair dove, I did not dream she would spread such wings. It is doubtless unpleasant to be foiled; but you have had your turn. By what name am I to know my haughty guest?"

"I am called Gervase, the knight," replied Charles, curtly, who now found himself completely in the power of his rival and enemy.

The princess, proud and unmoved, retired within the apartment, and seated herself beside the grate, toying a hand-screen to and fro.

"The heir of England's crown," murmured Gaspard de Marche, in a tone inaudible to Henrietta, "can afford to lay aside imperial dignity in quest of lovesome adventures, but cannot afford to cross the path of Gaspard de Marche. Let him beware!" And he courteously offered his hand to Buckingham, who, disdainfully rejecting it, lay back in the boat. "Make room, my merry men all, for the squire of Knight Gervase!" then cried De Marche. "Who sails from here, must sail alone. Adieu, gentle sir; dream not of rescuing your master; he will enter one of the *Cinque Ports* ere you, their warden, can!" and touching the boat lightly, it spun round with the quick impetus, and darted from the cove down the dark bosom of the stream. The other boats, at command of their master, shot off in pursuit, and followed in sight of Buckingham till he emerged into sunlight, when they drew great stone gates across the cavern's mouth, and left him.

When they were lost to the view of De Marche, he turned with most courtly tone and address, bade his unwilling guest a warm welcome, and entered into as blithe a conversation as if he were the warmest friend on earth. Not long had his gay quips been in play, when a low stone door opened, and a bent, old man, gray and wrinkled, entered. Shading his eyes with his hand, he gazed steadily at the prince, and then beckoned De Marche aside. He spoke the Latin tongue, and both Henrietta and the prince comprehended him.

"They love," he said; "lovers are fools; they will never serve us. Not all the gold of France will attain our purpose. Suffer them to go."

"Not I," laughed De Marche, unheeding the crimson blushes that dyed Henrietta's face. "If I never attain the great aim of Rosicrucian mystery, shall I lose my love and labor? Hundreds of miles I journeyed to bring her hither. Nay, the princess is fairer than gold; her crown is gold itself. Kingly power, I now believe, is the only philosopher's stone. Alchymy is wearisome. Lover's alchymy, permuting everything it touches to gold, is the truest—the best. Go hang over thy alembic, good Martin, and join us at the symposium. We understand each other."

The old man sighed—a sigh full of old memories of a youth buried under ruined hopes, trampled upon and desecrated by one degrading purpose,—and left the place. After a time silent servants spread before them a sumptuous feast. Many masked guests gaily partook, and, rising from the table at midnight, Gaspard de Marche bade the silent princess a stately good-night, and conducting Prince Charles along a vaulted corridor, turned the key upon him within a well-furnished apartment.

A long, weary time thus passed over, whose monotonous hours, like scenic figures on an antique frieze, variously passed the old man Martin, querulous and mournful; the prince haughty and silent; Henrietta disdainful and impassioned, and Gaspard de Marche, gay, potent and diabolic. Morning and night were alike in those caverns, the secret repository of the huge wealth of so great a society as the Rosicrucians, and lamplight always reigned.

"I pine for my native sunlight," said the princess, in answer to an interrogation from Charles. "Damp, dark, and the noise of running water, wearies me. Fear also of this villain!" and she hid her face in her hands.

They were standing by the doorway of a small cell, where the old man Martin, appointed that morning to guard them, watched intently the contents, bubbling and seething, within a small stone cup.

"Forty years have I labored, no longer did the children of Israel tarry in the wilderness," he muttered. "For this, my art, my hope, I gave up every joy. Loving children might have wound about me; a tender wife have sat beside me. I denied myself, and made my hearthstone desolate. My Penates, my wife, my heirs, are in my crucibles. Shall I have suffered all this for naught? O foolish dotard! Leave thy thinking; remember thee of her whose heart thy wild purpose brake. Thou hadst no pity on her. Thy pity must be bought with blood. Wherefore pity these?" and he seized phial after phial of precious drops, and distilled them into the crucible's molten mass.

Finding themselves thus disregarded by their sentinel, Charles and the princess turned and wound along, down vaulted passages and spiral staircases, whiling the way with gentle words, till, after ascending many grades, they saw the light of heaven peeping through sundry chinks and rents of the upper cavern. One ray, indeed, fell on the pale face of Henrietta herself, illumining it with a color unwonted of late, and filling the heart of Charles with love and pity to overflowing, as he gazed upon her. She stooped and plucked a snowy bell-flower growing at her foot.

"Even flowers," she said, "gather perfume here. There is joy for all but me."

"Joy is within the reach of many," answered Charles, "but they scorn to extend the hand."

"They would be despised should they do so!" she cried. "O wretched life, where we live for forms! No longer pride, but shame restrains me. I will say it; I will confess it, though you spurn me at once, Sir Gervase! No hope is in my heart, only that I may speak these wild words to you and die!"

"No need to speak them,—no need!" murmured Charles, all fear of Spanish war and ministerial murmurs banished, all great emotions glowing in his eyes. "Gervase, the knight, might fear to speak of love to a princess of France; but I, Charles of England, thine hereditary foe, thine eternal lover, declare it. Thou art dearer than crown or kingdom, and for thee only would I live!"

His lips showered hers with kisses, as her head lay on his bosom, and he murmured words more passionate yet. They stood where the scattered rays of light from crack and crevice fell on them in the narrow place, built upon either side with solid stone. In front, below them, and impeding further progress, was a cistern of deep black water, behind them, through the galleries by which they passed, huge sluices and empty water-works. A low, distant roar and rumble, like thunder among the Apennines, was heard, swelling nearer and nearer, till the ear plainly discerned the rush of vast volumes of water rolling ever on. The cistern at their feet rocked its contents turbidly; escape was not to be thought of there. The other way? The flood was boiling up the spiral staircases they had ascended, hissing through all the devious ways, and pouring along the gallery with maniac speed. Should they fly? It was impossible.

"There is no safety!" cried Henrietta, throwing her arms about her lover's neck. "Let us die! Better thus, wrapped in one last embrace. God shrive thee, my beloved!"

Nearer thundered the waves, when, with a fearful crash, they ceased, and dead, echoless silence reigned. Charles cast his eyes around. High above, on a ledge of rock, holding a torch in his hand, and gazing mockingly upon them, sat Gaspard de Marche. Behind them, at the mouth of the gallery whence they had issued and whence they expected destruction, stood, with dripping hair, the old man Martin.

"He would have slain ye when he saw your bliss," he said, pointing at De Marche; "but I—I remembered a time, to reach which I cross a bridge of weary years,—a time when I, too, loved, and I saved ye. I have curbed the torrent. Follow me!" Taking the fainting girl in his arms, Charles quickly went with him, along the still wet halls, till they reached dry passages and the apartment by the banks of the stream. "Change thou thy dress for mine," said Martin. "Yonder bands of gray hair wind round thy face and head. Hang over crucibles, and vouchsafe few words to any. Thou wilt personate Martin the Rosicrucian; I will conduct the maiden to France, and will return for thee, since I alone can guide thee hence." All things were quickly ordered as he bade, and, leading Henrietta by the hand, he vanished speedily.

The next day, Charles sat in the recess of the alchemist, when he heard the step of Gaspard de Marche approaching. Springing to his feet, he grasped a phial and bent eagerly down to the crucible.

"Where are the miscreants, Martin?" thundered De Marche. "Are they flown? Answer! By Heaven! if thou toyest longer I will brain thee!"

Waiting till three precious drops had fallen from the phial, held by a hand trembling apparently with age.

"Trouble me not!" said Prince Charles, in the cracked, querulous tones of Martin. "What care I? I will have no murder. Go thy way and seek them. I but brought them into dry passages."

Gaspard de Marche was far from satisfied; but he dared not, despite his threat, offer injury to one so invaluable to the society, and he left him; nor in his search did he again trouble him.

Three more long weeks elapsed, and old Martin stood before the prince.

"She is safe!" he said; "and thou and Gaspard de Marche?"

"He is afar. I have denied admittance to all, though many a brother has knocked at the cell with strange words."

"It is well. Come thou, my son; I forget no promise."

Many weary miles, far below the roots of all green, summer shrubs, with bandages across his eyes, Charles accompanied the old man. At last the sunlight warmed his heart; he journeyed over hills and moors, through gardens and vineyards, and now he lay in a boat that rocked, as he knew, upon blue waters; and when, finally, the bandage was lifted off, a little schooner bore him down the Rhine between castled heights and below a cloudless heaven. Buckingham was by his side, and the old man Martin, who had brought him hither, lay on the deck before him.

"In all my life," moaned Martin, "since, at my twentieth year, making many hearts wretched, I parted the dim veil that shrouded my mystical future, I have done no good act but this. I am old and gray; I think, dying. God will spare of his exceeding mercy for one so needy." And softly closing his eyes, he turned away. When sunset came, old Martin, the alchemist, was dead!

Three times a season had rolled by, ere Charles Stuart again entered France. Then no longer the Knight Gervase came to woo, but amid regal magnificence and princely bounty a king's son claimed his affianced. The bridal morning dawned clearest of bright days; all the fountains of Paris played; the streets blazed with pomp, and hearty blessings from myriad throats saluted the royal procession. When the bridal train swept up the aisles of Notre Dame, beneath triumphal organ peals and merry chiming of a hundred belfries, the prince, tall, stately and splendid in his pale dark beauty; the bride, lovely, blushing, trembling (as what bride was ever not?); the kings, unbent from stern council, with thoughtful, benignant eyes; the queens eclipsing each other, with happy brows and gorgeous trains; gay chevaliers and jewelled ladies; when all this splendor shimmered up and down, even the old walls of the cathedral glistened in answering radiance, and the beholders smiled with delight, half fearing such glory was but the reflection of a dream. But in the distance, lightly leaning on the altar rail, stood one whose eyes blazed scorn and mockery as the holy services proceeded, who said amen to every prayer, in clear, derisive tones, and who trusted to the magical name of Gaspard de Marche, as he stalked haughtily forth in advance of the wedding suite.

Centuries have passed, and even yet rumor sometimes makes mention of a wild banditti chief, who, throwing up the visionary dreams of his alchemic youth, became the boldest robber of the stormy Apennines: a chief most courteous to ladies, fearfully ferocious to men, who was known as Gaspard de Marche, and who finally was broken on the wheel. But again a sister rumor whispers of an old man, with lint-white locks and bright, maniac eyes, wandering from realm to realm, crying aloud one cherished name, and never listening to other words than that. Be all this as it may, I have seen the Italian peasant girls leave fingering their slack, pearl necklaces, and, with a paleness overspreading their sun-bronzed cheeks, draw closer together in the twilight, as one, more daring than another, told venturous and thrilling tales of Gaspard de Marche.

And thus the Lion of England won the Lilies of France.

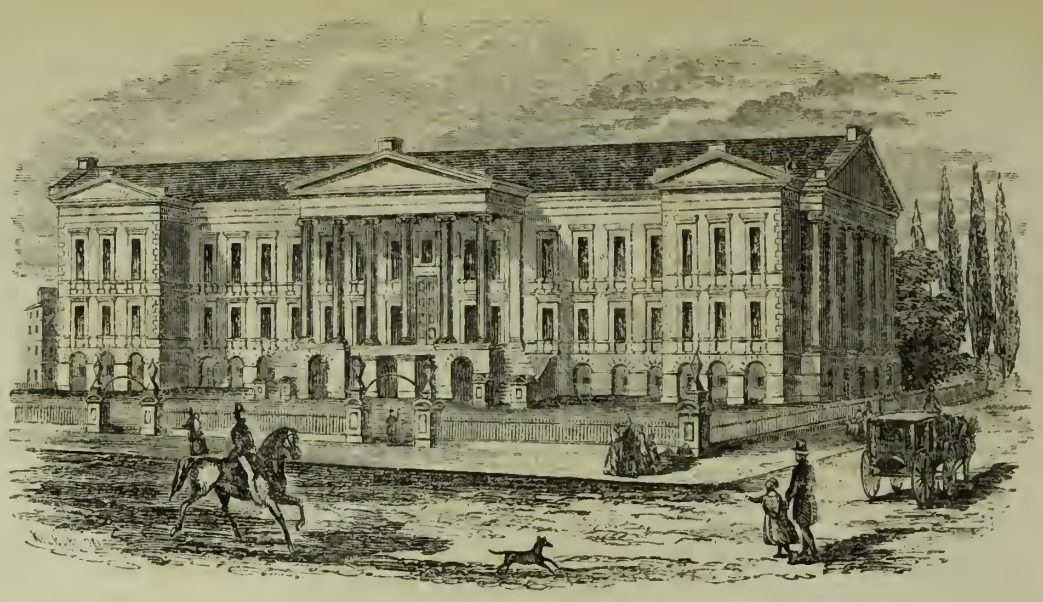
THE WOLF OF SCANDAL.

Mr. Wilberforce relates that at one time he found himself chronicled as "St. Wilberforce" in an opposing journal, and the following is given as an "instance of his Pharisaism:"—"He was lately seen," says the journal, "walking up and down in the Bath Pump Room reading his prayers, like his predecessors of old, who prayed in the corners of the street to be seen of men." "As there is generally," says Mr. Wilberforce, "some slight circumstance which perverseness turns into a charge of reproach, I began to reflect, and I soon found the occasion of the calumny. It was this:—I was walking in the Pump Room, in conversation with a friend; a passage was quoted from Horace, the accuracy of which was questioned, and, as I had Horace in my pocket, I took it out and read the words. This was the plain 'bit of wire' which factious malignity sharpened into a pin to pierce my reputation." How many ugly *pins* have been manufactured out of even smaller bits of wire than that!—*Home Journal.*

Without books God is silent, justice dormant, natural science at a stand, philosophy lame, letters dumb, and all things involved in Cimmerian darkness.—*Bartholin.*

MONTREAL SCENES.

In No. 11 of the present volume we gave a series of views in and about Quebec, and we now furnish a set of original designs by the same artist—Mr. Kilburn, executed expressly for this paper, illustrating the most noticeable features of the sister city of Montreal, the second city and chief seat of commerce in Canada. This important and interesting place is situated on the south side of the island of Montreal, in the St. Lawrence, 142 miles southwest from Quebec. It lacks the commanding and picturesque features of the latter place, but in all other respects is by far its superior. Like Quebec, it is divided into an upper and lower town, but the difference of elevation between them is inconsiderable. The buildings are generally of stone—a material which gives them a very substantial appearance, and the streets, though narrow, are kept in a state of cleanliness which reminds the traveller of those of our own city. St. John's and Notre Dame Streets are exceptions, however, to the general rule of narrowness, being noble avenues which would not discredit any city on the face of the globe. The quays, also, are the noblest on this continent, and are, indeed, unsurpassed by any in the world. The



NEW COURT HOUSE, MONTREAL, CANADA.

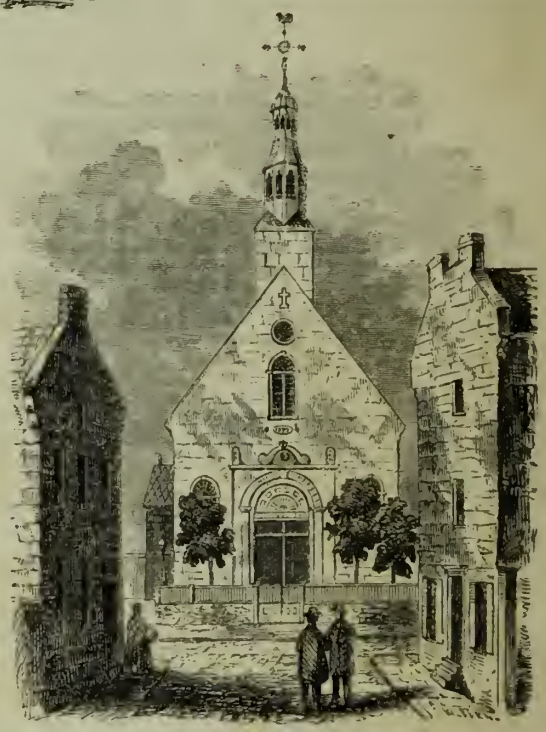
MECHANICS' INSTITUTE, MONTREAL.

city, with its suburbs, stretches for two miles along the river from north to south, and for some distance has a nearly equal depth inland. The principal commercial avenue is called Paul Street, and extends parallel with the river, along the whole length of the city. This is in the lower town. In the upper town are several streets running in the same direction, and connected with Paul Street by cross streets. In the suburbs, many of the houses are built of wood; but there are no wooden houses within the space once encompassed by the walls, which have now fallen into decay, leaving the city entirely open. The surrounding eminences are beautifully wooded, and covered with villas and pleasure grounds. The harbor of Montreal is not a large one, but perfectly safe, and vessels drawing fifteen feet of water can lie close to the shore. Its average depth is from three to four and a half fathoms. St. Mary's rapid, about a mile below the city, is a powerful current, and difficult to stem. The Lachine Canal, about Montreal, nine miles in length, was undertaken to improve the navigation. A large amount of steam vessels are employed in navigation, and during the summer season, vast rafts of timber float past the city to Quebec; while the produce of Upper Canada is transported in scows and batteaux. In winter, the ice is covered with thousands of sledges, carrying provisions to the city. Montreal is the centre of the commerce between the United States and Canada, and the depot of the adjacent country; while most of the business done in Quebec is transacted by branches of the Montreal houses. Its trade is nearly or quite as active in winter as in summer. It was formerly the headquarters of the fur trade. It has various manufactories and a number of shipyards. The markets are excellently supplied. The society is pleasant and refined. About two-thirds of the population are of French descent, the remainder being English, Americans and Indians, the latter seeming to get along much better with the Gallic than the Anglo-Saxon races. The public buildings of Montreal are numerous and handsome. The most prominent is the cathedral of Notre Dame, depicted in our fourth engraving. This remarkable edifice, devoted to the Roman Catholic form of worship, is the finest cathedral in British America. It is of Gothic architecture, 255 1-2 feet in length by 134 1-2 in breadth. It is faced with stone and roofed with tin, like most of the public buildings in Canada, and has six towers, of which the principal are 220 feet in height. On the roof is a promenade 76 feet long and 20 broad. The principal window is 64 feet high and 32 broad. It is capable of accommodating 15,000 persons, and so admirably contrived are the outlets that such a congregation can disperse in six minutes. It comprises seven chapels and nine spacious aisles.

Connected with this establishment is the Black Nunnery, founded in 1650. Its inmates consist of a superior and sixty nuns, whose duties are directed to the education of young girls. Nelson's monument, the subject of our last engraving, is situated in the Place Jacques Cartier, opposite the Place d'Armes. The statue is of colossal size, and stands upon a Doric column, resting upon an elaborately sculptured pedestal, which has bas-reliefs portraying the principal actions of the great naval hero. It was originally a very fine monument, but has been suffered to go to decay. The Custom House, shown in our sixth engraving, stands on Custom House Square, near the quays, and is a neat and substantial building, which has the merit of being well adapted to the purpose for which it was erected. Bonsecours Market, as represented in our fifth engraving, is a handsome stone structure. Bonsecours Church, depicted in our third engraving, is an old French ecclesiastic edifice, chiefly remarkable for its antiquity. It is situated at the foot of Rue Bonsecours, near the market, and was built in 1772. On the front is the following inscription: "Si l'amour de Marie en ton cœur est gravé, en passant ne t'oublie de lui dire un ave," an injunction on the pious to say their prayers, in passing, for the love of the virgin mother. The Court House, shown in the first of our engravings, is a very noble building, not, however, entirely finished. The Mechanics' Institute, the subject of our second design, stands at the corner of Great St. James Street and Rue St. Pierre, and is an honor and an ornament to the city. St. Patrick's Cathedral, shown in our seventh engraving, occupies an elevated position at the corner of St. Alexander Street and Rue Lagauchetiere. It presents a noble appearance. Most of the Roman Catholic churches belong to the order of St. Sulpice, to the members of which Montreal chiefly owed its foundation. The seminary of St. Sulpice, attached to the cathedral, is a very large establishment. In this and another Catholic educational institution, the higher branches of learning are taught at very moderate charges. The principal English church in Montreal is a very handsome building in the Grecian style, surmounted by a lofty

CATHEDRAL OF NOTRE DAME, MONTREAL.

and symmetrical spire. The Montreal General Hospital, erected by voluntary contributions, is a very large and well managed institution. The Hotel Dieu, under the charge of nuns, is appropriated to the reception of the sick and indigent, and the convent of the Gray Sisters is partially devoted to the aged and infirm, the insane, foundlings, and other objects of charity. An excursion through the island of Montreal is very pleasant and interesting. The view from the summit of Montreal Mountain is very extensive; the St. Lawrence River is here seen in all its sublimity and grandeur. Opposite the lower part of the city is the island of St. Helens; upon this island is a strong fortification, which commands the river, and is the key to the city. The inhabitants being composed mostly of French Canadians, both the English and French languages are fluently spoken by all classes. The names of the streets are in French upon one corner and English upon the other. In 1760, a year after the capture of Quebec by General Wolfe, Montreal,



BONSECOURS CHURCH, MONTREAL.

the last remaining stronghold of the French in Canada, was invested by Generals Amherst and Murray, and by Colonel Haviland. The Marquis de Vaudreuil, the French governor general, finding himself unable to cope with the besieging force, and despairing of succor from his government, capitulated to the enemy on the 8th of September. At an early period of our revolutionary war, after the capture of Crown Point and Ticonderoga, a project for conquering and revolutionizing Canada was set on foot. In September, 1775, about three thousand men, recruited from New England and New York, under the command of Generals Schuyler and Montgomery, appeared before St John's Fort, at the head of Lake Champlain, and not far from Montreal. General Carleton had furnished Fort St. John with a garrison of a thousand men, about the time the provincials arrived. The latter fortified the island of Aux Noix, about 115 miles north of Ticonderoga. Soon after this, General Schuyler falling sick during a temporary absence from camp, the command fell upon his colleague—Major-General Richard Montgomery. This gallant officer was a native of Ireland, where he was born in 1737. Having chosen the profession of arms, he served under Wolfe at Quebec in 1759; but on his return to Ireland, he then gave up his commission. He had conceived a strong attachment to this country, and came hither shortly after his resignation, purchased an estate on the Hudson, and married a daughter of Judge Livingston. His military talents and his love for his adopted country procured him a major-general's commission at the opening of the revolutionary war. On receiving the command of the army, Montgomery immediately prepared to attack Montreal, the preliminary step to which was the reduction of Fort St. John. This was rather slow work, as the provincials were deficient in ammunition. The fort, however, surrendered on the 3d of November. In the interim he had captured Fort Chambly by a gallant dash; while Ethan Allen, who had offered to take Montreal with 150 men, had been defeated and made prisoner. General Carleton, who commanded at Montreal, hearing of Arnold's approach to Quebec, retreated down the St. Lawrence to arrest his progress. Montgomery, a few days after the surrender of Fort St. John, left a small garrison to defend it, and crossed the St. Lawrence with his remaining troops to attack Montreal. It fell into his hands by capitulation on the 13th of November. Leaving a small force there, Montgomery marched to meet Arnold, who, after leading his troops from Cambridge, Massachusetts, through the then wilderness of Maine, traversing forests, swamps and plains, and overcoming almost unparalleled difficulties, reached Point Levi, on the St. Lawrence, on the 9th of November. On the 13th, he crossed the St.

Lawrence, and, following in the footsteps of Wolfe, scaled the Heights of Abraham, and found his little band upon the plains. But finding his force—reduced to about 400 men only—insufficient to oppose the garrison, he retired to Point Aux Trembles, twenty miles above Quebec, where Montgomery effected a junction with him. With a combined force of nine hundred men, the brave generals (for Arnold was as brave as he was base) marched upon the Gibraltar of America. Arrived under the walls, Montgomery sent a flag with a summons to surrender. The British replied by firing on the flag (a similar act, on the part of the Russians, by the way, lately caused a storm of indignation in England). As his batteries were too light for a siege, Montgomery determined to storm the city. His desperate attempt was made on the morning of the 31st December, in the midst of a heavy snow storm. The Americans were divided into four columns, two of which made feigned attacks on the upper, while the other two, headed by Arnold and Montgomery, assaulted the lower town on the opposite side. Montgomery was killed by a point-blank cannon shot, and his men retreated, Aaron Burr carrying the body of his lamented leader out of the fire,

BONSECOURS MARKET, MONTREAL.

CUSTOM HOUSE, MONTREAL.

while Arnold's column entered the town, and met temporary success. But Arnold was severely wounded and carried to the rear, and a large proportion of the assailants were forced to surrender. The body of Montgomery was found in the snow the day after the battle, and buried with military honors. Congress afterwards directed a monument to be erected to his memory, and in 1818, his remains were placed in St. Paul's churchyard in the city of New York, and at the expense of the State. The monument is a bas-relief under the portico of St. Paul's Church.

NATIONAL SHIPS LOST.

Our navy, as at present organized, dates from the year 1794, and it is, perhaps, not a little curious that one of its first prizes should have been the first vessel lost without any one being able to say how she was lost. In 1799, the frigate Constellation, then under command of Captain Truxton, captured the French frigate l'Insurgente, after a very gallant action. This was during what was called the *quasi* war with France, caused by the depredations that were made upon our commerce by the cruisers of that country, which we very properly resented. The prize was taken into the navy, and was first commanded by Captain Murray, who was succeeded by Captain Fletcher. The latter officer sailed on a cruise in July, 1800, with a sort of roving commission. Some letters were received from persons on board of her, sent in by vessels that she spoke; but, though she was to have been absent only eight weeks, nothing has ever been seen of her for almost four-and-fifty years. The Pickering, Captain Hillar, a fourteen-gun vessel, which sailed a month later than the Insurgente for the West Indies, was never heard from again. The Saratoga, of sixteen guns, was lost in the same way, in 1807. One of the finest vessels that ever sailed from this country was the sloop-of-war Wasp, which left Portsmouth, N. H., in 1814, under the command of Captain Blakely. On the 24th of June, she captured and destroyed the British sloop of-war Reindeer, and on the 1st of September, the Avon, a vessel of the same class. One of her prizes was taken on the 21st of September, and sent to America, under command of Mr. Geisinger, and no direct intelligence was ever afterwards received from her. She was spoken by a Swedish brig on the 9th of October, out of which she took two American officers, who had belonged to the frigate Essex, and were passengers in the Swede from Rio de Janeiro. This was the last time that she was seen and known. Various stories as to her fate were current for years. Mr. Cooper says: "There is only one rumor in reference to this ship that has any appearance of probability. It is said that two English frigates chased an American sloop-of-war off the southern coast, about the time the Wasp ought to have arrived, and that the three ships were struck with a heavy squall, in which the sloop-of-war suddenly disappeared." The Wasp was uncommonly well manned and officered, and her loss was a severe one to the navy. Captain Blakely was an admirable commander, and the gentlemen under him were of high merit. Two of the lieutenants, Mr. Reilly and Mr. Baury, had taken part in the capture of the Guerriere and Java, and another, Mr. Tillinghast, was an officer on board the Enterprise when she took the Boxer. The Epervier brig, eighteen guns, sailed from the Mediterranean for the United States, in 1815, and was never heard from after she passed the straits of Gibraltar. She had been taken from the English, in 1814, by the Peacock, Captain Warrington. We believe that at the time of her loss she was commanded by one of the Shubricks, an historical name in our navy. The most remarkable instance of the loss of a national ship, since the close of the last war with England, was that of the Hornet, which is supposed to have foundered in a "norther," in the Gulf of Mexico, about a quarter of a century ago. Nothing was ever heard of her, if we remember, after she left Tampico, some time in the year 1830. The Hornet was one of the "lucky ships" of the navy, and a great favorite both with the service and with the country, and was distinguished for the part which she took in the war of 1812, capturing everything with which she fought and escaping from superior vessels. In 1813, when commanded by Captain Lawrence, she took the British brig Peacock, after a short but very warm action of fifteen minutes, the Peacock being sunk. Attached to Commodore Decatur's squadron, a few months later, she

ST. PATRICK'S CATHEDRAL, MONTREAL.

was compelled to take refuge in New London, Conn., when that squadron fell in with a greatly superior British force, where she was blockaded for a long time. Escaping from New London, she went to sea in January, 1815, under command of Captain Biddle. On the 23d of March, she engaged and captured the Penguin, a British vessel of about her own force, and with a picked crew. Subsequently she was chased for two or three days by a British seventy-four, and narrowly escaped being captured. The recent losses of the Albany and the Porpoise have revived the interest that used to be felt in the losses that we have mentioned above. It will be seen that it is no new thing in our navy for vessels to disappear, leaving no trace of their fate, and the same remark applies to all navies.—*Boston Chronicle.*

NELSON MONUMENT, MONTREAL.

A VETERAN OF A HUNDRED FIGHTS.

An aged soldier and sailor died lately at Manchester, England,—Joseph Gilman, of Hulme. He was a hero, a warrior, from his cradle to his death. He was born at Little Over, near Derby, in 1759, and consequently was in his 96th year. He fought in more than a hundred battles in his country's cause, and a still greater number on his own account. He fought under Rodney and Hood in the West Indies, off Port Royal, in April, 1782, against the French admiral, Count de Grasse, and is believed to have been the last survivor of that eventful day. Whether right or wrong, Joe was one of the foremost mutineers at the Nore. Joe dictated the third, the effective telegraph message to Mr. Pitt—namely, "Unless their demand for double pay was granted, to soldiers as well as sailors, in one hour they would weigh anchor, and, with fifty ships of war, in four hours, they would lay London in ashes!" In this case, Joe's threat, without blows, conquered both minister and monarch! This rebellious act was Joe's chief glory; he used to say he "had rendered no other service to his country or mankind to be compared with it." Joe's favorite, the immortal Nelson, personally selected him to accompany him in the St. George to the Baltic, to Copenhagen. At Copenhagen, Joe received a compound fracture of both legs. He served in the Royal Navy about eighteen years, and was one of the forlorn hope in the storming of Seringapatam.—*English paper.*

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

A WALK IN THE VALES.

BY GEORGE W. BUNGAY.

I'll court dame Nature in the vales,
Where die in love her wandering gales.

Her tears come down in crystal showers,
Her kisses meet my lips in flowers.

What violets, with meek blue eyes!
They won their azure from the skies.

Here buttercups, like drops of gold,
Sprinkle the banks of fountains old.

The red-breast from his yellow beak,
Trills out the joy he cannot speak.

The oriole that floats along,
Seems like a mornbeam turned to song.

And here the gentle blue-birds fly,
Like wandering fragments of the sky.

To-day they sing a song of thanks,
To music written on these banks.

What clouds are moving in the stream?
Such are the phantoms of life's dream!

The water-flies skate o'er the tide,
And play like children when they slide.

I fell in love with Nature when
I met her in the balmy glen.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A SHIFTLESS WOMAN.

BY ONE OF THE SISTERHOOD.

READER, I consider myself the most unfortunate of mortals, for no less a reason than that I have been pushed into that fraternity of women that embraces within its fold so many of my sex. For a long time, the chances were about even, whether I should come out a strong minded woman, with the cloven foot and brazen tongue, or a shiftless one.

Of these two evils, I chose the least; and making a desperate plunge, broke crockery in the kitchen, and raised a cloud of dust in the parlor, spoiled a web of the finest cotton in a vain attempt to make myself useful, ruined the best dress I ever possessed by a foolish desire to cut it myself, and finely succeeded in defining my position to the entire satisfaction of all my neighbors, and thus became installed as a life-member of the great sisterhood of "shiftless women."

I confidently affirm that my present position is the result of an ingenious device to escape a greater evil. I consider myself unjustly thrust out of my natural sphere. I was designed for a practical, every-day sort of woman, and had I not had all my energies crippled in my girlhood, by the constant assault upon my feeble attempts towards practicality, I should without doubt have fulfilled nature's design.

As it is, I never have been able to make my husband's shirts fit about the neck; but then I should like to see the woman who could. There has been more conjugal happiness wrecked on those abominable shirt bosoms, than by the wine-cup. All the married women of my acquaintance relate the same experience. The first family quarrel inevitably takes place on an unsuccessful attempt to make the plaited linen, starched to the consistency of a plank, pliable enough to embrace in graceful folds the neck and shoulders. It is a thing that cannot be done, by either strong-minded or shiftless woman; and it is a pity that husbands are so visionary as to believe such results possible.

I remember, as if it were but yesterday, the delicious dream into which I was plunged by the first dawning of love in my soul. How like the rosy morning in June seemed the cloudiest day. No shadow in the heavens was dark enough to keep my lover from my side.

It was during the preparations for my marriage, that I first awoke to the terrible reality that I was noted for certain peculiarities. Some said I was odd; others, that I was proud; while some, noting my fondness for books, opened their eyes in horror, declaring if I was not snatched from the frightful chasm, I should inevitably become a "literary woman." But my maiden aunts (I am wonderfully blessed in that direction) took it upon themselves to put me in the right place. I was nothing more nor less than a "shiftless woman." I had been a shiftless girl; had never knit my own stockings, nor made a pound of butter, and the man who married me would repent the day. The neighbors felt it their duty to warn James of his danger.

"You are not going to marry that shiftless girl; you are crazy to think of it! Who will make your shirts and cook your dinners?"

James did not seem to care then so much about his shirts and dinners as he has since, and he only laughed at other people's fears. "There were plenty of women who could make shirts," he said, "and cooks enough to get the dinners;" and he actually told me, and I was simpleton enough to believe it, that "he was perfectly and altogether satisfied with me just as I was. I was the most perfect creature he had ever known; I need not give up one favorite pursuit, nor give a thought to the art of bread-making or starching."

What girl of eighteen would fail to be comforted by such assurances from such a source? It was a most agreeable kind of consolation, for there never was a poor child so beset by grandmothers and aunts as I was. It was, "Child, don't be *so* shiftless!" "Child, let me teach you this," "Child, why *will* you be *so* shiftless?" from morning till night; but when evening came, James came, too, and then my troubles all disappeared.

I married, and believed myself standing on the highest pinnacle of happiness. I had only to stretch forth my hand, and grasp heaven and all its joys; the dust and confusion of the world lay at my feet, and I looked down upon it with a serene contempt. In my own pleasant home I reigned queen of all my possessions, and all hearts. I gave orders in the most royal and dignified manner to my servant, and she, a good-natured German girl, implicitly obeyed all my requirements.

I took the greatest pleasure in escorting Aunts Tamar and Sophia over my house. They, with their eye-glasses, peeped into every corner, and opened all the doors, and were forced to say, that Mario, after all, *had* improved—she was really getting over her shiftlessness.

Thus things went on; the German girl cooked the dinners, and I took charge of the parlors, flitted about the garden, pulling fresh flowers for my vases, and watched over my home with a miser's diligence and pride.

O, blissful days! Those quiet, serene days, before the shirt-making came on; before the German cook got married; before my husband found out I was not the most perfect, the most angelic being ever made; before he had learned not to be quite satisfied with my attainments.

It was a terrible day to me when James first brought home that ominous roll of cotton and linen. He laid it down with the appearance of a man who placed implicit confidence in the capabilities of his wife. I received it with the air of a seamstress who had supported a widowed mother with ten children by the work of her own hand. I worked on those shirts days and weeks; I gave all my energy to the task. I thought of nothing, dreamed of nothing but the work that weighed so heavily upon my spirits. But the day arrived when the shirts were finished. With a proud heart, I first displayed them to Aunt Tamar. She went over them with her eye-glass, and found no flaw in them; the stitching was nicely done, and they looked as though they would fit to a charm. James praised them, too, and I was the happiest of women. I proudly laid them aside in the drawer, where it would have been well for me, and my happiness, had they forever lain; but this could not be.

On an eventful occasion, James called for his new shirts. I presented them, then flew to my room, shut myself up, and stopped my ears that I might not hear any fault that might be found with my darling work. Curiosity, however, conquered, and I just opened the door to listen, when sure enough, there was James calling lustily for help.

"Marie, Marie, what upon earth have you done to these shirts? There is no form nor fit to the bosoms!"

I was in despair, and felt more like precipitating myself from the chamber window than appearing before my husband. But I put on a brisk manner, and hastened to the rescue, feeling like a guilty wretch going to the gallows. James's face did not look as pleasant as on our bridal day.

"What *is* the trouble with this shirt, Marie?"

I looked, and O, woful sight!—the bosom bulged out in one place, strained in another, and seemed to be without form or fit, as James had really said.

"I am sure I cannot tell what is the matter with the bosom," I answered, in a perplexity of mind better conceived than described.

James now put on a very wise look, and said *he* could solve the mystery; the bosom needed sloping in front.

"Ah well, that could be very easily remedied; glad, indeed, to get off with so little trouble. An old shirt was brought forward, and I shut myself up to alter the new ones. A long, hard day's work I had of it, and I stitched away with a heavy leaden feeling about my heart. I felt, even then, a presentiment of coming danger.

"Be sure and slope the bosoms enough," were James's last words to me as he left the house. I was resolved not to fail this time. I sloped and sloped, cut and cut, being in a most nervous frame of mind all the while, hardly knowing what I did, or how I did it. At length the work was completed, and laid aside for the second time.

When James made the next call for his shirts, I found the house quite too confined and close for free breathing, and after delivering the garments, went into the garden to pull a bouquet. But there was no safety for me even there; I was soon recalled. Turning my eyes in the direction of the voice, I saw my poor James at the window, making a vain attempt to scream, with a voice that indicated some trouble about the throat. I hastened to the toilet-room, and found my husband in a half-strangled state, blue black in the face, and actually gurgling out small oaths. I had sloped the bosom so much that it pitched his head forward, and the linen being extra stiff, sat about his neck like a noose, holding my poor hero in a bondage that was by no means agreeable or desirable.

"What new instrument of torture is this, Marie?" gasped James, with as audible a voice as he could command. "If you wish to rid me of life, there are easier and more efficient modes of executing your wish."

O, horror! I felt the death-blow struck at our conjugal happiness. I said nothing; there seemed to be nothing left for me to say, but James went on—

"I now understand, Marie, what your mother meant when she took me aside before our marriage, and told me you were a shiftless girl, and she feared would make a shiftless woman. I fully agree with her, and confidently believe you to be the most shiftless of all shiftless women."

What a speech for a man to make to his bride, whom six months before he had called an "angel," a "divine creature," a "perfect, adorable being." James knew then, as well as now, that "angels" and "divine creatures" never made shirts; then, why expect me to do it? Why not be content with my divinity, and not quarrel with me for my human qualities.

Thus the corner stone was loosened on which our marriage altar had rested, and from out the depths of this experience, I warn all young married women to beware of the first shirt-making. Better pay half your fortune to the seamstress, than risk your happiness, and find it wrecked ere the honeymoon is over. But the better way of all, is to learn to make the shirts first and before accomplishments. In fine, I am not sure that the love of the best husband in the world can be safely counted on for more than six months, without this requirement. It probably will hold out till the first grand shirt-making, and then, dear sisters, your stilted hopes of Eden bliss lie in your own hands. If the fingers of that delicate jewelled hand be dexterous and skilful, the triumph is yours. Constancy becomes a fixed habit, and only ends with laying aside the lost garment to put on spiritual robes not made with hands.

Let me now pass on and over ten years that followed this experience of my life, and give one instance of the annoyance that haunts me from this perverse shiftlessness that promises to be the last friend to leave me.

Company in the house, and the servant up stairs groaning with incipient dysentery. Straight I go into the kitchen, although out of doors men, women and children are dropping in the street, sun-struck or fainting from excessive heat. The sago must be stirred for a half hour; the range is of a fiery hue, and the water from the kettle sputters over on to the heated surface, then flies in small bubbles of hot lava into my face and over my brow and neck. I sit down to stir. My position is intolerable. I look about to find something to take off the blunt of the evil. I see "Christie Johnstone" laying on the secretary. Five days has it been in the house, and with heroic politeness I have permitted cousins Tom and Bill to read it, to go over it at their leisure, to talk about it in my presence, to discuss it, until it is spoilt for me, and now the book lies before me. I can read a dozen pages while I stir the sago as well as to sit idle. With a book in one hand and a spoon in the other, I forget the discomfort of my situation. I no longer feel the heat of the furnace. I begin to think it not so dreadful a thing after all to be a cook. I feel like taking some credit to myself for my ingenious invention. The sago can be stirred, and the mind cultivated at the same time. The practical and the beautiful *can* be united in a grand, victorious marriage union, and *I* have made the discovery.

"Marie, cousin Marie!" screamed Tom and Bell, rushing into the kitchen, "what upon earth is going on? The house is full of smoke, and the odor of burning milk."

"Ho! ho!" cried Tom; "reading Christie Johnstone and cooking the dinner. Truly a shiftless woman—aunt Tamar was right. Do Marie, save the peas; the water's all boiled away, by George! and every pea clinging for dear life to the kettle. No dinner to-day, Bell."

And so, reader, my dinner was wrecked, as my happiness had been before. I see there is no escape for me. A shiftless woman I surely am, always have been, and probably always shall be. I cordially embrace the whole sisterhood; I am with you in heart, in purpose, in—shiftlessness. Let us be worthy of our illustrious calling.

NOTICES OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

PANAMA IN 1855. By ROBERT TOMES. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1855. 18mo. pp. 246.

An exceedingly clever account of the Panama Railroad, the cities of Panama and Aspinwall, with a description and history of the isthmus. While it will serve as a guide-book, it is pleasant reading to those who never purpose to visit these localities. The book is beautifully printed and liberally illustrated. For sale by Redding & Co.

THEORY OF NUTRITION. By LAROY SUNDERLAND. Boston: Bela Marsh.

A philosophic treatise on the art of healing without the use of medicine is quite a desideratum. Mr. Sunderland's reputation will give this clever essay currency.

A VOICE FROM AMERICA. New York: Edward Walker. 1855. 12mo. pp. 404.

A book purporting to be written by a number of gentlemen, and embracing, says the publisher, "a vast range of valuable facts and historical illustrations pertaining to the rights and immunities of citizens under a republican government." The dangers to be apprehended from "foreign political faith, as well as foreign manners and customs,' are insisted on, and nationality strongly inculcated. We have not sufficiently studied the book to speak confidently of its merits, but it will commend itself to those readers who make general politics a study. For sale by Parker, King & Co., Boston.

THE STANDARD SECOND READER. By EPES SARGENT. Boston: Phillips, Sampson & Co. 1855. 18mo.

Mr. Sargent has shown extraordinary ability in the preparation of his popular "Speakers" and "Readers." The present book is for young pupils; it has an admirable introduction, containing exercises in articulation, with other valuable matter, and the body of the work is filled with interesting sketches in prose and poetry, mostly original, and rendered attractive by the introduction of beautiful illustrations from the pencils of Billings and other eminent artists.

JAPAN AS IT WAS AND IS. By RICHARD HILDRETH. Boston: Phillips, Sampson & Co. 1855. 12mo. pp. 576.

A most opportune work, executed with the accuracy which might have been expected from the author of "History of the United States." It contains all that the public generally find time to read respecting the singular country of which it treats. It is ample, well arranged and perfectly reliable, and will become, without doubt, a standard saleable work. It is put forth in a style which reflects the highest credit on the publishers.

THE POETRY AND MYSTERY OF DREAMS. By CHARLES G. LELAND. Philadelphia: E. H. Butler & Co. 1855. 12mo. pp. 275.

This book is the result of quite an original idea. The compiler has selected a number of the popular interpretations assigned to particular dreams, and illustrates them by quotations from the poets. Many quaint and many beautiful snatches of song are thus gathered, and woven together by the cobweb threads of old-time superstition. To us the volume is a very attractive one. For sale by W. J. Reynolds & Co., 24 Cornhill.

CLOUDS AND SUNSHINE, AND ART. A Dramatic Tale. By CHARLES READE, author of "Peg Woffington" and "Christie Johnstone." Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1855.

No one can commence reading these fascinating stories, without finishing them at a sitting, totally unconscious of the flight of time. The preceding works of this brilliant author gave him a popularity which very few novelists have obtained, and the present is worthy of his reputation. The book is got up with the usual good taste of the publishers.

NEW MUSIC.—Among the recent publications of Oliver Ditson, are "Early Flowers," "My Cat beside the Sea," songs; "Stormy Life," by Adolphe Henselt, a composition for the piano, and the "Coronation March," from Meyerbeer's Prophete.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE CHURCH OF THE GOOD ANGELS.

The mellow chime of Sabbath bells
  Comes floating on the morning air,
And young and old, with reverend tread,
  Are wending to the house of prayer.
As by resistless fate impelled,
  I join the restless, moving throng,
And, unconscious, to the Church
  Of Good Angels am borne along.

And now the last faint, lingering note
  Of yonder chime dies on the air,
And every knee to God is bent
  In humble, reverential prayer.
And now the organ's solemn tones
  Sweep swelling through the vaulted aisles,
And blending voices sweetly tell
  Of heaven's joys, of Satan's wiles.

Why mounts the hot blood to my cheek?
  Why leaps my heart with quickened throe,
As on my ear the mellow tones
  Of *one* sweet voice melodious flow?
I know not why forgotten all
  Is reverend praise and holy prayer,
Unless affection whispers true
  Thine own good angel's voice is there.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE FILLIBUSTERO.

BY FREDERICK STANHOPE.

Four idle months had I lain at anchor in the bay of Manilla, in my sweet little brig, the Fauchette, and this long vacation, though sufficiently pleasant, made fearful inroads into our year's profits. My brig was of that class yclept Baltimore clippers, nad a model of her kind. Of some two hundred and fifty tons register, yet so perfectly lined, that to an unpractised observer she would not seem half that size. Her masts, raking far over the taffrail, tapered away to mere whip-sticks; yet her yards were long and heavy, and her topsails and courses contained as much canvass as many vessels of double her size. Sitting low in the water, her long black hull seemed like some water snake; and generally gained her a wide berth from merchant ships. Intended for the opium trade, she carried six nine pounders, and a long eighteen amidships, that would have settled any little dispute with a mandarin junk in a summary manner; about the fore and mainmasts racks containing cutlasses and boarding-pikes were placed, and a row of muskets were the ornaments of my cabin transom.

As I mused, stretched at length on the taffrail, I perceived a boat nearing us, coming from the Cavite shore; a few moments brought her alongside, and the *banquero* after inquiring for *el capitan*, came aft, bearing a note. "*Para vuested, senor.*" (For you, sir.)

I opened it; thus it ran:

"If el senor capitan would like to engage himself and brig in a voyage of some little adventure, and cares not for the risk, providing it be profitable, he can follow the bearer."

This was just the idea; filthy lucre, though very desirable and pleasant, forsooth, was not all I cared for, and here was adventure too; but stay; follow the bearer, hum! well, a pretty looking cutthroat said bearer is, certainly.

"Who is your master?"

"Don Roderigo Galvez, senor."

"Where do you propose carrying me to meet Don Roderigo?"

"To Cavite, senor."

Curse your senors, thought I; your lesson is evidently well learned. "Mr. Seymore (my first officer), have the second cutter manned, and let the second mate take charge; she will follow me on shore, having this fellow's banca in sight; when we land, Mr. James will keep within hail, wherever I may go; and hark you, sir, a pistol or two in the boat, if you choose."

Some fifteen minutes placed us at the side of one of the little piers, and as I jumped on shore, I saw my own cutter just rounding the point. We plunged into the town, and after threading many of the narrowest lanes I ever came across, turned into a courtyard, and were at the door of a large, gloomy looking mansion, evidently of great age, which, with the native, I entered.

In a large room, as naked as all old Spanish rooms are, at a table covered with papers, sat a man, who rose as we entered. Lights coming in, I found him to be a person of some fifty years, tall and stout, with a certain bearing that stamped him a soldier.

"*Bueno tarde*; you are prompt, senor; 'tis a trait of you Americans I much admire; would my own unhappy people possessed it in a greater degree; but be seated, sir; chocolate, Jumn, and cigarettos. To business, capitan. I have noticed your brig, the Fauchette, with much interest; she can sail; am I right?"

I assented, adding that few if any in these waters could pass her.

He smiled. "You are enthusiastic; well, you are right to be proud of your home, your wife; for I doubt not she is all these to you. I am about to place, captain, in your hands a secret that endangers my liberty, my life; what security have I for your faith?"

"I had to place myself also in your power, sir; my security was in myself, and this friend,"—touching my pistol; "now all I can offer is the word of a Yankee tar, and I believe an honest one."

During my speech he had watched me narrowly. He held out his hand. "I take your word, sir; I am Don Manuel Cavalla, a general in the armies of Mexico, a senator from the State of Zacetacas, a friend of constitutional liberty, and a deadly foe to the dictator Santa Anna; some trivial reason was seized as a pretext to confiscate my estates, declare me a traitor with a price on my head, and immure my only daughter in a convent; while I, flying for my life, embarked in a vessel from Mazatlan a ruined man. I have passed six dreary months in utter seclusion, unknown in this retreat, Juan, my servant, my only friend; were I known, Santa Anna's spies even here would doubtless compass my life. I have just heard of a *pronunciamento* in my native State; friends have sent me letters, urging me to return and join them in driving out the tyrant; ample funds are at my command; but arms, the great necessary, are much wanted. The seaports are closely guarded, and none can be entered, if known; now to your ingenuity, or rather the proverbial talent of your countrymen for *finesse*, I leave this point, premising that you are to set your own terms. "What say you, captain, do you accept?"

"I do, sir general, with the understanding that I have entire control of the whole affair; that after the arms are once landed safely beyond the *port* officers, I am exempt; and that you insure my vessel to the full amount of her value till at sea again; my terms I shall take time to consider, and the money must be deposited before we leave Manilla with an American house here; this is for business; now if you can lay me alongside of a Mexican cruiser, with an open sea and none to tell tales, I'll give your wooden-legged friend one less to attend to, for sheer friendship for yourself."

"Bravo, *Don Terrifico!* I shall have you enlisted in my cause, yet; but hold, no more business; I will now take one little moment's relief—the first for months—and to-morrow the preliminaries shall be drawn out. Now, senor, for our chocolate."

I followed him, and entering the next room, found an elegant repast, on a service of gold, every appointment showing perfect taste and great wealth. Midnight found me returning in my own cutter, as elated as a man on being accepted by his adored one.

During the week, everything was arranged to my perfect satisfaction; the sum I demanded as charter money was deposited with my bankers, subject to my draft after the accomplishment of the voyage; and a mock contract was entered into for a trading voyage on the coast of Mexico, for the purpose of warding off suspicion from the authorities. Soon the cargo began to come on board, consisting as per manifest, of silks, shawls and hardware; and pretty hard some two hundred packages were, in faith! The usual custom-house official was on board, but strange to say did not seem to pay much attention to my cargo; I have an idea he received *weighty reasons* for his blindness. In ten days we were ready for sea; I had shipped ten more men, so that my crew now numbered twenty-six seamen, and I was ready for what might turn up; I also received my worthy friend, the general, rating him as supercargo, with his servant as second steward. Bidding a joyful farewell to my friend, the consul, I saluted the castle with thirteen guns, and getting under weigh, run out by the Altoma with colors flying, exciting no little comment among the worthy Hidalgos.

During our run over, I had arranged my plans, and from my acquaintance with the manners and character of the Mexicans, had little fear of my success. Don Manuel passed much of his time in meditation, and as we neared the coast his nervous agitation became intense.

"If I can but land my arms, and only pass them by the port, I am safe," said he; "my friends will rally around me, and my poor Mexico may yet be liberated from the *cojo*."

"But, Don Manuel, I fear you will have to sacrifice that moustache; as you are, recognition is to be feared, and then good-by to all your hopes. Come, sir, let me act as barber." This was a point I had long urged.

"Since you think it necessary, I consent."

I soon shaved the old fellow, and the change was incredible; none but a very close observer would have recognized him.

The thirty-first day from Manilla we ran in by the Creston, and came to anchor at the Puerto Viejo of Mazatlan. The captain of the port, jef de politico, and commandante, and all the numerous officials, came on board at once, and did ample justice to my lunch, not omitting the *vino pura*. Juan was despatched at once into the interior, to acquaint his friends of our arrival, and we commenced our trade. Taking a house on shore, I removed into it, fitting up one part as a wareroom, and, not feeling any special interest in the business, applied myself to gaining information as to the *lay of the land*, and making myself agreeable to the magnates. I found the commandante, and the captain of the port, were the rival masters, and divided the authority, being necessarily extremely jealous of each other. Don Pablo (the captain) possessed a fortune, and a charming niece—ah, Theresita, you were lovely then! My business, I found, called me much to her uncle's, and we soon became sworn *compadres*, but not lovers—O no. I learned from Theresa that the old gentleman, who to me always seemed a most amiable old scoundrel, was in fact the very reverse, and that her lot was a pitiable one; in fact, with one she loved, she *might* be willing to leave her home.

Time passed; what with *bailes*, and *feastas*, and all sorts of amusements, I must say, remarkably rapidly, and I found myself making rapid steps in love's young dream, and yet gaining much with the old fellow through the medium of numerous presents. At last Juan returned; all was prepared; on a certain day, one hundred mules were to be in town, their drivers picked men, and devoted to the general; if I could arrange to land the arms, *they* would take charge of them to the mountains, where they would be beyond the reach of Santa Anna or his myrmidons.

I appointed a day for a grand dinner on board; with the aid of Theresa, of whom I had made a confidant, a letter in capital Spanish, and most mysteriously worded, was conveyed to the commandante, stating that *el capitan Americain* had leagued with the captain of the port to smuggle certain goods on shore at the Puenta Arenas, and that it was to be cloaked by a dinner on board. The bait took, he refused my invitation, pleading an engagement.

On the appointed day Don Pablo, with Theresa, the jef de politico and others, were taken on board in my cutter with m[illegible] ceremony. We were ready for sea, and had been for some tim[illegible] Giving my second officer his instructions, he started in the longboat, pulling stealthily out towards Puenta Arenas; at the same time I observed a body of horsemen taking the Garita road. It was the commandante and his force! *They were disposed of.* I had now the whole day before me. A few glasses of wine put Don Pablo in right trim;—now for action.

"Don Pablo, my water is nearly out, and my men are all employed; could you spare your custom boat and crew for the day?"

"Certainly, Don Federico; here is a line to the master; she is at your service." The note ran thus: "To the master of the customs' boat. You are at the orders of the captain of the Fauchette for this day." It was beyond my hopes.

"Now Seymore, *my* charge is the don; see you to the *hardware*; speed, man, is everything; this note gives you every assistance from shore, and with it and the presence of the *magnificos* nothing will be suspected."

If I could only land the guns, get them outside the town, and my vessel under weigh, I was safe; my contract would be fulfilled, and my own little affair, I felt confident, I could manage. My dinner was a success; my cook had outdone himself. Course followed course, and each I spun out to the greatest length; each noise on deck was to me a pang, and every moment seemed an age.

"De veras, capitain mio, your artiste is a jewel, but those noisy sailors of yours destroy the pleasure which would otherwise be unalloyed; let me step on deck; I hear the voices of my men, the scoundrels, I'll put them in the stocks this very night!"

"Not for worlds, most worthy Don Pablo; this *ragout a'l finesse* has just come on; it must be taken on the moment, or its virtues depart." I knew the glutton could not resist it.

Time passed, and also the bottle, and as I squeezed my Theresa's little hand beneath the table, I saw both the old buffers drop off into a drunken sleep. Turning the key in the cabin-door, I hastened on deck. The last load had just landed, and already were the mules in motion on their journey. Cavalla was on deck; he grasped my hand.

"Farewell, captain; you have nobly redeemed your promise; but how shall you escape from the harbor?"

"Fear not for me, senor; I shall be all right; and now, sir, hasten; you have no time; and may you succeed far beyond your hopes."

The old man shed tears as we parted, and throwing about my neck a superb chain with a cross of brilliants attached, he said, "for la Senora Theresa," and sprang into the boat. I watched him land; and as he passed out of sight, my topsails were loosed, the anchor hove short, and the recall gun fired for my absent boat. Now for my friends below!

"What gun was that, captain?" said Don Pablo, as I met him.

"O, merely a signal for my boat. Come, what say you, gentlemen, to a trial of my little Fauchette; the land breeze has set in, and I can give you a run outside the Creston, and be at our moorings again by dark."

"*Bueno!* We are ready; we will see your speed, senor."

"But first, Don Pablo, despatch your boat to the fort with due notice, else might we be suspected of running away, hey!"

No sooner proposed than effected. We were soon a-weigh, and half down the harbor, when a cloud of dust on the old road, and the commandante was visible, spurring towards the fort at the entrance. Now for it, thought I.

"All hands clear for action! Make all sail, Mr. Seymore; and keep her a good wrap full, quartermaster; do you hear?"

"Ay, ay, sir; there is a gun-boat clearing away from the lower fort!"

"Gad, so there is. Now, gentlemen"—to the Spaniards, who during this colloquy had been looking on in stupid wonder—"your precious lives hang on that fort; one shot in the hull of my craft, and you will make jewel-blocks on those yard-arms!'

My words, though not exactly understood, seemed to make an unpleasant impression, and between fear and bewilderment they seemed ready to faint.

"Heave to, or we will fire into you!" shouted a voice in Spanish from the walls. My answer was to point to my prisoners by my side. But, unfortunately, the commandante had reached the fort, and thinking it some ruse of his enemy, Don Pablo, he gave the orders, and bang—whiz, came a shot right between our masts; down dropped the Mexicans as though shot.

"Steady your helm; a small pull of the lee braces. Lee bow there, where is that gun-boat now?"

"Nearly ahead, sir, on the other tack."

"If I can't fire at a fort that is above me, I'll get square on that infernal boat," I muttered. Bang—crash, and away went my fore top-gallant mast. By this time we had got beyond the easy range of the excited gunners, and clearing away the wreck, I prepared for my share of the game. We rapidly neared each other, but were yet out of the range of her brass guns, while my long eighteen was just in play.

"All ready there with the gun?"

"All ready, sir."

"Then blaze away, and, Mr. Seymore, take the sticks out of her if you can."

The first shot fell astern; but the next plumped her, and in ten minutes she was a mere hulk. Then heaving to, I out dingy, and putting the Mexicans on board, ordered Don Pablo to join them.

"Si, senor; but my Theresa?"

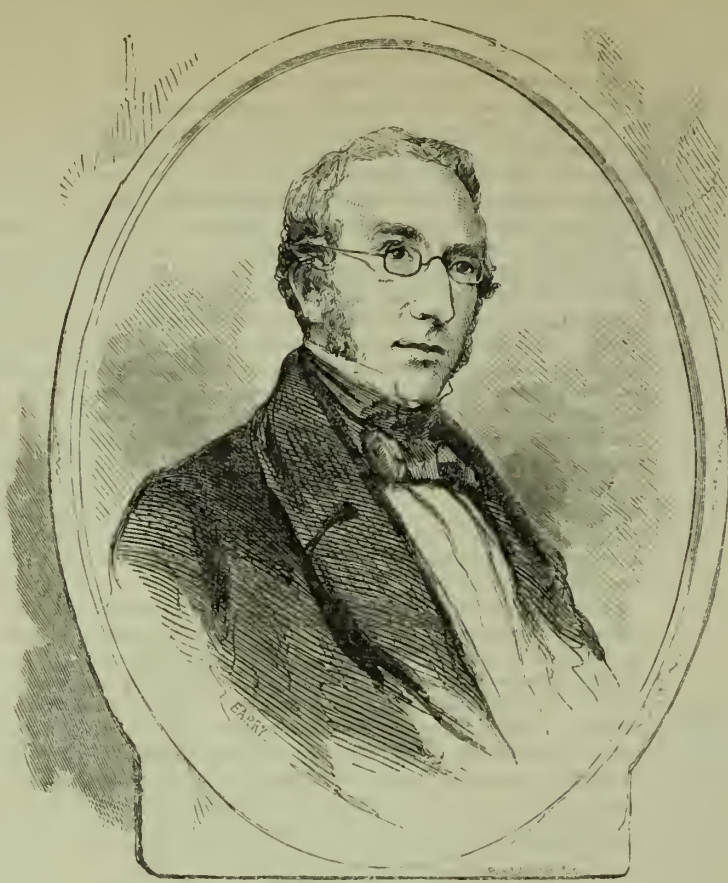
"Is no longer yours, but mine. Come, sir, no words but adios and *memorias*." * * * * * *

A pretty romance, says the reader, for these modern days; and faith it seems now to me, as I sit here in my quiet study, and look out on the Hudson, that I have but dreamed this tale.

HON. ROBERT CHARLES WINTHROP.

[FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY MASURY & SILSBEE.]

We take pleasure in placing before our readers a portrait of our distinguished fellow-citizen, the Hon. Robert Charles Winthrop, drawn for us by Barry, after an admirable photograph by Masury & Silsbee. Mr. Winthrop was born in this city, May 12, 1809, and was a son of Hon. Thomas Lindall Winthrop, who married Elizabeth, daughter of Sir John Temple and a grand daughter of Governor James Bowdoin. His ancestor, Governor John Winthrop, was the first chief magistrate of the Commonwealth, it will be remembered, elected by the General Court of Massachusetts. Young Winthrop received his preliminary education at the Boston Latin School, from which he graduated with credit, and then entered Harvard College. At the latter institution he was distinguished for scholarship and talent, and on graduating, delivered an English oration which is well remembered for the fair promise fulfilled by the subsequent career of the youthful speaker. Having selected the law for his profession, he was fortunate in having Daniel Webster for an instructor and adviser, and was admitted to the Suffolk bar in 1831. Like most of the active young men of his time, he had his period of military ardor, commanded that fine corps, the Boston Light Infantry, was a commissioned officer of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company, and wore his colonel's epaulettes as aid-de-camp in the staff of Governors Davis, Armstrong and Everett. In 1834 he was elected to the Massachusetts House of Representatives by the conservative interest of his native city, and was annually re-elected to the same body until 1841, when he succeeded the Hon. Abbott Lawrence as representative to Congress. From 1838 to 1841 he filled the office of speaker of the Massachusetts legislature, displaying the same ability, self-possession, readiness and courtesy which afterward commanded the respect and admiration of his colleagues at Washington. To the latter place, his reputation as a well-read as well as practical, clear-sighted and highly honorable man, had preceded him. He went through the trying ordeal of a maiden speech in that House where a man's capacity is immediately and mercilessly gauged, with credit, and, surrounded by men of experience and eminence, soon made his mark as a ready and powerful debater. He remained in the House until 1850, with the exception of the year 1842, at the beginning of which he resigned, the vacancy thus created being filled by the Hon. Nathan Appleton. He occupied the post of speaker of the House during 1848 and 1849. Every one who has visited Congress, or has followed the Congressional reports, can form a tolerably accurate conception of the difficulties and trials of this position. It requires a perfect familiarity with parliamentary usage, decision, readiness, nerve and moderation. Mr. Winthrop displayed these qualities, and was fully equal to the task imposed on him, as even his opponents have ever been ready to testify. In July, 1850, the governor of Massachusetts appointed him to succeed Daniel Webster in the United States Senate, on the latter's nomination as Secretary of State. In 1851 he was the whig candidate for governor, and received about 65,000 votes—20,000 more than were cast for any other candidate; but a combination of the minority parties in the legislature defeated his election as governor, as it had done his election as senator the year before. Mr. Winthrop declined another nomination. In 1852 he was president of the electoral college of Massachusetts. As politics are a forbidden topic in this paper, we cannot analyze the political career of the subject of this sketch; neither can we withhold our tribute of respect from his general conduct as a public man. It is undeniable that he never stooped to those low arts of intrigue by which some men crawl to place and power, and it must also be added that while a warm and consistent party man, he never, in times of the most fervid excitement, forgot that he owed a higher duty to his country. Thus, while his government was engaged in a war with a foreign country, he hesitated not to vote for supplies to our army, although an opponent of the administration during which that war occurred. The key to Mr. Winthrop's public career may be found in a declaration contained in one of his orations. "I know no policy as a statesman, which I may not pursue as a Christian. I can advocate no system, before men, which I may not justify to my own conscience, or which I shrink from holding up, in humble trust, before my God." Mr. George T. Curtis says of Mr. Winthrop: "Mr. Winthrop has been, from his earliest youth, an object of public regard, as a person of high qualifications for the public service. In his talents, his cultivation, his correctness of principle, his uniform adherence to a true public policy, and his capacity to judge rightly and speak eloquently upon public affairs, he has been all his life a representative of the people among whom he was born—of their institutions and of the spirit of their whole condition. To these characteristics there have been added, in his case, the associations which gather about a name interwoven forever with our history and our glory." Since his retirement from public office, Mr. Winthrop has been largely connected with our literary and benevolent associations, and is now president of the Massachusetts Historical Society, president of the Boston Provident Association and president of the Commissioners for erecting the new Public Library. His address before the Massachusetts Charitable Association, delivered November 29, 1853, gave the first impulse to the movement for procuring the statue of Franklin, which will soon adorn our city. The lecture referred to and his numerous addresses before various societies, are all characterized by original ideas, by ripe scholarship, by a symmetrical arrangement and forcible application of facts, and by a purity of style which might be expected from one whose extemporaneous speaking is remarkable for accuracy of expression. We regret that our space is not ample enough to permit us to make extracts from some of these finished productions. But it must be remembered that Mr. Winthrop does not aim at making brilliant points. The several parts of his discourse, like the colors in a fine painting, depend for their value on their juxtaposition. This effect is the result of a nice balance of the intellectual faculties, evenly trained and disciplined by rigid culture. As a speaker, Mr. Winthrop is somewhat deliberate, but his elocution is graceful and winning. None of our eminent men command better or more attentive audiences. A collection of his speeches and addresses was published in 1852, since which time, however, he has delivered several others to literary, scientific and agricultural societies, all of them worthy of his reputation. A large number of our fellow citizens had an opportunity of listening to him on the 17th of last month, when he delivered a very appropriate address on the laying of the corner stone of the new public library in Boylston Street. Mr. Winthrop has shown himself from the outset an ardent and practical friend of the library, and the post he occupies in connection with it could not have been more worthily bestowed. Thus, though withdrawn temporarily from political life, it will be seen that he is not disposed to adopt the policy of a "masterly inactivity," but rather to place his talents and time at the service of his fellow-citizens, nor is there one among us better fitted to conduct philanthropic enterprises with credit and success. Mr. Winthrop is still in the vigor of manhood, and may look forward to a long career of usefulness. During a tour of Europe, which he was so well fitted to enjoy and profit by, Mr. Winthrop met with a reception from the best circles of England and the continent, which showed that his character as a scholar, a statesman and a gentleman was as justly appreciated abroad as it is at home, where he is properly regarded as one of our leading representative men.



HON. ROBERT C. WINTHROP.

AGRICULTURAL FAIR AT MANCHESTER, NEW HAMPSHIRE.

[For description, see page 237.]

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL.

THE CHEAPEST WEEKLY PAPER IN THE WORLD.

MATURIN M. BALLOU, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.
FRANCIS A. DURIVAGE, ASSISTANT EDITOR.

OCTOBER.

The English poets style this month "brown October," and talk of it as in "sober russet clad;" but the description is not applicable to our hemisphere. Our October wears a "coat of many colors," outvieing in its splendors that which costs Prince Esterhazy ten thousand dollars every time he wears it. For a brief period the aspect of nature during this month is brilliant beyond description. It is no kind of use to try and paint it; it is far beyond the reach of art. Carmine, vermilion, gold and silver, even gems encrusted upon canvass would fail to convey an adequate idea of the glories of our autumn woods, when the noonday sun streams into their openings, filling them with mellow light, and the pools and streams reflect the fairy scene. Then the foliage of the sugar-maple seems a pile of leaves of beaten gold; the light tresses of the aspen shine like the waving locks of a fair bride, while the swamp-maple glows and burns like a pyrotechnist's tree. Royal purples, emerald greens, flaming scarlets and scales of gold are blended cunningly together. No artist but Nature herself can set such a pallette. We never saw autumn scenery truthfully depicted, though we have seen many attempts. They are too pallid for the original; too gaudy for art. We must gaze on the transitory splendors of this season with loving eyes, and frame them in the picture gallery of memory, to be re-produced before our mental vision, when they shall have passed away in the reality, and shall have been followed by the dreary nakedness and cold, sombre hues of winter.

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL.—Since we commenced the publication of the "Spur," we have been constantly in the receipt of this splendid mammoth Pictorial, and we are at a loss to know how the publisher of it is able to present such a number of splendid engravings, and such an amount of choice reading matter, for three dollars a year. That excellent Temperance Tale, "The Unmeant Rebuke," which we published in our second number, was from it. The *reading* matter is worth the price of the paper, and the *seeing* matter, twice as much more. We think that pictures, which are pictures, are exceedingly valuable, both for old and young. We know that many a historic incident and many an interesting fact have been forever riveted in our minds, by a view of the delineations of some artist, and that often a desire for information has been awakened by some illustrations of which we might have caught but a glance. Pictures, too, are suggestive of thought. The portrait suggests the study of character; the landscape, the beauties of the material world; of public buildings, architecture, and the reason and object of its construction; of cities, their history, commerce, etc. We believe that pictures may, and yet will be used as valuable aids in education. Ballou's Pictorial is the only paper of the sort in America, so far as we know—and from the numbers which we have seen of the London Pictorial, it is the best, and by far the cheapest in the world.—*Ripon Spur, Fond du Lac County, Wisconsin.*

PHOTOGRAPHS.—The best specimens of this art we have yet seen, *beyond comparison*, are on exhibition at Masury & Silsbee's rooms, 299 1-2 Washington St. These gentlemen have introduced a finish to their pictures which defies rivalry and delights the possessor. We most cheerfully recommend to our readers to call and examine for themselves.

BOSTON THEATRE.—The new pink walls are a decided improvement on the dark red of last season. How much science was wasted in proving that we ought to like them.

UNANSWERABLE.—The Post thinks the chemist must be a funny man because he has a *retort* for everything.

SPLINTERS.

.... George W. Heard, a Boston boy of 18, lately had the glory of standing on the highest point of Mont Blanc.

.... The Boston Veterans lately paid a visit to the City Guards of Manchester, N. H., and were hospitably entertained.

.... One or two horses have been poisoned lately out of revenge. Such deeds are cowardly and base in the extreme.

.... An insane woman who fancies herself a daughter of Louis Philippe, has been sent to the asylum in New York.

... To give tobacco to our State prisoners is an offence punishable by two years imprisonment and fine.

.... The man who would rob a neighbor's hen-roost, ought to be sentenced to keep Shanghais and eat the flesh thereof.

High-heeled slippers with large rosettes are now worn by the Philadelphia belles instead of gaiter boots.

.... There has been an immense falling off in the foreign immigration this year as compared to that of last.

... Ten ships of large tonnage are now building on the Merrimac. During the summer this business has been depressed.

.... The sugar crop of Louisiana this year is below the average—rather bad news for the lovers of sweetmeats.

... Bourcicault's new theatre at New Orleans is described as a perfect gem. The company embraces many pretty women.

.... Robbers have been stealing hens largely from the people of Needham, who need poultry as well as ham.

.... A wild hog, weighing 145 pounds, was lately hunted and shot in Woburn woods by Mr. Pierce.

.... A whale ship now lying at Nantucket has cleared for her owners in three voyages, $80,000.

.... The new Cunard steamship Persia, now fitting in the Clyde, is said to be the largest steamer afloat.

.... G. W. F. Mellen recommends a "free use of lemon juice, tamarind water, pickles and vinegar," against yellow fever.

.... Assassins are re-commencing their work in Havana. They want another Tacon there—the terror of evil doers.

.... The surest way to get a legacy, or get an office, or anything in this world, is not to seem to want it.

.... Cold weather has put an end to one monstrosity—ladies' straw flats as large as umbrellas.

FRANCE AND THE WAR.

Our readers will do us the justice to acknowledge that we have not, since the commencement of the war in the East, crowded our columns with details of the carnage, or indulged in any very lengthy speculations as to the probable issue of a conflict waged with more destructive means than were ever brought into play by hostile nations. We have preferred to select more agreeable and suitable topics for our pages, leaving the full chronicle to journals devoted to news. Still we have, from time to time, made such remarks, and given such pictorial illustrations of the progress of the war, as seemed called for by the magnitude of the events. It was impossible, even if desirable, utterly to lose sight of one of the greatest events of modern times. Hence we make no apology for another brief allusion to the subject.

More than a year has now elapsed since the allies landed in the Crimea. Tremendous conflicts have taken place, blood has been poured out like water on both sides, and treasure lavished with a prodigality which will mortgage, for a long time, the future of three great nations. At the time of writing this article, Sebastopol still stands, a monument of the persevering heroism of its Russian defenders—though it may have fallen while we are penning these lines, giving the allies one great point in the terrible game they are playing.

But what will be the issue of the war? To what end is the expenditure of blood and treasure on the part of the allies tending? This question must be answered by the ruling spirit of the war—and this ruling spirit is France, personified in its emperor. It is Louis Napoleon now, we can no longer deny it, firmly seated on the throne, the accepted sovereign of a vast majority of the French people, who, by his inflexible will and tenacity of purpose, holds his ally with a firm grasp to the prosecution of the war, and scouts every overture of peace which comes directly or indirectly from the great northern despot. He has obtained this controlling influence by the superiority of his military system, by the superior numbers and condition of his army. It is right that the sovereign who supplied the deficiencies and retrieved the errors of his ally should be allowed to sway the fortunes of the desperate game in which both are engaged.

Now Louis Napoleon, Sebastopol fallen or standing, is satisfied with what has been achieved. He says:

"A Russian army is not raised with facility; men can be had, but not soldiers. The Russian peasantry require from two to three years' exercise at drill before they are fit for the ranks. We have nearly extirpated the elite of their forces—those which the czar had taken many years to create. England and France, on the contrary, grow stronger as the struggle proceeds; our peasantry in a few weeks become staunch troops, and the fire of war, which burns slowly at first among our population, increases with reverse. It would be folly to inflict merely a wound upon Russia from which she would soon recover. Let us rather establish a running sore in her side, from which her strength will run out. Sebastopol is draining her system. The future will judge my tactics, but the people are too small to see around them."

Now, in our humble opinion, events have shown that Louis Napoleon has missed a figure in his calculations. If he has established a running sore in the side of Russia, has not the war also proved a drain to France and England? The losses have certainly not been all on one side. Neither are the Russian recruits as despicable foemen as the French emperor seems to consider them. Their new levies have shown themselves capable of defence, at least, if inferior in the open field. Is it more difficult for the czar, with unlimited control of nations of warriors, to raise armies than for France and England to do so? We have seen that England is driven to the most desperate resorts to obtain men, and can only get them at a ruinous cost. France, with her system of conscription, finds it an easier task; but the loss of the flower of her youth by pestilence and the sword, cannot fail to be a severer wound to her prosperity than the loss of five times as many men to the czar. We have said nothing of the drain of treasure to which the continuance of the war subjects the western powers.

In all sincerity we must say that we consider the future of the allied powers a dark one. It does appear to us that the chances are in favor of Russia. Were the issue between despotic Russia on the one hand, and the free West on the other, we should not despair of the result. Were Poland, Hungary and Italy free, the hosts of the czar might vainly menace their millions of "sacred bayonets." But the battle is not between czarism and republicanism; the invincible impulse of the spirit of liberty is the great element wanting to the hosts of the West. Lord Clarendon said of the Dutch in his time, "They can endure to be beat longer than we can endure to beat them." It seems to us that the czar is now in this position, and that the theory of Louis Napoleon is not calculated to yield the allies a real victory. To us it appears that they must in the end accept peace on dishonorable terms, or give liberty to Poland, Hungary and Italy. But it will be long, we fear, before they accept the last alternative.

A GREAT INVENTION.—Bonelli, an Italian engineer, has invented a railroad telegraph, by which a locomotive announces its own coming and position, while passengers can send messages ahead at any time. We are not informed of the process, but the results achieved are certainly astonishing.

NOVEL CELEBRATION.—The journeymen hatters of this city will celebrate the birthday of St. Clement on the 23d of next month, St. Clement being the gentleman who invented hats. The hatters are a very respectable body of men. They are as busy as beavers, and their productions are seen, admired and *felt*.

RISTORI.—It is said that this great actress will follow in the footsteps of Rachel, and visit this country. American applause and gold seem to be necessary to every foreign artist's triumph.

NEW HAMPSHIRE AGRICULTURAL FAIR.

Few public exhibitions are more attractive and popular, or more important in their relations and results, than our agricultural fairs. Our subscribers will thank us, therefore, for presenting them with the picture sketched on page 236, expressly for the Pictorial, by one of our best artists, representing a scene at the Sixth Annual Fair of the New Hampshire State Agricultural Society, held at Manchester last month. The picture represents the spacious grounds devoted to the exhibition, Yale's mammoth tent, the horses and the race track, and the vast crowd attracted by the show. The agricultural tent was filled with interesting implements and objects connected with the purpose of the fair. The mechanical skill of Manchester and Concord were well represented here. Another tent contained the miscellaneous products of the husbandman, the artist and the artizan. The exhibition of cattle was very fine. Though there was not so large a number of animals as at some previous fairs, their excellence was quite noticeable. Among the live curiosities in this line was a Durham cow, owned by Mr. William Shepherd, of Manchester, weighing 2600 pounds. The show of swine was good, and would have done credit to Porkopolis. There were few sheep on exhibition. The horses made a very fine show, many splendid and fast stallions as well as elegant mares, fillies and colts being on the ground. On the 13th ult., the officers and members of the society, accompanying the orator of the day—Hon. Charles B. Haddock, the Amoskeag Veterans, the Manchester City Guards, and several fire companies, formed an imposing procession, and marched to the fair, where the address was delivered. It was an eloquent and appropriate production, and gave universal satisfaction. A splendid exhibition of fireworks closed the fair in a brilliant manner.

ENGLISH SOVEREIGNS IN FRANCE.

Queen Victoria is the ninth sovereign of England who has visited France. The first was Henry II., Plantagenet, who owned Normandy, Anjou, Touraine, etc., and who died at Chinon in 1187. The second was Richard Cœur de Lion, who was killed by an arrow at the siege of the castle of Chalas in Limousin. The third was John Lackland, who had no appanage, and sought France to usurp one. The fourth was Henry III., son of the preceding monarch, who was beaten by Louis IX., canonized as Saint Louis, at Taillebourg and at Saintes in 1242. The fifth was Henry V., the victor of Azincourt; he rendered himself master of nearly the whole of France, and died, in the midst of his successes, at the castle of Vincennes, in 1422. The sixth was Henry VI., son of the preceding, crowned at Notre Dame, afterwards driven out of France, and afflicted with insanity. The seventh was Henry VIII., the English Bluebeard, whose story, with that of his six wives, has just been so graphically told by Henry William Herbert, in a recently published volume. The eighth was James II., who fled to France after the revolution which placed the Prince of Orange on the throne, and died at St. Germain in 1701. Queen Victoria completes the list. She made a flying visit to Louis Philippe at the Chateau d'Eu in 1845.

THE CROSS OF HONOR.—In the presence of the Queen of England, Louis Napoleon lately took the cross of the Legion of Honor from his own breast and fastened it on that of a voltigeur who had lost his leg before Sebastopol. The soldier deserved it; but by what title came the cross of the legion on the breast of Louis? We should call this incident a restitution of stolen property. The cross belongs only to the brave and true.

MORE WARNING.—Two more horrible deaths have lately occurred from hydrophobia, one in Philadelphia and one in Cincinnati. What are all the dogs in Christendom worth, compared to one human life thus sacrificed? The pet dog about your family may, at any time, inflict an awful and fatal injury on your loved wife, children, or yourself. Dogs are almost entirely useless.

MARRIAGES.

In this city, by Rev. Mr. Streeter, Mr. Joseph A. Hunt to Miss Catharine Morrison; by Rev. Dr Kirk, Mr. Richard H. Stearns to Miss Louisa M. Waterman; by Rev. Mr. Porter, Mr. William Tomlinson to Miss Priscilla N. Elms; by Rev. Dr. Stow. Mr. Nathan C. Mulliken. of Charlestown, to Miss Margaret Smith; by Rev. Mr. Cilley, Mr. Nahum R. Howard to Miss Mary T. Brown; by Rev. Dr. Lowell, Mr. John D. Lilley to Miss Helen M. Tyler.—At Charlestown, Mr. Robert Ireland, Jr. to Miss Maria A. Hooper.—At Chelsea, by Rev. Mr. Skinner. Mr. William B. Pear, of Boston, to Miss Lucy A. Hazeltine.—At Cambridge. by Rev. Mr. Spalding, Mr. Miller Crabbie to Miss N. Elizabeth McClune.—At Medford, by Rev. Mr. Marvin, Mr Walter B. Kellogg to Miss Hannah B. Cushing.—At Andover, by George Foster. Esq., Mr. Adolphus F. Woodbridge to Miss Lydia Mason.—At Plymouth, by Rev. Mr. Harvey, Mr. Samuel N. Dunham to Miss Betsey F. Dunham.—At Salem. by Rev. Dr. Thompson, Mr. Samuel G. Chamberlain to Miss Helen M. Chase; by Rev. Mr. Clapp, Mr. Henry Saltonstall to Miss Georgiana Crowninshield Appleton Silsbee.—At South Reading, by Rev. Mr. Hull, Mr. Horace D. Carley, of Boston, to Miss Abby B. Eustis.—At Lowell, by Rev. Mr. Howe, Mr. James M. Bush to Miss Jane McKinley; by Rev. Mr. Chapin, Mr. Robert Cuthbert to Miss Margaret Hunter. both of North Andover.—At Newburyport, by Rev. Mr. Spalding, George F. Choate, Esq., of Salem, to Miss Rebecca W. Greenleaf.

DEATHS.

In this city, Mr. Daniel S. Cheever, 42; Mrs. Sallie B. Eastman. 57; Mr. James Kettell, 62; Mrs. Sarah A. Barrett; Miss Ellen Moran, 19; Mrs. R. A. Smith. 42; Mr. Thomas Kirk, 28; Mr. Ephraim Titcomb, 64; Mrs. Esther B. B., wife of Rev. Charles K. Colver, 32.—At Dorchester. Mr. Edward M. Harris, 28.—At Charlestown, Miss Mary A. R. Skilton, 36.—At Cambridge, Miss Hannah Barrell, 75.—At Brookline, Mrs. Maria, wife of Capt. E. C. Taylor. 41.—At Lynn, Miss Martha Helen Atwood, 21.—At West Newton, Miss Sarah W. Savage. 45.—At Quincy, Mrs. Adelaide H., wife of Mr. George W. Shaw, 19.—At Salem. Mrs. Sarah. wife of Mr. Josiah Maxwell 40.—At Ipswich. Miss Sarah Elizabeth Lord, 32.—At South Danvers. Widow Sophronia Jones. 68.—At Medford. Gorham Brooks, Esq., 60.—At Lexington, Mr. John Skinner. 79.—At Braintree. Mrs. Ellen C., wife of Asa French. Esq., 25.—At Plymouth. Mr. John Battles. 76.—At Dunstable, Mrs. Julia A., wife of Mr. Alphens Bowers, 46.—At New Bedford. Mr. Benjamin Collins, 86.—At Amesbury. Mrs. Mary Locke, wife of Enoch Winkley. Esq., 93.—At Marlboro', Mrs. Eliza B., wife of Mr Benjamin Hawkes. of Boston. 48.—At Portland, Me., Mr. Lemuel Moody, 63.—At Bath. Me., Dr. Benjamin Prescott. 73.—At Burrillville. R. I., Randall Angell, Esq., 88.—At Royalton, Vt., Joseph A. Denison, M. D. 81.—At New York, Mr Stephen R. Munn. a native of Massachusetts. 90. He served a short time in the revolution.—At New Orleans, Mr. John C. Austin, a native of Charlestown, Mass., 23.

EDITORIAL MELANGE.

The mackerel fishery for the Gloucester fleet on the northeast coast promises well the present season. About two hundred sail are now absent from home. —— The petrified remains of an Indian, together with some unique relics of olden time, were recently dug up by workmen upon the Milwaukee and La Crosse railroad. The body is not in any degree decayed, and measures seven feet in length. On his breast was found a copper plate, with numerous hieroglyphics engraved upon it. —— Two diamonds were recently taken from the root of a tree at Dudley's Ferry, King and Queen's county, Virginia. —— John Randolph once said of a man who refused to fight a duel on the plea that he belonged to the church, though no one before suspected him of being a Christian, "I revere a true and consistent Christianity; but I do not like a man who turns Christian merely in order to hide himself under a communion-table." —— A mill for the manufacture of thread is soon to be erected in Plymouth, Mass. The capital stock, $35,000, has all been taken up. —— The Irish O'Donnells are of some note in military annals. General O'Donnell, of the United States army, after an absence from his native land for thirty-eight years, is now visiting his brother, Major General Sir Charles O'Donnell, of the British army, at Limerick, Ireland. This distinguished Celtic family is now represented by four general officers, in the service respectively of America, Great Britain, Spain and Austria. —— "The Hickory Thrasher and Fusion Flail," is the title of a paper just started at Ravenna, Ohio. —— The Poughkeepsie Eagle says that while other crops are good all over the country, people will rejoice also to learn that the buckwheat crop promises thus far to be a very great one. It is very early, and as stout as it can grow in this country, promising to be double an average crop, or even more. —— Gen. Thomas Chamberlain, of Worcester, for many years crier of the courts in Worcester county, died, lately, at the age of 72 years. —— The Troy Traveller learns that Mrs. Robinson conducts herself at Sing Sing in a quiet and orderly manner, and gives but little trouble; she is at present employed winding cotton. So far she has dropped the many eccentricities she betrayed while an inmate of the jail in Troy, with one exception—the singular practice of concealing her face from the gaze of visitors. —— There is much activity in the anthracite coal trade, the shipments from coal districts being considerably larger than last year. —— Old smokers often declare that a lighted cigar thrown into a pile of hay or shavings will not produce a conflagration. Two barns in Farmington, Ct., owned by Col. William Rowe, were burned lately, and the New Haven Palladium says the fire was caused by a boy throwing down a lighted cigar between the two barns, which set fire to the loose straw lying around. —— L. S. Hawley, of Albany, New York, has hanging in his bar-room, a cucumber measuring thirty-five inches in length. It grew in his yard from seed brought from Europe. Beat it who can! —— A natural bloomer is a cherry tree in Canaan, N. H., which blossomed the 1st of July and continued in blossom until the first of September, having during the intermediate time the ripe fruit and the blossom. —— Abbott Lawrence gave $15,000 to religious charities sustained and directed by Orthodox Christians, but nothing to Unitarian charities, though he was usually claimed as a Unitarian himself. —— An æronaut named Marion, of Philadelphia, lately ascended from Doylestown, Pennsylvania, in a balloon, by moonlight, seated upon the hoop without car, ballast or valve cord. The act was one of reckless daring, but Mr. Marion landed safely in about half an hour after his ascent. —— The New York Times is rejoicing in the knowledge that for an entire year, or since the drought of 1854, there has not been such an abundant supply of good meat in New York as there is now.

CONSTANTINOPLE.

"This city is a place of a very singular nature," says Viscount Ponsonby, in a recent memorandum; "nearly all military men agree in saying, that, by very little exertion, it might be made almost impregnable. Military men also say that it is a place from whence attacks upon the nation, not too far distant from it, could be made with the greatest advantage to the assailants; whilst, from its situation, it could be only with great disadvantages to the enemy. Constantinople, in fact, is the natural capital of an immense district, within the limits of which exist all that is necessary for the material formation of a naval force for war or commerce, of any conceivable magnitude. Primeval forests furnish timber; mines furnish minerals, including copper, to any extent. There is, on the very margin of the sea (something under one hundred miles from the city), a coal mine known to be of many miles in extent, and of which the quality of the coal equals that of Wallsend in Durham. The soil is generally so good that agricultural produce is in the highest degree easy to be obtained and at a low cost, and it is with other numerous valuable articles spread over Europe."

THE COST OF WAR.—According to a statement made by the London correspondent of the New York Post, it appears that within two years England has added to her debt twenty-nine millions, and France sixty-six millions sterling; together, ninety-five millions sterling, or five hundred millions of dollars. The year's expenditure of England alone is upwards of ninety-four millions sterling, instead of the average peace outlay of fifty-four millions sterling; (of this, seventy-one millions are raised by taxation, and twenty-three millions are fresh debt;) in other words, forty millions sterling, or two hundred millions of dollars, goes this year for the war.

INTERESTING TO FLOUR SPECULATORS.—"He that withholdeth corn, the people shall curse him; but blessings shall be upon the head of him that selleth it."

Wayside Gatherings.

Gideon Martin, of Swanzey, Mass., has a pear tree over two hundred years old, which bore fruit this season.

Thanksgiving was celebrated in New Jersey on the 4th of October. Too early; it cannot be done properly except in November.

The Hallowell (Me.) Gazette says: "Our ship-yards are to have continued occupation, and the ship-building business looks favorable."

Mr. Asa Bushby, Jr., of South Danvers, lately gathered six thousand bunches of onions from half an acre of land, which sold for more than $200.

The Directors of the Rensselaer and Saratoga Railroad offer a reward of $500 for the apprehension of the villain who fired the bridge over the Mohawk.

The Buffalo Express says that the amount of building going on in that city is without precedent. New and handsome edifices are springing up in all directions.

A party of fifty first class mechanics have left Syracuse, New York, for Kansas. They are engaged to work on government buildings at Fort Leavenworth.

The second annual exhibition of the Connecticut Agricultural Society is to be held in Hartford during this week. Mayor Deming, of Hartford, will deliver the address.

The secretary of the treasury has instructed the collector of New York, that articles *used only in part* as drugs, need not, hereafter, be *all* sent to the appraiser's store for examination.

Within a year or two, it is believed that Minnesota, Oregon, New Mexico, and perhaps Kansas, will contain people enough to authorize their application for admission to the Union as States.

The late Mad. de Girardin described the well-known contralto, Mad. Alboni, who lately so excited the Parisians in the "Prophet," as "an elephant that had swallowed a nightingale."

Amos Barrett, of New York, took prussic-acid and killed himself, on account, it is said, of some publication in the Amador Sentinel, regarding his connection with Wells, Fargo & Co., as their agent in Jackson.

The wheat pressing forward to market begins to embarrass the Western roads, whose freight equipage will soon be fully employed. The Illinois Central Road has found it necessary to order three hundred more freight cars.

Among the numerous deaths by yellow fever at Portsmouth, lately, was that of Rev. James Chisholm, of St. John's Church, in that city. Rev. Mr. Chisholm was a native of Salem, and a graduate of Harvard College in 1836.

At San Francisco, a Frenchman named Briant went into the office of L. E. Ritter & Co., with a carpet-bag containing twelve pounds of gunpowder, and discharged it by throwing a lighted cigar into the bag. Briant was badly hurt.

Twenty colored men (all heads of families) who had been persuaded to remove to Hayti, now petition to be taken to Liberia, preferring that republic to the Haytien empire. They ask that their case be laid before the Colonization Society.

The steamship Fulton, built to run with the Arago to Havre, was successfully launched in New York, from the yard of Messrs. Smith & Dimon. She is about 2500 tons burthen, of a beautiful model, and it is judged will prove a very fleet steamer.

A despatch states, that at a party given near Danceyville, in Haywood county, Tennessee, lately, forty-five of the guests were poisoned. One man is dead, and several other persons are not expected to recover; the poison was contained in some of the ingredients of the cake used on the occasion.

Philander Markham, of Westfield, Mass., shot a rattlesnake lately, which was four feet in length, and had thirteen rattles. Mr. Markham was hunting, saw the snake just as it was ready to jump at him, raised one of his legs, and the serpent passed under it; and as it was preparing for a second leap he shot him.

Spanish mackerel caught off the south shore of Long Island, are in the New York market; this kind of fish is said to be equal to salmon. It is a native of the southern waters, and of late years they have been in the habit of straggling to the north. They are nearly the size of a shad, and sell at two shillings a pound.

It is but twenty years since the first house was built in East Boston, and now it has a population of 16,000, and a valuation of more than $6,000,000. In the last year it has gained 226 polls, and $195,000 in valuation. The old settlers there propose to have a meeting this fall to celebrate the anniversary of the settlement.

Dorchester has, by recent votes, shown herself liberal in the cause of common school education, as will be seen by the following statement.—Four very elegant structures are under contract for primary and grammar school houses, at a cost of about fifty thousand dollars, including land, furniture and arranging of grounds.

In the city of Worcester, there are 347 persons and firms who are taxed for $10,000 and over, 278 who are taxed for from $10,000 to $50,000, forty whose taxation is between $50,000 and $100,000, twelve who are taxed for from $100,000 to $200,000, three whose valuation is over $200,000 and less than $300,000, and one who is taxed for over half a million.

A singular mortality prevails among the fish in the St. John River, Florida, as we learn from the Jacksonville Republican, and their dead carcasses are scattered along the shores in astonishing numbers. They swim up into shallow water, give a flounce and die. Eels and flounders suffer most; the crabs die in large numbers. Fish literally cover every rock, log, stump, etc., near the water.

Farnam, the railroad contractor, is said to have cleared about $2,000,000 by his contract to finish the Rockland and Chicago Railroad, by a given period—he reserving to himself the privilege of running the road, and securing its revenues, if completed before the contract time. He did complete it twelve months before the date of delivery, and has run the road on his own account, cleared $200,000, and then turned it over to the directors—finished.

Mr. Lewis Brown's death, which took place from cholera, at Chicago, Illinois, was communicated to his mother, Mrs. Elizabeth Brown, at Rochester, New York, lately, when the old lady became much affected, and remarked, "Poor Lewis, I shall soon be with you!" A few moments after, she rose to go up stairs, a tremulous motion was observed, when she fell backwards and was caught in the arms of her daughter, and died almost instantly, without a struggle.

The following is copied from a French paper: "A young woman, who pretends to have a divine mission, has just been locked up in the Orleans prison. She asks to be sent to the Crimea, pretending that she could take Sebastopol in a very short time. She speaks on the subject in a very calm and deliberate manner. All she asks for to accomplish her glorious mission, is an escort of a sergeant, a corporal and ten men; she is at present committed ingloriously as a vagabond."

Foreign Items.

The potato harvest in Ireland is favorable on the whole.

The export of iron north of Dunkirk is prohibited, and a bond is required whenever exported.

A number of Arab chiefs are on a visit to Paris. They are quite a dirty and dissipated set.

General Canrobert has excited great attention in Paris since his return from the East to be made a marshal of France.

The London Times contains an editorial article, couched in very severe language on the non-effectiveness of the fleet, and says that "Nelson and Collingwood must blush in their graves."

The Nord (Russian journal) says:—Omar Pasha freely expressed himself at Constantinople that the allied commanders—especially Gen. Pelissier—were humbugs, and that he should twice have lost his army if he had followed their advice.

Private letters state that the loss of the Russians in Sweaborg was not less than 2000 men. The Russian paper Nord says that the loss was only 50 killed, and that 1300 guns still remain in position, and that the batteries are wholly uninjured.

Queen Victoria is said to resemble Mrs. W. H. Smith, the Boston actress. During her recent visit at Paris, to avoid the crowds of gazers, she drove about incognita in a hack carriage. She gave $5000 for objects of charity while in Paris.

A Paris rumor is that we may expect from day to day to hear of the involuntary abdication of Queen Isabella, and of important events in Spain. The plan is for the Queen of Spain to abdicate in favor of her sister, the Duchess de Montpensier, which would make the duke (Louis Philippe's son) king consort, and then, by a legal enactment, he might be made king regnant—a plan Louis Napoleon would defeat at all hazards.

A formidable insurrection has broken out in the centre of Bengal. The insurgents are the Santals and other tribes occupying the Rajamahal Hills—a bold and hardy race. They number from thirty to fifty thousand men, acting in five parties, and are armed with axes, poisoned arrows, and a few fire-arms. They have spread over the country a hundred miles in extent, destroying everything European, and pretend that they are led by their god in person.

Sands of Gold.

.... That's a valiant flea that dare eat his breakfast on the lip of a lion.—*Shakespeare.*

.... We exaggerate misfortune and happiness alike. We are never either so wretched or so happy as we say we are.—*Balzac.*

.... No man ever offended his own conscience, but first or last it was revenged upon him for it.—*South.*

.... Perhaps one of the greatest enjoyments that little minds or inferior beings can experience is that of sporting with great souls and entrapping them.—*Balzac.*

.... When we desire or solicit anything, our minds run wholly on the good side or circumstances of it; when it is obtained, our minds run wholly on the bad ones.—*Swift.*

.... The great secret of social alchemy is to make the most of each of the ages through which we pass; to have all its foliage in spring, all its flowers in summer, and all its fruit in autumn.—*Balzac.*

.... Marriage is a desperate thing: the frogs in Æsop were extremely wise; they had a great mind to some water, but they would not leap into the well, because they could not get out again.—*Selden.*

.... Story-telling is subject to two unavoidable defects—frequent repetition, and being soon exhausted; so that whoever values this gift in himself has need of a good memory, and ought frequently to shift his company.—*Swift.*

... Let him who gropes painfully in darkness or uncertain light, and prays vehemently that the dawn may ripen into day, lay this other precept well to heart, which to me was of invaluable service: Do the duty which lies nearest thee, which thou knowest to be a duty; thy second duty will already have become clearer.—*Carlyle.*

.. It will be impossible to have one set of opinions for the high, and another for the low, only when they cease to see by the same sun, to respire by the same air, and to feel by the same sensorium. For opinions, like showers, are generated in high places, but they invariably descend into low ones, and ultimately flow down to the people, as the rains into the sea.—*Colton.*

Joker's Budget.

It is not the false teeth which should be objected to, but the false tongue behind them.

In the neighborhood of Albany, N. Y., the potatoes are so large that (the Knickerbocker says) the dealers paint them green and sell them for watermelons.

Sir John Irwin was a favorite with George III., who once observed to him: "They tell me, Sir John, that you love a glass of wine." "Those," replied Irwin, "who so informed your majesty have done me a great injustice—they should have said a bottle."

An Hibernian was reproved by an officer for daring to whistle in the ranks while going on duty. Just as the officer spoke, one of Russia's balls came whistling over the ravine. Pat cocks his eye up towards it, and quietly said: "There goes a boy on duty, and, by jabers, hear how *he* whistles!"

The rules governing the "theatre of war" at Sebastopol are different from such establishments at home. Those who have "checks" at most places of amusement are entitled to *admission*, but at Sebastopol the allies having received one, are *denied entrance* most positively by the door-keepers.

On examining some new flowers in the garden of Sydney Smith, a beautiful girl, who was of the party, exclaimed: "O, Mr. Smith this pea will never come to perfection!" "Permit me, then," said he, gently taking her hand and walking towards the plant, "to lead perfection to the pea."

The celebrated Malherbe dined one day with the Archbishop of Rouen, and fell asleep soon after the meal. The prelate, a sorry preacher, was about to deliver a sermon, and awakened Malherbe, inviting him to be an auditor. "Ah, thank you," said Malherbe, "pray excuse me; I can sleep very well without that!"

A letter writer says that every created thing has a brain, has a memory, has a past, and applies its experience for the benefit of its future happiness. An old dog in a bear-hunt is as cautious of Bruin's teeth as an old broker is of suspicious stocks; and both act on the same principle—the recollection of being *bitten* "in a previous transaction."

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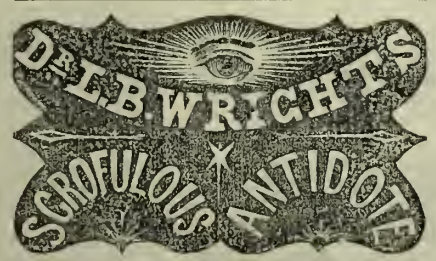

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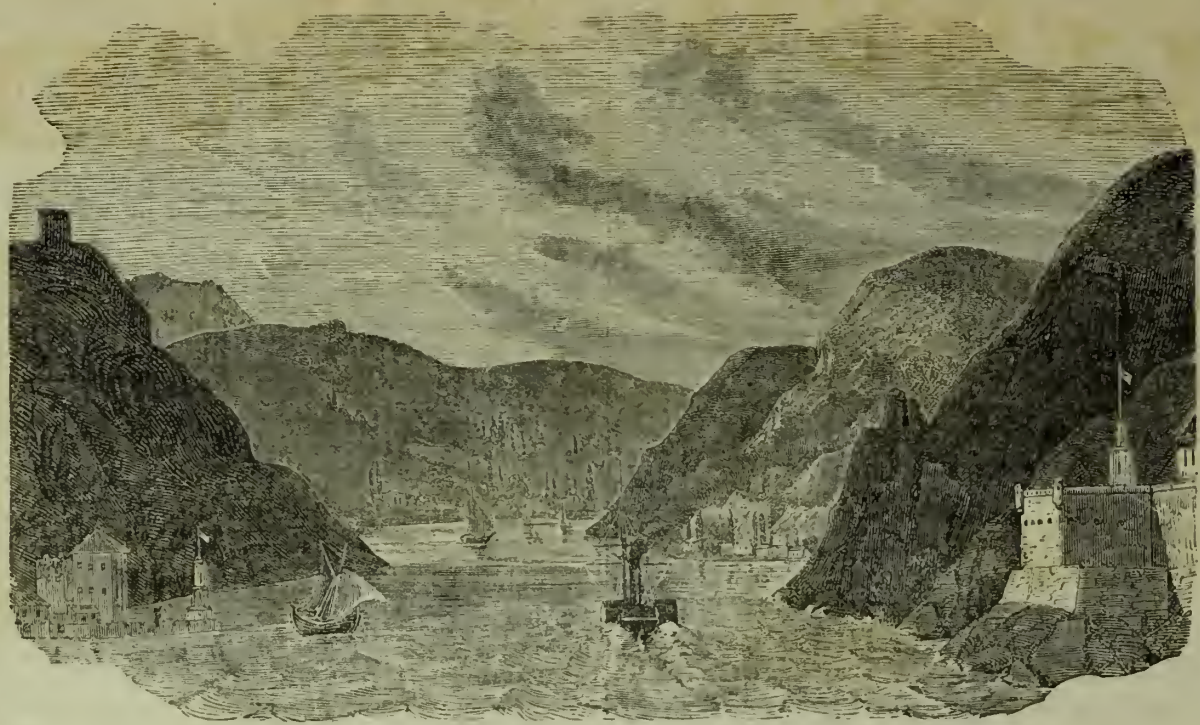
THE BOSPHORUS.

The striking scene depicted in the accompanying engraving possesses a peculiar interest now that the eyes of the whole world are turned towards the theatre of war. Nature has certainly been lavish in her adornments of Turkey, while oriental architecture has done its best to add grace to the enchanting scenery. The passage from the Black Sea to Constantinople is spoken of by all travellers in enthusiastic terms. The Bosphorus, which separates the continents of Europe and Asia, and connects the Black Sea with the Sea of Marmora, is about fifteen miles long, and varies in width from three quarters of a mile to a mile and a half. The opening at the entrance of the Black Sea, where the two light-houses and forts are established, is about two miles wide, after which the waters are compressed to a narrow channel by the convergence of their mountainous sides. There are seven principal promontories and as many bays on either side, opposite to each other, and where the channel narrows, the current is very rapid. This is particularly the case with what is known as the "Devil's Current," beneath the time-worn battlements of the castle of Rumili-Hissar, about half-way to Constantinople. In this case, row-boats are towed along, like canal-boats, by means of ropes. The best anchorage spots are at Buyuk-Liman and Buyuk-Dere on the European, and at Cum-Burnu and Riva-Burnu on the Asiatic side. The western shore is inhabited by both Turks and Christians, but the eastern principally by the Ottomans. Their graceful residences, palaces, kiosks and gardens, rise in amphitheatrical magnificence. Now and then a hoary ruin of old time contrasts with the brilliant novelty of a modern structure, while relieving the stern rocks are patches of verdure, vineyards, orange-groves, and clumps of odorous flowering shrubs and gaudy flowers. This is indeed a storied land. The frowning towers of Rumili-Hissar tell of the reign of the fierce Mahmoud II., a structure of the fifteenth century, and built just before his victorious hordes poured tumultuously, shouting the name of the prophet, into the vanquished streets of Constantinople. On the Asiatic shore, on the slope of the Giant's Mountain, were encamped, in 1833, those Russian troops who volunteered to aid Turkey against revolted Egypt. Here, too, was signed the famous treaty of Unkiar Skelessi, which, if it had been executed, would have given Russia the virtual command of the Bosphorus and the Dardanelles. What political changes twenty years have brought about! Turkey and Russia are at swords' points, and France and England, old enemies, now reconciled, are lending their aid against the nation which proved the most reliable instrument of Great Britain in crushing the armies and the hopes of France. Between this point and the capital there are at least a dozen imperial palaces. The whole passage of the Bosphorus is indeed one panorama of enchantment. About a mile across the Bosphorus, from the Seraglio point, on the Asiatic side, stands the town of Scutari, and some two miles south of it the ancient Chalcedon.



ENTRANCE TO THE BOSPHORUS. TURKEY.

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THE AMERICAN BIBLE SOCIETY'S BUILDING, NEW YORK CITY.

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL

M. M. BALLOU, { CORNER OF TREMONT AND BROMFIELD STS. BOSTON, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 20, 1855. $3,00 PER ANNUM. 6 CENTS SINGLE. } VOL IX., No. 16.—WHOLE No. 224.

HORTICULTURAL EXHIBITION.

The great local event of last month was the 27th annual exhibition of the Massachusetts Horticultural Society, which took place in the Boston Music Hall. In the engraving which accompanies this notice, prepared expressly for the Pictorial, and designed by Mr. Champney, the artist has shown us the interior of the hall, with its beautiful floral decorations, its lusciously-loaded tables, and its crowds of admiring spectators, the whole forming a truly brilliant spectacle. The exhibition was opened on the 18th of September, and continued four days, attracting throngs of visitors from the city and the surrounding country. The hall had the appearance and the fragrance of a flower garden. Flowers were displayed everywhere—in bouquets, in vases, in splendid pyramids, and in a thousand other fanciful devices. Intermingled with the flowers on the tables, were grapes, apples, pears, nectarines, peaches, plums and other fruits in endless variety, delicious to the eye and tempting to the appetite. No one could wonder at the frailty of Eve, "who for an apple lost mankind." On the platform usually occupied by the orchestra, and which faces the spectator in the drawing, there was a very fine display of floral pieces, many of the designs being the tasteful achievements of fair hands. On this platform Mr. W. C. Strong, of Newton, exhibited, on a large flower stand, a choice collection of fruit-bearing vines, clustering round a figure of Pomona. The model of Bunker Hill monument seen in our engraving, was designed by Messrs. Galvin & Hogan, of Somerville, and was a mass of purple and white amaranths and German asters. A beautiful Chinese pagoda, three stories in height, surmounted by an elephant, a maze of flowers whose tints were most artistically blended, was contributed by Mr. A. Bowditch, the well-known floriculturist of Roxbury. A splendid floral bower or temple, enclosing the figure of a flower girl, the whole designed and executed by Messrs. Evers & Bock, was very much admired. Mr. Bowen Harrington, of Lexington, contributed a model of the Lexington revolutionary monument, and Messrs. Curtis & Lincoln contributed a case containing flowers and grasses and tropical birds—a very beautiful affair. Mr. W. J. Underwood, of Wellington Hill, furnished a magnificent floral design, which is represented under the organ: there were many other designs which we cannot specify.

HORTICULTURAL EXHIBITION, AT THE MUSIC HALL, BOSTON.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

FALCONE:

—OR,—

THE MYSTERIES OF MEXICO.

A ROMANCE OF OUR DAY.

BY AUGUSTINE J. H. DUGANNE.

[CONTINUED.]

CHAPTER XXII.

THE BANDIT'S ATTACK.

"JUAN! Pablo! look well to your arms!"

Many times had Don Manuel needlessly reiterated this injunction, but in the present case it seemed not at all out of place; for scarcely had the words been uttered before a volley of carbine-shots from a ledge of rocks at the roadside, brought two of the pack-mules to the ground, and whistled about the party's ears with an unpleasant proximity enough, inasmuch as Juan's high-crowned hat was riddled and the hand by which Pablo grasped his horse's bridle was grazed by a leaden messenger intended doubtless for his heart.

The party at this time were traversing a lonely portion of their route, where high shelves of rocks overlooked the narrow passway. Dusenbury had been relating some mirth-provoking episode of his past life to the listening Mexicana, whose merry laugh as usual attested her enjoyment of the Yankee's quaint humor; while Don Manuel, who, since their rencontre with the mendicant "greaser," had not seemed so much at his ease respecting the security of travel, was nervously engaged in reconnoitering with wary glances the peculiarities of the roadside, so unpleasantly suggestive of ambuscades. It was late in the afternoon, and the sun had been oppressive during the day, so that the animals had taken advantage of their passage through the sheltered pass, to husband their strength by a leisurely progress, to which their masters did not object, being confident that the few miles intervening before the next town would be reached could be easily traversed before the setting in of night.

It may well be fancied that so sudden and murderous an assault was calculated to plunge the travellers into dismay. Don Manuel uttered a despairing exclamation, Mexicana shrieked, and the two servants who had been so often enjoined to take care of their arms seemed at once to lose all consciousness of possessing such material aid, for they dropped at once upon their horses' necks and began rapidly repeating their *paters* and *aves*, as if spiritual weapons alone were powerful to resist. Only Hannibal, the negro, seconded Dusenbury in the retention of presence of mind, and drawing his pistols from their receptacles, galloped forward to the Yankee's side, prepared to lend what assistance might be expected from him.

But the course to be pursued was not long left undecided. Scarcely had the echoes of the carbine-shots ceased to reverberate through the rocky defiles than a dozen savage-looking men appeared rapidly descending the shelving precipices and making toward the road, sheltered in their approach by the fragments of rock that lay irregularly scattered upon either side of the pass.

"O, Senor Americano! what is to be done?" ejaculated Don Manuel.

"If those chaps o' your'n don't quit prayin' and get ready for fightin', there aint no insurance on our lives, now I tell ye," answered Dusenbury. "Jehosaphat! jes' look at them critters, Hannibal! a-whimpering like cry-babies when they ought to blaze away at the 'greasers.' It's a tarnation shame, by king! But I'll stir 'em up, or my name's not Dusenbury."

Saying this, the Yankee plunged towards the two attendants, and drawing his pistols, dealt both Juan and Pablo a blow with the heavy stocks that speedily dissipated their devotional thoughts.

"Take your shootin'-irons and act like men, ye tarnal fools!" he shouted to the half-paralyzed Mexicans. "There aint more'n a dozen of them 'greasers,' and I'll be chawed up if we can't skin 'em alive."

The two attendants, inspired by Dusenbury's resolute bearing, now put themselves in a posture for defence, whilst the Yankee, dismounting and assisting Mexicana from the saddle, led the young lady to a steep rock by the road-side, and then, with Hannibal's assistance, dragged the dead pack-mules with their loads, a little farther off, and ranged the living horses behind them.

"We'll have to make a fortification out o' these poor critters," quoth Dusenbury, coolly. "'Taint so high as Gineral Jackson's cotton-breastwork, but then here's a Yankee rifle behind it, and that goes a great ways. Hannibal—jes' you stand to the right! Don Ribera! fall back a trifle behind us, and when you git a chance, pepper the 'greasers.' As for Pablo and Juan, they'll stand between me and Hannibal, and we two intend to 'look well to their arms.'"

These words were accompanied by a cheerful laugh that made the two Mexican servants look upon "Senor Americano" as a wonder of coolness. Then at a signal from their indomitable leader the whole party took their stations at the roadside, Don Manuel and his daughter effectually shielded by the high rock, and the rest protected by the dead mules and the horses fastened securely to their packs. Hardly had these arrangements been effected, than the assailing party made their appearance immediately in front.

A wilder or more villanous set never stopped a traveller in the passes of Mexico; a dozen or more sallow, tattered and murderous looking men, some in military garb, others almost naked, but all armed with carbines, pistols and long, sharp knives. They approached the narrow road with confidence, but drew back suddenly on seeing the dispositions which had been made for defence, and apparently held a consultation concerning their movements.

"The tarnation cowards daren't charge for fear one o' their precious carcases 'll git bored," whispered Dusenbury, to the sheltered Don Manuel, who only replied by requesting Juan and Pablo to "look well to their arms."

In a few moments the result of the robbers' council was made manifest by a second discharge of their carbines, which brought one of the poor horses lifeless upon the mule to which he was tethered. The dying steed set up a cry of agony which rang through the mountains, and made the very blood curdle in the veins of his human companions. But no further damage was done by the shots, and Dusenbury prepared for the onset which he deemed would follow.

Nor was he mistaken. Ere the smoke had cleared the bandits broke from their concealment and appeared upon the road, advancing over a space of three or four yards which separated them from their anticipated booty. Dusenbury at once cried "fire!" and discharged his rifle, bringing the foremost "greaser" to the earth, shot directly through the heart. Hannibal followed quickly with his pistols, both of which told upon the enemy, and even the bullets of Juan and Pablo whizzed so close to the brigands' ears, that the success greatly encouraged both those valiant attendants of Don Manuel. The robbers paused as their comrades fell beside them, and retreated hastily behind the rocks of the defile.

"So far so good," quoth Dusenbury—"if it weru't so near dark and the mules dead, we might stan' a chance yet. Load up, Hannibal, and git ready for the critters once more. Here—you Pablo and Juan—you must take better aim next time, or we'll be all night straightenin' them 'greasers' out."

The shadows had now sensibly lengthened in the road, and Dusenbury knew that the dark would soon shut in without the lingering twilight of more northern latitudes. He felt, too, that the repulse which they had given to the robbers, by which at least four of the latter had been wounded, if not killed, would not be sufficient to prevent further attack; and if obliged at last to succumb, he knew what was to be expected by himself and companions at the hands of the revengeful enemy. Nevertheless, the brave North American gave no thought to surrender, for he was resolved to sell his own life dearly, and he remembered that one beautiful being was kneeling near him, whose safety was dearer to him than life itself. He encouraged Hannibal and the servants, therefore, to prepare calmly for another attack by the banditti, and enjoined upon them the necessity of taking good aim at their antagonists.

"Let the 'greasers' come closer," cried the Yankee. "Wait till ye see the white o' their cussed eyes, and then give 'em Bunker Hill."

But the expected attack did not immediately take place. The robbers had drawn off, and were hidden by the numerous huge boulders which hung, poised as it were for a plunge, upon the acclivity at the other side of the road. These boulders, large and small, marked the hill-sides for many miles around; and far up the shelving precipices opposite to the point where the frail barricade of mules and horses feebly sheltered Don Manuel's party, could be descried hundreds of rocky fragments, some imbedded in the mountain wall, others apparently loose and ready to tumble in a wild avalanche, to overwhelm the road and fill up the passes beneath.

Dusenbury watching for the re appearance of the robber band, and anticipating that the next assault would be a desperate one, bestowed but little attention upon the peculiarities of the surrounding landscape, until a sudden cry from Mexicana caused him to turn and direct his gaze to an object on which the maiden's eyes were rivetted. He beheld a sight that, brave as he was, drove the blood from his cheeks and made his heart for a moment cease its regular pulsation.

The declining sunbeams, slanting over the rocks that skirted the pass-way, shone full upon the sloping mountain on the other side of the road, throwing in bold relief the boulders and fragments of jagged precipices, half disrupted from the soil. Far up the slope, at a height beyond pistol-shot, Dusenbury saw the robbers who had so lately been repulsed, not, however, in retreat or relinquishment of their object, but intent, as it appeared, on a speedy and terrible accomplishment of the bloody purpose which they had failed to carry out below. The whole band had paused beside an enormous boulder, and with their united strength, were endeavoring to force it from its balance and hurl it headlong on the road below; in which case the path of its fearful descent would traverse the narrow pass-way where Dusenbury and his company had found their precarious shelter.

The eyes of all the rest followed the Yankee's glance, and beheld with him the imminent peril which threatened them. A shriek of terror broke from the two servants; even the stout-hearted negro uttered an alarmed exclamation, while Don Manuel Ribera covered his face with his hands and fell upon his knees beside his daughter. Dusenbury alone preserved an appearance of calmness.

"The sneakin' cowards!" he cried. "They want to stone us like rats here in this hollow, instead o' fightin' it out like men! Jerusalem! what mean critters! But by the living jingo, I'll give 'em a shot in rifle range, anyhow. Thunder! there's that 'greaser' we saw this mornin'. Jes' look, Don Ribera! there's the identical scamp, and no mistake!"

Saying this, Dusenbury pointed to an individual who stood a few paces from the rest of the robber band, evidently directing their efforts as they labored to dislodge the boulder from its place. The sun's rays fell upon the man's form and face, and, in spite of a slouched hat and red plume which partly shaded his malignant features, the whole party below recognized him at once as the beggar who had that morning received alms from Donna Mexicana. It was now evident that the wretch had acted as a spy upon their motions, and that the attack upon them had been premeditated. It could be seen likewise that the pretended mendicant was no other than the leader of the band, and doubtless its master spirit. Dusenbury revolved this rapidly in his mind, and then slowly raised his rifle.

"I calk late that 'greaser' aint got long to live," he remarked sententiously.

Then, taking deliberate aim from behind the dead horse, he fired at the man above. The echoes answered from all sides, and then, as the smoke cleared away, Jake Dusenbury saw that his unerring rifle had done its work. The "greaser" was seen to stagger, fall, and then roll heavily down the mountain side.

"That'll do, I reckon!" said the Yankee, as he beheld the robbers leave their operations at the boulder and descend to their fallen comrade. "Now let's take it easy, and see what they'll agitate next."

But at this moment the sound of horses' hoofs struck sharp and quick upon their ears, and the sudden blast of a trumpet rang through the valley and passes. Dusenbury dropped the rifle which he was about to reload, and sprang to his feet. At the same time the foremost of a party of Mexican cavalry appeared in sight, rapidly entering the pass-way which was now half barricaded by the slain horse and pack-mules.

The officer who led the troop drew rein in astonishment as he beheld the bodies of the two bandits lying upon one side of the road, while the strange breastwork of dead animals occupied the other. But scarcely had his eye surveyed the scene, than a voice sounded from the barricade:

"Capting Nunez, by thunder!"

The next instant a figure grimmed with dust and smoke leaped over the dead horse into the middle of the road, and grasping the Mexican officer by the hand, exclaimed, in joyful accents:

"Capting Nunez—don't ye know an old friend?"

"Dusenbury! my Yankee comrade! is it indeed you? I am rejoiced!"

"Come out, Don Manuel! Hannibal! Come along, all! there's no danger. Capting Nunez is here—and he's a hoss!" exclaimed the Yankee, in joyous accents, as again and again he shook the officer's hand.

Then, suddenly darting away, he rushed behind the barricade, and presently re-appeared leading by her hand the beautiful daughter of Don Manuel, while the old *administradore* and the servants at the same moment gained the road. A brief space sufficed to make the Mexican captain, or colonel of cavalry, as he actually was, acquainted with the state of affairs; but on looking around where the robbers had so lately been visible, not one of the band was to be seen. The trumpet blast had effectually frightened the "greasers" from their nefarious attempt, and they had fled to the distant defiles, leaving their dead leader on the mountain-side and two others of the band stretched before the barricade upon the road. Thus fatally for themselves ended the robbers' ambuscade.

Don Ferrado Nunez, a gallant young officer in the service of the republic, who had armed and equipped a brilliant troop of horse at his own expense, and who stood high in favor with General Santa Anna, was now formally introduced to Don Manuel Ribera and the fair Mexicana. He was soon made acquainted with all the circumstances of their journey, and likewise with many items of interest which Dusenbury, as an old friend, could communicate to him; the result of which was his offer to escort the *administradore* and his daughter to Tampico, whither he was proceeding at the head of his men, on business of the new government.

"And, as I then proceed to Vera Cruz," said Don Ferrardo, after making his offer, "perhaps, should you find it difficult to embark at Tampico, I shall have the honor of your company to my destination. In times like these, a military escort is of no slight advantage to the traveller."

Don Manuel Ribera protested that Colonel Nunez was the most courteous of officers, and avowed a determination to accept his protection to Vera Cruz, particularly as Don Ferrado informed him that Tampico was threatened with a descent from the American naval force commanded by Commodore Perry.

"By St. Iago! I will not risk the place then," cried Don Manuel, who had, in view of the presence of a strange troop of horse, recovered in no small degree, his vivacity. "No, Mexicana! we will go at once to Vera Cruz! It is a walled city, with an impregnable castle—and there we shall at least be safe—war or no war! What say you, Senor Dusenbury?"

"I reckon Vera Cruz aint the place for me, Don Manuel; so, if you conclude to go on, I'm afeared we shall have to part company. Capting Nunez 'll do the right thing, and you kin jes' trust to him as if he was your own son, Don Ribera. As for me and Hannibal, I guess Tampico is the place for us—onless the nigger wants to go along with you."

"Massa Dusenbury—I go where you does—no whar else, Massa Dusenbury. I can't afford to lose all de ole friends, no how! 'Specs I finds Missy Teresa best by stickin' to you, Massa Dusenbury—poor Lucille, too, Lor' bless de chile!"

And as the thought of his lost friends—perhaps more especially the memory of his smart fellow-servant Lucille—crossed the black's mind, he hurriedly brushed his hand across his face to hide a starting tear.

"Well—that's settled. We'll have to part at Tampico," cried Dusenbury, as if anxious to deal curtly with an unpleasant topic.

And then, as the Yankee's clear eye fell upon the face of Mexicana, half-averted as she listened, an observer might have noticed that an unusual moisture was trembling upon its lids. Nothing more, however, was said upon the subject, for the advancing evening made it necessary that the party should be at once upon their road. Very speedily, therefore, the packs were shifted from the dead mules to others belonging to the cavalry troop, and a led horse being found to supply the place of the one slain, the travellers were soon in motion again, and, guarded by the soldiers, rapidly leaving behind, the scene of their late perils and escape.

CHAPTER XXIII.

FALCONE THWARTED.

"A THOUSAND curses light on my ill luck!" cried the gamester Falcone, as he sat with his friend Don Ricardo, in the latter's dwelling, about a week after their abortive attempt to abduct the Senora Teresa.

"Ten thousand curses will not help the matter," returned the elder conspirator, in his cynical manner. "But, my dear Gabriel—go you at once to the padre, and promise him what you please, on condition that he assists you to marry—mark, I say *marry*—the Senora Teresa. With the priest's aid, you may soon lure the fair one from her retreat, or I know little of friars or women."

"But the padre has little cause to bear good will to me. That unlucky pistol-shot—"

"Poh! it will be forgotten if your bribe is satisfactory."

"The priest's assistance would, I doubt not, be valuable."

"Secure it then, my dear Gabriel, at once."

"I will take your advice, Don Ricardo, and report the result to-morrow."

So saying, Captain Falcone took leave of the elder villain, and went home to his quarters at the castle of Chapultepec, whose strong walls and towering dome commanded the city of Mexico, as well as all its approaches. Here were the military school of the republic and the head quarters of the national guards, with the finest reserve of all the army officers. Through the favor of Paredes, Falcone had here been stationed in command of a company of veterans worthy of a nobler captain, and to his charge had been confided a fort or outpost of the main castle, in which were confined several prisoners under ban of government.

Falcone, immediately after his arrival, sought the quarter in which Padre Herrata was confined. He found the priest at his devotions, kneeling near a small barred window through which could be discerned an extended panorama of the beautiful vale of Mexico. Down the sloping hill of Chapultepec to the city walls, and to the more remote Lake of Tezcuco, a line of defences could be seen, interspersed with the ruins of gardens and groves, once the glory of the valley, and the seat of those magnificent halls where the Montezumas collected their almost fabulous treasures of nature and art.

"O, land of beauty and plenty!" murmured the priest, as, unconscious of a listener, he continued his prayers—"may the sins of thy unnatural children be visited not on thee! May war and violence be stayed, and—"

"A very good prayer, padre, but out of season just now. War is here and violence not far off, I imagine."

The priest slowly rose, turning his calm eyes upon the intruder, whose voice he at once recognized. Padre Herrata's face was pale and his form much thinner than before his imprisonment; for though now recovered from the wound inflicted by the wanton attack of Falcone, he had yet suffered greatly from loss of blood and reduced strength.

"Prayer is never out of season, young man, and violence is ever so," rejoined the priest, quietly.

"Well, padre, we will not discuss the matter," said the officer, in a flippant tone. "I have come to converse with you on another subject entirely—that of love."

"And why am I sought for such converse?"

"Because you can aid me—because, padre, though a priest, you can pardon, I believe, the crime of passion in a young man, and because, finally, by assisting me, you may benefit yourself."

"Proceed, my son," said Herrata. "I am bound by my vows as well as inclination, to forgive wrongs inflicted and to do good to others."

"Hypocrite!" thought Falcone. "He is ready with his priestly palavar." Then, with an effort to assume a frank demeanor, the gamester continued:

"You are aware of my affection for the Senora Teresa Glinton, and must also know that to my disappointed pursuit of her was owing my rash attack upon yourself, which I have ever since deeply regretted."

Falcone paused to notice the effect of this speech upon the priest. But the latter made neither reply nor motion.

"I love the senora—I would marry her, padre, and thus bestow my affection and care upon an orphan, and at the same time bring one more soul into our holy church."

The priest looked at the soldier with a gaze that penetrated to his soul.

"And what would you that I do, my son?" he asked.

"Be my friend, reverend father! forget the past, and aid me with your good offices in disposing this dear girl to regard me with the affection which I feel for her. Thus you will be the instrument of uniting two hearts, and of making me supremely happy."

The padre did not immediately reply. He seemed to be absorbed in thought, and his gaze wandered abstractedly through the barred window. At length, however, he spoke:

"I think, my son," he said, in a measured tone, "you remarked that by assisting you, I shall benefit myself. How may that be?"

"Aha!" said Falcone, to himself, "the pious fox must know his reward beforehand." Then he continued aloud: "All that I can promise shall be yours. I will at once take measures for your release from this place, and if my purse and influence can advance you in—"

"Enough!" cried the priest, suddenly elevating his voice, and fixing his glance sternly upon the young man. "Gabriel Falcone! desperate gamester! unprincipled adventurer! do I not know that through you the unhappy brother of this maiden was lured to his destruction? Do I not know that the pure child loathes you as the serpent whose trail has poisoned her happy youth? Enough, Gabriel Falcone! Get thee from me!"

As Padre Herrata uttered these words, he turned away, raising his left hand with a gesture of repugnance, and expressing in his features all the horror which the retrospection of Falcone's acts was calculated to inspire. The bold young man quailed for a moment before the significant action, but he recovered himself immediately, and with features distorted by rage, advanced upon the priest.

"Cursed monk!" he hissed, savagely, "it is you, then, who have influenced her. But I will have a reckoning from you. The next time my shot will not miss!"

Saying this, Gabriel Falcone shook his clenched hand at the calm face of the padre, and, with a fierce oath, turned toward the door of the cell, which he opened with a violent wrench. But an object here met his eyes which somewhat confounded him.

Standing majestically in the opening, having apparently been about entering, was the tall form of the very officer who had so lately foiled his attempt to carry off the young Teresa—uplifted before him was the very hand which had dragged him ignominiously from his saddle on that occasion. Unconsciously almost, the young man retreated a pace into the cell. The stranger stooped his lofty head beneath the stone arch, and passing Falcone without a word, advanced quickly toward the priest, whose figure was distinctly visible in the light of the window.

"Padre Herrata!"

"Anselmo—my noble son! is it indeed thee—returned?"

"Truly, my father! And but this instant have I learned of your incarceration. But it is ended!"

He embraced the priest warmly as he said this.

"I shall be glad to know what all this means?" here interposed Captain Falcone, who had regained his assurance, momentarily disturbed by the sudden appearance of one whom he had such cause to remember. "Having the honor to command in this quarter of the hill, I demand by what right—"

"Ah, sir—you shall know my right to be here," returned Colonel Montognone, in a chilling voice. "You know the signature of your commander? Here, then is authority for my presence here, and for the release of my friend, Padre Herrata."

Montognone drew a paper from his breast, and extended it to Falcone. It was an order, signed by General Bravo, directing the instant release of the priest, and commanding that the captain should at once report himself at the commander's quarters.

Falcone dashed the paper to the floor of the cell, and, gnashing his teeth as he glanced savagely from the padre to his friend, cried to the latter:

"You shall hear from me, sir!"

Then, striding from the cell, he repaired to his quarters in another part of the fort. But Gabriel Falcone did not immediately report himself to his commander. Fearful of consequences, and knowing not who the strange officer was, or what adverse influence it might be in his power to exert, the gamester resolved to escape while yet he could. Mounting his horse, therefore, he galloped at once from the hill, and soon found himself within the gates of Mexico, and at the house of Don Ricardo Ramos.

Don Ricardo received the young man with a smile which contrasted greatly with the haggard and enraged features of Falcone, who, swallowing hastily a goblet of wine, related the occurrences at the castle.

"But I have good news to balance the evil," said Ramos.

"How say you? good news?"

"Nothing more nor less than that our fair one is here in Mexico, and within less than half a mile of us at the present time, my dear Gabriel."

"In the devil's name—"

"In any name you please. Listen to me. I have learned the name of the mysterious stranger who crosses your path so unluckily. He is called Montognone, is immensely wealthy, with estates in the north, and is at present in high favor with government. So you perceive what you have to contend against in that quarter."

"Curses on him!"

"I encountered him at the moment of his arrival in the city, having under his protection, not only the charming Teresa, but that young gallant who is so good a swordsman—Vallejo—and another cavalier with a lady, who, I apprehend, are the good host and hostess of the hacienda."

"And you saw her, then?"

"Ay, my dear Gabriel; and traced them to their quarters, a fine old mansion, owned, it is said, by Montognone's father—a prince, they say, of the ancient *sangre azul* of Spain. Ah, my poor Gabriel, I fear you have no more chance with the lady."

Don Ricardo laughed, displaying his white teeth. But Falcone was in no humor for merriment—he sprang to his feet and strode to and fro across the floor.

"Take another glass of wine, sit down, and let us discuss the matter," said Don Ricardo.

"Discuss! have you not said she is in the power of that man?"

"Well, my dear Gabriel?"

"What, then, can I do? This Montognone has already twice thwarted me. Even now, through him, I am disgraced with General Bravo—perhaps my life perilled."

"Well—drink a glass of wine."

"Confound your cold blood!" muttered Falcone, throwing himself back in his chair and pouring out the wine till his glass ran over.

"Tut, man! it will all be right. I intend that the Senora Teresa shall be in this house within a week."

Falcone paused, with his glass at his lips.

"I mean what I say," pursued Ramos. "The senora has an attendant—a female mulatto or quadroon?"

"Ay—Lucille—an intriguing little French mulatto maid; what of her?"

"The maid shall assist us to secure the mistress."

"Ay—as Padre Herrata was going to assist us," rejoined Falcone, bitterly.

"Never mind the priest, and I shall take care of the maid. Drink your wine now, and trust me, Teresa shall be our guest ere the week passes."

So saying, Don Ricardo lit a fragrant cigar, and leisurely revealed his new plot while the wreaths of blue smoke curled gently about his head. Falcone could do no less than imitate his example, and thus the two companions passed their evening. But alas for human calculations. Don Ricardo, on renewing the next morning his observations upon the newly-arrived strangers whom he had traced to Montognone's mansion, found that all had suddenly removed, and as was reported, left the city. So Don Ricardo was at fault.

And Gabriel Falcone, much to his chagrin, during the same morning, found himself arrested by an order from the castle, and ordered to report himself for active service at once, on pain of a trial by court-martial for desertion, should he refuse. So Gabriel Falcone was once more thwarted.

CHAPTER XXIV.

CAPTURE OF VERA CRUZ.

THE winter months of the Mexican war were not signalized by battles of importance. After the reduction of Monterey, the American general, Taylor, establishing his head-quarters in the vicinity of that beautiful city, and occupying with a force of nearly twenty thousand men the long line of back country which he had opened by his arms, confined himself to the preparations necessary for the spring campaign. General Santa Anna had at the same time concentrated at San Luis a force equal to Taylor's whole army. San Luis, a fortified city in the midst of the silver mines of Potosi, was supposed to be the next point at which the invaders' operations would be directed, but subsequent events ordered it otherwise.

In the mean time, the general-in-chief of the American forces, Winfield Scott, was preparing with an army of twelve thousand men to invest the city of Vera Cruz, which, guarded by the renowned castle of San Juan d' Ulloa, was the natural gate of all Mexico. On the 7th of March, 1847, the disembarkation of the combined land and naval forces destined for the siege was effected in a masterly manner, and on the twelfth of the same month the operations commenced against the city.

The harbor of Vera Cruz, filled with vessels of many nations, amid which the American fleet, under Commodore Connor, rode proudly pre-eminent, presented therefrom by day and night a spectacle of grandeur, but, alas! also of horror. The roar of artillery and the explosion of bomb-shells continued incessantly through light and darkness. All day were the smoke and flame belched from the numerous batteries erected against the city, and were returned from the walls; all night the air was traversed and illuminated by blazing shells, rising in terrible circles, and dashing murderously upon the churches and dwellings of the doomed city. The waves seemed like blood in the red glare of the cannonade as the frigates belched forth their broadsides. Explosion followed explosion from ships, and shore, and city—flames chased and mingled with flames on sea and land. It was an awful scene.

And yet another horror was to be added to those of war. Nature in her stormy mood roused herself upon the coast, and one of those violent winds known as "northers," lashed the waters of the gulf into a tempestuous fury. The waves rose savagely and dashed upon the coast, driving stout ships from their moorings, and whirling the light sands of the shore into dense clouds like the overwhelming blasts of the desert simoom. Such a fearful strife of the elements contended for supremacy with the warfare waged by men.

Among the vessels which, stripped of their canvass, and in many cases dismasted or rendered unmanageable, were driven madly before the "norther" was a small brigantine, that, with fluttering sails, broken rudder and with signals of distress streaming from her shattered masts, rocked heavily in the churning waves, careening to her beam ends with every swell of the billows and plunging every moment nearer to the sandy beach, on which the gulf-waters were furiously beating.

But signals of distress in such a sea, and when each vessel exposed to the gale found it requisite to confine all exertions to self-preservation, were not likely to be of much avail, and so the brigantine's crew saw their craft destined to be cast soon upon the shore and knocked to pieces by the waves. The dusk was setting in, and soon darkness would add to the terrors of their situation. In the meantime the battle-thunders from ships and batteries mingled with the storm, and lent a startling animation to the scene.

BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF MENEELY'S BELL FOUNDRY.

Clinging to the sides of the brigantine, as she pitched headlong to her fate, were two individuals whom the reader last encountered among perils of a different nature. These two were the Yankee, Dusenbury and the negro, Hannibal, who, anticipating a comfortable landing on this evening, found themselves making to the shore under circumstances quite the antithesis of comfort. Jake Dusenbury, after parting from his friends Don Manuel and Colonel Nunez, and dashing away an unbidden tear as he pressed the small, trembling hand of Donna Mexicana, had remained at Tampico for a few days and thence, in company with Hannibal, taken passage to New Orleans, where, investing his ready money in goods suitable for speculation with the army, he had chartered a brigantine and sailed for Vera Cruz, where he confidently anticipated the realization of a "smart sprinkle" of profit by the disposal of his "ventur" to the soldiers who, far in advance of their supplies, were in want of some actual necessaries and many seasonable luxuries, for which they would doubtless be very willing to exchange the "filthy lucre" of their pay. But "man proposes and God disposes;" and so, instead of safely landing his freight of knick-knacks, and speedily transferring them to the sutlers of the camp, Dusenbury, on the very evening of his arrival in the harbor of Vera Cruz, found himself in the midst of a "norther," and driving ashore without sails or rudder. The night was fast closing in, the captain and crew of the brigantine were, like himself and Hannibal, clinging for life to whatever served for support, and thus our Yankee trader, in a manner far different from his anticipations, found himself approaching the American batteries without the walls of San Juan d' Ulloa. Perhaps Dusenbury thought of other things beside ventures and profits during those terrible moments when the vessel was plunging like a wild steed to her destruction; perhaps the image of a beautiful maiden whom he knew was within the walls of Vera Cruz, exposed to all the horrors of the siege—the fiery rain of shells, the tempest of shot, the dread of famine and flame—perhaps her peril mingled with his own in augmenting the terror of the scene around him. But whatever might have agitated his mind, Dusenbury, as he met the gaze of Hannibal, was calm and fearless as in other moments, and his last words, ringing above the roar of the surges as the vessel broke in two upon a sand-bank, were still as ever words of hearty cheer:

"Stick to your spar, Hannibal, and trust in Providence."

During that long, tempestuous night, the very carnival of destruction raged over the devoted city of Vera Cruz. From the sand hills and chapparals where the American lines of investment poured forth their hail of missiles, from the war-steamers and frigates of Perry's squadron, which kept up a constant fire from the murderous Paixhan guns and mortars, that, worked by sailors and soldiers behind the entrenched batteries, vomited forth an incessant deluge of shells and cannon-balls, nought less than the entire ruin of the city was threatened during that nocturnal bombardment and assault. But, however impressive to any witnesses was that midnight accumulation of desolating power and skill, it was surely doubly so to a group of naked, shivering wretches, who, during all the hours of darkness, crouched upon the wind-beaten beach, and watched the warfare and the storm. There were five men saved out of a dozen that lately trod the deck of the wrecked brigantine, and of these, two were Dusenbury and Hannibal. When the vessel parted amidships, yielding her freight and cargo to the mercy of the waves, the Yankee had secured a spar to which hung a few yards of torn canvass, and with this feeble support he committed himself to the surf. Nor was his own preservation his only care. Hannibal, dashed suddenly into the sea, had relinquished the spar which he held, and found himself whirled rapidly from the wreck. Totally unable to swim, the negro would have speedily shared the fate of a majority of the crew had not the watchful eye of Dusenbury perceived his situation and his stout hand been stretched out to save him. Scarce had Hannibal time to realize his peril, before he felt himself grasped by his friend and flung across the Yankee's spar, to which he clung instinctively. The heavy rollers soon bore them exhausted to the shelving sands, where they encountered three of the crew, the only survivors, beside themselves of the twelve who were on board the vessel. The captain, mate and five sailors had found a watery grave. But the morning came, and with its first gray streaks, the wrecked Americans dragged themselves to the entrenchments, and made themselves known to their countrymen. They received all the attention it was possible, under the circumstances, to expect, and were provided with food and clothing for their immediate necessities. That day the castle capitulated, and the American general, Scott, entered in triumph the city of Vera Cruz. Over San Juan d' Ullon and the forts of Santiago and Conception the stars and stripes flaunted bravely in the noonday sunbeams. The invading troops marched through the open gates, the trumpets blared, and salvos of musketry and cannon sounded the victory of American arms. Following his triumphant countrymen, Jake Dusenbury traversed the ruined city, his thoughts occupied with but one subject, the fate of his friends Don Manuel and Mexicana. A bombardment of nearly four days had done its work thoroughly. Dusenbury was occupied with his own reflections, and he spoke not a word even to Hannibal, who followed wonderingly his rapid footsteps. The knowledge that for four days the gentle Mexicana had been exposed in this horrible place, filled his heart with still increasing anxiety as he hurried on. But no traces of the objects of his search could be discovered by Dusenbury, though all that day, while the American troops were taking possession of the various positions assigned, he wandered with the faithful Hannibal through different quarters of the city. At night, when the rattle of drums and the peal of artillery were silent and only the sentinels answered one another from their posts, ordering straggling wayfarers to their homes under penalty of arrest, the Yankee sought a resting-place; but his thoughts slept not, though his frame reposed. General Worth, appointed governor of Vera Cruz, turned his attention as speedily as possible to the establishment of strict military discipline throughout the city; but he found it was no easy task to check the disorders always incident to the capture of a fortified place after a determined resistance. The night that succeeded the surrender witnessed excesses among portions of the volunteers which added yet more to the terror of the hapless Mexicans. The darkness of that night of conquest was a fitting veil for the atrocities which many who called themselves Americans perpetrated upon the defenceless inhabitants of Vera Cruz. Jake Dusenbury could not sleep, and the first gray of the morning found him once more in the streets accompanied by Hannibal. He threaded the principal thoroughfares, and proceeded to the southwesterly portion of the city, where the work of havoc had evidently been most complete. Suddenly his progress was blocked by the ruins of a lofty mansion, the front of which had been blown out by shells, filling with its debris the whole wide street. Here, as Dusenbury and his companion paused, their ears were suddenly startled by a woman's shriek, sounding from the interior of the half-demolished house, followed by the report of pistol-shots in quick succession. The Yankee sprang at once through the shattered entrance and over the marble floor of the hall, in the direction whence the noise proceeded. Hannibal followed promptly, and the two soon reached the inner portions of the dwelling. What a sight met their gaze! what a spectacle for a man and a friend was that which now almost transfixed the Yankee's frame with horror, as he gazed through the open door of a large parlor, the walls of which were rent and blackened, and the furniture torn in pieces. In the middle of the apartment, his gray head wrapped in a silken shawl, whilst the rich carpet beneath was clotted with blood that had dripped from his brow, lay an old man, whose features, rigid with death, Dusenbury at a glance recognized as those of Don Manuel Ribera. Kneeling beside her father, with her two beautiful arms outstretched, and each small hand grasping a pistol just discharged, the Yankee beheld the administradore's daughter, Mexicana. The young girl's countenance was pale as marble, and her lustrous eyes, dilated with excitement, were fixed upon the form of a soldier, who, wounded by one of the shots she had just fired, was falling into the arms of a comrade, who, with a drawn sword, was menacing the maiden's breast. Another soldier was in the act of rushing toward the undaunted maiden, intent, as it seemed, on a violent assault. A single glance sufficed to inform Dusenbury of the state of affairs, and the next moment his clenched fist struck the advancing ruffian and flung him reeling to the side of the room. Then, drawing a revolver, his only weapon, he confronted the soldier whose sword was raised against Mexicana.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

We never seek happiness in ourselves, but in the opinion of men whom we know to be flatterers, insincere, unjust, envious, suspicious and prepossessed; unaccountable folly!

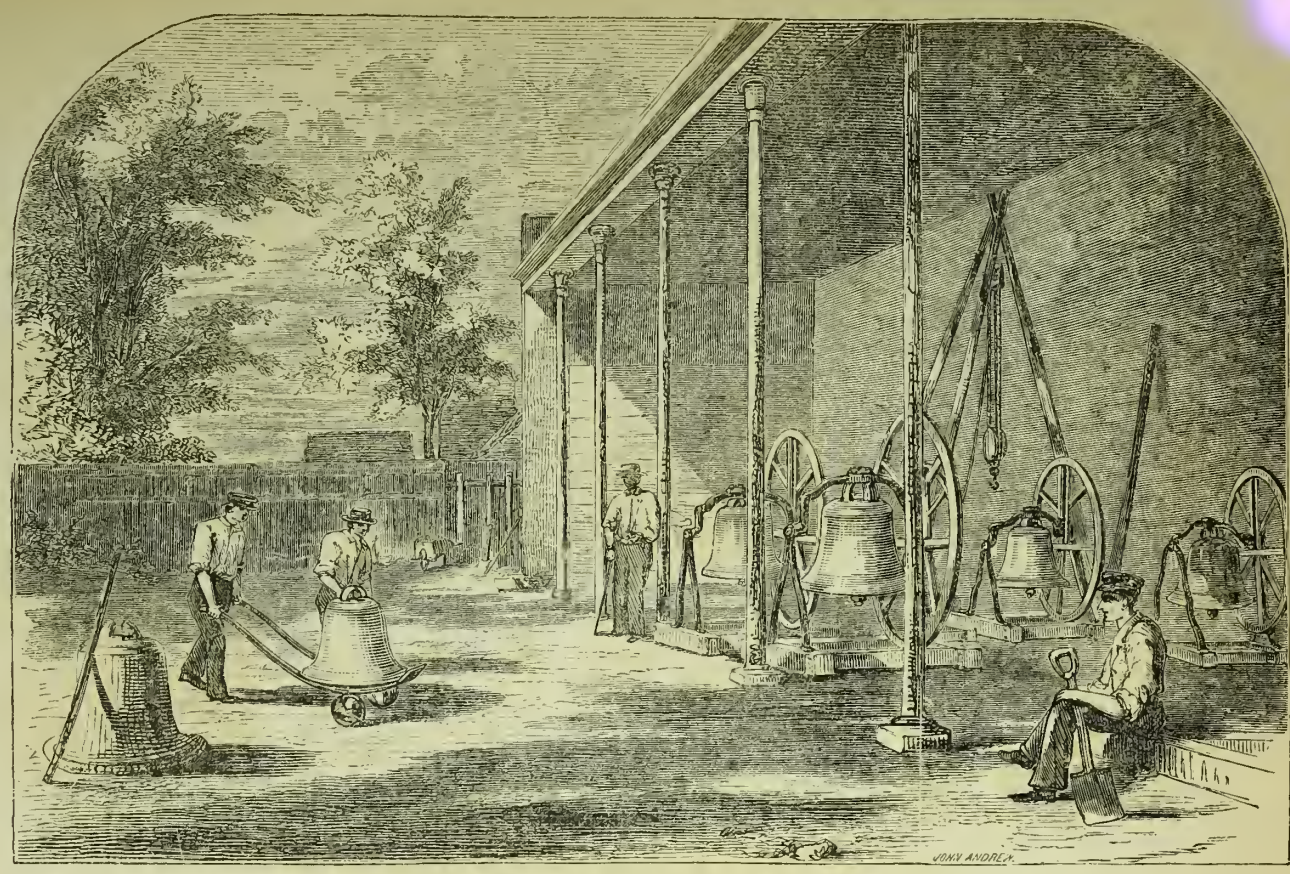
INTERIOR VIEW OF FOUNDRY.

MENEELY'S BELL FOUNDRY.

At West Troy, N. Y., is an establishment which may be literally said to have made a great deal of *noise* in the world, and, therefore, as most of our readers have heard, or heard of its bells, it may not be uninteresting to them to be conducted through the establishment, and learn something of the *modus operandi* by which a bell is made. The engravings which illustrate it were executed expressly for the Pictorial. The first engraving gives a bird's-eye view of the establishment from the front, it being composed of a number of buildings, built substantially of brick, occupying a front of 120 feet upon Broad Street, and extending through 200 feet to Rochester Street, upon which there is a frontage of 150 feet, and upon the opposite side of which is a commodious yard for the storage of timber, coal, etc. The main front building, which is three stories in height and 60 feet in length, is occupied upon the first floor for offices, upon the second by machinery for brass-finishing, and the third for the deposit of patterns and sweeps in use at the establishment. As we pass from the office, we enter the mounting room, in which the different styles of hangings, adapted either to church, factory, steamboat or other bells, are fitted up, the machinery for which purpose is driven by a ten horse-power engine. Over this room is the show-room for bells of 150 pounds and less, where they are arranged along in tiers, mounted and ready for ringing, and to which room they are hoisted directly from the mounting-room below. From this building we pass to the foundry, which is 100 feet in length by 53 feet in width, a view of the interior of which we give in the second engraving. The mouldings, from the smallest to the largest bells, is *loam*, which is a mixture of sand and clay. The frame work of the mould is an iron bell-shaped case, upon which the mixed clay is spread, and which, being perforated with small holes, causes the clay, when dry, to adhere to it. It requires two moulds to form the bell: the *cope*, which forms the outer surface, being closed over the *core*, which forms the inner. The process of making the moulds is simple, the skill of the art being to make the *sweep*, which forms the mould. These sweeps—which also go in pairs, one forming the inner, the other the outer mould,—may be described as vertical sections of the proposed bell revolving about its centre; one describing its outer, the other its inner surface. Upon making the outside mould, the sweep is placed in the case, so as to revolve about, there being between its edge and the surface of the case an intervening space varying from three quarters to two inches, which is filled in with loam, and under a few revolutions of the smooth-edged sweep is brought up to a perfect finish. Before the loam has hardened, the founder's name, and whatever inscription may be desired, are stamped upon the mould. The inside mould is made upon the outer surface of an iron case, which is perforated like the outer one, and over which the inside sweep revolves, smoothing the clay up to a finish. In this state, the moulds are run into an oven, twenty by ten feet, the floor of which is made of perforated iron plates, beneath which there is a space, so that the heat passes up equally through the whole extent of the oven, and thoroughly dries the moulds. These being ready for pouring, the cores are arranged about the floor of the foundry by means of the crane, and then each core has its appropriate cope closed over it, when they are clamped together by means of a projecting flange at the bottom of each, and are ready for pouring. In casting heavier bells, the moulds are placed in a pit near the mouth of the furnace, and the metal at once drawn into them by a trough; but in ordinary sizes, as before described, the moulds are placed about the floor by the crane, which is a ponderous engine, the arm of which describes a circle 40 feet in diameter, and is capable of hoisting with ease a five ton bell, with its moulds attached, out of the pit; the metal is then poured from a ladle holding about a ton, which is replenished from the furnace as often as is necessary. The furnace is shown in the extreme end of the room, it being reverberatory, and is 19 feet in length, by seven feet in width, with a circular stack 70 feet in height, and is capable of melting ten tons at once. There is also a smaller furnace of the capacity of three tons, which is not represented in the engraving, and which is used for reducing slags and ores, and, in the hurrying season, for ordinary melting upon alternate days with the large one. The requisite quantity of metal, which depends—in the language of the workman—upon the "size of the heat," is all melted and thoroughly mixed before any is drawn off. Then

> "Hark! how the furnace pants and roars!
> Hark! how the molten metal pours,
> As, bursting from its iron doors,
> It glistens in the sun!
> Now through the ready mould it flows,
> Seething and hissing as it goes;
> And filling every crevice up,
> As the red vintage fills the cup."

After pouring the moulds, they are allowed to stand over night, when the bell is removed, and the burned edge and pouring sprue cut off, when it is washed off with diluted vitriol, and is then ready for mounting. The mounting-room and yard are represented in the third engraving, where we find, hung and ready for use, bells of all descriptions, from the sharp-toned schoolhouse bells to those of two tons weight, whose deep-mouthed, solemn tones are fitted to resound from the tower of the massive cathedral. We notice that, by means of an adjustable cap upon the yoke, the bell, when hung, can in a moment be turned so as to bring the clapper to strike at a new point of the circumference, thus making the bell practically new again. This is a great *desideratum* in bell hangings, and, by a recent improvement, the Messrs. Meneely have applied it to all sizes, large and small. There is also an adjustable arm attached to the yoke, in order to elevate or depress the bell at pleasure, which, with the addition of tolling hammer, stop, etc., makes their hangings of the most efficient character, without which a good bell loses half its power. We must pass by with a mere word of mention the smaller foundry, where all bells of less than one hundred pounds are moulded in the same manner as large ones, but are poured from crucibles heated in air furnaces; also, the blacksmith and carpenter shops, where the hangings are constructed. This establishment employs from twenty-five to thirty men, and it has cast and sent out, since it has been in operation—which is nearly thirty years,—over ten thousand bells suitable for churches, to say nothing of smaller ones. From one end of the land to the other, in the "islands of the sea," in short, wherever civilization has yet advanced, has also re-echoed the "church-going sound" of "Meneely's bells." This whole subject of church bells possesses much interest. They originated in Italy, being formed, by degrees, out of the cymbals, small tinkling bells and handbells of the East. Among the Christians, they were first employed to call together religious congregations, for which purpose runners had been employed before. In the sixth century, bells were used in the convents; they were suspended on the roof of the church in a frame. Towards the end of this century, bells were placed on some churches. In 610, Clothair besieged Sens, when Lupus, bishop of Orleans, ordered the bells of St. Stephen to be rung. The sound so frightened Clothair that he gave up the siege. In the eighth century, the custom of baptizing and naming bells began. Church bells were probably introduced into England soon after their invention. They were first mentioned by Bede, about the close of the seventh century. In the East, they came into use in the ninth century; in Switzerland, in 1020; when they were brought into Germany is uncertain. In the eleventh century, the cathedral at Augsburg had two bells. The same spirit which induced people to build immense minsters, and to apply their wealth in ornamenting the places of worship, made them vie with each other in the size of their bells. The great bell of Moscow, cast in 1653, in the reign of the Empress Anne, is said, by Mr. Clarke, to be computed to weigh 443,772 lbs. A bell in the church of St. Ivan, in the same city, weighs 127,836 lbs.; another, 356 cwt.; and the one cast in 1819 weighs 1600 cwt., the clapper alone weighing 18 cwt. On the cathedral of Paris a bell was placed, in 1680, which weighed 340 cwt., and measured 25 feet in circumference. In Vienna, a bell was cast, in 1711, of 354 cwt. In Olmutz is one of 358 cwt. The famous bell at Erfurt, in Germany, which is considered to be of the finest bell-metal, having the largest proportion of silver in it, and is baptized "Susanne," weighs 275 cwt., is more than 24 feet in circumference, and has a clapper of four feet, weighing 11 cwt. "Great Tom," of Christ Church, Oxford, weighs 17,000 pounds; of Lincoln, 9894 pounds; the bell of St. Paul's, London, 8400 pounds; a bell at Nankin, in China, is said to weigh 50,000 pounds; and seven at Pekin, 120,000 pounds each. The inscriptions on old bells are curious, and, in some cases, have even historical value; and, at this time, when curiosities of all kinds are eagerly sought for, a collection of these inscriptions would not be uninteresting. The different uses of bells have given rise to many poems, some of which are inscribed on the bells themselves. Perhaps the finest poem which has ever been written on bells is Schiller's poem, *Die Glocke* (The Bell), in which he describes the casting of the bell, and all its uses, in a highly poetical manner. This has been translated into many languages, and is regarded as a perfect literary gem.



MOUNTING ROOM AND YARD OF THE FOUNDRY.

MOULDING AND CASTING PROCESS.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

LINES

WRITTEN IN A WEST INDIAN LADY'S ALBUM.

BY MATURIN M. BALLOU.

I've marked beneath the tropic skies,
  In Cuba's verdant isle,
How sudden Night her mantle drops,
  And darkness reigns the while;
With no soft twilight's dainty hour
  To usher in the scene,
But stately palm and blossoms sweet
  Are hidden by the screen.

And yet, when darkness reigned o'er all,
  And sombre was the shroud,
There came a pleasant messenger—
  A phosphorescent cloud—
The bright torch-bearing euculos
  Now played its brilliant part,
As distant rays of hope shine out
  To light the drooping heart.

Thus, lady, should misfortune come,
  And clouds about thee lower,
Should sudden grief thy soul possess,
  With no forewarning hour—
May angels bright their torches bring,
  And light thy favored way,
While stars of hope illume thy path,
  And brightest suns thy day.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

NO. 342:

—OR,—

THE HEIRESS AND ARTIST.

BY F. CLINTON HARRINGTON.

MAUDE is not a very pretty name, and is, moreover, we think, a nickname of Margaret,—at least, we have been told so. Margaret has a fine, noble air about it, and, it strikes us, must always belong to some superior girl, a sort of queenly person, with dark brows and hair, and a figure a la Minerva. But we like none of its nicknames, such as Maude, Madge, Mag and Maggy, and Mat. But of the five, Maude is, in our notion, the best, and retains more of the dignity of the original than any one of the others.

But a handsome, dashing girl can invest any name with beauty, and seeing such an one wear it, we shall always associate it with her. So "Maude" belonged to one who was the most beautiful girl in Philadelphia,—not a mere beauty, but she was beauty's self. The wearer of this blunt appellation was a belle, a wit, and an heiress. What more can be said? She was charming nineteen, and with the freshness and guilelessness of girlhood, united with the sweet dignity and virtuous reserve of womanhood.

Maude had numerous admirers. She had not many strings to her beau, but many beaux to her string. Were she by chance on foot walking down Walnut or Chestnut Streets, she would not have gone five squares before five beaux were her escort; one on each side and three walking with locked arms behind. Were she at a ball, everybody knew in what part of the room Maude May was by the group of devotees that clustered about her.

No other belles were jealous of Maude. Her transcendent and superb beauty was confessed by them all; and then she was so amiable and good-natured, so sweet and engaging in her manners, had such a frank friendship about her, that nobody could have got angry with her, for she would not let them. Before the warmth of her sunny smile, the iciest look of envy would dissolve.

There was no assumption about Maude. She was born, as it were, to receive homage and to float gracefully upon the upper clouds of the social skies of fashion. Grand-daughter of a lordly colonial governor, great-grand-daughter of an English earl, her father one of the millionaires and leading merchants in the city, with beauty, education, talent, wit, humor, grace and tact, the brilliant girl was "to the manor born," and none disputed her right to her dazzling position.

The residence of Mr. May was in one of the most townish quarters of the city, and was one of those elegant palaces, with marble steps in front and porticoes of white marble, which adorn the avenues of the city of Penn. In this rich mansion, Maude reigned supreme; for she was an only child, and an orphan since her fifth year. Her father set no limit to the gratification of her desires, while her good sense never allowed her to transgress the boundaries that economy drew between extravagance and discretion.

"Well, Maude," said her father, one night, after ten o'clock, when they were left alone in the drawing room by the departure of all her beaux, six in number,—"well, my daughter, which of these attentive gentlemen are you to prefer?"

"None of them, dear father," she said, quietly turning over the leaves of a music book.

"You do not mean to live and die an old maid?"

"No, dear father, I hope not," she said, laughingly; "but look at these six admirers, who follow me like shadows!"

"Well, I *have* looked at them. They are all very unexceptionable matches. There is Charles Girault, a young attorney of good family and talents, and will, one day, be a judge or a senator in Washington. What have you to object to him?"

"Only that he is so vain and self-loving. He wishes me only to adorn himself. He wishes to attach me to himself to glorify him. He would like to say, 'I have the handsomest wife in Philadelphia!' Of course, I speak freely my mind to *you*, father, and I hope you will not think me vain. But I can see through Charles. His vanity is as transparent as glass. Were I to have the small-pox and be disfigured, he would soon leave my train, and would hardly deign me a passing nod in Chestnut Street."

Mr. May laughed heartily; for he felt the truth of her portrait and the accuracy of her knowledge of human nature.

"But what say you to Edgar Ellis? He is of a good family. He is a promising physician, and will, one day, be at the head of the medical profession. Besides, he sings so splendidly."

"That is, dear father, he is in love, not with me, but with my voice. He says that our voices together make perfect harmony. He is so near sighted, with all his good spectacles, that I do not believe he has the least idea how I look. I question if he knows whether my eyes are blue or hazel. He wants a wife who can sing with him, and especially the songs and music composed by himself. He fancies I can, and so he wants to marry me."

Again Mr. May held back his head and indulged in a hearty laugh.

You are a complete portrait painter; but your brush is a sword dipped in acids. There are no oil colors about it, Maude. But you can have no objections to George Leslie. His father is a rich man. He himself has travelled in Europe. He speaks half a dozen languages. He devotes himself to you. Every morning I see a superb bouquet on your table that he has sent to you. He paints, too."

"Leslie, dear father, loves brown hair and brown eyes: they are his passion. I have such hair and eyes. When he sees me, he is ever talking rapturously about my eyes and hair. In his amateur pictures, one sees only brown eyes and brown tresses. His own are brown. He never sees a person's face or form. It is all *brown* hair—*brown* eyes. If I should turn gray to-morrow, farewell to bouquets and to Mr. Leslie!"

"Upon my word, Maude, you take off your lovers with a great deal of freedom; but I believe with truth. Can you have any possible objection to Mordaunt Montmorency, the poet? It seems to me you take pleasure in his society."

"So I do. But he is not in love with *me*, but with the heroines of his poems; and because I am kind enough to listen while he reads his poems to me, and can appreciate them, he considers me almost equal to one of his romantic heroines. Only yesterday, after I had listened an hour to a sort of epic, with a blue-eyed, golden-haired heroine, named Leillette, this dilletanti had the impertinence to say to me: 'Miss Maude, if you were only an ideal being, a creature of the imagination, I might fall in love with you; but I can't endure the grossness of flesh and blood.'"

"Excellent! admirable! How perfectly you have hit him! Bless me! if you go on at this rate, girl, you will put an end to your lovers with a death worse than the guillotine. You cut off their heads without mercy. There is Fred Frazier; to be sure, he is rather 'fast,' but marriage soon cures this sort of gentry. He has money and is advantageously connected. What of Fred? *I* like him vastly."

"He thinks only of my fortune; he hopes to get it, to repair his own. He courts you, pa, for me. Instead of sending me bouquets, he drinks champagne and hock with you. He hopes to secure you, and so thinks I shall drop into his lap from the paternal tree, like a ripe peach. He dares not propose to me, because he is shy of me, and knows I do not approve of his habits. I have no respect for such a person. If you were to fail to-morrow, you would never see him at your table again."

"Dear sus! bless my soul! What havoc you make! How many is this you have decapitated? Five, I believe. There is but one more."

"Who is that, dear father?" she asked, demurely.

"Colonel Forsyth. It is true he is a widower; but he is young, of good family, an officer in the army, and seems to think the world of you."

"He is in love with my fortune, father. He betrayed his secret wish one day, recently, in a manner not to be mistaken. None of these gentlemen are anything to me," she said, with quiet decision. "If I were poor to-morrow, not one of them would stoop so low as to do me reverence. And all the others not named by you, I fear, seek only my money."

"What will become of you, child? I want to see you settled in the world."

"But only with a man who loves me for myself. I am known to be rich in prospective; and it is natural, without being suspicious, that I should mistrust the motives of my suitors. Besides, dear father, love is sympathetic. It can never be concealed. If one of these gentlemen truly loved me, I should know it, intuitively. I should feel it in my heart; for there is in the soul a responsive chord that is never silent when struck by love."

"You talk as wisely as Ovid, child. Yet I believe you are right. But you speak as if you experienced this emotion."

The young and beautiful woman dropped her eyes and colored superbly to the brows. Her father saw the crimson wave flow towards the fair shores of her temples, and perceived its undulations rise and fall within the deep sea of her heaving bosom.

"I have felt it, dear father," she said frankly, and in a low tone.

"Ah! who is he, child, that has the power of moving your heart? Upon my word, I would like to know the happy youth."

"You smile. I cannot be ridiculed, father."

"It is far from my wish to ridicule, my sweet Maude. I sympathize with your love, whoever is the object of it. I know I can trust your prudence and pride, and that he is no unworthy person."

"There, sir," she said, in a faltering tone, "is the face." And she placed in his hand a miniature on ivory.

Mr. May first gazed affectionately and kindly upon his daughter, as she placed herself at his feet upon a fauteuil, and looked with beautiful earnestness up into his face. He then kissed her and said:

"You need not fear; I shall love whom you can love."

He then gazed on the face of the locket. It was a noble countenance. It was that of a young but sensible and proud man. The face pleased Mr. May; it commanded his attention. The more he examined it the more he liked the air and expression and fine character it betrayed. She seemed to hang on his decision. At length he spoke:

"Maude, you have chosen a handsome and fine fellow, if this ivory does not flatter. But I never saw him. How in the dence is it that young girls always manage to fall in love with somebody whom their pas never saw."

"I don't know how it is, pa; but somehow we don't love those who are always about us."

"That is it. If the young men would fly, you would pursue; if they pursue, you hide and box their ears if they overtake you. May I ask who this is, who has the merit of having won your heart and carried off the prize without effort?"

"He does not know that he has won the prize, father," she said, with pretty confusion. "He does not know but that I am perfectly indifferent to him."

"Then *you* love *him?*"

"Yes, dear father, but not until I saw that he loved me. But he was too modest and humble to betray his secret; but I saw it in his eyes, heard it in his voice, perceived it in his manner. Nay, the more he strove to conceal it, the more it betrayed itself. As a truant boy trying to hide a bird in his bosom, betrays the treasure he would conceal by his anxiety to conceal it. So with Edward Copley."

"And who is Edward Copley, child?"

"An artist, a portrait and landscape painter, a young man of education, genius and the most sensitive refinement of soul."

"A poor artist?"

"An artist and doubtless *poor*, dear father; but is poverty a barrier to honor?"

"By no means, my daughter, but—"

"You need not say more, dear father. I can anticipate all your ideas. Edward Copley, though an artist and poor, is an honorable and noble person. He has nobility and elevation of soul that would, were circumstances equal, place him at the head of the best society. But he is poor. He toils night and day at his easel, not for wealth, but for fame—for honor—for glory, to enrol his name at the top of the scroll of his country's men of genius."

"There can be no better or higher motives, it is true, but—"

"There can be, and there is a better motive moving him, dear father, to which all ambition is secondary. He has a widowed mother and two sisters, to whom the proceeds of his pencil go. He sustains them; he educates them; he toils in self-forgetfulness, to surround them with comforts, and even luxuries. For once they were rich. He was born to affluence. The wreck of the United States Bank reduced his father, Herman Copley, to poverty, and hastened his death, leaving a widow and these three dependent upon her."

"Stop, my child; is this Herman Copley's son? Yes—I see the likeness. I knew his father: an honorable merchant, and a man of large wealth. It is true, he went down, with hundreds of others, in that tornado. And his eldest son is an artist?"

"Yes, sir."

"I have seen, I think, a picture of his in the exhibition. Did it not take the first premium?"

"Yes, sir."

"Supports his mother and sisters?"

"Yes, sir."

"And pray, where did *you* see him, Maude?"

"At his rooms."

"And what were you doing there? You did not have your portrait taken, I hope, without consulting me?"

"No, sir. But Laura Conrad had hers taken before she went to Europe, and, at her request, I frequently accompanied her, as it was not proper she should go alone."

"And there you first saw Mr. Copley?"

"Yes, sir."

"And—"

"My dear father, let me anticipate further questioning. It was impossible to be often in the society of such a young man without appreciating his genius and tastes. He taught me much; he taught me how to distinguish the beauties of his high art, to discriminate between good and indifferent pieces, to love the old masters—"

"And the *young* master too, eh?"

"To—to—father, you are too severe."

"Well, I will not say another word to hurt your feelings. A young man who supports his mother and sisters is worth all the moneyed popinjays who sue for your hand. Do you know, girl, that *I* have had no less than seven applications to consent, in the last two months?"

"I was not aware of it, sir," she said, calmly. "But I wish to assure you, dear father, that I cannot look upon any one but Edward Copley with regard."

"So be it. But are you sure he loves you?"

"Without a doubt"

"And not your fortune?"

"I have doubts whether he knows more than my name. I have never seen him but in his atelier, and we talked only of poets, paintings and—"

"Love?"

"No, sir; but, O, dear father, you do not understand me!"

"I do, my child, fully," he said, kissing her. "I know you love a young man worthy of you, and that he loves you, I take your word for; for women understand these matters better than

we men do. But are you sure he does not love you for your money?"

"But he has never told me he loved me, nor sought my hand."

"He loves only with his eyes, then, I am to understand?" said her father, roguishly.

"Yes, sir; and—"

"And you love him back with your eyes?"

"He is too modest—too poor—to think I could love him."

"And so his love, like

'the worm i' the bud,
Feeds upon his cheek, and—'"

"Nonsense, dear father!" she said, slapping him prettily upon the cheek. "In two words, I love Edward and he loves me; and one of these days we will be married with your consent."

"Will you ask him, or is he to ask you?"

"Mischief! How provoking you are, pa! But I have a plan to test all my lovers, and Edward, too, if you doubt him?"

"What is it?"

"Listen. You know you have advertised our fine house for sale, before going to Europe on our two years' tour. Now, nobody knows that we are going; yet they all see the advertisement. Now, dear pa, I want you, as soon as you get a purchaser—"

"I have one already."

"So much the better. Then, I wish you would move into that small brick house that you own second door from the next corner. It is vacant."

"Move there? Where Crisp, the shoemaker, lived? The child is crazy!"

"Not one bit, sir. You know I am unfortunately very rich, and that I am tormented with suitors, most of whom seek, evidently, my fortune, while my heart is not my own, and I cannot endure their fulsome presence. It is difficult for an heiress to decide which of her suitors are sincere and love her for herself. Now, I know that you wish me to make choice of one of the fashionable young men who flutter about me, rather than marry a poor artist. I see this in your face, dear father. But you would not have me marry where my heart cannot be married also to my husband's heart?"

"By no means."

"Then, pray, listen to my plan. Let us move next week into that humble house. Let us dismiss our servants, and dispose of our equipage. Let us—"

"Become poor folks at once, hey?" he ejaculated with surprise.

"Yes, that is what I mean. Let us appear poor; this will test my lovers, and will prove to you who loves me for my fortune and who loves me for myself."

"But people will think I have indeed lost my property."

"Let them. It will enable you to try your friends and sift the chaff from the wheat. You are not now in business. Your acts can affect no one."

"You are a queer girl. I am half of a mind to indulge you in your whim."

"Be of a whole mind, dear father."

"Well, have it so. But I shall lose credit."

"What if you do? You have no use for credit. You are rich, and your money is invested."

"I will do it, Maude. I feel already awakened in me a curiosity to see the result of this strange experiment."

Two weeks after this conversation, the people who passed and re-passed the handsome mansion of Mr. May saw it closed, and on the door a placard: "Moved to No. 342, opposite."

Charles Girault, an exquisite of the *premiere classe*, a suitor of Maude May, rang at the door without noticing the placard. It was opened by a strange servant whom May had left there.

"Is Miss May within?"

"No, sir. They've moved over at you house. This house is sold."

"Over where?"

"That small red house, yer honor. Read the card."

Mr. Girault placed his quizzing-glass to his eye, and read the placard. He looked surprised. He descended the steps, and putting his glass to his eye on reaching the sidewalk, surveyed the house over the way.

"What can this mean, Ellis?" he asked, of suitor number two of Miss May's, who came lounging along with the nonchalant self-possession of a tonnish young physician. "This house is shut and sold, and May and belle Maude are living in that mean tenement over the way. See this card."

"It is impossible! Let us cross and see. It must be a joke."

But on the door was a plain brass plate with Mr. May's name upon it.

"Let us ring," said the exquisite.

"There is no bell," remarked the doctor.

"Knock, then. The Mays must be gone to the country, and this is a quiz of some fellow's."

The doctor rapped. The door opened, and Maude herself opened the door. She was dressed in a plain calico gown, her hair plain, and, to sensible eyes, looked more handsome than in all her rich apparel. She bowed with quiet dignity, and asked them in.

"We keep no servant now, gentlemen, and you will excuse me for letting you in."

"What, Miss May! Is it the fact, then?"

"Walk in, gentlemen."

They could not well refuse, and awkwardly stumbled in through a narrow entry, and took their seats in a plain and poorly furnished parlor. They were confused. Neither could speak. They looked volumes of amazement at one another. The self possession and quietude of Maude confounded them.

"Pardon us. We will not intrude. We were not aware of—"

"Our having taken humble lodgings?"

"We were not aware of your father's reverses. Pardon us. Good morning,—good morning, Miss May!"

And the two lovers, the most ardent of the six, bowed themselves out, and scarcely touched their hats to the young lady, who they believed had lost her fortune; for, in that day, men rose up rich and went to their pillows poor. It was a day of sudden and great failures, and when the richest men were looked upon with the most suspicion.

It was soon noised about that Mr. May had lost his fortune, and that Maude was poor and living in a miserable abode. In a week's time she ceased to see callers in carriages stop at her handsome mansion opposite, and none crossed over to call upon her in her humble abode. Mr. May was cut by certain people; and even Maude, who went down Chestnut Street, neatly attired, shopping, noticed that all her old beaux and female friends seemed to be deeply interested, when they passed her, in gazing at the windows on the thither side. She had an opportunity not only of testing her beaux but her female friends. No more bouquets came. No more liveried servants left tickets for parties in high life at her door. No more phaetons called to take her in. No elite young men found their way into the parlor.

"What a pity!" "A foine girl!" "What a sacrifice she will have to make of herself!" "How unfortunate!" "She will never now make a match!" "How great a fall!" So the world went on; while Maude and her father were sifting the world's chaff from its wheat.

"I do not regret it, Maude," said Mr. May, the third week. "It shows me now *who* are my true friends."

"And you are satisfied now who are my true lovers?"

"I do not wish to have better proof," he answered, smiling. "You have weighed them all in the balance, Maude, and found them wanting."

"Except Edward."

"And what of the artist? He has not been near you either."

"Nor before, dear father."

"True; and, by the way, child, how came you by that miniature?"

"To tell you truly, father," she answered, blushing, "I borrowed it of his eldest sister, a sweet girl of sixteen."

"And so you know his sister?"

"This one is learning to paint of her brother, and I saw her several times when there with Laura. And, one day, there being a storm of rain, finding her standing below at the street door, waiting for it to cease, I invited her to ride with me in the carriage, as Laura's carriage had come for her. So I set her down at her home. She politely invited me in, and desirous of seeing where Edward lived, and of knowing his mother, I went in with her. I was charmed with my visit, and I repeated it; and Ida—that is her name,—seeing I admired a miniature of her brother, painted a copy of it and presented it to me."

"And do you suppose Mr. Copley knew nothing of this?"

"I suspect he aided *some*, sir, from what she said," answered Maude, blushing like a nectarine.

"I understand it all now. But the mother knew you?"

"Yes, sir. She said she was a school-mate of my mother's."

"Ah! that is enough to make me like her. I feel kindly towards everybody that once knew your dear mother, Maude. But there is a knock at the door. Perhaps a lover."

Maude opened the door, and Ida Copley stood before it. Miss May welcomed her with a delighted tone of voice, and drawing her in, introduced her to her father. Mr. May thought her a perfect Hebe.

"Miss May, pardon me, but mother heard of your misfortune," said Ida, embarrassed, "and has sent you this note. She hopes you will not be offended."

"Your ma can never offend me," she answered, and father and daughter interchanged perplexed looks. Maude opened the note. From it dropped to the floor a folded bank note. She picked it up, opened it and saw it was of the value of $100. The note read as follows:

"My dear Miss May,—Edward has informed us of your reverses. We deeply sympathize with you and your father. Be not offended if we entreat you to do us the kindness to accept the enclosed We can spare it. Edward has just disposed of two pictures, and does not need the money. His delicacy would not suffer *him* to send it; but it, in truth, comes from him. He would not forgive me if he knew I told you of it. If I can be of any service to you, or my daughter, pray let me know.

"Your mother's friend, Mary Copley."

When Maude, with tearful eyes, had read this note, she looked up; but Ida was gone. She had softly glided out of the open front door.

"There, my dear father; when you have read that, you will know who are our true friends."

Mr. May had to wipe the glasses of his spectacles twice before he finished it. He looked at the bank note, and said, with emotion:

"This does me more good than all the money I have, Maude. Here is a noble woman and a noble son!"

"And a nobler *lover*, dear father," she said, archly.

"Maude, I must know this young man, and these good people."

"Shall I invite them all here to tea to-morrow evening?"

"Do so. They think we are as poor as they. Let us accept the money, and show our gratitude to them by this invitation. Such true goodness shall have its reward."

The next evening, Edward—happy Edward,—his mother and sisters came to tea at Mr. May's. It was the happiest evening he ever passed. This visit broke the ice, as Maude hoped it would do. The visit was repeated. Mr. May was more and more pleased with the mother and young artist. Unawed by the glare of supposed wealth, Edward at length got courage to proffer his love and urge his suit for Maude's hand. Mr. May gave his consent, after Maude had given her's.

Three weeks after, the lovers were married, at eight o'clock in the evening, in the humble mansion of Mr. May. After the ceremony was over, the father of the bride said:

"Mr. Copley, I have made my daughter a present of a small house; for I am not *altogether* bankrupt. Come, sir; come, Maude; come, Mrs. Copley; come, my friends, all! Let us cross the street together."

Maude was in the secret. She was all smiles and joy. They ascended the marble steps of the noble palatial edifice which they had three months before left. A servant in livery threw open the door into a lighted hall. They passed through into brilliantly illuminated drawing-rooms, and were met by a few *true* friends of Mr. May, whom he had invited *there* to receive his newly married daughter and son-in-law.

The amazement of Edward Copley what pen can describe! His astonishment, who can paint, when Mr. May turned to him and said:

"Mr. Copley, you sought not my daughter for her fortune, therefore, it is yours with her hand. This house and all it contains is her bridal gift. I have lost no wealth. I am richer to-day than I ever was before. We have been only testing our friends and those who have passed the ordeal," he added, looking round upon the surprised company. "You will be dearer to us than ever. You loved Maude for herself, and now you have your two-fold reward!"

The beautiful bride enjoyed infinitely the surprised and puzzled happiness of her husband. But we will not attempt to describe his satisfaction and joy at this unlooked-for denouement. He who in adversity had been so noble, prosperity was not to overthrow, and the heart that beat so warmly and truly to mother and sisters in poverty, would beat no less truly for a wife in opulence."

"Be poor for three months, if you wish to try your friends or your lovers," Mr. May used to say afterwards, when he wished to be facetious. "No man knows his real friends, no woman her true lovers, until they try them."

We need not say that this was a happy marriage. We need not allude to the chagrin and disappointment of those bought and sold young gentlemen who had turned up their noses at "No. 342, opposite!"

Moral.—Appearances are deceitful.

NOTICES OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

The Land of Gold. By Hinton R. Helper. Baltimore. 1855 12mo. pp. 300.

"A weary and unprofitable sojourn of three years in California," did not, of course, give the author of this book a very favorable impression of the "land of gold." He tells us so with frankness, and has painted us the dark side of California with a ruthless pencil. It will create, doubtless, a great deal of discussion. For sale by Fetridge & Co.

Cora and the Doctor: or, *Revelations of a Physician's Wife.* Boston: John P. Jewett & Co. 1855. 12mo. pp. 406.

In spite of the floods of novels pouring from the press, a really good one is quite as much a rarity now as formerly. The present work is an exception to the rule of trashiness. It is an exceedingly interesting domestic story, worked out with great artistic skill, and pervaded by a high moral tone. In passages it is terribly exciting. We cordially commend it to our readers.

Lippincott's Pronouncing Gazetteer of the World. Edited by Dr. J. Thomas. T. Baldwin, and others. Philadelphia: Lippincott, Grambo & Co. 1855. 8vo. pp. 2182.

An admirable and complete geographical dictionary, indispensable for reference It is brought down to the present date, and contains a greater amount of matter than any other volume in the English language, embracing 20,000 more words than any other gazetteer extant. The Pronouncing Dictionary is an admirable feature, and a treatise on pronunciation in the introductory portion of the book is very well executed. We have looked for several quite obscure and inconsiderable places since receiving the work, but have not yet found it at fault. The Gazetteer may be obtained of Sauborn, Carter & Bazin, in this city.

The Annals of San Francisco. By Frank Soule, John H. Gihon, M. D., and James Nisbet. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1855. pp. 824.

The history of California is a romance from the beginning, while the gold discovery, and the subsequent successful efforts at establishing civilization on the shores of the Pacific, fill an epoch which will be ever regarded as one of the most interesting periods in the history of the United States. The present work tells the whole story with an amplitude of detail which renders it peculiarly valuable and attractive. It has, moreover, sketches of manners, of prominent persons, of those social peculiarities which give life to history—and the whole is executed with great spirit and zeal. Moreover, it is liberally illustrated with fine maps, with splendid steel and wood engravings in the very best style of art, and it requires no foresight to predict that it will meet with a prodigious sale. It may be obtained of Redding & Co.

Memoirs of Henry VIII. and his Six Wives. By Henry Wm. Herbert. New York and Auburn: Miller, Orton & Mulligan. 1855. 12mo. pp. 441.

A work with all the fascination of a romance, written in the best vein of its accomplished and popular author. The uxorious and ruthless tyrant, the twentieth Norman king of England is painted with the graphic vigor of Scott; while Katherine of Arragon, Anne Boleyn, Jane Seymour, Anne of Cleves, Katherine Howard and Katherine Parr are masterly delineations. The publishers have done their part well, by issuing this book in beautiful style, and illustrating it by seven fine steel engravings. This most attractive volume may be obtained of Crosby, Nichols & Co.

Sallust's Jugurtha and Cataline. With Notes and a Vocabulary. By Noble Butler and Millard Sturgis. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1855. pp. 397.

An admirably edited and beautifully printed edition of the most brilliant of the Roman writers of history. The vocabulary and notes are ample, and evince ripe scholarship. The work will commend itself to every classical student. For sale by Redding & Co.

Roemer's Polyglot Readers.—Messrs. D. Appleton & Co. are publishing a series of works under the above title, edited by J. Roemer, A. M., Professor of French Language and Literature in the New York Free Academy, and based on an entirely new plan. The volumes are each of 12mo. size, and contain 280 pages, neatly bound. One volume is an English reader, the contents of which are varied, consisting of anecdotes, stories, essays, dramatic sketches, etc., chiefly by American authors. Another volume has the same articles in the French language; a third, the same in German—so that the several parts serve as mutual keys. A Frenchman learning English, takes the English volume to translate from, and the French as a key to it. The Italian and Spanish readers are to follow next in course of publication An admirable essay on the study of language introduces the contents of each volume. The plan is an admirable one, and cannot fail to be successful. For sale by Redding & Co.

The Hundred Boston Orators. By James Spear Loring. 4th edition. Boston: John P. Jewett & Co. 8vo. pp. 727.

This work, embracing biographical notices and extracts from the speeches of more than one hundred of the orators selected by the municipal authorities of Boston to address them on public occasions, was first published in 1852, and rapidly reached an extensive sale, three very large editions having been completely exhausted in a couple of years. The present edition has been corrected and improved, making a record of the eminent men of Boston as reliable as possible. The work is desirable and attractive, and supplies a missing link in the chain of historical authority. No American library can be said to be complete without it.

MAIL-COACH CHANGING HORSES.

OLD AND NEW MODES OF TRAVELLING

Within a very few years a complete revolution has taken place in the system of locomotion. The young man about town, sporting his first moustache, can still remember, almost vividly, when the first New England rail-car was launched upon its adventurous career. Nay, the machinery of railroads is still a novelty. Though the long trains daily meet our eyes, though we may daily travel in them, though at night their rumble shakes our pillow, and their thunder fills our sleep, still they seem, in a measure, dreamlike and unreal. Their extraordinary power idealizes such unpoetic elements as ribs of iron, plates of steel, ponderous wheels, and masses of wood. What wonder in all the "Arabian Nights" is comparable to this daily marvel? The Arabian enchanter transported his heroes from place to place on a bronze horse, or a flying carpet or in a house; but on the railroad we behold hourly whole blocks of palaces flitting from town to town and city to city with the speed of light. But one should never speak ill of the bridge that has carried him safely over, and our enthusiasm for the new system of locomotion should not cause us to forget the old. A thousand pleasant and interesting associations cluster around the good old stage-coach system—the reliable dependence of the public for so many years. As we look back to those days—not, indeed, very far remote, when our streets were filled with the thunder of arriving and departing coaches, a tender regret takes possession of our soul. For a moment the railroad is out of favor with us. We are willing—for a moment only—to forget the great blessings it has conferred upon mankind, and to remember all the ills that are chargeable to its account. We conjure up dreadful accidents—accidents of enormous magnitude, involving the carnage of a battle; we dwell upon fluctuations of fares and unreasonable suspensions of accommodations; we review the record of defaulting treasurers, and bitterly think of the money we sank in projects of branch railroads that lived upon assessment and died for want of funds. For the time being we become, not of the present, progressive, but of the past, fogy. Old scenes, old friends, come thronging back upon the memory. We recall the excursions, pleasant, fairy like, because performed in that golden season of life when fancy paints a rainbow on every cloud, and even tears have their prismatic colors. We recall bright mornings in June, with the dew glittering upon the elms by the wayside, the sunlight bathing white villages, and brightening the floating clouds, and dimpling the streams with radiant sparkles. We behold ourself seated beside the coachman—perhaps, O, joy of joys! entrusted with the "lines"—lines drawn, not over the backs of "three blind ones and a bolter," but four shining bay nags, half-blood, whirling along the freshly-washed carriage, with its nine inside, and a huge pile of baggage on the rack behind, as if it were a feather. Fleetly and gayly the gallant leaders skim the road like deer, tossing their heads their little sensitive ears in motion, sometimes fondly nestling together, sometimes parting in the freedom of their stride, the heavily wheelers bravely following, up and down hill, at the rate of ten miles an hour. If we can take our boyish eyes off the horses—those magnets of attraction, we have ample time to scan the scenery; for the trees do not whiz by, like a troop of wild witches bound for their sabbath on the Hartz, as they dash by the windows of the cars; but the landscape moves slowly, gracefully changing from one kaleidoscopic figure to another. We recall, too, pleasant drives in the sharp autumn weather, with nerves braced up like chords of a drum; pleasant mornings, mellow noons, and cool evenings, coming down on the landscape, and darkening all but the broad track over which our horses patter rapidly, as they approach the welcome village inn, the termination of the stage and the day's journey. What a bustle the arrival of the coach caused! The day's work over, all the male villagers were congregated in the streets. The village blacksmith, leaving the horse he was shoeing, would come to the door of his shop to catch a glimpse of the coach, and exchange a friendly nod with the driver. The village belle, decked in her best, sat at her window "a love-lighted watch-fire;" and how her little heart fluttered in her bosom, when, from the buff gauntlet of the driver, a snow-white letter, a missive from the distant lover, winged its flight to the very window-sill of the expectant maiden. But the largest representation of village curiosity, wisdom, wit and wealth was to be found at that favored hostelrie where the stage stopped. The figures of the village idlers and magnates were defined against the glowing background of the bar-room windows, ruddy with the light of generous oak and nutwood fires within; for, in those days, wood was plenty, before the confounded railroads devoured our forests, doubled the price of fuel, and reduced us to the ghastly substitute of anthracite. What a bustle as the coach drew up, and the portly coachman, tossing his reins to a hostler, descended with dignity from his box, like a king from his throne! The first greeting was for the driver. He felt his importance. It could not be otherwise; it was not in human nature to be proof against the flatteries of which he was the object. When the Duke of Saxe-Weimar was travelling in this country, and waiting for the coach in the sitting-room of an inn, an individual opened the door, and presented himself with the following salutation: "Are you the man that's going in the coach? 'Cause I'm the gentleman that drives you!" The duke was too sensible a man to be offended. The gentleman who held the reins and guided the conveyance over the corduroy roads of Georgia was, at that moment, of far greater importance than the individual committed to his care, and who knew no reins but the reins of state—far easier articles to handle, according to Chancellor Oxenstein. The ladies handed from the coach, the gentlemen extricating themselves, the luggage unstrapped and carried into the house, the male travellers congregated round the bar room fire, the habitual frequenters of the place, the village politicians, and the village *bon vivants* courteously making way for them, and removing from the focus of generous heat. Then how many questions would be asked and answered! for the stage-coach was the messenger of news. In those days people were not crammed with news, as they are now, when every important village has its journal or journals. Perhaps since the last stage-coach, a packet had arrived from Europe, bringing forty days later intelligence. There was no such thing then as regular weekly arrivals, with scraps of intelligence, trivial items about a queen's sneezing, or a princess's birth. A European arrival could not fail then to bring a good solid budget of news, ample food for discussion for a month. Slow and sure was the motto of that day. We never heard, in those days, of fast young men; and if there were few slow coaches on the road, there were plenty of them off the road. How easy it was to make a reputation! A few verses, written by an aspiring country clerk, who "penned a stanza when he should engross," copied in a clerical hand, sent to a Boston newspaper, and there inserted, coming back with the author's initials, in the "poet's corner," to the chimney corner of the bar-room of the inn, at once made the fortunate writer a village Milton. From that time forward he was the oracle of tea-tables, the idol of blue stockings. Every bar-room had its brace of political oracles then, the champions of their respective parties; for then the science of multiplying parties was unknown. There was the sturdy old federalist and the sturdy old democrat, hammering away at each other with incontrovertible arguments, and keeping up a never-ending warfare. Then there was the schoolmaster, always appealed to to settle abstruse arithmetical questions, and, of course, the squire. Squires were not created in batches as they are at present, and no one but him who bore the legal title was ever addressed as such by letter or by word of mouth. The squire, of course, was always the high court of appeal in cases involving the quirks and quiddities of law, and if he was well read up in the "Axe relating to a Gustus Pease," of course he gave his decision with oracular emphasis. To complete the picture, throw in a dozen brawny teamsters, huge, stalwart fellows, who drove six in hand, and resided, the greater part of their time, on huge, covered baggage wagons, beneath which an immense mastiff kept perpetual watch. The favorite paper in the country, in those days, was the "American Traveller," a weekly sheet, edited by Royal Porter, and containing, in addition to news, poetry, romantic love tales, and letters of travelling correspondents. But we are keeping our stage-coach company from supper. The bell rings and a regular stampede takes place to the banquet-hall, as towards the cabin of a steamboat under the same circumstances of want and supply. With what a relish the stage-coach passengers sat down to the hot supper in the dining-hall! It was a plain apartment, with pine chairs, a pine table, and room-paper curtains to the windows. There were no splendid hangings, no French mirrors, no service of plate, no damask table-cloths, no Turkey carpets, no rosewood chairs, which make up the charges in our modern entertainments. As Hastings says:

OLD-FASHIONED STAGE-COACH.

"We passengers are to be taxed to pay all these fineries. I have seen a good sideboard or a marble chimney-piece, though not actually put in the bill, yet inflame the bill confoundedly." But solid creature comforts were not wanting. The table quite groaned with hearty luxuries, eaten with appetites unknown in these days of French cookery and dyspepsia. And the cherry-checked Phillises, real rustic beauties, added a charm to the hospitable entertainment. There was a poetry and picturesqueness about those old days of stage-coach travelling lacking to our present mode of progression. The old and new *regimé* are very happily illustrated in the engravings accompanying our text, to which we are indebted to the graphic pencil and pleasant fancy of young Champney, the artist, who caught the true spirit of our theme and faithfully embodied it. In the first large engraving he has depicted that bustling scene, "changing horses," which was quite a feature in the stage-coach days. The horses were changed every ten miles. The relay was ready, and in the hands of half a dozen active servants. The moment the coachman pulled up, the horses were taken out and found their way to the stable, while the fresh team were "put to" with incredible celerity, scarcely giving time to the passengers to alight and stretch their legs, in the fashion of Mr. Squeers, Senior. "Stage ready!" was shouted with stentorian lungs, and every one sprang to his seat, the whip was cracked and off thundered the vehicle once more. The second engraving shows the four-horse coach as we have described it, bowling along the road. Macaulay gives a picture of the introduction of improved stage-coach travelling in England which will serve as a contrast to the railroad system we propose to speak of next. "During the years which immediately followed the Restoration, a diligence ran between London and Oxford in two days. The passengers slept at Beaconsfield. In the spring of 1669, a daring innovation was attempted. It was announced that a vehicle, described as the Flying Coach, would perform the whole journey between sunrise and sunset. This spirited undertaking was solemnly considered by the heads of the university, and appears to have excited the same sort of interest which is excited in our own time by the opening of a new railway. The vice chancellor prescribed the hour and place of departure. The success of the experiment was complete. At six in the morning the carriage began to move from before the ancient front of All Souls' College; and at six in the evening the adventurous gentlemen who had run the first risk, were safely deposited at their inn in London. The emulation of the sister university was moved; and soon a diligence was set up which in one day carried passengers from Cambridge to the capital. At the close of the reign of Charles the Second, flying carriages ran thrice a week from London to all the chief towns. But no stage-coach, indeed no stage-wagon, appears to have proceeded farther north than York, or farther west than Exeter. The ordinary day's journey of a flying coach was about fifty miles in the summer; but in winter, when the ways were bad and the nights long, little more than thirty. The Chester coach, the York coach and the Exeter coach generally reached London in four days during the fine season, but at Christmas not till the sixth day. The passengers, six in number, were all seated in the carriage, for accidents were so frequent that it would have been most perilous to mount the roof. The ordinary fare was about twopence halfpenny a mile in summer, and somewhat more in winter. This mode of travelling, which, by Englishmen of the present day, would be regarded as insufferably slow, seemed to our ancestors wonderfully and indeed alarmingly rapid. In a work published a few months before the death of Charles the Second, the flying coaches are extolled as far superior to any similar vehicles ever known in the world. Their velocity is the subject of special commendation, and is triumphantly contrasted with the sluggish pace of the continental posts. But with boasts like these was mingled the sound of complaint and invective. The interests of large classes had been unfavorably affected by the establishment of the new diligences; and, as usual, many persons were, from stupidity and obstinacy, disposed to clamor against the innovation, simply because it was an innovation. It was vehemently argued that this mode of conveyance would be fatal to the breed of horses and the noble art of horsemanship; that the Thames, which had long been an important nursery of seamen, would cease to be the chief thoroughfare from London up to Windsor and down to Gravesend; that saddlers and spurriers would be ruined by hundreds; that numerous inns, at which mounted travellers had been in the habit of stopping, would be deserted, and would no longer pay any rent; that the new carriages were too hot in summer and too cold in winter; that the passengers were grievously annoyed by invalids and crying children; that the coach sometimes reached the inn so late that it was impossible to get supper, and sometimes started so early that it was impossible to get breakfast. On these grounds it was gravely recommended that no public carriage should be permitted to have more than four horses, to start oftener than once a week, or to go more than thirty miles a day. It was hoped that if this regulation were adopted, all except the sick and lame would return to the old modes of travelling. Petitions embodying such opinions were presented to the king in council from several companies of London, from several provincial towns, and from the justices of counties. We smile at these things. Our descendants, when they read of the opposition offered by cupidity and prejudice to the improvements of the 19th century, may smile in their turn." Our fourth engraving shows a scene in the Boston and Worcester railroad depot, at the starting of a steamboat train for New York. A number of passengers that a hundred horses could hardly draw, and who, a few years ago, would have had to ride night and day for half a week to accomplish the journey, are to be carried from one city to the other in eight hours. What a contrast! The scene presented by the starting of a train is an exciting one, and bewildering by the number of persons involved in its vortex. Yet everything is admirably systematized, and punctuality necessarily enforced. The old stage-coach used to wait for tardy passengers; the modern railway train knows no such amiable weakness. It is inexorable as fate. The cars, like tide and time, wait for no man, woman or child. The "all aboard!" of the conductor is as imperative as the laws of the Medes and Persians, and when the bell rings off goes the train with the speed of a rocket and the noise of thunder. The third engraving illustrates the opening of the Providence Railroad, June, 1834. At that time, the road to Dedham being finished, the public were invited to test it, and a train of six cars well filled made the excursion to Dedham and back in good time. Doubtless many of the adventurers in that untried mode of locomotion, made their wills and settled all their worldly affairs before embarking for the trip. The sad experience of later years has shown that such preparation is not always unnecessary. To say nothing of what they have added to the wealth of the community, railroads have completely revolutionized the social life of New England. They have introduced into its most remote portions the refinement, elegancies and solid advantages of the city. Over these iron conductors, literature, art and music have sped with the speed of lightning. The dweller of the Green Mountains and the resident of Tremont Street have become neighbors. The settler on the Aroostook no longer need be a stranger to the Berkshire mountaineer. And, while to the rural citizen this new mode of intercourse has tended to brighten his existence, to link him in closer bonds of kindliness and interest to his fellows, expanding his mind, and filling it with cosmopolitan ideas, it has poured many a ray of sunshine into the dark places of the city. It has enabled families, confined before to murky and unhealthy haunts, to make familiar acquaintance with that nature which they had only known in books. Hundreds of families have availed themselves of this cheap and rapid mode of transportation to remove to the suburbs, where they now enjoy pure air and bright sunshine, and have little patches of flowers and vines clustering round their own little homes. It has invited forth the opulent, who have crowned the adjacent hills with princely villas and liberal culture. It has redeemed from idleness and desolation thousands and thousands of acres of waste wilderness, causing it to blossom like the rose. Say not that railroads are unpoetical, or, if unpoetical themselves, acknowledge that they give birth to poetry and beauty. If the scream of the whistle and the thunder of the train invade some spot hitherto sacred to elegant retirement, we must remember that for every individual annoyed by its invasion, the locomotive unseals the eyes of thousands to the holy and happy influence of nature in her ever-varying yet ever-glorious phases.

A RAILROAD TRAIN.

WORCESTER RAILROAD DEPOT.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

OUR EARLY FRIENDS.

BY AGLAUS FORRESTER.

Our early friends to us express
  The happiness they feel,
And only hide the bitterness
  They tremble to reveal;—
A holy sympathy they wove,
  Our anxious thoughts employ;—
I'd rather weep with those I love,
  Than share a stranger's joy.

How blest to have our early friends
  Still loving, fond and true;
'Tis better to hold one faithful friend,
  Than find a dozen new!
Our early friends, though few and far,
  Can bless our hearts much more,
If they remain as they now are,
  Till life's career is o'er.

[Prepared expressly for Ballou's Pictorial.]

SKETCHES OF THE OLD MASTERS.

Let us enter an Italian studio of the 15th century. It is a darkened room, in which the unaccustomed eye finds it difficult at first to distinguish the objects by which it is filled; but by degrees pieces of old armor, helmets, panoplies of arms, banner-staves, fragments of antique statues, cumbrous articles of furniture, panels covered with unfinished drawings, become visible. On an easel in the centre of the room upon which the rays from the sky-light descend nearly vertically, is a large picture representing the baptism of our Saviour by Saint John. An old man, pallette and pencil in hand, wearing a dark purple velvet robe with a cap of the same material shading his gray locks, stands gazing on the picture. But his attention is not riveted by the central group. He gazes with admiration mingled with astonishment on the shining figure of an angel holding up a mass of drapery to permit the spectator to behold the scene of the baptism. A supernatural glory seems to shed a halo round the glorious figure.

——"prime
In manhood where youth ended."

Color, light, shade, expression, relief, nothing is wanting to the illusive effect of the painting. Long and silently the old painter Varrochio gazed upon the work, and then his lips moved, and he called a name.

"I am here, Master Andrea," said a boy, emerging from the shadow of some curtains which had partially concealed him. The slender but graceful figure of the boy gave promise of a coming beauty radiant as that of the angel in the picture.

Pointing to the latter with a tremulous finger, he asked:

"Did you paint that angel?"

"I did, Master Andrea," replied the boy, blushing.

"And who assisted you?"

"No one, dear master. Do you think it ill done?" he added, anxiously.

"Ill done! It is a master-piece. My own work is a poor daub beside it. The child has vanquished the veteran at his own art. Henceforth Andrea Varocchio will never touch pencil more."

And the old man kept his word. But he—the boy-artist—was this figure one of those premature blossoms of promise which bear no fruit? No, it was the first of a series of triumphs, rising in greatness till "The Last Supper," still the admiration of the Christian and artistic world, crowned the fame of Leonardo da Vinci—the universal genius, painter, poet, sculptor, architect, musician, mechanician, chemist, mathematician, astronomer, the idol and ornament of courts, the companion of sages, a man as beautiful in mind as in person, and with a heart as pure and noble as his intellect.

Circumstances may prevent the manifestation of talent, but no circumstances can prevent the resistless development of genius. The self-taught astronomer, Ferguson, measured the stars with a knotted string, and mapped the shining heavens while watching his flocks by night in the highlands of Scotland. More than six hundred years ago, another shepherd boy, in the environs of Florence, with no better materials than broad flat stones, sand or earth for canvass and paper, sharp sticks or hard flints for pencils, busied himself day after day in delineating the animals and the scenery around him. While he was one day finishing a sheep that he had painfully etched upon a flat stone, a cavalier, who had ridden up unheard upon the tufted grass, bent over the boy artist and examined his work. The shadow of his plume upon the boy's hand was the first token of his presence. The child looked up in alarm.

"Whose son are you?" asked the horseman.

"I am the son of Bondone the laborer—I am his little Giotto, excellency."

"Giotto *mio*," said the stranger. "How should you like to go away with me and learn to draw and paint, not only sheep, but men, horses, warriors, castles, cities?"

"I will go with you to the end of the earth," replied the boy. "But not without my father's leave."

The stranger accompanied him to his father's house, and obtained his permission to make a painter of the boy, his opinion of the lad's talent having its due weight from the fact that he himself was the celebrated painter Cimabue. That boy's progress verified the judgment of the benevolent artist, and repaid the pains which he bestowed on him. The shepherd boy became in time the most renowned painter in Italy, honored by princes, cardinals and popes, and yet more highly honored by the friendship of Dante, Boccaccio and Petrarch.

Michael Angelo Bionarotti, sculptor, painter and poet (born 1474, died 1563), is one of Italy's greatest names. Guided by lofty principles of art and life, scorning every littleness in painting, and every meanness in action, never bowing his lofty head before the great, and never despising the lowly, his is the leading figure of the age in which he lived. The gardens of Lorenzo the Magnificent, which were filled with sculpture, were his first academy. Here, when a boy, he modelled a mask of a laughing faun from a fragment of antiquity, which lay, much mutilated in the garden. In his copy he supplied the ravages of time and added some improvements of his own. Lorenzo saw it, and was astonished at the workmanship. "But," he suggested, "I must find fault, or I should forfeit my reputation as a critic. This mask represents an old man's head, and you have restored all the teeth." When Lorenzo had departed, the boy broke off one of the teeth, and made a cavity in the gum to show that it had fallen out in the course of nature. This deference to his hint, and the ready ingenuity of the boy, at once secured the favor of the greatest of the Medici, who provided for the boy's education, and indeed adopted him as his son.

When in his old age the painter saw a bas relief in bronze representing the Battle of the Centaurs, which he had executed for Lorenzo at the age of fourteen, he was heard to say that he regretted that he had not devoted himself entirely to sculpture. His statue of a "Sleeping Cupid," which he stained and buried where it was dug up and mistaken for an antique, confounded those who asserted that the moderns were incapable of rivalling the ancients in sculpture. The frescoes of the Sistine Chapel are among his greatest achievements. Their subject is the progress of religion from the creation to the last judgment. The pope wished that ornament had been bestowed on the raiment of the apostles. The artist's reply was characteristic of his fearless nature. "I have painted men who were poor, nor wished for riches—holy men, to whom gold was an object of contempt. I will add nothing." St. Peter's, the grandest temple in Christendom, was his design. Once, some of the cardinals, who had endeavored to displace him, complained that a portion of the church was insufficiently lighted.

"Three more windows will be placed there," replied Michael Angelo.

"You never told us of that before," replied a cardinal.

"Nor will account to you what I do or what I design to do," thundered forth the painter. "It is your part to provide money and keep off thieves—mine to build St. Peter's!" He would never marry—saying that his works were his children. To a cardinal who expressed his surprise at finding him in his old age meditating among the ruins of the Colosseum, he said modestly, "I yet go to school that I may continue to learn." The head of Angelo was as noble as any that he himself portrayed.

Titian Vecelli, the most marvellous colorist that ever adorned the annals of art, was born in the castle of Cadove, in Friuli, in 1479 or 1480, and displayed a talent for painting at a very early age. His early pictures were very hard and dry, differing very much in style from that which he afterwards adopted. Somewhere about 1512 he was invited to Ferrara by the Duke Alfonso, and painted for him a Bacchus and Ariadne, now in the British National Gallery. In 1530, however, when all Italy rang with his fame, he was steeped to the lips in poverty. From this he was rescued by the liberal patronage of the Emperor Charles V., who invited him to Madrid, and treated him almost as an equal. He silenced the murmurs of his auditors at his placing Vecelli at his right hand when riding, by the well-known remark, "I have many nobles, but only one Titian." So when the painter, on one occasion, dropped his pencil while Charles was visiting him, the monarch stooped, picked it up, and restored it to him, saying, "It becomes Cæsar to serve Titian." Titian Vecelli lived to nearly a hundred, painting to the last, and then died, not of old age, but of the plague.

Salvator Rosa was the son of an architect, of Revella, near Naples, and was born about 1615. He was designed for the church, but he could not or would not master the elements of theology. He persisted in running about the country, making sketches of landscapes; and when confined to his room as a punishment, he would cover the walls with drawings, executed with the burnt end of a stick. At Naples, whither he was sent to pursue his religious studies, he neglected the doctors of divinity for the poets, composed and wrote songs, and learned to play on the guitar. At eighteen he abandoned his cowled instructors and his parents, and set forth into the world to seek his fortune as a painter. While sketching in the Abruzzi, he was captured by a troop of bandits, among whom he lived some time, making studies of their faces and costumes, and the wild scenery in which lay their haunts. He was living in Naples on the precarious profits of drawings he made on scraps of paper, when Lanfranco, the artist, chanced to see one of his paintings, and gave him employment. But he quarrelled with him, and then painted with Falcone, and afterwards Spagnoletto. But he did not possess application, and suffered the consequences. At Rome, however, he finally made a hit, and there his fame and fortune were established; his society was courted, and he became the observed of all observers. When the Neapolitans revolted under Massaniello, Salvator left Rome, and joined the revolutionists, but returned after the failure of the insurgents. He was again compelled to leave it in consequence of satires and caricatures published against members of the papal government. His place of refuge was Florence, but he returned to Rome, where he died at the age of 58. Unrivalled as a painter of wild scenery and savage men in private life, he was singularly romantic and adventurous, but he was brave, frank, and honest, and very much beloved.

[Translated from the French for Ballou's Pictorial.]

SVEABORG.*

BY ANNE T. WILBUR.

Opposite Helsingfors stands the powerful fortress of Sveaborg, which, with its seven islands garnished with bastions, crosses the gulf like a barrier of iron, defends the coast and the city, and opens a broad bay for ships of war. Count Ehrensward, Field-Marshal of Sweden, constructed this fortress, and requested that his tomb should be placed there. No Egyptian king ever had a finer sepulchre, and I know not a funeral inscription more imposing than this: "In this spot reposes Count Augustus Ehrensburg, surrounded by his work, the ramparts of Sveaborg, and the military fleet." The first stone of the citadel was laid in 1749, by King Frederic, the last stone in 1758, by Gustavus III. Their two dates are engraven on the stone. Another inscription thus signalizes the situation of the fortress: "Sveaborg, which on one side touches the sea and on the other the shore, gives to its wise sovereigns the dominion of the land and of the sea."

After the conquest of Viborg and of Ingermania, by Peter the Great, this fortress was the last rampart of Sweden against Russia, the defender of the Finnish provinces, the rallying point of its troops and vessels of war. In the month of March, 1808, it was besieged by the Russians, and, two months afterwards, Admiral Croustadt, who defended it, capitulated with a garrison of seven thousand five hundred men, two frigates, three thousand barrels of powder, two thousand balls, and a prodigious quantity of other munitions of war and provisions of every kind. The Russians had scarcely troops enough left to replace on the bastions and in the barracks, the thousands of men who defiled before them. The secret of this capitulation, unexampled in modern history, has never been known. Admiral Croustadt had been frequently tried, and every one regarded him as a man of courage and an experienced officer; nothing had proved him to be capable of betraying his country and selling his honor for money. Neither can it be believed that, sustained as he was by a numerous corps, master of a citadel, abundantly provided with everything necessary for its defence, he could have allowed himself to be terrified at the sight of an army encamped on the coast, and weaker than his own. The event which decided the entire rendition of Finland to Russia, is a problem of which no one has yet been able to give a solution. On leaving the fortress, the admiral, who had at first manifested a desire to repair to Sweden in order to explain to the king the motives of his conduct, renounced this project, which, to tell the truth, was not without danger to him, and returned to Helsingfors. There, he laid aside every office, dissolved his former relations, isolated himself completely from the world, and died a few years after. A Finnish officer, who had known him intimately, assured me that he died of chagrin.

A steamboat plies several times a day between Helsingfors and Sveaborg, and conveys passengers to the foot of the fortress. If you penetrate the enclosure, you find only convicts dragging their chains, and soldiers. If you attempt to pause before an inscription, or to cross the threshhold of a gate, a sentry, with sabre at his side and gun on his shoulder, addresses to you immediately an energetic command which cuts short conversation and exploration.

When I arrived at Helsingfors, the whole city was in motion; they were awaiting the hereditary prince, and preparing for him a pompous reception. At last salvos of artillery resounded on the ramparts of Sveaborg. The Grand Duke arrived in a magnificent steamboat. He went at first to the church, according to the custom of Russian sovereigns; he is a tall and handsome young man, of a mild and interesting countenance. In the hasty conversation which he did me the honor to grant me, he spoke with great justice of several foreign countries, with a lively sympathy of this beautiful country of Finland, which he now saw for the first time, and whose aspect enchanted him. He was accompanied by Prince Menschikoff, governor-general of the province, admiral of the empire, and one of the most intelligent and well-informed men among the high Russian officers. The Grand Duke turned towards him at every instant, and seemed to consult him with the deference of a modest pupil who is interrogating his master. If the atmosphere of the court, and the exercise of power, do not affect his natural endowments, the Grand Duke promises to Russia a sovereign of noble character and rare amiability.

* This account, as our readers will perceive, was written prior to the present war. Though considerable damage was done by the bombardment, the place is far from being ruined.

UNNOTICED AND UNHONORED HEROES.

When I see a man holding faster his uprightness in proportion as it is assailed; fortifying his religious trust in proportion as Providence is obscure; hoping in the ultimate triumph of virtue more surely in proportion to its present afflictions; cherishing philanthropy amidst the discouraging experience of men's unkindness and unthankfulness; extending to others a sympathy which his own sufferings need, but cannot obtain; growing milder and gentler amidst what tends to exasperate and harden; and, through inward principle, converting the very incitements to evil into the occasions of a victorious virtue; I see an explanation, and a noble explanation, of the present state. I see a good produced, so transcendent in its nature as to justify all the evil and suffering under which it grows up. I should think the formation of a few such minds worth all the apparatus of the present world. I should say that this earth, with its continents and oceans, its seasons and harvests, and its successive generations, was a work worthy of God, even were it to accomplish no other end than the training and manifestation of the illustrious characters which are scattered through history. And when I consider how small a portion of human virtue is recorded by history, how superior in dignity, as well as in number, are the unnoticed and unhonored saints and heroes of domestic and humble life, I see a light thrown over the present state which more than reconciles me to all its evils.—*Channing.*

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE COURSE OF THE STREAM.

BY CHARLES G. CHAMPNEY.

Through the green and sunny meadow,
Deep beneath the waving shadow
Of the silent grove,
There flows a pleasant little stream,
Oft sparkling in the bright sunbeam,
Whispering gentle love,

Here and there it rushes madly,
Now and then it murmurs sadly,
Here again is still;
In its journey ne'er delaying,
O'er the polished pebbles playing,
Ever moves the rill.

In its cool and dark recesses,
O'er which hang gay leafy tresses
Waving all about,
Or beneath the sunlight basking,
Kisses from the waters asking,
Dwell the speckled trout.

From its birthplace on the mountain,
From the sparkling, dropping fountain
Moves it in its course
To its grave, the mighty river
Flowing headlong, flowing ever,
Sounding deeply hoarse.

Like a stream all nature's moving,
Unto mortal hearts still proving,
We must ever on.
As the stream returning never,
We through life must journey ever,
Till our task is done.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

MR. LISCOM'S PREJUDICE.

BY MARY L. MEANY.

"You will have neighbors at No. 20, next week, Liscom, and very pleasant ones, too, as far as I can judge," remarked one gentleman to another.

"Ah, indeed," was returned, in a tone of pleased interest.

"Yes, I have rented the house to a gentleman with whom I have been acquainted several years; his name is Goodwin. He is about removing from Boston, his native place, to our city."

"Boston!" repeated Mr. Liscom, his tone and manner changing instantly. "That word put an end to the pleasurable anticipations you were leading me to indulge. I detest Yankees, and cannot endure the thought of having them for near neighbors."

"When you become acquainted with the Goodwins, I have not the least doubt that you will consider them an acquisition to the neighborhood. Their house has been my home during my frequent visits to Boston of late years, and I have seldom seen altogether a more charming household. If you do not, on your very first interview, concur in my favorable opinion, your lady at least will; for, from what I know of Mrs. Goodwin and Mrs. Liscom, I am persuaded they will very soon become warm friends."

"That they never will," replied Mr. Liscom, decidedly. "My wife is well aware of my unconquerable aversion to Yankees; and I assure you once for all, that we shall hold no intercourse with this charming Boston family."

"But, Liscom, why this unconquerable antipathy? What cause of offence can the people of New England ever have given you?" asked Mr. Ellis, seriously.

"I never saw one of them who was not cold, grasping and calculating in disposition, incapable of taking an interest in anything that did not promise to turn to his own advantage. With such people I have no feeling in common."

"Neither has my friend Goodwin. But are not such people as you very naturally condemn to be found in every part of the world?—and why speak of them as peculiar to one section of the Union."

"Because from 'other parts of the world' I have met generous, high-souled persons, as well as those who were sordid and mean; from New England I have seen only those of the latter class."

"Your acquaintance with New Englanders must be very limited."

"More extensive than I desire. I could wish never to come in contact with one. In fact, this repugnance is instinctive. I have never yet had dealings with a Yankee without experiencing it."

"Then you would never imagine your new neighbor to be one. For, unless prejudiced against him, you would like him at first sight—you could not help it; and I regret that I was so quick in informing you of his birthplace."

"And I thank you sincerely for your unconsciously given warning. I can now sedulously avoid an introduction to the new comers, whereas I should probably have called in there with my wife; and these Yankees are intolerable bores, if you once give them a pretext for intruding on you."

"O, Liscom, you are too bad!" laughingly exclaimed Mr. Ellis, as the two parted.

As Mr. Liscom returned to his elegant dwelling, he glanced across the street to No. 20 with feelings of peculiar dissatisfaction. It had been vacant for some weeks, and as the late tenant had not been in all respects such as he desired, he had rejoiced when they moved away, hoping that their successors would prove more congenial to his taste. The next house, which stood directly opposite his own, was inhabited by the Blakes, old and highly esteemed friends, and he was on terms of friendship or civility with nearly everybody in the square. This, as he was of a social disposition, was often a subject of self-gratulation; no wonder, then, that he was annoyed by the advent of new neighbors, with whom he was predetermined to hold no intercourse. He repeated to his wife the conversation he had had with Mr. Ellis. She knew too well the strength of his unjust prejudice to attempt by argument or persuasion to turn him from his purpose; though frequently, as she saw Mrs. Goodwin at the door or window, she wished it were possible, without seriously displeasing her husband, to form an acquaintance with one whose appearance particularly attracted her. As the winter passed on she saw Mrs. Goodwin less frequently; but she heard from some of her friends such lavish praises of Mrs. Goodwin's little tea-parties, that she very much regretted her absence from the social gatherings—and felt both mortification and regret when the time for her own large party came, and invitations were sent to every family in the neighborhood save the Goodwins. But Mr. Liscom wavered not in his original determination; when passing through the street, he kept his eyes always carefully averted from No. 20, and rejoiced that he had thus far been able to avoid an introduction to its master.

Toward the close of winter, Mr. Liscom was obliged to leave the city on pressing business. His absence would be only for a few days; but at this time he was especially averse to leaving home, as his youngest child, a smart little girl of four summers, had been dangerously ill with the scarlet fever, from which she was but slowly recovering. A devoted husband and father, his solicitude for the little invalid as well as for his wife, who was worn out by watching and anxiety, made him determine to defer going; but a message by telegraph warned him of the dangers attending this delay, and constrained him to take a hurried departure.

After he had gone, his wife felt unusually depressed in spirits, and was haunted by a presentiment of coming evil, which she could not banish from her mind. Naturally timid and nervous, circumstances had not hitherto required her to think and act for herself in any emergency; and enfeebled as she now was by maternal solicitude, no wonder her nervous fears were painfully excited. Danger was indeed as near at hand as her wildest fears could suggest. On the second night after her husband's departure, a domestic having occasion to carry a light into a large linen closet, a spark accidentally falling among the contents soon ignited, and the loud tumult in front of her residence first gave Mrs. Liscom an intimation of her perilous situation. Almost frantic with terror, she could only snatch the sick infant from the crib, and enveloping it in a blanket, rush to the stairway. But one of the girls who had remained to keep watch with the mother through the night, gave the alarm to the two other servants, and rousing the children from their slumbers, all were soon safely out of the house, the flames not having yet reached the stairs.

Poor Mrs. Liscom!—what with the rushing of the engines and the deafening tumult on every side, her weak nerves were completely unstrung. Pressing the little invalid tightly to her bosom, she called aloud in terror the names of her three other little ones, unable to realize that they were standing safely beside her; for every time she turned a wild glance to the burning building, she fancied that some one of them was perishing in the fierce flames. Thus they had stood for a few moments, her children crying and clinging to their mother, the servants wringing their hands in grief and dismay; nor had the terrified woman thought of seeking shelter from the chill wintry wind, when Mr. and Mrs. Blake came to her aid. "Come over to our house, the flames will not cross the street," said the former. But Mrs. Liscom scarcely understood the words, and ere they could be repeated, another neighbor stepped forward:

"For heaven's sake, Blake, think of your children! Would you take a violent case of fever into your midst?"

"O," said Mrs. Blake, in alarm, "we never thought of that! Dear little Addie has the scarlet fever, and if one of the children should take it—come, let us go quickly!" And taking her husband's arm, the friend hurried back to her house, locking the door hastily, as if effectually to keep out the danger of contagion.

Her darling's name, uttered in the shrill whisper of alarm, aroused Mrs. Liscom's attention. She turned and saw the two who had for years been ranked among their best friends, flying from her; she heard another acquaintance say to an officious neighbor, "You were right in warning the Blakes. I was myself about to invite the family to our house, when my wife fortunately reminded me of the risk."

"I cannot think where they will go," said Mr. Hill. "If it were not for the sick child, they would be welcome in any house in the street."

Mrs. Liscom heard no more, for that instant a hand was laid with gentle force on her shoulder, and turning, she beheld Mr. Goodwin, who was well known to her by sight. Returning with his wife from a concert, he had only waited to see her safe in her house ere he hastened to the scene of destruction.

"Allow me to conduct your family to my house," he said, in a friendly tone, at the same time taking the child from her feeble clasp. Kind-hearted Mr. Hill thought proper to whisper a word of caution, as 'the child had the scarlet fever.'"

"The more reason that it should be sheltered from the night air," was the stern reply; and Mr. Goodwin, giving his arm to the trembling woman, and bidding the servants follow closely with the three children, led the way to his house.

Mrs. Goodwin having heard of the child's illness, took it carefully from her husband and placed it on a couch in the nursery; and while the half-frozen children and servants gathered around the genial fire, she placed the weak, spiritless mother in a luxurious arm-chair, and brought her a composing draught, of which she was in great need.

"All are safe now, I believe," said Mr. Goodwin, glancing his eye over the group. "No one of the family is missing."

"No, sir," replied one of the girls.

"Then, my dear madam, compose yourself, and remember you are perfectly safe now," said he, addressing his pale and exhausted guest. "Is there anything you wish particularly saved from the flames—any papers or family relics?"

His gentle and quiet tone and manner acted like a charm on the excited nerves of Mrs. Liscom, and she replied that there were some papers of great value and various articles she would like saved in a small secretary that stood between the windows of the front chamber.

"Which floor?" asked Mr. Goodwin.

"The second."

"Then they can probably be got out," he replied, and hastened once more to the burning building.

Calling for a ladder to be placed against the wall, he carefully wrapped his comforter about his face so as to exclude the heat and smoke from his lungs, then sprang up the ladder followed closely by one of the firemen. The latter was obliged to retrace his steps instantly, the room being filled with smoke; but Mr. Goodwin succeeded in tying a rope around the secretary, then, with the aid of those below, lowering it to the street. He sprang out on the ladder but just in time, for he had scarcely reached the street ere flames were issuing from the room he had left. Finding that nothing else could be saved from the devouring element, he had the secretary carried to his house, and in a short time proceeded thither.

He found that his thoughtful wife had sent for the physician of the Liscoms, as she deemed his attendance necessary for the sick child after its sudden exposure to the cold, and equally as for the mother, whose feeble system seemed completely prostrated. The doctor soon arrived, prescribed the usual sedatives for Mrs. Liscom, advised warm baths for the children ere they were placed comfortably in bed, and assured the friendly hostess that there were no evil consequences to be apprehended. The next day verified his prediction; Mrs. Liscom was almost as well as ever, and little Addie's recovery was so rapid that no fears on her account disturbed the serenity of either family.

The little Goodwins (who miraculously, as some thought, escaped the sickness to which the quixotism of their parents exposed them) were delighted with their new associates; and Mr. Liscom, on his return, found the family domiciled with the despised Yankee neighbors, and evidently feeling very much at home. His emotions on learning from his wife the circumstances which rendered them guests of that house, rather than of any in which they might naturally claim refuge, may be easily imagined. He hastened to offer his warmest acknowledgments to the amiable couple, as well as very sincere apologies for the churlish reserve he had hitherto maintained towards them, but he was pleasantly assured that neither the one nor the other were needed. As for thanks, none surely were due for a trifling service which neighbors should always be ready to render in time of calamity; and for apologies, why, every one had a right to choose his own associates, and should not be censured for exercising that right.

When Mr. Liscom heard from some of the spectators of the scene the risk that his generous neighbor had run in saving the secretary, his admiration and gratitude were increased. It was, indeed, of vital importance to him to have some of the papers it contained safe in his possession. Hence he placed them where they could be instantly reached in case of danger; but his wife's total want of self-possession would have rendered the precaution unavailing, had it not been for Mr. Goodwin's thoughtfulness and courage. Scarcely less valuable in Mrs. Liscom's estimation were the little family relics, mementoes of her deceased kindred and friends, which she had always kept for security in the secretary—itself a treasured memento of her father; and she never could look upon it without tears of grateful emotion.

The delicate consideration evidenced in every act and word of Mr. and Mrs. Goodwin increased Mr. Liscom's appreciation of their disinterested kindness; and with noble pride he took every opportunity of expressing the obligation he was under. His very particular friends carried off their embarrassment as well as possible on their first meeting with him, regretting that they had been prevented by natural solicitation for their own families from offering the hospitality which otherwise they would have delighted to bestow.

"I do not blame any one for the precaution," Mr. Liscom was wont to reply. "I have no doubt that in similar circumstances, I should be equally careful of my own; but that does not lessen my admiration for the generosity evidenced by Mr. Goodwin in discarding all selfish considerations, when he saw the helplessness and desolation of my wife and children."

The Goodwins would not hear of their guests leaving them until little Addie was perfectly recovered, lest a relapse should follow her second removal. They therefore remained another week at the hospitable mansion, at the end of which time they had the satisfaction of being able to move into the adjoining house—Mrs. Blake having prevailed on her husband, on account of the fire and its attending circumstances, which would render her intercourse with Mrs. Liscom less familiar than formerly, to remove into another dwelling which she had long coveted.

Thus, to the delight of Mrs. Liscom and her amiable hostess, they became close neighbors and friends in the true meaning of the word. Mr. Liscom, never forgetting the noble and generous conduct of Mr. Goodwin, for his sake learned to look with a less prejudiced eye on his section of the country; and during a happy and unchanging friendship of many years, the two gentlemen and their mutual friend, Ellis, enjoyed many a joke over Mr. Liscom's "unconquerable antipathy to Yankees."

Thorough knowledge only enables a man to think more justly.

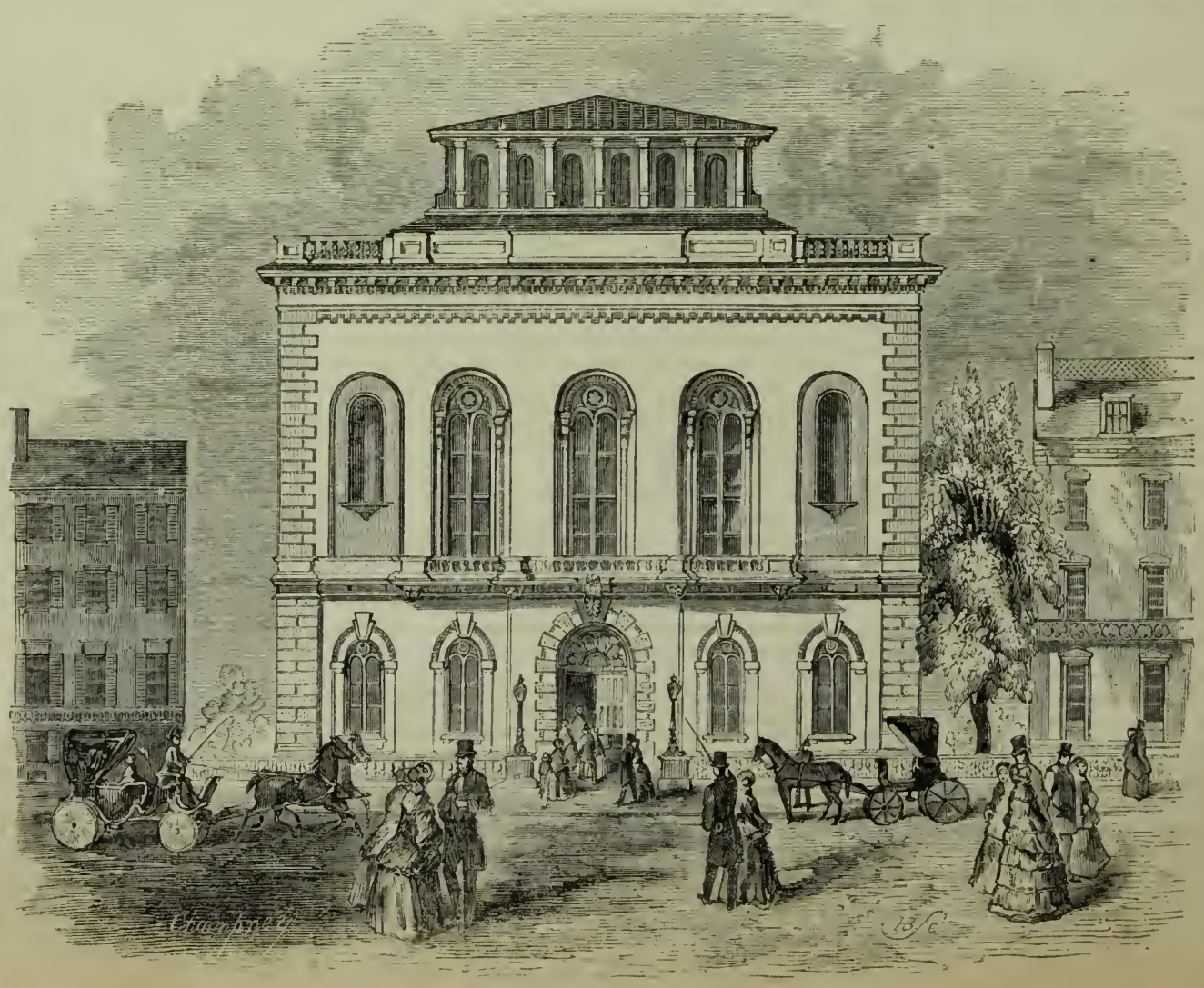
COL. ISAAC H. WRIGHT.

The portrait which accompanies this article is an accurate likeness of a gentleman who has for many years occupied a prominent position before our fellow-citizens —Col. Isaac H. Wright. He was born in Boston, in 1814, a younger son of Winslow Wright, a well-known merchant of intelligence and probity, and is a direct descendant from the pilgrim stock of the old colony. He received his education in the public schools of Boston, attending the Latin school when that excellent institution was in charge of Benjamin A. Gould, a ripe scholar and rigid disciplinarian. He afterwards graduated a medal scholar at the English High School, under the supervision of the much loved and honored Solomon P. Miles, now deceased. But though Col. Wright may be indebted to his early training for habits and methods of study, it is to his own exertions in after life that he owes that fund of information which has enabled him to win distinction in various lines of thought and action—as a journalist, a politician, a soldier and an orator. He entered into mercantile life at the age of sixteen; and while strengthening and developing the body with manual toil, his mind received sound culture in the theory and practice of mercantile business. His business experience and observation of financial matters led him to take an interest in politics at the time when the sub-treasury doctrines were the political theme of the day, and he soon devoted himself to the democratic party. This led to a dissolution of his mercantile connections. After contributing largely to the party press, he became editor and proprietor of the Bay State Democrat, and in this position gave proof of distinguished ability as a writer. His tone was marked throughout by a boldness and fearlessness in the cause he supported—his pen being like Fitz James's weapon, "sword and shield." He neither asked nor gave quarter, but carried on the warfare in the most dashing and effective style. As a political speaker, he was even more effective than as a writer. Gifted with a fine voice, bold, ready, fluent, he rose to a rapid popularity as an orator, doing whatever he undertook with his whole soul—and *hard work* has ever been the lot of democrats in Massachusetts. While conducting a daily press, he served one term as a member of the State Senate, and although among the youngest at the board, he proved himself a powerful and influential debater, and made his mark. This was during the administration of Marcus Morton. During the administration of Polk, he filled for a short time the office of navy agent of this port with universal acceptance. When the war with Mexico broke out, and a call was made on Massachusetts by the administration for a regiment of volunteers, Col. Wright was among the very first to offer his services for the enrolment of volunteers, delivering public speeches vindicating the course of the government against the charges of a virulent opposition, and thus neutralizing the treasonable attempts that were made to prevent volunteers enlisting for the service. It was mainly owing to his individual services, that the roll of the Massachusetts regiment was filled. He left Boston as lieutenant colonel of this regiment, and returned as its colonel, after nearly two years of service in Mexico, during which time he marched with this body of men the entire length of General Taylor's line, and afterwards the length of Scott's, to the city of Mexico—at different times acting governor of Monterey, governor of Perote, etc. Devoted to his military duties, he accomplished the tasks assigned him successfully, perfecting his command so thoroughly as to gain them high compliments, and even causing them to rival the infantry of the regular service. Generals Scott, Taylor and Worth commended the soldierly appearance and fine discipline of this regiment in high terms; and had it been called into battle, the stars and stripes would have found in their ranks as powerful and ready defenders as any that had won laurels on the fields of Mexico. Col. Wright's speeches upon national subjects, such as the tariff, the sub-treasury, the Texas question, were distinguished by force and directness; eminently practical in their character, they addressed themselves powerfully to the convictions of the people, and were productive of great results in the popular vote. His recent defence of the volunteer militia before the legislative committee of this State was so thorough and effective, as to stay the hand of destruction raised against it. For this service, he was complimented by the friends of the military by a handsome set of silver plate. At the present time, Col. Wright is conducting a large and lucrative auction and commission business in Boston, in Winter Street. He has not, however, abandoned the political field, but has performed active service as a member of the "Liberal Party," having recently served with satisfaction as president of their convention. Col. Wright is a very effective public speaker. He is bold, fluent and animated; ingenious and forcible in argument, and fertile in illustration. Though in the habit of discussing a subject at length, he is neither discursive nor tiresome, but fixes the attention of his audience from his first period to his last. On the occasion of his departure for Mexico, he received the honor of a public presentation of a splendid sword in Faneuil Hall. The "Old Cradle of Liberty" was never more densely filled; for, even after it appeared crowded to its utmost capacity, a battalion of his regiment entered, and it was only by marching in solid column that they could obtain places. Colonel Wright, on this occasion, spoke for more than an hour, his voice reaching every part of the vast hall, and his eloquence provoking repeated bursts of applause—though the audience was a mixed one, and must have contained many opponents of the war in which he had enlisted. Yet he swept away all prejudices by the torrent of his eloquence, as he vindicated the course of his country, and appealed to those feelings of patriotism which are always kindled by the voice of a popular orator.

COL. ISAAC H. WRIGHT.

NEW PUBLIC LIBRARY, BOSTON.

The interest justly felt both here and elsewhere in the New Public Library of this city, has induced us to present a front view of the building as it will appear when completed. The drawing was made for us by Mr. Champney, from the designs of the architect, Mr. Charles K. Kirby. The style selected is the Roman Italian, and the material will be brick, with freestone facing. It will have a front on Boylston Street of 82 feet, with a depth of 128 feet; the first story will be 21 feet in height, and the second, 52 feet. The dimensions of the library room on the second floor will be 40 by 85 feet. The lower story will be devoted to reading and conversation rooms, the janitor's apartments, etc. A separate reading room will be devoted to the accommodation of ladies. All the interior details of the plan are tasteful and appropriate, and designed with reference to the future as well as the present. It will be thoroughly heated and ventilated, and supplied with gas and water. No better location than that selected could have been obtained within the city; and the building when completed, will reflect the highest credit on all the parties concerned in it. The ceremony of laying the corner stone was performed on the 17th of last month, in the presence of a large concourse of spectators. A procession was formed, consisting of the mayor, the city government, a deputation of the Grand Lodge of Masons, the building committee, with their president, the Hon. Robert C. Winthrop, and others interested, who took their places on the platform prepared for their reception. The services were opened by a prayer from Rev. E. N. Kirk, after which a hymn by the Hon. George Lunt was sung by a choir of forty young ladies, under the direction of L. H. Southard, and accompanied by one of Chickering's grand pianos. Hon. Robert C. Winthrop, on presenting the trowel to the mayor of Boston, delivered an appropriate and truly eloquent address, in which he descanted on the importance of the occasion, and the results to be anticipated from the inauguration of a free public library. He gracefully complimented the projectors and benefactors of this great enterprise—Bigelow, Bates, Everett, Lawrence and others. It will be remembered, Mr. Winthrop himself made the first donation of books. Hon. John P. Bigelow, in 1850, diverted to the use of the library a sum of money raised by his fellow citizens for the purchasing him a silver vase. In the same year, Hon. Edward Everett made a presentation of valuable books, while Mr. Bates's munificent donation established the library on a sure basis. Hon. Abbott Lawrence and others liberally contributed to it, and it will doubtless be aided by donations from our wealthy men as it advances in age. Mayor Smith replied in a very appropriate speech, and then proceeded to the honorable duty assigned him. The services closed with the singing of Old Hundred, and a benediction by Rev. Dr. Gannett. A box deposited under the corner-stone, contained the following articles:—1. A crystallotype likeness of the commissioners. 2. Crystallotypes of the trustees of the library, his honor the mayor, the chairman of the committee of arrangements, of the board of aldermen and common council. 3. Silver and copper coins of 1855. 4. Franklin and city medals. 5. Four medals of the Humane Society of Massachusetts, presented by Hon. David Sears. 6. City documents relating to the library, embracing its history from its first conception to the present time; municipal register; organization of the school committee; Boston directory; Catalogue of the library. 7. Order of exercises, etc., connected with the laying of the stone; manuscripts of the addresses of the mayor and President Winthrop. 8. A massive silver plate, bearing the following inscription, engraved by E. W. Bouve: "The corner-stone of a building for the Public Library of the city of Boston, laid on the 17th day of September, A. D., 1855, it being the 225th anniversary of the day on which Trimontain was first called Boston, in presence of the city council, at the request of the commissioners on the erection of the building, by his honor, Jerome V. C. Smith, mayor; Commissioners for the building—Robert C. Winthrop, president; Samuel G. Ward, George Ticknor, Nathaniel B. Shurtleff, Charles Woodberry, Joseph A. Pond, Edward F. Porter. Trustees of the library—Edward Everett, president; Geo. Ticknor, John P. Bigelow, Nathaniel B. Shurtleff, Thos. G. Appleton, Jas. Story. Librarian—Edward Capen. Architect—C. K. Kirby." The library has been in operation more than a year in the rooms now occupied in Mason Street, of which we have already given a drawing. Its inauguration was attended by a large number of gentlemen. On that occasion, Hon. John P. Bigelow made a few remarks, in which he paid a deserved compliment to Dr. Shurtleff and George Ticknor, Esq., to whose constant cares, with the board of trustees, the public are indebted for the progress thus far attained.



FRONT VIEW OF THE NEW PUBLIC LIBRARY, BOSTON.

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL.

THE CHEAPEST WEEKLY PAPER IN THE WORLD.

MATURIN M. BALLOU, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.
FRANCIS A. DURIVAGE, ASSISTANT EDITOR.

THE DRAMA IN BOSTON.

What would the old Puritan settlers of the Bay State say the iron-featured founders of the Trimount city, who brought from England with them a rooted hatred to stage plays and stage players (in which, by the way, they were justified, if they judged by the graceless plays and players of the Restoration), could they revisit New England's capital, and behold its four dramatic temples nightly crowded! The "Great and General Court" passed no laws against the drama till 1750; doubtless, because they never dreamed that any histrionic corps would have the audacity to show their faces within the limits of the realm of grace. But in the year referred to, certain young gentlemen, the ringleaders being two Englishmen, performed Otway's "Orphan" at the coffee-house in King Street, now State Street; and this drew from the legislature a stringent "Act to prevent stage plays and other theatrical entertainments," which remained in force for nearly half a century, and the repeal of which was procured with great difficulty. At the time of the repeal, two theatres were in existence, and clandestine performances had frequently taken place, as every one hankers after forbidden fruit.

FRENCH ENGLISH.—On the occasion of Queen Victoria's visit to Paris, many of the shop-keepers, who profess to speak English, undertook to show their pleasure, at seeing the queen, in her native tongue. But the greeting was couched in the words "Willcome," "Willicombe," "Velkome," etc. Punch says it proved a difficult word for them to spell rightly, but they managed to do it with due significance in the *bon accord* they gave to Lord Mayor Moon; for, over his hotel, blazed in oil lamps the letters "*Veal*come!"

SLANDER.—The Xenia (O.) Torchlight relates the sad story of a most respectable widow lady, the mother of an interesting family, whose reputation was without a blemish, but who actually died of a nervous disorder produced by slanders uttered against herself and daughter. What punishment would be too severe for the authors of such a tragedy? A slanderer is usually a coward and stabs anonymously, and if a man, generally selects a helpless woman for his victim.

EXTRAORDINARY.—The Duke of Wellington, while awaiting for the arrival of the Prussians at Waterloo, amused himself by making his staff solve conundrums. One of these was: What is the difference between a physician and a magician? Ans.—Because the physician is a cupper and the magician a sorcerer.

RESIGNATION.—Major Brinley, of that splendid corps, the Independent Cadets, has resigned the commission he held so worthily and acceptably.

SPLINTERS.

.... Mr. Boker, author of "Calaynos" and the "Betrothed," has written a tragedy called "Francesca di Rimini."

.... Singleton Mercer, who shot Heberton on the Canada ferry boat, for dishonoring his family, died lately at Norfolk.

.... There is a talk of digging a railroad tunnel under the Falls of Niagara. A nice route for nervous people.

.... On the 10th of this month, Toronto became the seat of government for Canada.

.... A man in Orlando, Maine, is father of twenty-one children—quite a company of infantry.

.... The Ravel troupe, always and everywhere popular, have gone back to France with plenty of money, of course.

.... Rachel plays at the Howard, in this city, at two dollars a ticket—choice of seats at auction.

.... Gold has been found in Maine. At Sharon Bridge, a nugget worth $552 has actually been exhumed.

.... Charles Ingersoll, killed on the Camden and Amboy Railroad, would have inherited $500,000 had he lived.

.... The anniversary of the declaration of the first French republic was celebrated in New York.

.... Pickerel fishing at Fresh Pond has commenced. They are certainly not hard to take—if properly cooked.

.... Messrs. Ladd & Co., of this city, received a prize medal at the Paris exposition for one of their piano fortes.

.... Commander Ingraham, who behaved so gallantly in the Kosta affair, has received a captain's commission.

.... W. B. Astor has given the Astor Library a lot of ground which will enlarge its accommodations. It is a generous donation.

.... Mr. Thoman, whilom of the Boston Museum, has opened the Union Theatre at San Francisco. Good luck to him.

It is said that a number of Mormon ladies "followed the drum," when the United States troops left Utah.

.... America came out with honor at the Paris exhibition. Her cute inventions carried the day.

.... The removal of the Seminoles to the west has been commenced. Poor Indians! they must "push on, keep moving."

.... After playing in Boston and Philadelphia, Rachel goes to Havana to electrify the dons and senoritas.

.... Mr. Bates, of London, has recently announced to the mayor of Boston another donation of books to our City Library.

.... A young lady committed suicide, lately, because her lover kissed her on the cheek instead of the lips. A sad warning!

THE SOUND DUES.

In the "good old times" so much lauded and regretted by ancient fogies (the days of heading and hanging, and drawing and quartering, and boiling in cauldrons of oil—the gentle amusements of gentle legislators), certain robber nobles established themselves on the banks of the Rhine, and levied black mail on all the passing merchant barks, for the purpose of keeping up the state of their feudal castles.

"They lay down to rest
With corslets braced,
Pillowed on bucklers cold and hard;
Carved at the meal
With gloves of steel,
And drank the red wine through helmets barred."

The system has passed away with much of the rubbish of the olden time; the nests of these birds of prey are now only picturesque ruins, blending with the crags of Drachenfels and Stolzenfels. But there is one little nook of Europe, whose sovereign has inherited the business of the old Rhenish freebooters. The king of Denmark has, from the 13th century, established a toll-gate at Elsinore, at the gateway of the Baltic, where he collects a heavy fee, in the shape of sound duties, on every vessel that approaches his eyrie. Here, like a highwayman at a cross-road, he takes his position, and bids the mariner "stand and deliver." We believe the fee demanded is one per cent. on the total value of a ship's cargo. Every commercial nation has yielded to this extortion—a manifest infringement on the freedom of the seas. Even Great Britain, when she knocked the fleet of Denmark all to pieces,

"By thy wild and stormy steep,
Elsinore,"

(a very rascally and unjustifiable piece of business, by the way), made no stipulation for the abolition of the sound duty. The United States, after thumping the Algerines for a similar pretension, acquiesced in a reduced toll conceded by Denmark, in a treaty about to expire.

Uncle Samuel now finds that he has paid black mail long enough, and coolly informs his friend, the Dane, that he can't submit to it any longer. Our revered uncle has no particular fancy for such a tax on navigation, and no particular reverence for toll-gatherers, whom Mr. Weller, senior, has described as persons, who, becoming disgusted with life, "shuts theirselves up in pikes, and rewenges themselves on mankind by takin' toll of their fellow-bein's." Of course this attitude of Uncle Sam has caused great commotion in Denmark. For, if Uncle Sam wont pay, of course John Bull and Johnny Crapeau wont pay, unless their Danish friend makes it an object for them to assist him in resisting Uncle Sam, and forcing him to submit to a continuance of the tax.

There is a prospect of rather exciting times growing out of this affair. The first Yankee skipper who refuses to back his topsails and heave to out of respect for the batteries of Kronberg and the royal flag of Denmark, will bring matters to a crisis. If Denmark is unsupported by her neighbors, of course she must yield with the best grace she can muster; but if she can manage to obtain the support of France and England, then we may look to see a renewal of those times,

"When to battle fierce came forth
All the might of Denmark's crown,
And her ships along the deep proudly shone:
At each gun a lighted brand
In a bold, determined hand,
And the prince of all the land
Led them on."

But that this speck of war may disappear from our horizon, leaving it bright and cloudless, must be the wish of every lover of his country and his kind.

THE EVERETT HOUSE, NEW YORK.—This splendid hotel is now in full operation. It is situated upon Union Square, and is one of those magnificent structures which add so much to the beauty of that city. The arrangement of the interior is such that very great conveniences are afforded for the accommodation of families. It contains two hundred apartments, all elegantly and some luxuriously furnished. One suite of these apartments is called the "Everett Room," and the walls and ceiling are decorated with the Everett arms, in compliment to the scholar and statesman of Massachusetts, after whom the house is named. At this hotel, one may live on the European or American plan; that is, at the *table d'hote*, or such dishes as are preferred may be ordered and paid for separately.

NEW YORK EMIGRANT RUNNERS.—In consequence of the new arrangements of the Commissioners of Emigration in New York city, the business of the emigrant runners, like Othello's occupation, is "gone." They tried meetings, showed fight, but it would not do. They have now prudently turned their attention to peddling fruit and vegetables, driving hacks, etc., while some thirty of them emigrated to California in a solid chunk.

BALLOU'S DOLLAR MONTHLY.—We would recommend to our readers this remarkably cheap and popular magazine. Long editorial experience, a ready pen, good taste, and ample means, all combine to enable Mr. Ballou to produce a most admirable serial. "How one hundred pages of reading matter," says the Boston Transcript, "can be furnished monthly through the year for *one dollar*, is to us an unsolved riddle." But the fact is, Mr. Ballou's extensive publishing house affords facilities which are probably unrivalled in the country, and certainly the great circulation and popularity which the "Dollar Monthly Magazine" has realized, are only in accordance with its unquestioned excellence.—*Christian Freeman, Boston.*

BRYAN & WILCOX'S WRITING FLUID.—Having used this fluid in our office during the past year, we are prepared to recommend it, for ease of flowing and beauty of color, as the best we have seen.

SEVERE.—Professor Agassiz says that the difference between a tree and an elephant is that the tree leaves in the spring, and the elephant when the menagerie closes.

THE GAME OF BRAG.

The game of brag is part of the game of war. Army bulletins are the least reliable of all documents; and to "lie like a bulletin" is a popular proverb. Every nation has practised it in turn, and it is one of the evils of war, that it renders a departure from truth almost necessary. Napoleon the First was accused by the English of dealing very extensively in this sort of "Mung news;" and it is so very easy to win a battle upon paper, that the temptation must be admitted to be very great. People at war are constantly clamoring for victories, and their rulers generally contrive to give them their money's worth on paper. Napoleon the Third has been charged with cooking up the despatches from the Crimea; and his cookery is very much like that of his countrymen who cater for the epicures—the material is so disguised you cannot tell what you are devouring. The safest way is to take the accounts of both sides and strike a balance. Now the British did not entirely ruin Sveaborg when they bombarded it, as they asserted; and they did something more than burn a wood pile, which is about all the damage the Russians admitted. Punch very happily hits off the Russian versions in the following squib:

A supplement to the "Invulnerable Russe," contains the following despatches from the commander of Svenborg. They are dated 29th of July, (otherwise August 10).

"The enemy's fleet, consisting of 150 ships of the line, 120 mortar-boats, and 230 gun-boats, anchored at 9 and 11 A. M., and opened fire. They fired from 500 to 520 shots a minute, but with no effect.

"2-40 after midnight.—The fire of the enemy has become so heavy that three mortar-boats have been shattered to pieces by the recoil, the crews of which have been picked up by the boats of the ships of the line. The enemy has already lost 10,000 shells.

"5-55 A. M.—A shell has fallen upon a spirit shop, and the conflagration of twenty hogsheads of raki is the consequence. Nothing can exceed the enthusiasm of our brave soldiery, who burn for the hour of vengeance.

"8-15 A. M.—A rocket has just entered a chemist's, and an explosion followed. The chemist's unfortunately joining an oil and pickle shop, the flames have spread. The conduct of our troops is excellent.

"10-25 A. M.—A shell has burst in a barrel of tar, in close proximity to a powder magazine. The impending destruction was stayed by the heroic Bombadier Waghisowuchinoff, who flung himself into the burning mass, and, at the cost of his life, and with incredible coolness, extinguished it. His ashes have been preserved, and, duly enshrined in an urn of platina, will be dedicated to St. Andrew.

"12-30 P. M.—The enemy has brought up all his boats, but thanks be to St. Nicholas, has done nothing of consequence.

"1 P. M.—A lucifer match manufactory caught fire, but the flames have been extinguished by a milkmaid (name not given).

"2 P. M.—The enemy have withdrawn all their ships, mortar-boats, and gun-boats that have escaped.

"All our batteries are consolidated in their foundations by the thunder of the enemy.

"Casualties.—One Cossack missing."

SPLENDID PRESENT.—Messrs. Ponson, Phillipe & Vibert, silk manufacturers of Lyons, France, have recently presented to the city of New York a portrait of our beloved Washington, woven in silk, and framed gorgeously, at an expense of ten thousand dollars. Its manufacture occupied several artists two entire years. The authority for the likeness is Stuart's head.

RELEASED.—G. G. Foster, a brilliant writer, the author of several popular works, recently confined in the Moyamensing Prison, Pa., on a charge of forgery, has been liberated, no one appearing against him. He probably owes his freedom to the Baroness de Marguerites, who was faithful to him in his misfortunes, and who married him in prison.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.—This brilliant man delivered one of his characteristic addresses before the Woman's Rights Convention, in this city. It was an eloquent production, but its spirit militated somewhat against the doctrines of the ladies. It gave great satisfaction, however.

MARRIAGES.

In this city, by Rev. Mr. Streeter, Mr. Sidney T. Bates to Miss Mary Arkerson, both of Cambridge; Mr. John H. Brazer to Miss Mary E. Russell; Mr. Alvan Pease, of Mobile, to Miss Catharine C. Chase, of Fall River; by Rev. Dr. Kirk, Mr. David T. Thompson, of Foxboro', to Miss Josephine C. Washburn, of Kingston; by Rev. Mr. Pettee, Mr. Richard K. Sparrow to Miss Mary J. Bailey; by Rev. Dr. Barrett, Mr. D. F. Caverly to Miss Mary Jane Dean; by Rev. Mr. Stowe, Mr. Henry Moran to Mrs. Hannah Roy; by Rev. Mr. Alger, Mr. R. Montgomery Field to Miss Louisa Hastings Fenno.—At Salem, by Rev. Mr. Richards, Mr. Warren V. Tuxbury, of Amesbury, to Miss Huldah J. Roberts; by Rev. Dr. Thompson, Mr. Frederick M. Creamer to Miss Martha W. Chase.—At South Danvers, by Rev. Mr. Wheeler, J. Lovett Whipple, Esq., of Salem, to Miss Emma N. Dodge.—At Marblehead, Mr. Jacob T. Paine to Miss Mary E. Roads; Mr. Nicholas Tucker, Jr. to Miss Ellen G. Moutcreaf.—At Lowell, by Rev. Mr. Woodbury, Mr. Dennison S. Kimball to Miss Eunice W. Kendall.—At Newburyport, by Rev. Mr. Prince, of Georgetown, Mr. William F. Chase to Miss Elizabeth C Greenleaf.—At Taunton, by Rev. Mr. Brigham, Mr. S. Chester Codding to Mrs. Mary W. Lawrence, both of Mansfield.—At Worcester, by Rev Mr. Hale, Mr. George H. Clarke to Miss Lucia M. Barnard.—At Nashua, N. H., by Rev. Mr. Richards, Mr. Henry Mears, of Dorchester, to Miss Sarah Gray, of Boston.—At New York, Capt. John H. Luscomb, of Salem, Mass., to Miss Rebecca F. Lovett, of Beverly, Mass.

DEATHS.

In this city, Mrs. Elizabeth Wood, 77; Mr. Peter Daniels, 46; Mrs. Ann, wife of late Dea. Joseph Woodcock, 91; Mr. Phœbe T., wife of Mr. Jeremiah Judge; Mr. James Gardner Moulton, formerly of Biddeford Me., 36.—At Roxbury, Mr. Ambrose Blaney, formerly of Boston, 76.—At Charlestown, Mr. Charles F. Horn, 43.—At Quincy, Mrs. Margaret M. T., wife of Mr. Thaddeus Churchill, 29.—At Swampscott, Mrs. Mary Lamphir, 42.—At Salem, Mr John Allen, 78; Mrs. Maria Louisa, wife of Mr Devereux Dennis, 35; Mr. Stephen Stone, 60.—At Newburyport, Mrs. Mary, wife of Mr. Charles A Currier, 27; Widow Mary Osgood, 77; Mr John A. Smith, 75.—At Taunton, Mr Joseph Callender, of Roxbury, 65.—At Amherst, Mrs Sarah Augusta, wife of Mr. E. L. Pennimun, of Dedham.—At Andover, Mrs. Elizabeth, widow of the late Dea. Phineas Aiken, of Bedford, N. H., 89.—At Middleboro', Mr. Samuel Smith, 73.—At Rochester, Mrs. Catherine W., relict of Dea. Nathaniel Briggs, 80.—At New Bedford, Miss Elizabeth R. Grinnell, 22; Miss Elizabeth Allen, 18.—At Springfield, Mrs. Elizabeth G., wife of Mr. Dennis Hubbard, 29.—At Princeton, Mr. Willard Parker, 63, and his wife, 63; both were sick at the same time; both died within a few hours of each other, and both were buried in the same grave.—At Shelburne, Dea. William Long, 100 the oldest person in Franklin county.—At Stonington, Conn., Hon. Benjamin Pomeroy, 69.—At Rutland, N. Y., Daniel Ames, Esq., a native of Hopkinton, Mass., 83.—At Union Town, Kansas T., Mr. Newell Adams, formerly of Boston, 49.

EDITORIAL MELANGE.

It is generally allowed that there is work for five times the number of dentists in this country that there is in Great Britain; and that, while bad teeth is the exception there, it is the rule here. We also take more pains with our teeth by washing than do the natives of Ireland, and yet the Irish have far better teeth. Acetic acid is thought to be the main cause of this early decay of teeth among us. —— It is estimated that the great female college at Worcester will be completed and commence operations in the autumn of 1856. —— A gentleman, resident in Calcutta, in a late letter, thus describes the condition of field sports in that quarter: "There has been a good deal of sporting the last month, with a great slaughter of tigers. A party from the Dacca, of five, have shot, in one week, twenty-five tigers, five rhinoceroses, twenty wild pigs, and a boa-constrictor eighteen feet long!" —— The Newfoundland papers state that the Merlin rock at the entrance of St. John's harbor has been successfully and triumphantly removed. —— A new method of raising the wind has been invented by an enterprising rascal in Buffalo. Upon the arrival of the cars from New York, he takes his stand upon the Erie Street bridge, and demands a toll of one shilling from every stranger who passes over it on the way from the depot to the lake boat. The unsuspecting stranger pays the toll, and does not discover the imposition until he arrives at the boat. —— Rattlesnakes seem to abound in southern Oregon. Three men recently went to the mountains, where dens of these snakes were known to exist in large numbers, and in a short time killed seven hundred of them. —— A physician of this vicinity telegraphs indirectly to physicians at Norfolk: "Let the streets, avenues and yards of the city be freely spread with salt, and the yellow fever will, in my opinion, abate in a short time." Any idea which has sense in it will probably be attended to. —— Samuel Dukes, postmaster at Colfax, Indiana, has been arrested for robbing the mail, and was admitted to bail in $3000. —— Several children have been poisoned recently, in Vernon, Vt., by eating the seeds of the "spotted cow-berrie, or musquash, which closely resembles caraway. They were found a short time after they had partaken of it in a state of stupor, but, by the application of sinapisms, and a resort to emetics, they were finally restored to consciousness. —— Dr. J. H. M. Cate, of Northampton, has been appointed surgeon in the Russian army. The compensation is $1000 per year salary, with rations, all expenses paid, and $500 outfit. —— The official statistics of the number of emigrant passengers arriving at Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore and New Orleans, for the first half of the present year, show a great falling off as compared with last year. The number arrived this year, during the first six months, was 106,515; last year, same time, 199,299. —— The recent exhibition of the Rhode Island Horticultural Society was very creditable. —— A number of young American physicians in the Russian army at the Crimea find themselves unexpectedly bound to keep their places till the close of the war. They can get no discharge, lest they communicate information injurious to the cause of their employer. —— It is said that Mr. Meagher, recently admitted to practice in the New York courts, has been retained for the defence of the alleged murderers of Poole. —— Professor Vergnis, of New York, is said to have been the first who applied the galvanic fluid to extract metals from the human system. He extracted silver from his own system by the galvanic pile, in 1852, he having then seriously injured his hands by the use of nitrate of silver. —— The President has lately restored Commodore Charles Stewart to command of the Philadelphia Navy Yard. —— A court martial has convicted a lieutenant of militia in Puerto Principe, named Zayas, of having constructed cartridges and moulded rifle balls for the filibusters. General Concha has sentenced him to eight years' imprisonment. —— The sugar crop of Louisiana this year will not be above the average. —— During the past summer, the wool-growers of Piermont and Haverhill, N. H., have lost between three and four hundred sheep. The lover of mutton was at first thought to be a wolf, then a dog, but now it is believed that a jaguar has done the mischief. —— Mrs. Hayne (Julia Dean), it is said, has fixed upon Chicago as a place of permanent residence. A paper of that city says that she will be attached to Mr. Rice's theatre.

GUNPOWDER.

The Russian war is at length felt in the demand for gunpowder and the raw materials of which it is manufactured. Gunpowder has largely advanced recently, and is still rising. Many of the mills in the United States are about being closed, being unable to procure saltpetre, not a sack of which is now for sale in the commercial ports. It has advanced in price one hundred and fifty per cent. in the last sixty days, and agents from Europe in New York and Boston have bought all that will arrive this year from Calcutta. It is said that there is but one powder-making firm in the United States that has stock to run more than sixty days longer. So the allies will have to look out for "villanous saltpetre."

LO! THE POOR INDIAN.—The other day, a young Indian chieftain, clad in complete native American costume—leggings, tomahawk, wampum belt, deerskin moccasins, eagle's plume and all,—a very handsome young fellow, by the way, made his appearance in our office—not to scalp the editor or scarify the clerks, but to buy a lot of Pictorials and Flags for the winter reading of his tribe. Augh! waugh! It is good, brother.

NO STARVATION.—The wheat crop of the United States for the present year is estimated at one hundred and eighty-five millions of bushels! This will make several loaves of bread, and will, with corn, potatoes, apples and beef, enable all of us to get a tolerable living, if the speculators in food will let us.

Wayside Gatherings.

At a late term of the Superior Court for Litchfield county, Ct., twenty six persons were divorced.

California will soon have a railroad in operation. The Sacramento Valley Railroad is in process of construction.

The National Exchange Insurance Company, of New York, has been declared a bankrupt concern.

Wm. B. Astor, of New York, has given a lot of land on which to erect a large addition to the Astor Library building.

The people of Holmes Hole have subscribed $10,000 to extend the telegraphic cable across the Vineyard Sound.

The Baltimore Republican estimates the funded debt of that city at $15,222,000. It is proposed to introduce water into the city from Gunpowder River, at an expense of over $4,000,000.

Nebraska Territory already contains taxable property to the amount of $519,816, according to the returns of the assessors. Of this aggregate, no less than $311,116 is in Douglass county.

The pearl fishery has been carried on very successfully on the coast of California within the past five years, and the Santa Barbara Gazette says that "a very great amount of pearls have been found."

A petition is in circulation for a new park in the eighth ward, New York. It is proposed to have it bounded by Fifth and Sixth avenues, and by 13th and 14th streets. The movement bids fair to succeed.

Missouri has enormous crops of corn and wheat this season. Much of the wheat land, it is said, averages forty bushels to the acre, and more corn will be raised in the State this year than for any five years before.

It is remarkable, says Dr. Darwin, that all diseases arising from drinking spirituous or fermented liquors are liable to become hereditary, even to the third generation, and gradually to increase, if the course be continued, till the family becomes extinct.

A conductor on the Sixth Avenue Railroad, New York, has been arrested on charge of defrauding the company of *sixty six* cents! Might it not have been a safer operation to have taken $200,000, as matters go now-a-days!

The Yarmouth Register states that the safety of Yarmouth from fire has of late depended entirely upon the efforts of the volunteer fire companies evoked for the occasion. These companies are composed chiefly of ladies, and have proved their efficiency upon several occasions.

Mr. Elijah Denny is the oldest man in Kentucky. He lives in Pulaski county, and is 118 years of age. He served several years in the American revolutionary army under Marion, Sumpter and Horray, and bears the scars of wounds which he then received. He has four sons and five daughters living.

Mr. Raggers Bagley has purchased one hundred and sixty acres of land in Minnesota Territory, which he intends settling upon and improving. Mr. Bagley is *one hundred and seven years old*, and is still an active and industrious pioneer, in the enjoyment of excellent health.

It is said that Kate Hayes has cleared nearly one hundred thousand dollars in Australia and in the East Indies by giving concerts. She expects to give a series of concerts in the different cities of Australia on her return from India, and then she will return to England and retire to private life.

An order from the post-office department requires route agents to put an end to the indiscriminate reception of letters in their cars, "by closing the openings in their respective cars through which letters are deposited, and by receiving and mailing such only as cannot be conveniently mailed at the post office."

Mrs. Mary Lewey has been found not guilty of poisoning Mrs. Abigail Allen, of Bloomfield, Vt., though Dr. A. A. Hayes, of Boston, found Parson's vermin exterminator in the stomach of the deceased, and proof was direct and positive, by one witness, that this poison was administered to the deceased by the prisoner.

Among the boats on the Erie Canal, says the Toronto Colonist, is one under the charge of Mrs. Captain Catharine Peck. She has twice been before the Albany courts, once for beating an impudent "deck-hand," and again for trying to piten a former owner of the boat into the canal, because he demanded his pay of her.

Mr. Henry Opp, of West Belville, Mo., claims to have discovered the perpetual motion, and to have constructed a machine upon its principle. Perpetual motion is discovered about once in every two months, according to the newspapers; but we incline to the notion that, during the course of time, we shall not be favored with such a discovery.

A romantic story comes from Calcutta. It is reported and believed that an officer who was supposed to have been killed at Cabul, thirteen years ago, has suddenly "turned up" alive. He has been a prisoner in Rokan. His name had long been removed from the army list, and his wife had married again, and has a family by her second husband.

An amateur sportsman, of New Haven, Conn., with three companions, lately returned from the region of the Adirondack mountains. They have been absent about six weeks, and in the time have shot thirty-six deer and a moose. The gentleman referred to shot fourteen of the deer and the moose, the latter weighing eight hundred pounds.

The quantity and value of cotton delivered at New Orleans for twelve years was as follows:—Number of bales, 13,692,934; value, $498,634,273; average value, $37 12 1-2. This vast quantity of cotton has, at the low rate of freight, paid $54,768,000 for transportation, and much of it two freights—one to the north, and thence to Europe.

Commander Downing, formerly of the U. S. navy, died at Bristol, Pa., lately. Commander Downing was recently deprived of his command by a court-martial, owing to his conduct in South America, in relation to the reception of Commodore Coe on board a U. S. ship, after Coe had betrayed the cause in which he was engaged.

The increase of Catholic priests in England, is at the rate of 25 a year, while those of the Church of England increase at the rate of about 300 a year. The number of chapels for Roman Catholic worship has risen since 1851, from 586 to 658, and of clergy, from 826 to 925. The number of female religious houses has somewhat increased, but not those of the male.

In the East Indies children are rarely washed in water; but they are oiled every day. A child's head can be kept much cleaner if oiled than without it, and many young persons with hectic cheeks would probably never know the last days of consumption, if their parents would insist on having the chest, back and limbs anointed with sweet oil two or three times a week. The Hebrew physicians seem to have considered oil as more efficacious than any other remedy.

Foreign Items.

Twelve autograph sermons of Luther have recently been discovered at Raksan, in Hungary.

There is a rumor in print, that Miss Cushman intends taking the Haymarket, London, for a winter season.

A. Dumas has been appointed by the French government to collect all the popular ballad poetry of the south of France.

There is a grape vine in Paris, which was planted by Racine in 1699, which is consequently over a hundred and fifty years old, and this year bears a splendid quality of grape.

Sir Moses Montefiore has arrived at Jerusalem, with, it is supposed, firmans authorizing the foundation of several religious establishments, and even a synagogue for the Jews.

The Right Hon. T. B. Macaulay, president of the Philosophical Society, Edinburg, has presented an extensive and valuable collection of books to the library of that establishment.

The Russian General Bodisco has been restored to his native country by the French emperor. Before leaving, he addressed a letter to the editor of the Courrier de l' Eure, speaking in the highest terms of the generous kindness of the French people.

A correspondent of one of the London journals does not think much of the services of the allies of the French and English in the Crimea; he says that "the Sardinians are doing nothing, and the Turks are helping them." This is probably near the truth.

Andrew Crosse, a well known chemist and electrician, died lately, in England. He was possessed of wealth, but was ardent and laborious in his scientific pursuits. His development of animal life in a caustic solution of potash and flint, by galvanism, created much excitement a few years since.

Among the latest novelties in Paris is the Alma pocket handkerchief. It has rounded corners enriched by elegant embroidered designs, and trimmed with shells of fine Valenciennes lace, placed flat. The embroidery nearly covers the cambric, and is a succession of small spots, with here and there a lance, fire-arms, helmets and flags; and at each corner is a man on horseback, in full armor.

Sands of Gold.

.... Indiscriminate pursuit of perfect infallibility leads to mediocrity.—*Fuseli.*

.... Society repudiates incomplete talents, as nature removes feeble or misshapen creatures.—*Balzac.*

.... He that dies a martyr, proves that he was not a knave, but by no means that he was not a fool.—*Cotton.*

.... The lessons of disappointment, humiliation and blunder, impress more than those of a thousand musters.—*Fuseli.*

.... We never love heartily but once, and that is the first time we love. Succeeding inclinations are less involuntary.—*La Bruyere.*

.... Envy feeds upon the living—after death it ceases: then, every man's well earned honors defend him against calumny.—*Ovid.*

.... A copious measure of evil is sometimes assigned to ordinary and contracted minds; whilst greater faculties as frequently evaporate in indolence and languor.—*Balzac.*

.... If thou desirest ease, in the first place take care of the ease of thy mind, for that will make all other sufferings easy; but nothing can support a man whose mind is wounded.—*Fuller.*

.... The little mind who loves itself will write and think with the vulgar; but the great mind will be bravely eccentric, and scorn the beaten road, from universal benevolence.—*Goldsmith.*

.... I have lived to know the great secret of human happiness is this—never suffer your energies to stagnate. The old adage of "too many irons in the fire," conveys an abominable lie. You cannot have too many; poker, tongs, and all—keep them all going.—*Dr. E. D. Clarke.*

.... A guilty conscience is like a whirlpool, drawing in all to itself, which otherwise would pass by. * * * Be fearful only of thyself; and stand in awe of none more than thine own conscience. There is a Cato in every man; a severe censor of his manners. And he that reverences this judge, will seldom do anything he need repent of.—*Fuler.*

Joker's Budget.

The attempt to make omelets out of "egg" coal has been abandoned.

"Hold your tongue for a fool," said an Irishman, to his wife. "Then you'll be after speaking?" was the cutting reply.

We are acquainted with a printer who is so enthusiastic in his business, that he never sits down to dinner without insisting on seeing a *proof of the pudding.*

A bachelor advertised for a "helpmate; one who would prove a companion for his heart, his hand and his lot." A fair one replying, asked very earnestly, "how big is your lot?"

In the present day it can no longer be said that "kissing goes by favor," as it is a well established fact, that every person may take a buss (omnibus) for sixpence.

"Pap, has Mr. Jones's eyes got feet?" "Why, my boy?" "Because I heard mother say to Mr. Doolittle that at a party the other evening, Mr. Jones's eyes followed her all over the room."

"Is there much water in the cistern, Biddy?" inquired a gentleman of his Irish girl, as she came up from the cellar. "It is full on the bottom, sir, but there's none at the top," said Biddy.

A young man at a tea party, overheard one lady say to another, "I have something for your private ear," and immediately exclaimed: "I protest against it, for privateering is illegal."

A Maltese offered his services as dragoman at Alexandria. "Know English well, sir," said he, "have served many English gentlemen; I'm English subject, sir; I get drunk, get drunk, sir."

The latest peculiarity of John Bull is recorded by the French papers. An English lady and gentleman are making the tour of France, on purpose to indulge in midnight bathing in the different rivers.

A man named Stone, exclaimed in a tavern, "I'll bet a sovereign I have the hardest name in the company." "Done," said one of the company, "what's your name?" "Stone," cried the first. "Hand me the money," said the other, "my name is Harder."

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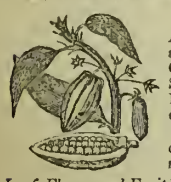

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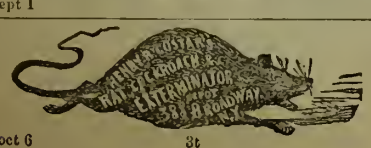

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THE SULTAN OF TURKEY.

Our engraving represents the present Sultan of Turkey as he appears in public when moving through the streets of Constantinople in the style and with the attendance that befits his rank. Though considerable parade attends the public appearance of crowned heads in the West of Europe, still the "divinity that doth hedge a king" is not so apparent there as in the East. The name of Sultan is still a word of power with the servile and superstitious inhabitants of Turkey. They behold in him the Commander of the Faithful, the vice-regent of the Prophet upon earth, and are ready to lick the dust before his horse's feet, or kiss with trembling and devout lips the hem of his garment.

THE SULTAN OF TURKEY ON HORSEBACK IN THE STREETS OF CONSTANTINOPLE.

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL

M. M. BALLOU, {CORNER OF TREMONT AND BROMFIELD STS.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 27, 1855.

$3,00 PER ANNUM. 6 CENTS SINGLE. } VOL. IX., No. 17.—WHOLE No. 225.

STATE OF GEORGIA.

"Last of the thirteen," Georgia adopted an armorial bearing indicative of the constitution, supported by those figurative pillars of strength—"wisdom, justice and moderation," with a "continentaller" on guard. These arms are shown conspicuously in the accompanying emblematic design by Billings. At the base of the picture, two Indian girls in their canoes are gathering flowers. To the right of the shield, we see the middle section of the State, with its "stone mountain" surmounted by a lookout tower. A railroad skirts its base, giving life to many flourishing towns upon its line. On a yet nearer plane of the picture is a group of field hands gathering cotton. High up on the left of the shield, the artist has given us a glimpse of the renowned Tuccoa Falls, and beneath, the arrival of De Soto and his knights, in 1541. The highlands of Georgia abound in magnificent scenery, making it an American Switzerland. Until within twenty years it was the chosen home of the Cherokees. The agricultural region yields heavy crops of corn and wheat, while cotton and rice are among the staple productions. In addition to these sources of wealth, Georgia has rich mines of iron, of gold, and of other minerals. There is an United States' mint at Dahlonega, in the centre of the gold region. The first regular colony was planted in 1733 at Yamacraw Bluff, now the city of Savannah. The founder was General Oglethorpe; but in 1754 the colony was given up to the crown. In the revolution, it was the scene of several desperate conflicts, and furnished many brave men for the army. Georgia ratified the constitution on the 2d of January, 1788. Georgia was among the first States which constructed long lines of railroads, and their profitable operation has done much to enrich her citizens. At the last census she had 906,185 inhabitants, an increase of 31 per cent since 1840, and many of her cities doubled their size and their wealth during the same decade. In addition to a university at Athens, there are colleges at Milledgeville, Oxford, Penfield and Macon, with a medical college at Augusta. 1251 public schools furnish ample means of education for all, and there are 219 academies for the more advanced in study. Georgia contains 39,680,000 acres, and has 81,364 farmers, besides some ten thousand agricultural laborers. The estimated cash value of her farms is $95,753,445, and of the farming implements $5,894,150. Internal improvements have imposed a heavy State tax upon Georgia, yet her finances are in a good condition, and she is among the most prosperous of the States.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

FALCONE:

—on,—

THE MYSTERIES OF MEXICO.

A ROMANCE OF OUR DAY.

BY AUGUSTINE J. H. DUGANNE.

[CONTINUED.]

CHAPTER XXIV.—[CONTINUED.]

The prompt action of the Yankee, his flashing eyes, and the sight of the negro Hannibal, who followed closely, intimidated the ruffian soldiers. The one whom Dusenbury had struck fled first, and the other villain, dropping his raised weapon and abandoning his wounded comrade, turned and disappeared through an opposite door. The Yankee took no further thought of either. He had caught the sinking form of Mexicana in his stalwart arms, and beheld her beautiful face upraised to his with a look which repaid him for all the perils he had passed through—a look of gratitude and love.

Dusenbury was no poet. But as he knelt beside the body of Don Manuel and supported that beautiful maiden upon his manly breast, whilst his weather beaten face was illumined with an expression tender as a mother's when she hushes her babe to slumber, he surely exhibited, in his whole manner, and truly felt in his heart, more of the pure elements of poetry than could be wrought into an epic of description.

Hannibal beheld the meeting, and his hand, which had half grasped the wounded marauder, released its hold and permitted the wretch to stagger from the room and escape. The Yankee's first care was to convey the orphan girl to a place of safety, and to take measures for the disposal of Don Manuel's remains. He soon learned from Mexicana the brief but fearful particulars of her experience during the dreadful days of the siege, and, moreover, that the death of her father had left the lovely girl almost friendless in Vera Cruz, the social as well as business relations of the *administradore* having been confined chiefly to the capital and interior provinces of Mexico.

After parting at Tampico from the fellow-travellers to whom they had been indebted so greatly in the affair with the brigands, Don Manuel and his daughter were escorted by Colonel Nunez without further peril or adventure, until they reached Vera Cruz. Here, the blockade of the port was in full force, and the *administradore*, instead of embarking at once, concluded to remain, partly in order to receive expected advices from Mexico, and partly to avail himself of a Spanish ship which was to depart in a few weeks for his native country. But the old Castilian was destined never to behold that land to which his thoughts of late had been so anxiously directed. A severe illness, the result of excitement and fatigue, prostrated him for several months, and when, under the care of his affectionate daughter, he once more recovered his strength, it was to learn with new anxiety that the city of Vera Cruz had been marked for capture by the Americans, and that the army of General Scott was about investing its walls. At this crisis, too, their new friend, Don Ferrado Nunez, who had established a claim on their regard by his constant attentions during Don Manuel's illness, was recalled to the interior by an order from head-quarters, and, with his command, obliged to depart from Vera Cruz.

Mexicana clung to and sustained her parent—but alas! the blow at last fell upon the poor child. By her side, almost within her arms, the blind bolt of death reached her trembling sire. A shell, whose curving ascent she had watched as it rose over the walls, came crashing upon the roof of the dwelling in which she remained with Don Manuel. Through roof and ceilings, down to the apartment in which the doomed man lay, descended the terrible missile, riving walls and tearing furniture; down it rushed, and bursting upon the very floor beneath the maiden's feet, finished its dreadful course. Mexicana escaped unharmed, though the explosion shook the mansion, and overthrew its massy front. She rose to her feet unharmed—but alas! it was to behold her father bleeding and dying before her, a fragment of the shell having inflicted a mortal wound upon the *administradore*.

Through the long day and dreadful night which followed the capture of the city, Mexicana remained, half-stupefied, beside the body of her sire, until some ruffian soldiers, such as are to be found in every army, ranging the city through the midnight hours, had penetrated to the lofty mansion in search of plunder and adventure. The beautiful maiden appeared to their drunken eyes a prize of no common value, and their hardened natures heeded not the lifeless body which absorbed her attention. But Mexicana, fragile and tender though she seemed, was of the royal nature which defends itself against a host. Her father's pistols lay beside the shattered couch, and with what bravery she could use them had already been attested by the fall of one of her assailants, when the timely arrival of Dusenbury and Hannibal rescued her once more from impending danger.

The joy with which Mexicana welcomed the presence of her American friend can only be sympathized with by one, who, like this poor child, had first been deprived of her only relative by so cruel a fate; yet it was a joy, of course, shadowed by the memory of all she had suffered, and the bitter consciousness of her orphaned situation. Dusenbury, quick and rough in action, was of a nature tender as brave; and his ready sympathy administered all the consolation which a sister might receive from the affection of a brother. It was he who took charge of all the details necessary in order that fitting respect might be rendered to the dead. It was he who obtained the requisite protection and safeguard for the deceased *administradore's* effects which were in Vera Cruz; and in all that he undertook, the Yankee preserved a quiet and dignity which impressed Mexicana more strongly than ever with the sterling qualities of soul concealed beneath his rude exterior.

The funeral arrangements were completed, and, followed by Dusenbury and Mexicana, with a few citizens who had known the *administradore*, the remains of Don Manuel Ribera were borne to their last resting-place. He had hoped that his native Castile might receive his dust, but Heaven, for its own wise purposes, had overruled the wish, and, as Mexico had been the scene of his life struggles, so now it became the land of his repose.

CHAPTER XXV.

THE BATTLE OF CERRO GORDO.

The reader will now accompany the transition of this true narrative from the dismantled towers and ruined dwellings of the True Cross City, to the environs of the Mexican capital, and the borders of that lake so romantic in its historical associations and beautiful in itself, Tezcuco.

Two great events pregnant with the fate of Mexico had just taken place; two great reverses sustained by the republic's arms had opened the way to her interior for two invading armies. On the 22d of February had been fought the great battle of Buena Vista, which, though claimed as a success by Santa Anna, had resulted in the retreat of that general with his entire army, and the occupation of several new points by the troops of his adversary, Taylor.

But the mischance of Buena Vista was followed by a disaster infinitely more threatening; for the capture of Vera Cruz occurring in the space of one month after the retreat of the Mexican commander-in-chief, opened wide the gulf gate of Mexico to the men and armaments of the enemy, and threw twelve thousand soldiers, flushed with conquest, right upon the highway which conducted to the capital. That highway must therefore be defended; and to effect this result, Santa Anna traversed the interior provinces by forced marches, and leaving General Taylor either to follow or fortify himself, as the latter might determine, pressed forward with all the troops he could muster, in order to occupy some point upon the national road which would command the approach from Vera Cruz to Mexico. This point he soon decided upon. It was one of the snow-topped ranges of that vast chain of mountains that defines the ascending climates of the garden-spot of earth, from the Xalapan hills, upward along the summits of Orizaba, until the table land of the ancient empire smiles in loveliness over all. Cerro Gordo, a lofty eminence, almost impregnable from its natural situation, was now sought by Santa Anna with fifteen thousand soldiers; and there the Mexican dictator resolved to entrench and defend himself against the advance of Winfield Scott.

And here, throwing up his works with the greatest celerity, whilst he implored through his proclamations, on the one hand means and material of war from the legislature sitting at the capital, on the other, new volunteers from the country at large—we will leave Santa Anna, whilst we visit a lovely hacienda or country-house, near the margin of Lake Tezcuco, where at the present moment are gathered several of the persons of our story.

It was indeed a lovely cottage, bowered in thick groves of trees over which clambered fragrant vines, and around and beneath which were flowers and blossoms in innumerable clusters of bloom and fragrance. It was a home such as love might choose for its temple and beauty sanctify with her eternal presence. And love and beauty were both dwellers in the charming place, breathing its delicious odors and dreaming over its flowers, through sunny days and quiet nights. Ah! mournful that love and beauty must anticipate a break upon their happiness, and that to this sweet paradise of domestic bliss the blast of war was to bring gloom and foreboding.

It was at the close of one of those exquisite days which herald the approach of Indian summer, that a group of "fair women and brave men," assembled in a small garden enclosure, near the main entrance of the hacienda alluded to above, conversed in tones of affectionate interest concerning events that were speedily to transpire. The most striking figure of this group was one with which the reader is familiar, being that of Anselmo Zumozin, otherwise the Colonel Anselmo Montognone, aide de camp to the commander-in-chief. Near him sat the Padre Herrata, and opposite to these were two other of our more youthful friends, Teresa Glinton and her lover, Alonzo Vallejo. Arm in arm, promenading the garden walks, while the light evening breeze sprinkled them with falling blossoms, could be seen the artist Lorenzo with his fair wife Inez, and on a rustic bench at a little distance from the rest, sat another couple—one of whom was Don Ferrado Nunez, the other his peerless bride, the Lady Isabella.

Isabella Nunez was in the full blaze of a beauty just ripening into womanhood, and of a type so majestic and dazzling that awe struggled with admiration in the breast of one who for the first time beheld her. Yet, in the magnificent eyes that looked with proud and peerless gaze out from beneath a brow pure as truth and broad with intellect, there was a depth that betokened in the lady's heart other qualities beside those which awaken only distant reverence. To one who could read such high natures, there would shine forth perceptible in all the noble presence of this woman, a warmth, a gentleness and passionateness of soul, far removed from the icy pride with which her stately manner might impress the careless observer. Such was Donna Isabella, the fair wife of Colonel Ferrado Nunez.

"And so you encountered our good friend, Senor Dusenbury, Colonel Nunez?" said the Padre Herrata, interrogatively, addressing Don Ferrado, who had just paused in a conversation with his lady.

"I met him as usual, with his hands full of responsibility," replied Nunez, laughing. "Fancy, my dear padre, our North American senor, barricaded with dead horses and mules, in a narrow mountain-pass, at the edge of evening, defending an old traveller and his daughter from the attack of some dozen brigands, and you realize the exact position in which I very opportunely, it must be confessed, fell in with our friend Dusenbury."

"Ah! he is a true knight-errant," said Colonel Montognone, joining the conversation. "When last you parted with him, padre, I think he was engaged in a similar duty—I mean in the protection of distressed ladies."

"Yonder happy young dreamers will doubtless bear ready testimony to that," said the priest, pointing to Vallejo and Teresa. "It was to the Senor Dusenbury that they owed their escape, after my capture by the pursuers."

"And like a wise and good friend, as he is," said the low voice of Inez, who now approached with her husband, "he conducted the distressed damsel and her devoted cavalier to a friendly castle, guarded by my Achilles, here."

Saying this, the happy wife tapped Lorenzo's chin with the fan which she gracefully carried.

"And the good knight is now wandering after new adventures, with my sable Hannibal for a squire-at arms," remarked Teresa, looking archly away from Alonzo, who was paying more heed to her beautiful face than to the conversation going on around him.

"Ah! did I forget Hannibal?" cried Colonel Nunez. "A brave, ready squire as one would desire to have, is that same sable follower of our knight Dusenbury. Hannibal was near me on our road to Tampico, and many a want did he anticipate for me."

"Poor Hannibal!" murmured Teresa, and a sigh escaped her bosom, as the thought of the faithful servant recalled the image of one whom he loved. Padre Herrata divined her thoughts and hastened to turn the conversation. Addressing Inez, he inquired, with a smile:

"What say you, my daughter? Will you not abandon the valley of Murillo, and be content to dwell in our Tezcuco retreat, with your gentle sisters, at least till the war is over?"

"I shall deem it no hardship, surely," replied Donna Inez, with a glance at her husband. "But, O, padre, *when* will this war be over?"

"May Heaven influence the councils of those who rule the opposing nations to make a speedy end of it!" said the priest, solemnly. "The late disasters to our cause seem indeed a judgment upon the heads of the men who in times past have misruled the country. But the Almighty is just, and we may yet bear heroically our misfortunes."

"Bear!" cried Nunez. "It is for Mexico to strike—not bear! O that all true Mexicans would rise in their strength—O that I could behold the real friends of the republic in arms! We should then teach the invaders to endure—not ourselves!"

"If all Mexicans were like you, my dear son—if all were, like yourself, true to the republic and forgetful of self, then might we hope to withstand our invaders. But, ah, Colonel Nunez! ah, Anselmo!" continued the padre, taking the hands of his two friends, "I *fear* for Mexico that she must in the end succumb—that she is doomed to lie at the mercy of her powerful northern neighbor."

"Not till the last patriot has fallen," exclaimed Nunez, with indignation, "not, at least, till Ferrado Nunez has closed his eyes forever on such shame!"

The speaker paused, for the eye of Zumozin sought his own, and then fell upon the quiet and lovely face of Donna Isabella, whose glance was fixed upon her husband.

"O, Isabella, pardon me!" cried the young colonel, turning suddenly, and clasping his wife's hand, "but that I love thee, my country were my only love—with thee, Mexico must at least share my devotion."

"Mexico is not worthy of devotion!" answered Isabella. "Have our craven countrymen yet gained a single battle in this disgraceful war? Cowards are they, Ferrado, and unworthy of a sacrifice!"

"Nay, nay," said Padre Herrata, mildly, "not our countrymen, but their counsellors, and—must I say it?—their leaders are to blame. Bravely have the people risen in their country's behalf—but they have been betrayed—alas, it is too true—betrayed! But still let all true Mexicans defend their native land, but in the hands of One alone remaineth the future!"

In conversation such as this passed quickly the hours which were to precede a separation of this happy household; for on the morrow, Colonels Nunez and Zumozin and Padre Herrata were to depart for the army, obedient to the summons of Santa Anna addressed to the bravest and best of Mexico's defenders. Alonzo and Lorenzo would readily have decided to accompany their friends, had not the lonely situation of the ladies, who would then be entirely unprotected in case of the enemy's sudden advance, rendered it advisable for the two younger men to remain as a sort of domestic guard for Don Ferrado's hacienda. Lorenzo, in compliance with the wish of his friend Zumozin, had accompanied the latter from the valley of Murillo to the capital, some months previously, and at the invitation of Donna Isabella Nunez, resolved now to remain at the Tezcuco cottage, both for the better security of the mansion and because his own little hacienda, where old Murillo still remained with poor Berta and the servants, was too much exposed to the visits of the military, then quartered in force at Puebla.

The morning too soon arrived which was to witness the departure of the officers. Ferrado Nunez, who loved his beautiful wife with an ardor from which his enthusiastic devotion to his country alone subtracted, stood beside the flower-decked gate of his home, holding one of Isabella's fair hands in his own, while his arm supported her drooping form, and his bright eyes looked in hope and animation upon her face.

"Courage, dear Isabella! It will all be well soon. These Americans—indomitable though they be—can never scale our well-defended mountains. Cerro Gordo will certainly be their Waterloo."

"Ferrado! my heart is heavy! I have a presentiment that unhappiness is approaching. O, my husband—why must you again leave me?"

"Dearest wife—our separation will not be long. The war must be decided by the next engagement, for General Santa Anna is gathering all his choicest troops. Ferrado Nunez must not be found a laggard"

"Ferrado Nunez forgets that he has a wife," cried Isabella, her white forehead flushing and the tears springing from her eyes.

"It is for you, Isabella—for you that I must combat. With victory, with peace, our happiness returns once more."

Colonel Nunez pressed his wife closely to his breast, and then sprang upon his steed which a servant held. Zumozin and the padre were already mounted, and exchanging adieus with Lorenzo, Alonzo and the two younger ladies. Isabella fixed her dark eyes upon Colonel Montognone with a look which he at once appeared to comprehend. He bowed, and placed his hand upon his breast.

"To your care, Anselmo, I resign my husband."

"With my life shall he be guarded!" cried Zumozin, solemnly; and the two brothers in arms, looking into one another's face, interchanged glances of devotion.

Then, as the early morning sunbeams began to tremble through the tree tops, Colonel Montognone and his companions waved their hands in lingering farewell, and galloped from the secluded hacienda.

The national highway leading from Mexico to Vera Cruz, on which the three friends soon entered, was at the time filled with troops, ammunition wagons and camp-baggage, hastening to the point which Santa Anna had selected as the proper position on which to make his decisive stand against the American commander, who, elated with the conquest of Vera Cruz, advanced upon the Xalapa road, disposing his army in several divisions, each commanded by an experienced general. To oppose the progress of Scott, the Mexican commander-in-chief had possessed himself of the highest summit of the mountain road, defending the approach to Xalapa and overlooking the national road. The hill of Cerro Gordo was a Gibraltar in its natural situation. On its right rolled a deep river, necessary to be crossed before an attack could there be made. Below its brow a wall of mountains extended, through the defiles and gorges of which the road on which the Americans were approaching, wound under the guns of the tower and fortifications planted by the Mexicans. Altogether, it appeared improbable that such a position could be forced, and the dictator confidently looked forward to a victory which should cast back the army of Scott to the sea-shore, if it did not indeed annihilate it completely.

In common with the officers of the Mexican army, who seemed inspired with their general's confidence, Colonel Nunez prophesied an easy success over the Americans. Colonel Montognone acknowledged the favorable position and character of the defences, but he did not share in the sanguine anticipations of his friend; for he recalled the fearful day of Buena Vista, and well knew the fierce courage and dogged perseverance of that Anglo-Saxon race which came now again to measure itself against the mixed descendants of Spaniards and aborigines.

"With ten thousand pure Indians, drilled in military science," thought Zumozin, "I would hold this height impregnable against the whole power of the invader. But, alas! what reliance can be placed on such as these?"

And the proud descendant of the Aztec kings glanced with contempt upon a party of Mexican officers who lounged on a rampart beneath the spot, where, with Padre Herrata and Colonel Nunez, he was overlooking the fortifications of Cerro Gordo. These officers, like most of the boastful but incompetent young men who filled the subaltern grades, were noisily disputing, as, heedless of example, they smoked their cigars and exchanged bad jokes with each other.

"I should know the features of yonder captain," remarked the priest, whose glance, following Zumozin's, rested upon the group of Mexicans.

"You should, indeed, since it is your Chapultepec jailor whom you see," answered Montognone. "It is with such material that these really brave common soldiers are officered. This poltroon Falcone is but a type of hundreds who disgrace the army."

"See! he recognizes us!" exclaimed the priest, as Gabriel Falcone's face was suddenly turned toward them. "Let us move forward."

The three friends descended the heights in a direction leading from the young officers. Falcone had indeed recognized the priest and Zumozin, and his sallow countenance became at once inflamed with hatred. He followed their retreating figures with his malevolent glance, a glance that betokened all the evil of his nature.

The morning of the 28th of April broke in clear brightness over Cerro Gordo heights, and with its first dawn the muster of Santa Anna's troops was summoned by the trumpet blast and the quick beat of the reveille. Flashing in their glittering uniforms, and carrying the broad standard of their corps, the regiments of lancers pranced gaily before the eye of their general. Then marched to their pieces the tried battalions of artillery, and following them, came columns of infantry, treading heavily across the ramparts, above which the frowning batteries looked threateningly from the gorges which they commanded. Santa Anna beheld his troops prepared for the combat, and as their loud shouts of enthusiasm reached his ears, he dreamed of an easy victory over the daring foe.

But the foe had not been idle during the previous night. Unsuspected by even the sentinels who walked their rounds above, the American engineers had succeeded in erecting a masked fort on an opposing hill, which commanded the Mexican batteries. From this fort, at the first sign of daylight, the deadly fire of a twenty-four pounder and two howitzers, which had been lifted to their positions in the darkness of the night, was poured upon the astonished defenders. Very soon the battle opened in earnest, and the American storming divisions advanced to the attack upon Cerro Gordo fort, climbing a steep hill under the terrific fire of the Mexicans. The first ranks of the assailants went down at once before the deadly discharge that met them; but the rest, like madmen, pressed upward over their fallen comrades. In vain was defence—in vain the Mexican general in command cast himself before his men and fell upon the ramparts of his last fortress. Cerro Gordo was captured—the American flag planted upon its loftiest peak.

In the meantime, the two friends, Montognone and Nunez, led their regiments in another part of the field. Stationed at the batteries which defended the inner approaches, the division to which they were attached met the front attack of the Americans. Here the close engagement, the hand to hand fight, the rushing charge, took place, and here the enemy were repeatedly driven from the assault and at length forced to retreat. Montognone and Nunez, at the head of their cavalry, swept over the desperate field like avengers of the slain, and, supported by the batteries at which the brave artillery men worked with unflagging courage, thrice cleared the plain in front, of all who opposed them. Then for a space the battle paused, and the defenders, confident that the field was their own, rested satisfied upon their arms.

But suddenly a messenger from the main division rides breathless to the entrenchments. His blood stained uniform, his broken sword, attest the fury of the strife from which he comes. But, alas! his first words have blanched the cheeks of those brave soldiers, who, till now, exhibited no signs of faltering.

"Santa Anna is in full retreat upon Xalapa, with eight thousand men, scattered and defeated. Cerro Gordo is taken—the battle is lost!"

The noonday sun was looking from the heavens. All that eventful morning this river division of brave Mexicans had fought hand-to-hand with the enemy, repulsing his repeated assaults, and remaining at last masters of the ground which they defended. And now, in one moment, their hopes were blasted; for their general was a defeated fugitive, their comrades dispersed, the army annihilated.

Anselmo Zumozin, who was returning from the pursuit of the repulsed Americans, with his sword still naked in his grasp, met his brother in-arms, Ferrado Nunez, just as the messenger of evil appeared within the lines. The two colonels listened to the shameful news, and as the relation was concluded, Montognone returned his sword to the scabbard.

"Ferrado! this is no place for us!" said he.

"Whither go you, Anselmo?"

"To the capital—to Mexico! for I feel that this nation is doomed to bow the neck to her invaders. Neither you nor I can afford to lose our liberty at this time—for there are those who require our protection."

"You are right, Anselmo! To remain here now is to be captured. Let us away!"

And followed by a few soldiers, the remnant of a regiment, the two friends departed from the field, leaving their brave general, La Vega, who commanded the batteries, to keep the position, until, surrounded by the invaders, his valor was useless.

In the meantime, the Padre Herrata, who had remained at the main fortifications, there to administer to the wounded such aid as his pious mind might dictate or opportunity offer, found himself involved in the disastrous consequences of the invaders' passage to the heights. Close beside the good priest, General Vasquez, who commanded the fortress, fell at his feet and breathed his last sigh, just as the Americans captured the first redoubt. What harrowing scenes followed in swift succession might never afterwards be effaced from Padre Herrata's memory; the fierce hurrah and mingling curse and groan, as the storming-party gained the works; the quick, short conflict, when sabre stroke and pistol shot and bayonet thrust sent scores at once to their long account; and, finally, the desperate rush when all was lost, the tumultuous pursuit from the hill, the volleying discharges of musketry, the deep roll of cannon as their plunging shot was turned against those who had lately defended them—all these terrible episodes of battle drove rapidly before the sight of Padre Herrata.

But the priest was cast in nature's sterner mould, albeit his heart and habits were mild and human, and his instincts all of gentleness. Nevertheless, it was duty rather than hardihood, which upheld him during the terrible experiences of that battle-morn; it was duty which led him unarmed amid the smoke and heat and turmoil of conflict. Padre Herrata knelt beside the dying soldier, and murmured in his ear the last consoling words of religion; he lifted the drooping head of the wounded, pressing to his parched lips the grateful flask, many times filled from the running mountain stream; he dragged the wounded and disabled of his fellow-men from under the hoofs of charging horse, or the lumbering wheels of cannon-carriages. Enough found Padre Herrata to do on that mournful battle field and along the winding road over which fled the defeated troops of Santa Anna, pursued by their unsparing foemen.

Padre Herrata knelt amid the dead and dying long after the whirl of strife had swept through the mountain gorges. He longed, yet dreaded, to learn the fate of his two friends, whom he knew had been stationed at a point exposed to yet greater danger than that which surrounded the central fort; inasmuch as, with the heavy cavalry, supported by artillery, the division to which the two officers were attached was expected to defend the banks of the river for a wide distance on either side. Uncertain of their position, however, or of the means of reaching it, and absorbed, moreover, by the present necessity for his assistance, the priest remained near the main batteries, affording to countrymen and strangers such aid as he could bestow.

But the Padre Herrata had an enemy upon the battle field, whose malignant nature could not be moved by the pious devotion which the good father's task of charity evinced. Closely observing the priest's motions from a cleft in the rocky wall, half concealed by a clump of shrubby oak, looked out the sinister face of a Mexican, who, failing to escape with his fugitive comrades, had slipped within the crevice, and thus evaded the murderous rush of the American dragoons, as they followed the infantry in dislodging the defenders. At the roots of the dwarfed oak lay a foot-soldier, prostrated by a sabre-stroke, but yet living and moaning with pain, and to this poor wounded man Padre Herrata's attention was at length attracted.

But, as he raised the wounded wretch in his arms and applied a wet sponge to his discolored lips, the priest, from that singular intuition, perhaps magnetism, which often informs us of the nearness of an evil thing, became conscious of the fixed look of hatred with which the concealed Mexican was regarding him. Mechanically he looked up through the shrubby foliage of the oak, and his glance at once recognized the glowering features of Gabriel Falcone.

The gamester at once sprang from his hiding-place, for, save the padre and the disabled men who lay thickly around him, no living being was to be seen in that lonely portion of the gorge to which the priest in his route of mercy had arrived. Falcone's eyes expressed the wicked intention which filled his heart, and in a moment Padre Herrata knew that his own life was in peril. He rose suddenly from his kneeling position, and would have retreated, but the desperado's hand grasped his throat, and bore him heavily to the ground, beside the wounded soldier.

"Dog of a friar!" muttered the gamester, between his set teeth. "It is you who have been my bane—you who have thwarted me in my purposes; and now—I have you!"

The last words were hissed out with a malignancy which exhibited at once the hatred of the desperate young man, and his determined purpose of revenge upon one whom he deemed his enemy. A few brief moments since, compelled to cast himself into the rocky cleft to save his threatened life, the wretched Falcone was now ready to lift his hand against an unarmed and defenceless priest. But Heaven was not to suffer the murderous deed. For scarcely had the padre sunk to the earth under the violent assault of his enemy, than a voice, loud and cheery as a trumpet, rang amid the rocks.

"Hold on, padre, till I sight the critter!"

The next instant a sharp report echoed through the gorge, and Falcone, releasing his grasp of the priest, staggered a few paces back, and then, with a fierce malediction, sprang to the mouth of a defile near by and disappeared from sight. At the same time a hand grasped that of Padre Herrata and raised him to his feet, while the hearty tones of Dusenbury, the Yankee, congratulated his friend upon his safety.

"I was jest in time, by thunder!" ejaculated the North American. "Another minute and that ere yaller skin would a' stuck you, sure. Jerusalem! what a pison sarpint! I reckon, however, he's got an ounce o' cold lead in his shoulder-blade, for I took tarnal good aim; and if he aint vitally hurt, I'll warrant he's mortal skeered, now I tell ye."

While rapidly uttering these words, Dusenbury was engaged in a vigorous shaking of the priest's hand, to which the latter returned a warm pressure. At length, however, the Yankee, seeming to recall himself, exclaimed:

"But you aint hurt—eh, padre? Can't afford to lose you, no how. Where's Capting Zumozin and Nunez?—safe, I hope? Jehosaphat! what a scrimmage this has been, and no mistake!"

"Your countrymen are victorious once more," said the priest.

"Allers, padre—can't be helped! Scott's a hoss, as well as old 'Rough and Ready.' I don't say it for boasting, padre, nor to hurt your feelin's, but it aint no manner o' use for Santy Anny to stan' out agin our troops. They're bound to whip, and no mistake."

"It is too true, my friend," answered Padre Herrata. "The stronger must overcome us! May God so dispose us that our present misfortunes shall ensure us future wisdom!"

"He will, padre, he will," said Dusenbury, solemnly. "And now, jest you come away from this, and get in a safe place. I tell you what, stragglers don't stand no chance from Harney's troopers, and so it's better to keep out o' their way."

Dusenbury pointed, as he spoke, to the prostrate forms of the dead Mexicans, who lay thickly around where they had fallen, cloven by the sabres of the terrible second dragoons. Then, after pausing a few moments in order to re-load the rifle which he had discharged at Falcone, the Yankee took the hand of Padre Herrata and conducted him down the declivities of the road toward the Plan del Rio, where, at this time were fixed the head-quarters of the American general, whose victorious troops were now pursuing the enemy to the very gates of Xalapa.

CHAPTER XXVI.

FALCONE SUCCESSFUL.

While these events were taking place, involving the destiny of many in whom we are interested, the plotting Don Ricardo Ramos was not idle in his plans or practices. Whilst his protege Falcone, attached to the army, was engaged in the rapid series of events which marked the operations of General Santa Anna, from the breaking up of his camp at San Luis to the last fatal field of Cerro Gordo, the elder schemer pursued his purpose of obtaining possession of the young maiden, Teresa Glinton.

It was not long after the departure of Falcone to join the troops, before Don Ricardo, through his emissaries, succeeded in tracing the whereabouts of Lorenzo and Vallejo, and shortly after, the retreat of Teresa at the hacienda of Colonel Ferrado Nunez. To the neighborhood of this secluded dwelling, which was situated only a few miles from the city, Don Ricardo soon made many visits, accustoming himself to reconnoitre the garden and grounds attached to the cottage, and to watch the graceful figures of Donna Isabella, Inez and Teresa, as they wandered together among the groves and flower-beds, or conversed with the cavaliers beneath the vine-covered balconies. And often, as his glance surveyed its unconscious subjects, Don Ricardo's countenance would wear a dark expression, and a spasm, as of secret pain, would quiver through his frame. The apparent happiness which he witnessed was, indeed, as gall and wormwood to this bad man, and he swore that at least Teresa's share of it should soon be destroyed.

But, though ever watchful for an opportunity of attaining his object in wresting the young American girl from the protection of her Mexican friends, Don Ricardo was for a long time baffled in his design. The constant presence of either Padre Herrata or Alonzo and Lorenzo, and afterwards the arrival and brief sojourn of Montognone and Nunez, interposed constant obstacles to any overt attempt at abduction, and it was not till the departure of the two colonels and the priest for Cerro Gordo, that the indefatigable schemer beheld a prospect of successfully accomplishing his purpose; for then, much to his satisfaction, he found means to communicate with the mulatto girl, Lucille.

Lucille, like most of her volatile profession, was at once a warm-hearted and faithful servant and an incorrigible, vain coquette. At the period of her fellow-service with Hannibal, she had well-nigh broken the poor fellow's heart with her vagaries, though, it must be confessed, her own was very much grieved at her sable admirer's absence; for Lucille was well aware of Hannibal's good qualities, and, moreover, that his affection for her was a true and ardent one. Nevertheless, as the little Creole had been in past days, so likewise was she now, and many was the hapless Mestizo, and not a few the full-blooded Mexicans, whose pulse beat faster as Lucille's white teeth smiled on them, or her silvery laugh rang merrily in their ears. Indeed, were we to chronicle the mulatto maiden's besetting sin, we should very likely set it down as a coquettish vanity—the result, perhaps, of the partiality of her mistress and the general favor she enjoyed in the household. Such was Lucille, and such the cunning Don Ricardo judged her to be, when he adroitly approached her one morning after the priest's departure, and inquired concerning the health of the good Padre Herrata.

The good padre had left, was the reply, which Don Ricardo expected, of course; nevertheless, he did not, therefore, cease his conversation, but continued to talk in a low voice, not only of the good padre's many virtues, but of her own good looks and sprightly manners; so that the foolish Lucille was quite carried away by the grandee's discourse. And when, at last, he mounted his horse and at the same time slipped into her hand a bright piece of gold, it is no wonder that the simple yellow maiden was really unable to determine whether she stood upon her head or her heels. She contrived, however, to place the gold piece very carefully in her pocket, and then ran home to the cottage, not indeed, to tell her mistress all about the interview, but to ponder and talk to herself concerning the gentleman who had noticed her.

Another interview speedily followed this first meeting with the stranger, and soon after another; and each interview made Lucille richer by a new gold piece, as well as of infinite more value in her own estimation on account of the gentleman's compliments. Besides this, the stranger talked her own native French, and listened to her glib tongue as it answered his questions, with an attention that was indeed quite flattering. No wonder that poor Lucille's weak head was almost turned by the cunning Don Ricardo, or that she forgot her discretion, or the danger to which her mistress had been before exposed. And no wonder, indeed, was it, that the artful stranger soon discovered all that he desired to know concerning Teresa Glinton, and even enlisted Lucille in the scheme which he was arranging.

It is not to be supposed that Don Ricardo revealed to Lucille any portion of the dark plot he was weaving in order to ensnare her innocent mistress; but he, nevertheless, succeeded quite as nearly to his wish in the measures he wished accomplished. By degrees he had familiarized the girl to converse freely regarding Teresa, and at last avowed that he was aware of a great portion of the young senora's family history, inasmuch as her mother had been once well known to him in Mexico; that, moreover, Teresa Glinton was entitled to lay claim to considerable property which her mother had possessed, and that, finally, he desired to communicate all the particulars of these facts to the private ear of the maiden herself, in order that she might determine whatever course of action she should undertake. He therefore entreated of Lucille, that she would lose no time in informing him whenever an opportunity should occur, through the absence of the two young gentlemen of the household, of procuring him a strictly private interview with the orphan American.

This scheme was so very artfully woven that it completely deceived the unsuspecting mulatto girl. Deluded by the strange gentleman's familiarity, and possessed with the thought that she should be the means of insuring a great advantage to her mistress, Lucille promised to do all that Don Ricardo wished, in order to bring about the important meeting.

Important, indeed, it proved—though not in the manner that poor Lucille anticipated. The looked-for opportunity soon occurred; for Lorenzo accompanied his lady and Donna Isabella on a drive to the city, and Teresa was left at the cottage attended only by Lucille, though her devoted Alonzo was as usual in the vicinity. Teresa had declined accompanying her friends, and Vallejo had, of course, chosen to remain near his betrothed, as the fair orphan now was; but while the maiden was occupied in her chamber, the young man had wandered, according to his custom, poring over some quaint page, among the rustling shadows of the grove. It was at this juncture that Lucille stole forth and met Don Ricardo, who, aware of Lorenzo's absence, was impatiently awaiting the appearance of his duped coadjutor. The waiting-maid conducted him to the shaded drawing-room, with its jalousied casements looking out upon the garden sweets, and twined with a maze of jessamine and honeysuckle; and there, leaving him to remain, acquainted her mistress that a stranger was waiting to see her.

"A stranger! to see *me*, Lucille?" exclaimed Teresa. "Where is Senor Vallejo?"

"He is walking, with his book, by the lake-side," answered the attendant, demurely, though her heart palpitated uneasily with the consciousness of the part she was acting.

"But I cannot see a stranger, Lucille."

"Ah! he is so earnest, mam'selle! And, *O ciel!* I forgot—he did know your mother—"

As the word "mother" fell upon the orphan's ear, a deep flush and then a sudden paleness overspread her features.

"Ah, Lucille! I will go down at once. But do you seek Senor Vallejo, and request him to return quickly."

Lucille rejoined Don Ricardo, and informed him that her mistress would presently descend; but she did not, as Teresa had directed, immediately seek the Senor Vallejo. Unhappy Lucille! She did not know that the wicked Don Ricardo was not alone—that his ready satellites were concealed among the woods that skirted the roadside near by. Had the poor girl suspected this, she had not exhibited such tardiness as she left the cottage porch and pretended to search for Alonzo.

But what was that which came suddenly to her ears?—a suppressed shriek and the noise of rushing feet. Lucille paused a moment, listening intently, then darted toward the road that wound near the hacienda. Alas! the sight that met her eyes.

Don Ricardo, bearing her mistress in his arms, with her head closely muffled in a scarf, was just crossing the garden walk to an open carriage which stood at the very gate, and beside which were two dark-featured servants. Another moment and the orphan was thrust into the vehicle, but not before a loud scream from the pallid lips of Lucille apprised the kidnappers of her presence.

"Curse the wench! She will ruin all!" cried Don Ricardo, leaping into the carriage beside the muffled maiden, whom he held tightly. "Pedro! that girl must go with us! In with her!"

The next instant Lucille's shrieks were stifled by an operation similar to that which had rendered her mistress helpless. The ruffian Pedro grasped her in his arms, while his comrade bound a shawl around her mouth, covering her head and face in its ample folds. Then, lifting her to the carriage, he seated her beside him, opposite to his master and Teresa, and gave the signal to the other servant, who had sprung to the driver's seat.

Alonzo Vallejo wandered with his book, by the margin of the still lake; he mused tenderly upon her whom he loved so well, but dreamed not that a carriage drawn by two swift horses was bearing her far away from him. But too soon for his own peace, did the lover become aware of the absence of his betrothed. When, weary of strolling, he bent his steps to the cottage, and, entering its quiet precincts, called upon the name of "Teresa," no voice replied to him—no light footstep answered his welcome voice. Teresa Glinton was no longer here—she had gone—vanished, and no trace of her flight remained. The few servants of the hacienda were summoned, but could give no intelligence concerning the senora. Lucille, too, had disappeared. What terrible mystery was this?

All day with almost frenzied earnestness did Vallejo pursue his search. He explored the woods for miles around; he paused, shudderingly, and peered into the still waters of the lake; he mounted his horse and galloped wildly over the neighboring roads; but no vestige of Teresa nor of her attendant could be discovered.

At nightfall Lorenzo returned with the ladies to hear the sad news, and witness the passionate grief of his young friend. But, vain were their mutual counsels, unavailing the search which they continued that night and the next day and throughout the tedious week. Teresa Glinton was gone. It was as if the hand of death had removed her, so suddenly and mysteriously had she vanished. Many were the surmises of the sorrowing household, and Alonzo recalled the bold attempt that had so nearly succeeded, at the hacienda of Lorenzo, in depriving him of his beloved friend. He doubted not that the same parties had now succeeded in their designs; the more so because a neighboring peasant described a cavalier that he had often noticed in the vicinity of the cottage, and the description answered to the appearance of the man with whom Vallejo had crossed swords near the valley of Murillo. The young man now clung to the hope that the return of his friend Montognone might assist him in the unravelment of the dark conspiracy which had robbed him of his affianced; and he looked forward anxiously to news from the army.

That news speedily arrived. The battle of Cerro Gordo had been fought and lost by the Mexican general. Santa Anna, pursued by the victorious foe, was hastening to the capital. Presently rumor, and soon assurance, chronicled other disasters. Xalapa had been entered—the castle and town of Perote captured, and ere long Puebla, beautiful City of the Angels, situated on that storied plain where once the armies of Cortez and Montezuma met in conflict—fell likewise into the power of the conquerors, who garrisoned its forts and the surrounding places of strength. Nothing now interfered to oppose the march of General Scott upon the capital itself—nothing, unless the good genius of Santa Anna's earlier campaigns should again return and enable him to hold successfully the numerous fortifications that surrounded Mexico. These, defended with skill and energy, might indeed bar the invader's further progress; but would skill and energy be at hand? Would the lost *prestige* of arms be ever regained by the dictator? Events alone were to determine this.

In the meantime the brothers-in-arms, Montognone and Nunez, returned to the latter's hacienda, and received the sad tidings of Teresa's loss. But to Vallejo's anxious inquiries relative to the persons whom Zumozin knew to have been connected with the previous attempt at abduction, the latter could only return a reply that left the young man in deeper perplexity. Falcone, he said, had been with the army at Cerro Gordo—consequently it was impossible he could have had any part in the carrying off of Teresa, which took place near the date when the battle was fought.

"But he may have been privy to the deed," suggested Vallejo. "Where is this Falcone now?"

"I know not! The dispersal of the troops after the defeat separated us all. Falcone may have fallen, though his name is not in the list of dead."

"But he had an accomplice—one, too, of no mean account as an antagonist—him with whom I was struggling when your timely arrival saved my life."

"If the senora is in that man's power," answered Zumozin, "we have everything to fear, and must proceed with caution. Don Ricardo Ramos is an unscrupulous man."

"Let us seek the villain at once, and force him to confess," cried Vallejo, in great excitement. "You know him, Montognone! let us to horse!"

"We must do nothing rashly," said Zumozin. "Would that our friend Padre Herrata were here! Alas! him, too, have we lost sight of since that fatal battle!"

"The Padre Herrata—lost!"

"I fear he is a prisoner with the enemy—indeed, I trust that no greater evil has befallen him. But we must lose no time! The senora must be rescued, if she be indeed in the power of Don Ricardo! Remain at the hacienda, my friends, and leave to me the task of ascertaining if such be the case. I will at once ride to the city and take measures to unravel the meshes of this villany."

"But may not I accompany you?" inquired Vallejo.

"It is better that you remain here—for the present. Don Ricardo is a schemer, and craft must effect for us what boldness would fail to do. Farewell, my friends."

Montognone's steed soon bore him to the capital, and through the streets now filled with anxious groups, discussing, with pale lips, the recent news of the war. A gloom seemed to envelop the city, doubt and dismay overshadowing every countenance.

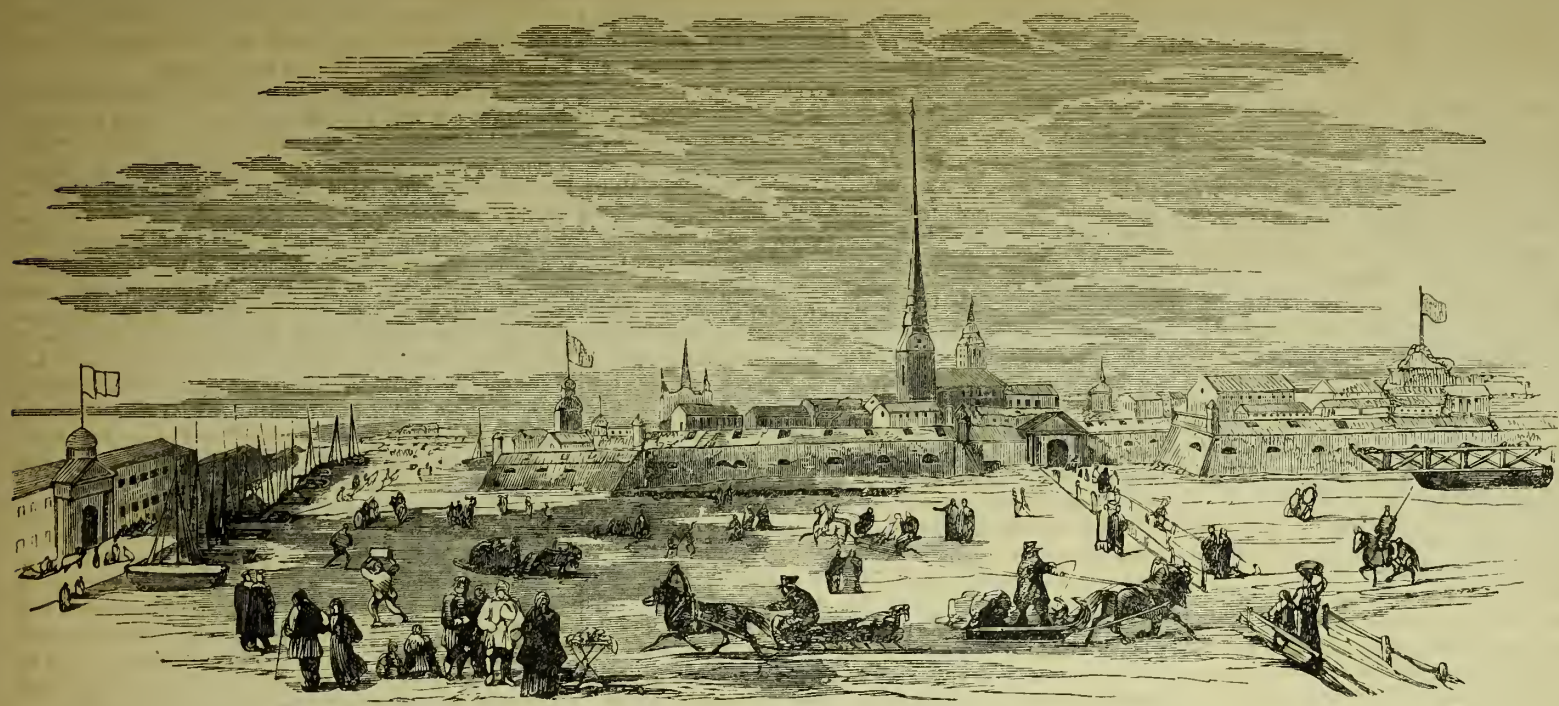
[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE HUDSON RIVER.

I thank God I was born on its banks. I think it an invaluable advantage to be born and brought up in the neighborhood of a grand and noble object of nature—a river, a lake or a mountain. We make a friendship with it, we in a manner ally ourselves to it for life. It remains an object of our pride and affection, a rallying point to call us home again after all our wanderings. "The things which we have learned in our childhood," says an old writer, "grow up with our soul and unite themselves to it." So it is with the scenes among which we have passed our early days; they influence the whole course of our thoughts and feelings, and I fancy I can trace much of what is good and pleasant in my own heterogeneous compound to my early companionship with this glorious river. In the warmth of my youthful enthusiasm, I used to clothe it with moral attributes, and almost to give it a soul. I admired its frank, bold, honest character, its noble serenity and perfect truth. Here was no specious smiling surface, covering the dangerous sandbar or perfidious rock, but a stream, deep as it was broad, and bearing with honorable faith the bark that trusted to its waves. I gloried in its simple, quiet, majestic, epic flow, ever straightforward. Once, indeed, it turns aside for a moment, forced from its course by opposing mountains, but it struggles bravely through them, and immediately resumes its straightforward march. Behold, thought I, the emblem of a good man's course through life, ever simple, open and direct; or if overpowered by adverse circumstances, he deviates into error, it is but momentary—he soon recovers his onward career, and continues it to the end of his pilgrimage. The Hudson is, in a manner, my first and last love, and after all my wanderings and seeming infidelities, I return to it with a heartfelt preference over all the other rivers in the world.—*Irving.*

SOUNDNESS OF MIND.

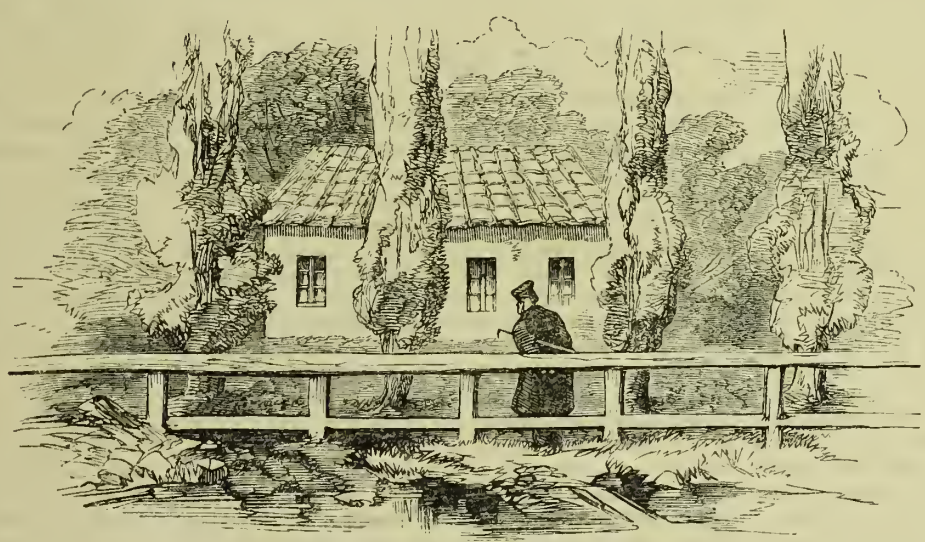
A perfectly just and sound mind is a rare and invaluable gift; but it is still much more unusual to see such a mind unbiased in all its actings. Few escape the bias of some predilection, perhaps habitually operating, and none, at all times, are perfectly free. I once saw this subject forcibly illustrated. A watchmaker told me that a gentleman had put an exquisite watch into his hands, which went irregularly. It was as perfect a piece of work as was ever made. He took it to pieces and put it together again twenty times. No manner of defect was to be discovered; yet the watch went intolerably. At last it struck him that the balance-wheel might have been near a magnet: on applying a needle to it, he found his suspicions true. The steel works in the other part of the watch had a perpetual influence on its motions; and the watch went as well as possible with a new wheel. If the soundest mind be *magnetized* by any predilection, it must act irregularly.—*Cecil.*



CITADEL OF ST. PETERSBURG, FROM THE NEVA.

CITADEL OF ST. PETERSBURG, ETC.

Our first engraving presents an accurate view of this important structure, to which fresh interest has been added by the existence of the momentous war in which Russia is now engaged with the western powers, and which attracts the eyes of all the world to every point which may become the scene of deadly strife. St. Petersburg, which sprang into existence at the will of Peter the Great, and which is only a century and a half old, is one of the most splendid cities in the world, and presents many views of unrivalled architectural beauty. The foundation-stone of the citadel, the subject of our illustration, was laid by the great Peter, in 1703, and the fortress is situated on the right bank of the Neva, where this beautiful river divides into the Little Neva, and the Neva properly so called. It contains the burial-place of the imperial family, the Church of St. Peter and Paul (with the *chapelle ardente*), remarkable for its lofty steeple, the mint, the *Kasennaya Palata*, or Crown Money Office, the prisons of state, the barracks of the garrison, and extensive saltpetre works. In a little chapel in the fortress is kept as a relic the origin of the Russian fleet—the first boat which Peter himself built in Prussia. On the land side the citadel is surrounded by a deep and broad fosse. Opposite the fortress, on the so-called Palace Quay, are the Marble Palace (the Palace of the Grand Duke Constantine), the Hermitage, the Imperial Winter Palace, the Admiralty, and the splendid residences of the nobles. The Exchange, the Bureau of Manufacture, the Customs, and the University, are on the opposite bank of the Little Neva, on Wasily Ostroff, or William's Island. The second engraving shows the humble residence of the founder of the magnificent city which bears his name, while his magnificent projects were being carried into execution. It is held in special veneration, and attracts multitudes of visitors. It is preserved in the state in which he occupied it; and in the interior are placed the tools with which he worked as a shipbuilder. The house is in charge of an invalid guard, who shows it to strangers, and may daily be seen pacing in front of the house. The last engraving shows a fine view of Revel, now menaced with destruction by the allies. It is strongly fortified, while its quaint minaret-like spires give it that half oriental character which distinguishes most of the Russian towns and cities. It is the capital of the Russian government of Esthonia, situated 59 degrees 26 min. north latitude, and 24 degrees 35 min. east longitude, in the Gulf of Finland. It is very strongly fortified, and in 1824, the harbor was made capable of receiving the Russian Baltic fleet. It has much the appearance of many of the towns of northern Germany, with narrow, irregular streets, and dark, old-fashioned houses. The best part of the city is that called the Dour, which is in fact a distinct portion, being surrounded with walls and towers in the old style; there are extensive suburbs. In all there are 1900 houses, of which one thousand are in the suburbs; and 15,000 inhabitants, of which a large proportion are Germans. There are numerous public and private schools, a gymnasium founded by Gustavus Adolphus in 1631, a theatre, and a naval and military hospital. The manufactures are cotton goods, hats, stockings, leather, powder, needles, earthenware, looking-glasses, etc. Revel has a considerable trade, chiefly in the hands of Germans. Revel was founded by the Danes, in 1218, and afterwards sold by them to the Knights of the Teutonic Order. In 1561, it came into the hands of Sweden, from whom Russia took it in 1710.



HOUSE OF PETER THE GREAT.

THE CITY OF REVEL, RUSSIA.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

ODE FOR A FAIR.

BY J. HUNT, JR.

We come, with honest, hopeful hearts,
And spread our offerings here to-day,
As products of those priceless arts
Which grow along man's cultured way.
No orphan's sigh, nor widow's tear—
Which oft the cup of life doth fill,
Nor aged parents' boding fear,
Pollute these trophies of our skill.

We come, a striving brothers' band,
And ask the meed of praise to share;
Contented each to fall or stand,
According to the works we bear.
We shadow forth that epoch, when
Mankind shall feel the promised calm,
When wars will cease, and in his den
The lion nestle with the lamb.

When Peace shall hold her tranquil reign
Throughout this wide, yet wicked world;
When Pleasure's bowers will know no pain,
And Sorrow from its throne be hurled:
From north to south, from east to west,
O'er desert wilds and ocean's wave,
The Gospel tidings blessing, blest,
Shall nations cheer, and nations save.

We've laid the giant forest low,
Our landscape like an Eden looks;
We've changed the cannon for the plow,
And beat our swords to pruning-hooks.
For fame conflicting armies bleed,
And despots boast their royal birth,—
We claim to be, and are, indeed,
The bone and sinew of the earth.

[Translated from the French for Ballou's Pictorial.]

VALERIE D'ORSINI:
—OR,—
THE SPIRIT BRIDE.

BY EUSTACE ELLERY.

During the Christmas holidays of 18—, I was visiting at an old chateau, near the Appenine mountains. The mistress of the mansion had assembled an agreeable reunion of intelligent women, officers, and her most pleasant neighbors. Good humor and confidence reigned in our society. During the day, we amused ourselves with games and exercises, and, at night, assembled in the hall, where each would relate a "ghost story" in turn, which would send us, pale and trembling, although ashamed of our folly, through the long corridors, to our own distant apartments.

One of our company was a young Italian, named Valerie d'Orsini, who was visiting our hostess while her husband, the Count d'Orsini, was absent on business at Florence. This young stranger was very amiable. She joined to a bright wit, a sweetness and dignity of manner that was unalterable. Her large, dark eyes were languishing, and her beauty and touching grace received a new charm from the eternal paleness of her countenance. Her lips, even, shared this pallid hue; and when Valerie spoke, one would have believed she was an animated statue of alabaster; when she was silent, she appeared a realization of Pygmalion's charming image.

Among all the ladies, Valerie maintained the most courage during our horrible recitals. She was never alarmed; she listened and smiled, and when others were surprised and filled with wonder, she found the incidents very simple. At last, we were piqued at her apparent insensibility, and inquired the cause; when she replied thus:

"My friends, I find that the slightest history regarding a spirit surprises you, because you have never seen one."

"Then you have, yourself, beheld one, madame?" cried I, suddenly.

She smiled sadly, and answered:

"I have experienced all myself. I have ceased to exist; I have again arisen, and it is one from the dead who now addresses you!"

At these words, all the assemblage rose, uttered cries of horror, and fled precipitately. As we were leaving the hall, Valerie raised her sweet and tender voice, and calling us back, entreated our attention while she explained the mystery that surrounded her.

"It is not my fault, my friends," commenced she, "that I died six years ago. As to the period since then, I have found it infinitely happy, and, thanks to Heaven, have enjoyed uninterrupted bliss. It is true that the troubles I suffered, during my life, have been amply repaid by the joys that followed my death. It is necessary for me to inform you of my fortune up to that moment, that you may understand that it was by no fault of my own that I quitted the world.

"I was born in Florence, of noble and rich parents. I was their only child. I was brought up at home, where my good and gentle mother sought, by her care, kindness and tenderness, to compensate for my father's severity. Proud of his high birth, and of the services he had rendered the emperor, he was constantly lamenting that he had not a son who could inherit his name. My poor mother supported his humor with a sweetness that sometimes disarmed him. But he loved me not, because I could not succeed to the honors he prized so highly.

"The palace which we occupied at Florence was near a house inhabited by an old gentleman, not rich, but much esteemed, named the Marquis d'Orsini. A widower for a long time, he had consecrated his life to the education of his only son, Octave d'Orsini, a few years older than I. My father and the old marquis had served together, and been intimate from youth; and young Octave was accustomed from infancy to frequent our home, where my mother received him with indulgent kindness.

"Thus our childhood passed, until I had reached my sixteenth year, when Octave one day informed me that his father had obtained a commission for him in the army, and that he should soon leave home to join the troops of the emperor. This sudden announcement revealed to us the nature of our feelings for each other. We felt that our love was strong and enduring, and we pledged our vows to be constant in absence, and to unite our fate, if ever permitted to meet again.

"This interview was in a secluded grove behind the chateau; for we had agreed not to reveal our affection to my father, whom I had always feared, until Octave's return. As we were about to part, my young companion threw himself at my feet, pressing his lips to my hand, when my father suddenly appeared at the entrance of the wood. His anger was equal to our alarm. He ordered me, in a terrible voice, to return to my mother. I obeyed instantly; while Octave, without braving my father's wrath, slowly withdrew to his own home.

"I suffered, perhaps, more than he; for I had to endure the reproaches of my father, who treated me more cruelly than ever, and threatened even my destruction if I renounced not Octave. This love was born with my infancy, and, I felt, would only end with my life. In the midst of my father's threats, I silently vowed never to forget, and to belong only to him.

"The next day after this sad adventure, while I was with my mother, who sought to dissipate my sorrow, and teach me to hope for the future, we saw the Marquis d'Orsini enter. His air was noble and grave; his white locks and venerable aspect inspired respect. My father, on seeing him, ordered me to retire; but the powerful interest I felt in the interview made me remain in the hall, near the door, where I heard words I have never forgotten.

"'Signor,' said the father of Octave, 'I come here to ask a pardon, and request a favor. My son has confided to me all; I have blamed his rashness, but my paternal heart feels a pity for his passion. Octave adores your daughter, and he dares to hope that he is beloved by her. If you oppose their vows, you will render them both unhappy, and you will suffer yourself; for nature compensates to us, my old friend, for the pleasures we have lost by our witnessing and enhancing the joys of our children. You know the name of Orsini; it is without reproach, and is worthy of being allied with yours. Your riches alone render the marriage unequal; but retain the wealth. Give only to Valerie what my son will receive from me; it will suffice their happiness.'

"'I am astonished,' replied my father, with a cold, disdainful air, 'at your son's presumption in aspiring to the hand of my daughter. Their childish intimacy should have ceased long ago; and it is repugnant to my feelings that you have thought that this marriage would be approved by me.'

"'I thought,' interrupted the old man, 'that you were sensible and good, that you loved your daughter, that pride would not reign in the heart of a parent over the sweetest, the most sacred duties. I think my son has committed no offence in loving Valerie, and you forget your old friend his father is at least your equal.'

"At these words, my mother trembled for the reply which the marquis might receive; and, casting a look of entreaty on him, the old man left the apartment. From that moment, the most violent hatred replaced a friendship of thirty years existence.

"Judge of my misery! Hopeless of ever again seeing Octave, I could convey to him no tidings of myself, or receive any word from him. My father guarded me strictly, never allowing me to go out, except to mass. I saw him only at our repasts, when he never spoke, nor turned his glance towards me. I was in the house as a stranger, to whom he felt only cold indifference.

"At last, my health began to give way, and my mother, fearing for my life, allowed me to walk out around the chateau, in my father's absence. In one of these walks, I sought the spot where had commenced all my misfortunes. There, in that retreat, I wept over our cruel fate, and renewed to myself the vows that bound me to Octave. At that moment, I heard some one approaching, who rushed forward and fell at my feet. Alarmed, I turned to fly, when the voice of Octave arrested me.

"'Listen to me,' said he; 'I have only one moment, and it is the last. I leave Florence this night. War is declared with Prussia; I go to join the army, and I shall perish, or merit you. I demand one year of you, Valerie; promise me, swear to me, to resist, for that time, the wishes of your father; then, if living, I will come to claim you.'

"I listened, while my heart throbbed with love, hope and fear. I vowed to be faithful to him all my life; to die a thousand deaths before accepting another. We agreed to write by means of a servant who was to convey his letters to me in the garden. A slight noise, which we then heard, caused us to separate, and I parted from Octave to return precipitately to my chamber, where I passed the night in tears.

"During the first six months after the departure of my lover, nothing changed with me at home. My father treated me with the same severity; my mother, with the same tenderness. The servant faithfully brought the letters, which announced, each day, some new success. General Landhon had taken Octave under his own protection; made him one of his aids, and promised to advance him to the first rank. But this war was tedious and long. The great talent of Frederick of Prussia, and his brother, Prince Henry, disconcerted all the projects of General Landhon. The attacks and surprises of the Italian troops were of no avail against these two Prussian heroes, and personal valor and courage were as nothing in the war.

"At the end of six months, I ceased, all at once, to receive any tidings from Octave. Trembling for his safety, I wrote letter after letter, and counted the hours of the couriers. The servant, our confidant, went, day after day, to the post, and always returned saying that nothing had arrived. In despair at this long silence, I sent to the Marquis d'Orsini, inquiring what intelligence he had received. His reply, while it calmed my fears, increased my sadness. Octave had written the old man that he was well, that he had advanced to the rank of colonel, and was passing the winter at Vienna with General Landhon.

"At this time, there arrived from Germany a certain cousin of my father's, who established himself in our mansion. He was a dark, powerfully made man, of forty-five or fifty years; his figure was awkward, and his disposition cold and repelling.

"This cousin, who was called the Count Heraldi, had, on the first night of his arrival, after having, at supper, questioned my father as to all the distinguished families of Tuscany, inquired if there resided in Florence a certain Marquis d'Orsini. My father, in a tone of ill humor, replied that he knew him not.

"'It is necessary that I seek him," replied Heraldi; 'for, while passing some time in Vienna, I dined with General Landhon on the day of the marriage of his niece with the son of the Marquis d'Orsini. This young man, whom I found very amiable, asked me to take a letter to his father, and give him an account of his marriage, and the happiness of the newly-wedded pair.'

"I listened to these words more dead than living. My father quietly observed Heraldi, without replying. My mother looked pityingly at me. The cruel Heraldi continued to say how much this young person was attached to Orsini, that the emperor had interested himself in the nuptials, and had given a dowry to the fair bride. All accorded with what he had already said; I doubted no longer the infidelity of Octave, and sure of my unhappiness, could no longer dissemble my sufferings, but sank fainting into my mother's arms.

"This unconsciousness was succeeded by a burning fever, which was long and dangerous. Through all the days of this illness, my father overwhelmed me with tender cares, and seemed to receive me in his heart for the first time. Overjoyed at the evidences of his affection, I could not conceal my transports, and resting in his arms, happy in this new delight, I said: 'Yes, my father, I am your Valerie, whose only desire is, in future, to make you happy, to obey you.'

"These words decided my fate. I perceived from that moment that my father destined me for my cousin Heraldi. At last he spoke of his project to me, but without severity or unkindness. Octave was married: he was unfaithful. It was a crime to love him longer. I consented to this union.

"The preparations for my marriage commenced. My mother showed the some pitying love. My father redoubled his caresses. Heraldi overwhelmed me with presents, and protestations of ever-enduring love. The day of the marriage arrived, and I was conducted to church, dressed in costly robes, and glittering with diamonds. I pronounced the terrible vows without any perceptible emotion. After the ceremony, I left the altar, followed by my family, and led by Heraldi who could hardly restrain his expressions of joy. Stopping at the door of the church to take holy water, I raised my eyes and saw, leaning against a pillar, a young man, pale, agitated, his hair and dress disordered, who regarded me fixedly; then advancing, said sorrowfully: 'I wished to see you, Valerie; you have consummated your terrible crime. I have seen you; I am content. I go away to die!'

"He then disappeared. I fell to the earth without consciousness. I knew not if my father had seen Octave; all was unknown to me from that instant. My mother has since told me that I fell into an illness more severe than the former; that delirium never left me, and at the end of three days I fell into a state of extreme feebleness, and expired in her arms.

"My mother desired to follow me; my father was in despair, and Heraldi wept at his ill fortune. But their sorrow was without remedy. I was dressed in the simple robe of the sepulchre, and carried, with great pomp, to the tomb of the family, under the chapel of the cathedral. There the casket that contained my body was placed on large bars of iron; the stone of the tomb was replaced, and I was left alone in this cavern of the dead.

"That which afterward passed, was related to me by Octave. After speaking to me at the porch of the church, he had intended to go to some distant spot, and end his miserable life. But on seeing my deplorable state, he determined to remain in Florence. You can easily imagine his grief when he heard of my sudden death. Wretched and despairing, he determined to descend into the tomb and kill himself by my side. The same night of my interment, he found the sexton of the church, seduced him by the power of gold, went with him to the chapel, raised the stone which covered the tomb, and descended the steps. There Octave perceived my bier, threw himself, sobbing, upon it, broke the lid which concealed me, and pressed his mouth to my pale lips, when, miracle of love! the soul of my lover recalled my own; my lips, so fervently pressed by his, parted with a long-drawn sigh. Octave perceived it, uttered a cry, took me in his arms from my cold resting-place, and pressed me to his heart. I made a slight movement; he trembled with joy, and ascending the stairs, the sexton replaced the stone as before, while Octave silently conveyed me to his father's house. Here I was laid upon a bed, and every means employed for my resuscitation.

"At last I opened my eyes; my first look fell upon Octave and the physician who had attended me before my death. I knew not that I lived again; but I was happy, for Octave was by my side, speaking words of love and tenderness. At the end of three days my memory returned to me; I recalled the incidents of my marriage.

"Now that I could comprehend what was said, I must learn

from Octave why he was present, how my resurrection had taken place, and of his inconstancy, alas! to me. When I spoke of his marriage with the niece of General Landhon, he believed me still delirious. His commander had no niece; he had never stopped at Vienna, but profiting by a leave of absence, and fearful from not having heard from me for two months, he had come to Florence, riding night and day, and arrived at the church just as I was entering. Horror stricken, he followed, heard me utter the vows which bound me to another, and reproached me, as you already know, with my perjury.

"I comprehended then, that Heraldi, perhaps assisted by my father, had framed this deception, and the servant we trusted had deceived us, and destroyed the letters. This discovery inspired me with hatred and horror toward the perfidious Heraldi; his crimes opened my eyes to his true character.. And I was the wife of this wretch! I was condemned to live with him, for he was my husband, and consecrate to him all my life! This miserable idea plunged me in despair.

"'Re-assure yourself, my dear child,' said the Marquis d'Orsini, 'I will go to the grand duke. I will inform him of all that has passed. This generous prince will interest himself for us; he will take you under his protection, and if he writes to the pope, this atrocious marriage will be annulled, and you will be free and happy.'

"These words restored me to hope. I promised to the old man that I would follow his counsels, and never quit the chateau during his absence. Alas! why did I not keep my promise? Octave was with me; we spoke constantly of our love and our marriage. My health was re-established; I was happy.

"But while we were waiting for the arrival of a courier from Rome, an extraordinary event occurred which threatened to destroy all our projects. It was the time of the holy week. My pious mother had educated me in those principles of religion which, thanks to God, I have always preserved. I cherished, in secret, a wish to go to the church during those days, when a penitent's prayers are accepted by divine clemency. I dared not speak to Octave of the wish which had arisen in my heart, to thank, in his own temple, that God who had saved me; but I resolved, notwithstanding all the perils, to perform this sacred duty. I profited by a single moment when left alone, and enveloped myself in a black mantle, which concealed even my face, and leaving the house, hurried to the cathedral. The chapel was filled with people, who, kneeling with covered faces, offered their prayers before the altar, on which was placed the sacred host. The altar was lit by a great number of burning candles, while the rest of the church was in shadow. I concealed myself behind a pillar, where I paid my devotions to the Saviour of the world.

"On rising to leave, I felt an irresistible desire to behold, once more, the spot where I had been entombed. I directed my steps thither. What a spectacle met my view! I saw, in the sombre light which filled the chapel, my father and my mother on their knees before my tomb, and my husband Heraldi habited in deep mourning. My mother was near the grating which separated the tomb from the chapel, praying in the midst of her tears. With difficulty I restrained my cries; I threw myself towards her involuntarily, but was arrested by the bars. My mother heard me not; she was too much occupied.

For a long time I gazed upon them, weeping, when suddenly my mother, leaning her hand upon the grating which separated us, pronounced convulsively the name of Valerie, and pressed her lips upon the marble sepulchre. No longer mistress of my feelings, I kissed the hand which rested near me, and sobbed aloud.

At this moment the veil that covered my head was disarranged, which I perceived not. My mother, surprised, raised herself, looked, recognized her daughter, and calling wildly upon my name, sank fainting against the bars. My father remained immovable; and Heraldi, advancing, opened the grating. I was lost. I could not move. Already had he extended his hand to seize my mantle, when love inspired me with a thought by which I might save myself. 'Stop!' said I, in a voice which I endeavored to render terrible. 'Respect, at least, after her decease, her whom you rendered wretched while living. Thou alone art the cause of my death. Leave me! Weep for thy crime, and fly from the wrath of Heaven!'

"After having uttered these words, which Heraldi, struck with terror, listened to without motion, I enveloped my head again in my veil, and walked with a slow step toward the door of the chapel. The people opened before me. Passing through the gates I reached the mansion of Orsini, no one having dared to follow me.

"The courier soon arrived with the dispensation from the pope annulling my marriage. The grand duke then sent for us to appear at the palace, and the next day I presented myself there, accompanied by Octave and the marquis. Shortly a servant entered and announced the arrival of my parents and Heraldi. The duke entered the hall where they awaited him; we remained in the cabinet, where we heard these words spoken:

"'It was very strange, signor, that you obliged your daughter to marry a man whom she could not love. You repent of this injustice, I judge by the tears that I see in your eyes. Death has destroyed those unfortunate ties, and if, as the people believe, your daughter was permitted to revisit the earth, the marriage is no less void. Behold this letter from Rome which declares it annulled; I go to render it public. Choose, Count Heraldi, between a process to be instituted against your fraud, or sign a renunciation of your chimerical rights, and leave immediately for Vienna.'

Heraldi hesitated not; he made his renunciation in terms dictated by the grand duke. Then, taking leave of his imperial highness, he left Florence immediately, promising never to return.

"'This is not all,' said the duke, addressing my father. 'Your daughter lives again—' A cry from my mother interrupted him. 'You are surprised,' he continued; 'but she must live happily by becoming the wife of the young Orsini. It was he who raised her from the tomb. It is in their house that she has dwelt. Gratitude, paternal love, the glory of Valerie,—all require that you should consent to this union. Approve of this happy marriage, and I promise a regiment for your son-in-law and a cordon for yourself from Marie Therese.'

"My father acceded without hesitation to his request; and my mother, bathed in tears, demanded with impatience to behold her cherished daughter. With difficulty had I restrained myself through this conversation; I rushed from the ante-chamber, and threw myself into her arms. My father pressed me to his heart, and cordially welcomed the marquis and Octave, who now entered. All kneeling at the feet of the grand duke, we could find no words to express our gratitude, and our happiness received its consummation by my marriage with Valerie."

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE HOLE IN THE FLOOR.

BY MRS. M. E. ROBINSON.

The life-object of Seth Grovnor and Susan his wife was to amass property. It had been their aim since the commencement of their wedded existence, which now counted fifteen years, and was still cherished as the dearest wish of their hearts. No change was made except it would hasten the desired consummation of this long-nurtured hope; no outlay was ventured upon unless it promised assistance in the hoarding of money. Not a day's respite had the one from unceasing application to business, not an hour passed that the other was not planning some new way to save dollars and cents. In such an atmosphere of eager grasping for property, it would be strange had their children escaped the infection. Their little faces brightened at the sight of a penny, not that it would procure sweetmeats, but because it would add another to their store of coins; and the small hand grasped it with as instinctive and keen a pleasure as an aged miser clutches his gold. The oft-repeated parental injunction, "A penny saved is a penny earned," fell upon childish ears, but childish wisdom applied the maxim; the confectioner and fruit-vender were rarely called upon by the young Grovnors—the seed was taking root.

Mr. and Mrs. Grovnor had nothing to give away. Poverty, in the form of a ragged mendicant, was rudely repulsed; misfortune, in the garb of despondency, met with rebuke instead of sympathy; sorrow, in the persons of mourning widows and fatherless children, vainly sought words of consolation and a helping hand; the kindly voice of pity, and the whisperings of charity, were unheard by ears inaccessible save to the hints of frugality, the suggestions of economy, or the promptings of prudence. Ah, little do the unfortunate gain from those making haste to be rich!

Reading, the cheapest of all luxuries, Mr. Grovnor thought too expensive to be encouraged. Books cost money, and newspapers couldn't be had for nothing, even if there wasn't any postage on them. When he was rich, he would have a library worth showing. His wife had no social intercourse with her friends and neighbors; visits took time, and if she attended parties, she would be expected to give them. That would not do, so she remained at home, mind and body absorbed in the one paramount idea. Did either feel a lingering desire to listen to the notes of some lauded singer, or the eloquence of a distinguished lecturer, the price of tickets of admission softened disappointment, and made the sacrifice seem less. The Grovnor children were never permitted to leave the dusty, crowded city for a day in the woods with their companions. The fare back and forth was an item not to be disregarded; and an excursion of this nature was inevitably attended with more or less torn clothes. Money was always the mother's inducement; a promise of three cents each made the little men bear the deprivation heroically. There was a charm in the shining pieces that compensated for the bright sunshine, the fragrant flowers, and the singing of birds. Ah, nature is a better teacher than a mother whose idol is gold! One opens the heart to kindly influences, makes it more susceptible to genial impressions, quickens brotherly love, and brings the creature nearer the Creator; the other blunts the sensibilities, chokes the springs of benevolence, clogs the aspiring spirit, making it insensible to a loftier sentiment than the love of gain. Are there no other Mrs. Grovnors?

None of the family attended church, for pew-rent was an item, and a minister tax not an unimportant consideration. If preaching and good example cost nothing, they would have availed themselves of their benefits; but as it was, parents and children were "a law unto themselves." Their living was of the plainest possible kind, and quantity was studied as closely as quality. None of the Grovnors were afflicted with gout or dyspepsia, if their palates were never regaled by dainty dishes.

Mr. Seth and Mrs. Susan were threatened with a dire calamity, in the shape of a visit from an elderly relative, who had troubled them but once since their marriage. A letter had been received, avowing his intention to become better acquainted with his nephew and niece. They knew little about him, save that he was a childless old man, rather odd in his ways, and burdened with but a small portion of this world's goods. Yet this much was certain; his stay with them would be attended with great inconvenience and expense—and the last reflection was the most annoying of all.

His appearance was not an event of rejoicing on the part of the host and hostess; the respectable looking old gentleman missed the hearty welcome he had promised himself. They were polite, but not cordial; attentive, but cold and distant, meeting his familiar advances with that indifferent reserve so chilling and discouraging. The children had been sent off to bed as soon as tea was over, and the three sat stiffly about the cold stove, Mrs. Grovnor glancing now and then at the clock on the mantel.

"Perhaps your uncle would like to retire," she observed to Mr. Seth.

Conversation had flagged for some minutes; it was hard doing all the talking, and Uncle Abel approved the suggestion, though it was scarcely eight o'clock.

"I must confess to fatigue," he said. "I am not young as I was once, and exertion tires me. I've been accustomed to sleeping in a warm room. If it wont be too much trouble, I'd like a little fire kindled for me; old blood feels these chilly nights," he added, apologetically.

Mr. Seth said, "O, no!" and Mrs. Susan, "Certainly not. But anybody could see that their thoughts widely diverged from their words. The fire was made, and the nephew took a small hand-lamp to light Uncle Abel to his chamber.

"I should prefer this,' said the latter, taking a larger one from a shelf near him, "if you have no objections. It holds more oil, I see, and sometimes, when I am restless and can't sleep, I read to induce drowsiness. It wont incommode you, I hope."

Seth said, "No, indeed!" and Susan, "Not in the least!" but mentally, their replies were different. Uncle Abel and the largest lamp went up stairs; husband and wife closed the doors for a connubial conference.

"Well!" said the niece.

"What do you think?" said the nephew.

"An assuming old fox!" she exclaimed.

"A confounded bore!" he ejaculated.

"An extra fire, Seth!"

"A lamp to read by, Susan!"

"Meat for dinner!"

"And coffee for breakfast!"

"Will he stay long, think?"

"Two or three months, judging from the size and weight of his trunk."

"A pretty bill of expense, truly!—and not a dollar to pay his board!"

"Fuel and lights, and what he'll eat and drink, will put us back a whole year in our calculations. This comes of having relations! I wish I hadn't one in the world!—and to think he's nothing but a great uncle."

This interesting conversation was prolonged some time; but enough has been given to show the feelings of Mr. and Mrs. Grovnor in regard to Uncle Abel.

Morning did not mend the manners of the couple, yet the worthy old gentleman was urbane and smiling, seeming not to notice the frigid atmosphere that prevailed. He tried in vain to make the acquaintance of the children, but parental oversight prevented the object in view. It was recollected that they, with a certain class designated as "fools," were said to "tell the truth;" and that, in this instance, was not to be spoken.

Uncle Abel's sight was impaired, but he was not so blind that he could not detect dissatisfaction, though in a measure cloaked. His tarry was short at the Grovnor mansion; in a week he took leave of his nephew and niece, to their unbounded satisfaction.

"We have done well," they said, "to get rid of him so easily. He might have staid a month." And Uncle Abel was forgotten in the great struggle to make a fortune.

One year afterward, they heard of his decease by means of the following significant letter, which was found among his private papers, and forwarded after his death.

"Nephew and Niece:—When a childless old man crosses your threshold, yearning for love and sympathy, and that care which youth should voluntarily accord to old age, treat him not coldly, begrudge him not the food he eats, the fire that warms him, nor the light that enables him to beguile a lonely midnight hour. And, moreover, do not forget the hole in the floor. That this advice may benefit you, is the wish of your Uncle Abel."

"The hole in the floor." What did it mean? Light slowly began to creep into the bewildered brains of Mr. and Mrs. Grovnor, revealing a startling truth in every line of the singular epistle before them. They looked at each other in blank dismay, in the consciousness that their hypocrisy and littleness had been exposed. A place had been cut in the floor for the admission of a pipe from the stove in the room below. Being early in the season, this pipe had not been adjusted for the winter, and the space was consequently open. Uncle Abel occupied that chamber, and had no difficulty in overhearing every word that had been uttered beneath him by Mr. Seth and Mrs. Susan. The hole in the floor had betrayed them! How unfortunate that they should have forgotten it! The secret of his short visit was understood. Both were much discomposed that their petty meanness had been brought to light, but were consoled by reflecting that nothing antagonistic to their interest would come of it. But, ah, a great many improbable things transpire in this world! Who would have imagined that Uncle Abel was worth his thousands? Who would have supposed that he was in the possession of a fortune called by the initiated, "independent?" The "assuming old fox" had shown his cunning. Seth and Susan had overreached themselves. In striving to save a penny, they had lost a great many pounds. They were Uncle Abel's only surviving relatives, and he had intended making them his heirs. But, alas, the hole in the floor!—it had willed his money to a charitable institution, bequeathing them only the knowledge of their parsimony and self-abasement! Irretrievable mistake—irreparable error! The important object of their lives defeated by a hole in the floor, when just upon the verge of realization!

PEACE AND WAR.

The two allegorical and emblematical designs on this and the next page were drawn for us by Mr. Rowse, and are creditable efforts of his pencil. These illustrations will be regarded as seasonable; for while, here in the West, we are enjoying all the blessings of peace, in the East, one of the most sanguinary wars of modern times is wildly raging. In illustrating Peace, our artist has grouped together many characteristic figures and objects. In the upper part of the design, Peace, personified by a female, wav-

PEACE.

ing her wand, points to the genius of Art, while Agriculture is also represented. A busy city rises in the background, with a train of cars speeding along the railroad. Lower down we behold the enlivening spectacle of a rural festival, with the substantial tokens of an abundant harvest. Contrast with this the picture of War. Here we behold a city given to the devouring flames. Bellona, with a blazing torch in one hand, and falchion dripping gore in the other, leads on a band of furies, waving on high their banners. The two weeping female figures on the left complete the sentiment of this allegorical scene. The lower portion of the picture represents the field of battle after an engagement, one of the saddest and most harrowing spectacles that the eye can rest upon. In the distance, the shattered bridge attests the fury of the combat. All over the plain lie men and horses stretched in death, or struggling convulsively in the agonies of recent mutilation. Soldiers are carrying off their wounded comrades upon stretchers. In the near foreground, the dead and wounded are thickly heaped together. The corpses of cuirassier and artilleryman lie side by side. A broken caisson is half sunk in the miry pool in front, which is choked up with corpses. And this is War, or, rather, a feeble image of it; for Art shrinks from the delineation of its full horror. This is War, stripped of its gaudy trappings, shorn of its bright plumes, divested of the rustle of its banners, the blare of its trumpets, and reduced to the grim, grisly skeleton it is. Yet poets have chanted its praises, from Homer to Tennyson; artists have emblazoned its glories on immortal canvass and undying marble, and historians have recorded in stately periods the march of armies, the conflicts of nations, and the achievements of heroes. Poets sing of the excitement of combat; painters give us the dramatic episodes of battles, and historians tell of the great results of war. It imparts grandeur and interest to the various provinces of art and literature; but art and literature stop short at the threshold of its horrors. They dare not enter the hospital; they dare not record the work of the knife that follows the work of the sword; they cannot follow the various fountains of woe that diverge from the battle-field, each bearing its burthen of sorrow to gentle hearts and humble homes. Had the horrors of war and the sorrows it produces been as faithfully delineated as its deeds of daring and blazing victories, the pages of history would have been less crowded with accounts of battles by sea and land, sieges of fortresses and the destruction of cities. Yet the lessons of the past are lost upon the rulers of mankind who make war and peace. One would have thought that the years of carnage closed at Waterloo would have sufficed for a century. But the peace of Europe has been disturbed since then, and now Christian nations, in a quarrel that originated in the birthplace of the Prince of Peace, are cutting each other's throats with the ferocity of savages, and waging war with engines of destruction more terrible than were

ever before pressed into the service of national murder. Thrice ortunate are those nations who are not involved in the bloody conflict! The blessings of peace receive an added brightness rom contrast with the horrors which a state of war inflicts. These horrors are of such magnitude than many men, appalled and terror-stricken by them, have embraced the opinion that all wars are sinful and unjustifiable. This opinion is not concurred in by the mass of mankind. The wise verdict of the ruling majority is against it. War, with all its horrors, is a necessary evil. The lence must be met by violence; for "rebellion to tyrants is obedience to God." When a nation is called upon to defend its liberties, the principles of eternal justice hallow every weapon consecrated to the strife. Then, as in our own revolution, the altars of God are not desecrated by prayer for the success of arms the servant of God is justified then in going forth to battle with his people,

"A soldier of the Lord,
With his Bible and his sword."

France, England, Germany, Italy and Spain have this bloo guiltiness upon their past. And before the sword is laid aside for ever, we must look for many repetitions of the sanguinary dramas that have been enacted so often. When a conflict like that now waging in the East has commenced, it is impossible to foretell its close. If it is indeed a trial of strength between Russia and the western powers, it may continue many years, involving all Europe in its vortex. Yet out of the enormous mass of evils such a war would produce, much good would be evolved. A continuance of

WAR

sword has its mission as well as the pen and the cross. It has conferred incalculable benefits on mankind. When it stayed the legions of Xerxes, when it arrested the sweep of the victorious Saracens, when it struck for liberty in Switzerland, in England, n America, at Morgarten, at Marston Moor, at Bunker Hill, it was a sacred weapon. The world has not erred in paying homage to such patriot warriors as Tell and Washington. There are wars like those of the American revolution, which leave no stain upon the page of history. In the unceasing struggle of Right against Might, the weapons of the flesh must frequently be used. Vio- In proportion as we loathe and execrate wars of aggression, undertaken for false glory and for conquest, we revere the military achievements of those who peril life to repel tyranny and resist invasion. This country is fortunate in having no war upon her record on which her sons can look back with shame and repentance. The revolution was the holiest cause in which a nation ever appealed to arms; the war of 1812 was a necessary re-assertion of our independence. The war with Mexico was equally justifiable, as a vindication of the national honor. But the history of older nations is full of wars that were national crimes. Russia, the war will probably give the people of England a radical reform of government; it may improve the political condition of the French; it may be the means of restoring Poland and Hungary to the rank of independent nations, and of giving liberty to Italy. If such be the result we shall look upon the conflict with less repugnance and aversion. It may in the end prove to be one of those extreme remedies employed to germinate the principles of free institutions in the midst of Europe, and hasten the overthrow of despotisms that have for ages pressed with giant power on the necks of her inhabitants.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

MOTHER, HOME AND HEAVEN.

BY SUE M. SCOTT.

The words of sweetest meaning
  To erring mortals given—
Of purest, deepest feeling,
  Are Mother, Home and Heaven!
The magic name of mother
  Revives in every heart
The feelings first awakened
  On that dear parent's part;
And cold must be the bosom,
  Devoid of love the soul,
That is not moved to goodness
  By mother's mild control!

With home we all remember
  Some vision of the past—
A May-day in the morning,
  Too beautiful to last!
When flowers of lowly beauty
  Beguiled our youth of tears,
Concealing mid the roses
  The thorns of riper years!
Yet, when the past is challenged,
  "Wherever we may roam,"
The word that is most eloquent
  Is that dear one of home!

The Christian to the future
  His earnest gaze extends,
While in the brightening distance
  The bow of promise bends!
His weary feet have trodden
  The devious paths below;
But now the glorious heaven
  With light is all a-glow—
His cares are nearly over,
  His troubles soon will cease;
For smiles of resignation
  Assure us of his peace!

Of these three words of beauty
  I know not which is best—
They speak of love and happiness,
  And one of future rest!
I feel that Heaven is dearest,
  And yet I cannot tell,
For Mother fills the heart with love,
  And Home has charms as well.
Then let the three united be,
  Nor shall the tie be riven;
For words of thrilling melody
  Are MOTHER, HOME and HEAVEN.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

MARY MUSGROVE.

A TALE OF THE SETTLEMENT OF SAVANNAH.

BY BEN: PERLEY POORE.

BRIGHT and beautiful was the home of the "Yamacraws," the aboriginal dwellers upon the banks of that noble river which they named from the floral "savannahs" through which it meanders. Upon the sandy bluff where the councils were held, there was a dense growth of leafy pines; in the lowlands which generally bordered the river, the magnolia towered in imperial pride, the live oak waved its festoons of living moss in the breeze, and an occasional palmetto lifted its graceful head above masses of underbrush. It was an earthly paradise, and the Yamacraws had imbibed the soft beauty of their sylvan home, until they little resembled the ferocious Yamassees of Carolina, or the warlike Cherokees who dwelt in the mountains. Though inheriting proud traditions of power and of conquest, they had not for years disinterred their deep-buried war-hatchet—but at last the peace laurels withered, and early in 1733 the war-drum resounded far and wide. At first the warriors hesitated, but there could be no mistaking the call to arms, and soon every fighting man of the tribe was on his way to the council-fire. On their arrival, they found their chief, the venerable Tomo-chichi, accompanied by a Yamassee, who was painted black, and had the emblematical rattle-snake skin twined around his raven locks. The warriors took their seats around the circle in silence, for it was not in accordance with Indian etiquette to betray curiosity, but they were not long kept in suspense.

"Shall the Fish-hawk of the Yamassees speak?" asked the stranger, with a fiendish smile playing upon his lips. A grunt of approbation signified assent, and springing to his feet, he gazed around with an expression of malignant ferocity, as he vehemently addressed the eager listeners:

"Yamacraws," he exclaimed, "the pale faces draw near, and I have been sent to urge you to destroy them ere they set foot upon your hunting grounds. We welcomed them—they oppress us. We gave them gardens—they have seized our soil. We offered them corn—they have destroyed our young men with fire-water. We nursed their sick—they have danced on the graves of our fathers. Yamassees, will you suffer this?"

The swarthy cheeks of the savages reddened, and many of them responded with a guttural "ugh!" But Tomo chichi betrayed no interest, either by sign or word. From what he had heard of the whites, he regarded them as a superior order of beings, especially protected by the Great Spirit, against whom it would be madness to fight.

"The chief hesitates," continued the emissary. "Would he welcome the pale faces? Will he invite them to sit upon his mat who stole his daughter?"

"My daughter!" exclaimed Tomo-chichi. "Does she live?"

And as he spoke he fixed his keen eye searchingly on the Fish-hawk.

"The Dancing-Ripple lives—but what a life. The slave of the pale-faces, she is scourged like a dog. Yamassees, will you not have vengeance?"

"Vengeance! vengeance!" was shouted on every side, and the warriors, brandishing their weapons, began to chant the heroic deeds of their ancestors, mingled with threats against the captors of their chieftain's lost daughter, the Dancing-Ripple. It was now nearly two years since she had somewhat mysteriously disappeared, and left her aged parent to mourn her loss.

"Vengeance! vengeance!" they shouted. "Let us drive the pale faces from our hunting-grounds—let us sink them in the flowing tide of the Savannah—let us warm our tomahawks in their thin blood—let us hang their scalps upon the war poles of our wigwams." And as the ferocious joy of their infuriated natures pealed forth, the squaws who hovered around the circle echoed the hideous yells with shrill cries of "vengeance! vengeance!"

The gratified Yamassee saw with delight the demoniacal fury which he had provoked, but ere many moments had elapsed, there was a shout heard at the river-side, and then a light female form bounded into the centre of the ring. It was the Dancing Ripple, clad in a European garb, though she wore a richly worked pair of moccasins. Astonishment at her appearance was depicted on every face, while the emissary started as though he had seen one from the grave. The old chieftain in vain endeavored to subdue his feelings, as he expressed his thanks to the Great Spirit for restoring his daughter.

"Who," he asked, "delivered the Dancing-Ripple from the cruelty of the pale-faces?"

"Cruelty of the pale faces?" she inquired.

"Has not the Fish-hawk told us how the pale-faces misused the Dancing-Ripple?" replied the chieftain. "Even now we raise the war cry to avenge your wrongs, and to drive back the pale-faces in revengeful wrath."

"My wrongs!" exclaimed the young woman. "There, Yamacraws, stands the author of them. It was that trembling Yamassee who stole me from yonder river, where I had strayed away to bathe. It was he who sold me to the pale-faces for a gun. But I found kind friends, good friends. They bound up my bleeding feet, they told me of their Great Spirit, and now, as the wife of one of them, I have come before their canoes to ask for them a welcome."

"Is this true?" asked Tomo chichi of the disappointed emissary, who now saw all his plans baffled.

"I am your prisoner, cowards," exclaimed the Yamassee. "I had almost nerved your weak hearts. But I fear not your anger. Light your fires, sharpen your arrows, I am ready. I stole your chieftain's daughter—I almost made you meet the pale-faces like men."

Such audacious duplicity could not be suffered to pass, and the unfortunate Yamassee was forthwith bound with green withs to the stake of torment. Dried brushwood was heaped around him, and before the torch was applied, the boys were permitted to shoot their arrows at him, in order to try their skill. But he did not betray the pain he must have felt, for, although his flesh often quivered with agony, not a groan was mingled with his chant of defiance.

Strange to say, he was soon released. The Dancing-Ripple had, by her earnest entreaties, obtained his freedom. "The pale-faces will soon be here," said she, "and would you greet them with a funereal pile? Shall the Great Spirit above look down upon the Yamacraws, and see them destroying one of his children! I am the one most wronged—I forgive him! If you are really glad to see me again, give the wretch his liberty, and let him depart. See his wounds, made by the boys' arrows, are they not punishment enough?"

Her entreaties prevailed, and the Fish-hawk, released from his bondage, soon left the spot where he had expected to die as became a Yamassee. Every trace of the death-fire was obliterated, and in its stead the young women of the tribe, directed by the Dancing-Ripple, prepared a feast. There was a profusion of dried fruit, while smoked salmon and venison, broiled upon hickory coals, diffused a savory odor around. No sooner were the preparations concluded, than a scout announced the approach of the pale-faces.

It was the colony of James Edward Oglethorpe, which came to seek a land where they could enjoy "a free exercise of religion," and had learned from Sir Walter Raleigh's journal that the Savannah was superior to all other streams emptying into the southern Atlantic. Oglethorpe had left his vessels at Beaufort, in Carolina, and now came on an exploring expedition in periquas, or canoes. When he saw the Yamacraws, drawn up on the river bank before their village, he evidently feared attack, and ordered his arquebusiers to blow their matches, but soon his fears were removed, for a young man came to the water's edge, bearing a white flag. As the periquas approached, this pacific messenger shouted, in tolerable English:

"Welcome, welcome Englishmen to Yamacraw!"

Delighted with this salutation, the Europeans speedily landed, and were escorted to the feast, of which they partook with the relish for fresh provisions attendant on a tedious sea voyage. When every appetite was satisfied, Tomo-chichi approached, wearing ornaments of massive gold, and clad in the rarest skins. Behind him came his young interpreter, bearing symbolical presents, and he thus rendered the chieftain's remarks:

"Pale-faced brothers. Here is a gift which I offer you. It is the dressed skin of a buffalo, on the inside of which is painted the head and plumage of the eagle of our mountains.

"Pale-faced brothers, I ask you to accept this gift. The buffalo is an emblem of strength, and the eagle is an emblem of speed. So your nation is strong as the beast and swift as the bird—nothing can withstand you—you fly over vast seas to the uttermost parts of the earth.

"Pale-faced brothers. The skin of the buffalo is warm, and signifies protection—the feathers of the eagle are soft, and signify love. We hope our pale-faced brothers will protect and love us and our children.

"Pale-faced brothers, you are masters of Yamacraw."

Oglethorpe, no less surprised than delighted, desired the interpreter to thank the chieftain, and to assure him of the protection and the friendship of the English. "But," he concluded, "we must not forget our thanks to you, young sir, whose gift of tongues has been of such great use. I little expected to find an interpreter here."

"It strikes me," said the Reverend Mr. Litany (chaplain of the expedition), "that I have heard that young man's voice before."

"That your reverence has," exclaimed honest Tom Musgrove, dropping his sergeant's halbert in his astonishment. "It's my own wife, that I thought I left behind at Beaufort."

Such was the case. The Dancing-Ripple had been redeemed from captivity by this stalwart soldier, who afterwards married her. Forest life soon lost its charms, but when she was left alone, the thought struck her that Oglethorpe's colonists might visit her native Yamacraw, and perchance her husband might combat her father. Nerved by a wish to preserve both, she at once set out through the pathless forest, and Providence so directed her steps that she arrived just in time to avert hostilities, and to secure a friendly reception.

A new city was located by Oglethorpe on the bluff where the council-fire of the Yamacraws had blazed, and he named it after the river that flowed at its side—Savannah. There, happy in the enjoyment of every earthly blessing, the wife of an adoring husband—the mother of loving children—the friend of every colonist—lived and at last died, the Dancing-Ripple, and upon her tomb-stone you may yet read, "Mary Musgrove."

THE PHYSICIAN.

No class of men in the regular discharge of duty incur danger more frequently than the honest physician. There is no type of malignant maladies with which he fails to become acquainted; no hospital so crowded with contagion that he dare not walk freely through its wards. His vocation is among the sick and dying; he is the familiar friend of those who are sinking under infectious disease; and he never shrinks from the horror of observing it under all its aspects. He must do so with equanimity; as he inhales the poisoned atmosphere, he must coolly reflect on the medicines which may mitigate the sufferings that he cannot remedy. Nay, after death has ensued, he must search with his dissecting knife for its hidden cause, if so by multiplying his own perils he may discover some alleviation for the afflictions of others. And why is this? Because the physician is indifferent to death? Because he is steeled and hardened against the fear of it? Because he despises or pretends to despise it? By no means. It is his especial business to value life; to cherish the least spark of animated existence. And the habit of caring for the lives of his fellow-men is far from leading him to an habitual indifference to his own. The physician shuns every danger but such as the glory of his profession commands.—*Philadelphia Ledger.*

NOTICES OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE ADVENTURES OF HAJJI BABA IN PERSIA, TURKEY AND RUSSIA. Edited by JAMES MORIER. Phila.: Lippincott, Grambo & Co. 1855. 12mo. pp. 405.

Hajji Baba is an Oriental Gil Blas, and since the date of that charming romance, no novel of adventure has appeared comparable to this Eastern story by Morier. It has been many years before the public, but time has only improved its flavor. As a true picture of Eastern life and manners, it is valuable; as a romance, it is deeply interesting. Nothing in the whole range of fiction is more thrilling than the execution of Zeenab, the ill-starred mistress of the hero. For sale by Burnham Brothers, 58 and 60 Cornhill.

THE NEWCOMES. Edited by ARTHUR PENDENNIS, Esq. 2 vols. in one. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1855. Illustrated. 8vo.

The Newcomes, published serially, is at length completed, and in the present form makes a very thick volume. It has little plot, but a great deal of incident, and the characters are drawn with the masterly fidelity of all Thackeray's portraiture. But we must protest against the tone of the book, and its dismally sombre denouement. Poetical justice demanded a far different conclusion. A few rays of sunshine ought to have been introduced after so much night and darkness. In painting such disual pictures of society, Mr. Thackeray is unconsciously taking the surest means of making us forget him as speedily as possible. For sale by Redding & Co.

THE ARAUCANIANS: or, Notes of a Tour among the Indian Tribes of Southern Chili By EDMOND REUEL SMITH, of the United States Astronomical Expedition in Chili. Illustrated. New York: Harper & Brothers. 12mo. 1855. pp. 335.

The author of this very graphic and readable account of a strange and interesting race, had every opportunity of studying them thoroughly, and improved his chances well. His book is a valuable addition to our stock of information respecting the aboriginal races of America. The illustrations are very neatly executed. For sale by Redfiag & Co.

RAMBLES IN EASTERN ASIA, INCLUDING CHINA AND MANILLA. By B. L. BALL, M. D. Boston: James French & Co. 1855. 12mo. pp. 417.

Many books of travels are written by men who never journey fifty miles from their libraries; but the book before us is no re-hash of the works of former travellers. The author, a young townsman of ours, resided for several years in the interesting countries he describes, and made himself familiar with all their peculiarities. We are very glad that he has drawn largely on his private letters to relatives and friends at home for the material of his volume. We thus have his impressions sketched in fresh and glowing colors, and with a freedom of touch which would have been wanting to a deliberate and elaborate review of his adventures. The volume possesses a fascination which few readers can resist, and an amount of valuable information, which renders it well worthy of preservation.

ISORA'S CHILD. New York: J. C. Derby. 1855. 12mo. pp. 504. Boston: Phillips, Sampson & Co.

Social relations, the intricate web-work of the passions, are capable of an indefinite number of combinations, that give an air of novelty to the oldest materials. So long as the human heart beats, it will throb responsive to the hand that knows how to probe its secrets—and the hand that has written the book before us surely has that cunning. There is not one dull page in this life-story, and more than one scene rises far above mediocrity. For sale by Phillips, Sampson & Co.

EOLOPORSIS—American Rejected Addresses. New York: J. C. Derby. 1855. 12mo Boston: Phillips, Sampson & Co.

The idea of this book is taken from the "Smith's Rejected Addresses." It is an attempt to parody some of our leading poets, who are indicated by their initials; but the affair is "lame and impotent." The imitation goes no further than the adoption of the favorite metres of Longfellow and others. The "Smith's" verses were grotesquely like and unlike the originals. Byron, and Scott, and their compeers, recognized their own likenesses in the mirror held up to them, though their features were distorted as in a conjurer's glass. The sketches in this volume, on the contrary, do not contain a solitary likeness.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

FOR MAGGIE.

BY WM. L SHOEMAKER.

O, fairer than the stars that shine
At midnight o'er the purple brine,
In climes where night is half divine,
  Art thou, my lovely Maggie!
Let others praise what maids they may,
In many a warmly-worded lay,
I ne'er shall heed what they may say,
  But still love thee, sweet Maggie.

Unwitting, thou my heart hast won,
And, as the sun-flower to the sun
Still turns, until his race be run,
  To thee my heart turns, Maggie.
Thine image gleams before me now,
With cheeks of rose and ivory brow,—
A being love and truth endow
  With soul-felt charms, my Maggie.

For not by outward charms alone
Dost thou such magic influence own;
A thousand virtues have their throne
  Within thy heart, bright Maggie.
'Tis these give thee thine empery;
And cold, in sooth, that heart must be,
That looks, unloving, upon thee,
  Nor feels thy sway, sweet Maggie.

But, ah me! whither runs my song?
(Forgive me.—love bears it along;)
Sure thou wilt blush, and deem it wrong
  To hear thine own praise, Maggie.
Pardon, I pray, each ardent line
That dares to breathe this love of mine,
Yet, though 'twere bold to hope for thine,
  I'll love thee still, sweet Maggie.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

CROSSING THE ISTHMUS.

BY FREDERICK STANHOPE.

Being about to return to the Eastern States in 1851, I happened across an old friend, in San Francisco, then master of a fine bark, bound direct to San Juan del Sud. I at once engaged a passage down with him. The voyage in the month of October is delightful; the wind prevails from the northward, and the weather is mild and genial. For several days the shore had been in sight, and at times we were so near that smoke from fires in the woods could be seen curling up from the mountains. This day we had been standing off from land, and having a good breeze, had made a considerable offing. As the sun went down, the clouds gathered about the horizon in dark and angry masses. Suddenly as the sun touched the horizon, all cleared up, and our passengers, who had been watching the sky in silence, gave vent to their joy at the prospect of a fine night; but our captain, long familiar with the coast, felt distrustful of this fair show, and taking my arm, said, as we paced the deck, "We shall have an ugly night, or I am much mistaken." The welcome announcement of tea broke up our conference. At nine o'clock, when I ventured up, all was changed; the ship was under whole topsails, and dashing along at a great rate; but the night was as dark as Erebus.

By eleven it blew a gale, but having come on so gradually, we were, as we supposed, sufficiently snug to weather it. The watch, wearied out, were just sent below; at midnight, as if the bag of winds had been rent, the most furious tempest burst on us; our close-reefed topsails, distended to their utmost, burst with a report like artillery, and flew before the gale in shreds. Our good bark careened, and, almost on her beam-ends, would have doubtless foundered at the moment, had our topmasts not snapped and gone overboard, taking with them all top hamper. Relieved, she righted, and by management being brought to the wind, she "lay to" nobly; but the danger was not over; our water-casks on deck had broken loose; and as we rolled, these immense hogsheads, iron bound, and filled, would rush from side to side, threatening each moment to dash out the bulwarks.

For a time our prospects seemed dark, when fortunately some obstacle intervening, stopped one of the casks in its headlong career; for a moment, taking advantage of this, our captain, at imminent risk of being crushed, managed to crawl up, axe in hand, and stave in the head; this not only rendered it harmless, but its material, with wood thrown by the men, soon made a barricade, which retarded the progress of the others.

"If the gale breaks with the day," said the captain, "we are saved?" "And if not?" I questioned. "God help us," he replied; "man cannot." How tedious and weary seemed these hours. The ship labored fearfully; and besides we did not know how near we might be to land. But at last the darkness becomes less intense; a gray light begins to shoot up in the sky, and the gale abates. Our pumps are tried, and the joyful news that no leak has been sprung, is announced. With the first light of an early morn we felt we were safe, and by the time the sun had arisen, the tempest had changed to a fine breeze.

The remainder of the voyage was speedy, and on the twenty-third day from San Francisco, we dropped anchor before the town of San Juan del Sud. The bay was a mere inlet from the ocean, and the surf rolled in on the beach with great fury. The village was a miserable collection of bamboo huts, facing the water.

Our landing was a ludicrous scene; the natives would wade out to the boats through the surf, to carry us on shore on their backs; many, from motives of economy or bravado, refused all aid, and, clad in India-rubber suits, attempted the passage unassisted, carpet-bag in hand; but the natives, not to be cheated of what they considered their lawful dues, would surround them, and seizing the bag, or hat, and in some cases the boots of the poor wights, would rush on shore, and refuse to deliver them except on payment of certain *amadeos*.

Accepting the proffer of a lusty fellow, I mounted his back, and, as I flattered myself, with much dignity, commenced my transit; but just as we were about reaching terra firma, my bearer stumbled, in came a roller, and off rolled I, much to my disgust, anathematizing the whole "company," from Commodore Vanderbilt to the unfortunate cause of my accident.

Near the beach an enterprising Yankee had taken a large bamboo house, and on it placed another story of light boards, styling it pretentiously a hotel. Here my companions—for dry land severs the distinction of cabin and steerage—deposited their little luggage. With a friend I strolled out to see the lions of San Juan. Its front was the most imposing view, for a very short distance back brought one to the swamp. In the centre of the place was a newly laid-out street, on either side of which shanties and tent houses had sprung up, occupied by those who in their trusting hearts had settled there, thinking San Juan was to be *the* route, and that a large city must spring up. Most of these establishments were fitted up as eating-houses, a board on two barrels constituting the table. The horrible malaria arising from the swamps and the newly cleared ground had left its marks on the pale visages of many of these adventurers, and the new made graves in plain sight told a sad tale of its effects on the new comer.

My object was to get speedy transit to the Atlantic. I therefore went at once to the office of the transit company, where I was coolly informed that no arrangements could be made to transport passengers coming down by other means than their own boats. This was a plumper! The news soon came to our men, and the excitement reached such a pitch that I feared violence might be attempted towards the persons of the agents. Finding mules could be obtained, if taken in time, I engaged two, with a fine looking half-breed boy for a guide, to take myself and friend to Rivas, said to be fourteen miles from San Juan, and near the lake of Nicaragua. In the morning, taking leave of my friend, Captain D., I mounted my mule, and bade farewell to the town.

The rainy season was just commencing; though the morning was a glorious one, the rain by the time we started had begun to fall; however, this did not deter us, and off we galloped. The road was very tortuous, and often some turn would bring in view the bay and little village, which at a distance looked picturesque enough. The sun would often shine out, almost drying our garments ere another shower. The foliage was diversified and most luxuriant, the rains had brought everything forward, and we rode on amongst the wild plantain trees, with the exquisite cactus blooming around us in the greatest profusion, and the tall cocoa-nut gracefully peering above all others. Once, as we reached a small lake or lagoon, a flock of birds like flamingoes arose, their plumage of the brightest scarlet, and under their wings the most delicate rose color. Monkeys filled the woods, chattering and gibbering at our intrusion, and at times shaking down on us a perfect shower from the rain-laden leaves. The rains had filled all the gullies, and the number of streams which we had to ford was incredible. We progressed so slowly that all hopes of reaching our destination that day were past. So our guide, though we had only made some ten miles of direct distance, said we must pass the night at a house we should soon reach. Near night we gained the top of quite a hill, where, surrounded by trees, on a clearing stood a house of bamboos and mud. As we rode up an old woman received us. The house was of one story, and comprised two apartments, the sleeping room of the family, and the cocino, or kitchen; here, before a cheerful fire, we made ourselves as comfortable as circumstances would permit. Our hostess's daughter, a pretty girl of sixteen, bustled about to prepare the tortilla, a cake of pounded corn, baked before the fire; while the old dame, with great activity, pursued an unfortunate hen around the corral, despatching it at last with a blow of a stick. As we sat smoking, she proceeded to dress the gallina before us, while its blood was still warm. The daughter was a fine specimen of native beauty, tall and finely proportioned, straight as an arrow, with those deep Murillo eyes, pearly teeth, and luxuriant black hair. The entire crown of the head was filled with small natural flowers, something like our pansies; the effect was charming, and as she stooped, it seemed like a parterre of flowers springing from a bed of jet.

While conversing with Juanita, as she was called, I took occasion to mention the fact that myself and friend were both "bon Catoligos" (good Catholics), albeit my companion, a rigid Baptist, wished to contradict me; but I have ever found in South America that a Christiano (a Catholic) is better treated that a Heretico (a Protestant). I substantiated my statement by a small gold cross, which I wore on my watch-chain; and telling her it was from "las Californias," endowed her with it, much to her delight, making her thereby my firm friend. Our supper being prepared, we attacked it with the zest given by a long and tiresome ride, and with a smoking cup of chocolate, drank from the vessel in which it was prepared, we found our repast most excellent.

Complimenting our tortilla, and attributing its quality to the fair hands from which it emanated, by dark we were as jolly an impromptu party as were ever seen. But a loud noise outside announced new comers, and, much to our disgust, a party of some dozen mule drivers entered; overtaken by night, they drove their loaded beasts into the corral and claimed shelter. They were ill-favored looking fellows, and did not add to our comfort by their presence. Each carried, in addition to their knives, a machete, or cutlass, used for clearing away brush, as well as protection. After making a meal of their own viands, smoking their cigarettos and discussing the news, they withdrew to the loft overhead, wrapping themselves in their ponchas, while myself and friend were shown to the adjoining room, where a bamboo couch without covering was to serve us both as a bed. Having each a considerable sum about our persons in gold dust, we felt rather anxious as to our safety among these wild fellows; but as I stole a kiss, nothing loth, from our pretty attendant, at parting for the night, she said they were "buen hente" (good men), and bade us "duerme bien."

Examining our pistols, and placing them in readiness, we threw ourselves down, and wearied out, were soon wrapped in slumber. After sleeping, as it seemed, for a long while, I was aroused by a whispering and some slight noise in the kitchen. Now, thought I, these "buen hente" are going to cut our throats. My situation was far from pleasant; not daring to stir, lest I should bring them in *en mass*, I lay bathed in perspiration. A lucky thought struck me; by pushing the bamboos slightly apart, I could, as I lay, see all. No sooner thought of than done—and a fearful though unexpected sight was before me! Seated with all the confidence in life in the lap of our rascal guide, was my charming Juanita, whispering their tale of love; and as I looked, the fellow with great gusto kissed her! My midnight attack was a lover's assignation. The relief, overcoming my pique, I turned over, and left them to their delightful occupation.

Betimes in the morning we were stirring, and I found a glorious day breaking. After a hasty toilet, and a cup of chocolate, we mounted, and rode out of the corral—Juanita, thinking her infidelity unknown, kissing her hand to me as she held up the cross, my gift.

The remainder of the road was much better; being on high ground the country had a different aspect, and as we neared the city, the land was more under cultivation. At one time we rode for some distance by a plantain grove that must have been of vast extent; like our orchards, it was enclosed by a natural hedge of the cactus. Stopping on the outskirts of the town, our guide entered a house, and divesting himself of his garments, came forth in a clean white shirt and trousers, with red sash and a dashing sombrero—casting his employers entirely in the shade, with our travel-stained garments. Before noon we reached the city, and were taken to the mansion of Don Patricio Valdez, who, having an overplus of room, received strangers *for a consideration*. Rivas, the second city of the province, is of some importance; it bears the marks of age and earthquakes; in consequence of the latter, the houses are built of but one story, in a quadrangle, with an open space in the centre; the walls are of immense thickness, the poorest being two or three feet, and many as much as six; they are whitewashed, and the roofs are tiled, making a very pretty appearance; the houses of the poor, however, are of bamboo, and being raised on posts some three feet from the ground, on account of the rains, give one much the idea of our farmers' corn cribs. There are several churches, all of which are more or less dilapidated, and one of them has been rebuilt three times, and was again in ruins during my visit. The population is some 6000; but not being on the regular road across the country, the place is not often visited by Americans.

Having established my head quarters, I strolled up to the plaza, and found the agent of a line of schooners on the lake. He promised to have a vessel ready to transport us across the lake, and boats to take us down the river by the next day. The steamer Orus had just been lost, and the company having but one boat on the lake, could only attend to their own through passengers. The next day, my comrades whom I had left in San Juan began to pour into town, and by night the quiet Spanish city had much the aspect of Boston on a fourth of July. Every commodity rose in value; luckily, however, I had secured good quarters, and did not suffer; while my friends at the two cafés kept by Americans were being cheated in the most barefaced manner for the privilege of having English spoken, I had, in a quiet Spanish family, good fare at a moderate price. As a sample of the extortion, a man wishing change for a fifty dollar slug, received it from his landlord all in French ten sous pieces, eight to a dollar—the man making fourteen dollars brokerage. Day after day we waited, no schooners arrived, and no prospect of getting away; so at last, after a week's delay, fourteen of us rode over to San Jose, and embarked in a little sloop boat about the size of a ship's launch, manned by a captain and one boy. We got off late in the afternoon, having before us a sail of some eighty miles, with a chance of a gale of wind. To add to our misfortunes, the captain, long ill with the country fever, had a relapse, and by evening was perfectly helpless; the boy had been once across the lake, and to him we had to trust. To finish the chapter, our binnacle light went out, and on search, the oil could not be found. Here was a nice position. At intervals we could catch a glimpse of the north star, and by that, and the wind, did we steer; however, in the morning we were in sight of St. George, which we soon reached. Here we changed to bungays, long native boats with six rowers, carrying some dozen passengers, and commenced the descent of the Nicaragua river; the current is very swift, and great care is requisite to keep in the middle of the stream and avoid the bends. We dashed through the "Castilla Torras," or rapids, about midnight.

The next evening we reached a house alone on the banks of the river. Here we had a meal, and passed the night, devoured by musquitoes and disturbed by the cries of wild animals. In the morning we again started, and in a few hours were on the beach at Greytown, with the Atlantic in full sight. We were soon domiciled at the U. S. Hotel. The town was very bustling, filled with Americans, waiting for the steamers. A day or two after, two steamers entered the bay, and we prepared for our departure. Our tickets procured, I was soon on board the Daniel Webster, and so ended what was to me a very eventful passage of the Isthmus.

PROF. LOUIS AGASSIZ.

[FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY WHIPPLE & BLACK.]

The accompanying portrait was drawn for us by Mr. Barry, and will be readily recognized as a correct likeness. Professor Agassiz has a highly intellectual head—one that in a crowd would arrest the attention of the most careless observer, while there is a simplicity and *bonhommie* in the expression of his features, which is a frequent characteristic of the countenances of men of true genius. The cases are very rare in which high attainments coupled with great original genius lead their possessor to the indulgence and expression of vain glory. More especially is humility the characteristic of the students of nature. The higher they climb in the pursuit of knowledge, the vaster is the panorama spread out before them; the greater their attainments, the more impressive is their sense of the unattainable, of the exhaustless wealth of the world of science, of the marvels of nature's arcana, until they are ready to confess with the ancient philosopher, that they are mere pickers up of shells and pebbles on the shore of the great ocean of truth. The expression of Mr. Agassiz's countenance is a true index of his truthful, honest and earnest soul. Louis Agassiz is one of the most distinguished naturalists of the age. His whole life has been devoted to the cause of science, and his unremitting labors, his bold and ingenious speculations, have rendered his name famous in both hemispheres. His reputation is especially dear to us since he has become a citizen of Massachusetts, a professor at our leading university, and is connected by marriage with an honorable family of this city, being a son-in-law of Hon. Thomas G. Carey, one of our leading merchants, and President of the Boston Athenæum. Louis Agassiz was born at Orbe, in Waatlande, in 1807, and is consequently but forty-eight years of age. He was the son of a respectable clergyman of that place. At a very early age he gave proof of genius, and particularly of a fondness and aptitude for the pursuit of the natural sciences. This inclination of the young student was judiciously encouraged and fostered. His earliest training was careful and liberal, and at the age of eleven he was entered at the gymnasium of Biel, an institution which enjoyed a high local reputation. After four years assiduous study, during the course of which he greatly distinguished himself, Agassiz passed to the academy of Lausanne, a transfer due to his rapid and astonishing progress, and designed as a reward for it. At Lausanne he continued to advance, and won the encomiums of his teachers and the admiration of his fellow-pupils. We next find him at Zurich, where he studied medicine and the experimental sciences. It was then resolved that he should avail himself of the educational advantages afforded by Germany, and he repaired to the renowned university of Heidelberg. From Heidelberg, where he made the best use of his time, he paid particular attention to the study of comparative anatomy, and pursued the same branch at the University of Munich, where he received the degree of M. D. His attainments may be inferred from the fact that, in 1826, he was entrusted by Martius with the publication of an account of the one hundred and sixteen species of fishes collected by Spix during his Brazilian researches. This task, confided to a young man of eighteen, he discharged in a manner that gave him at once a scientific reputation in Europe. In that work he gave to the world his new classification of fishes, a system to which he has since steadily adhered. Ten years afterwards he produced his great work on the "Natural History of the Fresh-water Fishes of Europe," a colossal monument of his industry and learning, and the brilliancy of his genius. It is remarkable for its clearness and completeness. During the progress of this work through the press, he found time to issue two works of less magnitude, but of great scientific importance, viz., "Researches on Fossil Fishes" and "Descriptions of Echinodermes." But it was reserved for his *Etudes sur les Glaciers* (studies of Glaciers) to attract the attention of scientific Europe to his talent and attainments, and win him an enduring reputation. The theory therein advanced was a new one, and effected a revolution in the science of geology. Though his views were entirely novel, they commanded great attention, and were accepted by many of the leading geologists of the age. Though universal assent has not yet been accorded to his entire theory, still his views respecting the agency of the glaciers in producing important changes on the surface of the globe have commanded serious attention and respect, even from those *savants* who are not disposed to admit them in their full integrity. These various labors obtained for Mr. Agassiz a cis-Atlantic as well as European reputation, so that when he arrived here several years since, he was warmly welcomed by the cultivated circles of New England. His reception and the vast field for scientific investigation afforded by the United States, induced him to adopt it as his country, and he may now be regarded as an oracle among naturalists and students of natural history. He resides at Cambridge, where he holds a distinguished chair in the scientific department of the University. The University of Charleston, South Carolina, also acknowledged his merits, by tendering him the Professorship of Comparative Anatomy. Since his residence among us, he has been indefatigable in his labors. His numerous and valuable communications to various scientific societies, his essays, lectures, and published works attest his unflagging zeal in the pursuit of truth, and in the dissemination of scientific knowledge. One of the most valuable contributions to our stock of information on the natural history of this country is his "Tour on Lake Superior," in which he delineates the character, vegetation and animals of that interesting region. His "Principles of Zoology" is also a standard work. He has recently issued proposals for the publication of a yet more important work on natural history; and the rapidity with which the subscription paper was filled with names is both a flattering testimonial to the distinguished naturalist, and an honorable proof of the elevated character of our citizens and of their great liberality. The success of such a man as Professor Agassiz may be cited to show that the spirit of the day is not as frivolous and superficial as it has been represented, and that solid scientific attainments are appreciated amid the whirling race for wealth and amusement going on around us.

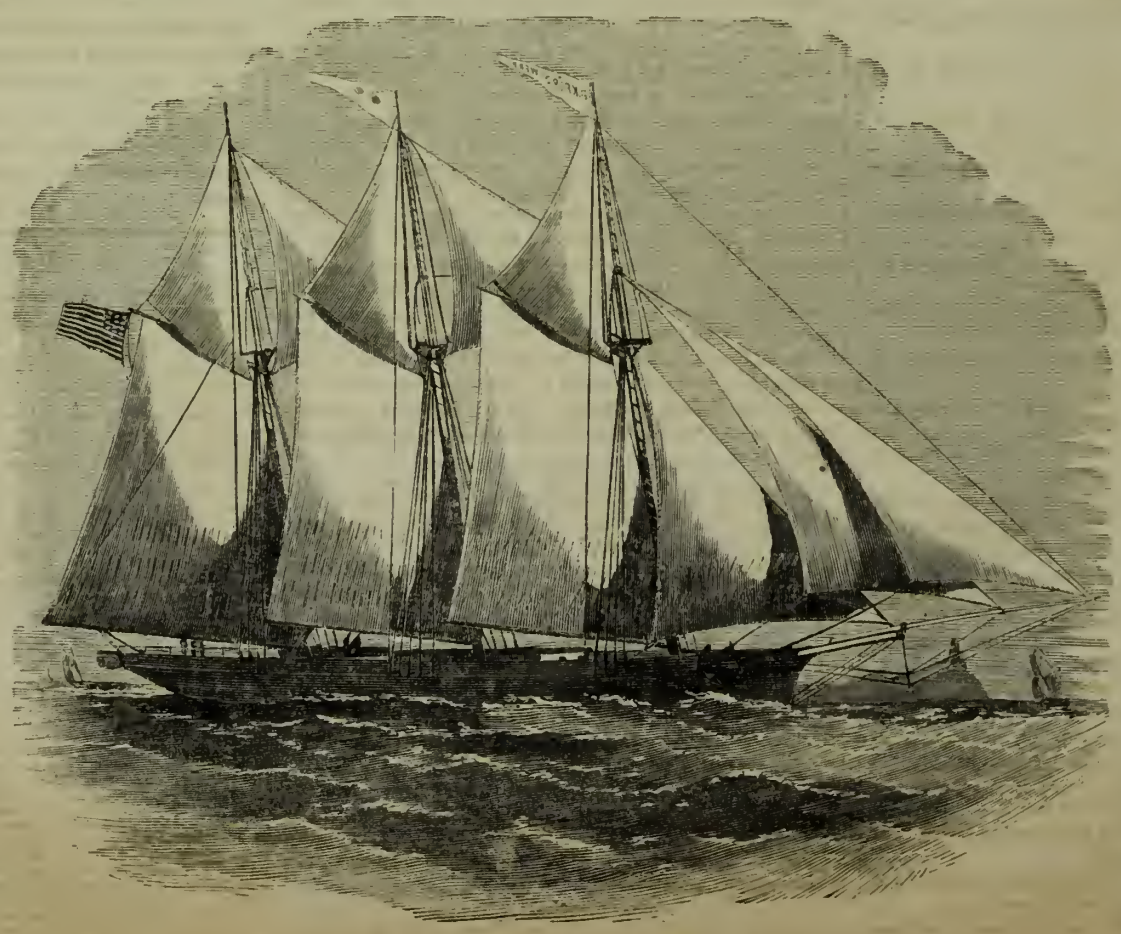
PROFESSOR LOUIS AGASSIZ.

HISTORY OF THE VIOLIN.

The period when the violin may be said to have originated, was when the important discovery was made that the drawing over the strings a certain material such as horsehair, covered with a resisting medium, such as resin, would produce a powerful and continuous sound. This discovery of the principle of the how was as important for the development of the violin, and with it of music generally, as that of the steam engine for mechanical, or gunpowder for explosive power; and, therefore, setting aside the flowery fictions in which so many writers love to indulge their taste for allegory, and extricating ourselves from the realms of mysticism, we enter the regions of reality, and first touch *terra firma* somewhere about the tenth century. In the Cottonian Collection in the British Museum is a manuscript of the Psalms of David, in the frontispiece to which that monarch is represented playing on the harp. Before him stand four "gleemen," one of whom plays with a bow upon a kind of violin. This drawing is perhaps one of the earliest that records that instrument. Other manuscripts prove its existence about the same date. In the twelfth century the viol was common among the Provencal troubadours. They styled it the "viula," whence our viola or tenor. The French used more than twenty instruments in the reign of Philip de Valois, but the forms of most of them are lost to us; but the bassoon, trumpet, flute, hautbois, harp, guitar, viol, cymbals and drum were amongst them. The Welsh claim the origin, on the strength of a rude instrument of an oblong square shape, called the "Crwth." From this the English doubtless derived the term "crowd," which, with that of the "fiddle," obtained until the importation of the perfected article from Italy, when the term "violin" supplanted them. Although the *fidicula* of the Romans had no connection with the fiddle, yet the term "fiddle," had with it; and the Anglo Saxon *fithele*, and earlier German *vedel*, with their Danish, Icelandic and Dutch varieties, all own *fidicula* for their original. The hackneyed line recording that "Nero fiddled while Rome was burning," is a fable, no such instrument existing for one thousand years after Nero's reign. From the old Norman-French word *viol*, its varieties have derived their distinctive appellations; though for a long period they were called treble, tenor and bass viols. In England, no family of consideration during the sixteenth and to the middle of the seventeenth century thought its establishment complete without a regular set of viols. Public performers were few until the beginning of the seventeenth century, and vocal music not much cultivated, though in Italy it had attained much perfection. In the reign of Charles I., music suffered long and grievous depression, and during the protectorate the cathedral service was abolished and organs removed from the churches. In Charles the Second's time, engraved music was introduced, and the science thence advanced to the culminating point. But few works can be consulted on the construction of the violin. That of Jacob Augustus Otto, though very short and insufficient, is perhaps, the most useful. An elaborate work on the subject is much wanted; but so nice is the subject, so fine the thread upon which the excellence depends, that it is extremely difficult to *describe* the rules for obtaining it, and like that of the Free Masons, "the secret" is likely to be confined to the craft. An eminent dealer remarked that after twenty-five years of study he had just produced his *first* violin. The finest models of the instrument were made at Cremona. Hieronymus Amati, at the beginning of the seventeenth century, Antonius Amati at the middle, and Nicholas Amati and Antonius Straduarius at the end of the same, and at the beginning of the eighteenth century, Joseph Guarnerius, were the makers whose instruments have enjoyed the most world-wide celebrity. Many other makers have earned a secondary reputation. The wood generally used is of three sorts—sycamore, for back, neck and sides; Tyrolese soft red deal, for belly; and ebony, for finger-board and tail-piece. Otto divides a violin into fifty-eight parts! Only a maker can be well posted up in the various models, as amateurs can but rarely see but one or two at a time. But there is no mistake about their distinctive features, though to describe them would occupy far too much space. Hieronymus, considered handsomest generally; Antonius, but few extant, and not quite so well finished; Nicholas, smaller, generally known as "Small Amatis"; Straduarius, the flattest of all modes, but in tone most approved; Guarnerius, also flat and very rare. Maple is also much used in the backs of these makers. The fine Tyrolese instruments of Steiner differ much in the make and tone from the Cremonese. Much fraud has been carried on and many impositions practised by dealers in the clever Tyrolese imitations of Steiner and the Italian classics.—*Musical Gazette.*

THE ECKFORD WEBB.

Our engraving presents a correct view of this fine vessel, which created such a sensation on her first trip to England. She was built by Mr. Thomas Dunham, of New York. She is a "tern-rigged" craft, has three masts, each 84 feet long, on which are set three fore-and-aft-mainsails. Over these are set three gaff-topsails. She has also staysails, but no square-sails. Each mast is furnished with a winch, by which the sails can be hoisted by two men in five minutes. Her length is 137 feet, breadth 30 feet, draft of water 11 1-2 feet, and she carries 494 tons. She can be handled by six men. She has run sixteen miles an hour, and 309 miles in 24 hours. Within a few years ship-building in this country has received an extraordinary impulse, and it is conceded that American ship-builders lead the rest of the world in their constructions. We can show craft of every class and size, that are models of symmetry and swiftness, from the 2000 ton clipper ship to the pleasure yacht. The British ship-builders have been very magnanimous in according the palm of superiority to ours—reserving to themselves the determination to beat us some day or other—if they can.



THE "ECKFORD WEBB," OF NEW YORK.

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL.

THE CHEAPEST WEEKLY PAPER IN THE WORLD.

MATURIN M. BALLOU, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.
FRANCIS A. DURIVAGE, ASSISTANT EDITOR.

TARGET SHOOTING.

We don't mean that kind of shooting that "Doesticks" immortalizes, where a band of civic warriors march forth to perforate a bull's eye, and failing to do so with their bullets, accomplish the object with gimlets and augers, "kivering themselves all over with glory," on their homeward march; but that sort of target-shooting where a man is the mark, and that man is the ruler of a realm. It appears to be a special privilege monopolized by the monarchs of France, where regicide is a short cut to distinction or the guillotine. Poor old Louis Philippe got so used to being cracked at by fellows in blouses, that we believe he was very unhappy if he passed a review of troops without the ordinary "salute." He acquired the epithet of the target-king for his experience in that line. The poor fellows that took such wretched aim at him deserved pensions instead of decapitation, for whenever his popularity was waning, a pistol crack would give it a fillip (no pun meant) that would last him for a twelvemonth. He reigned eighteen years and was shot at seventeen times. At last individuals got tired of popping at him, and the public made a copartnership affair of it, popped at his troops, and upset the poor old fellow's throne. It wouldn't be a bad plan for the emperor of France to keep an assassin, just as Queen Victoria and Warren's blacking keep a poet. Louis Napoleon is making a good thing out of the target and pistol business, and when Bellemare fired at him recently, it was "good for three rounds" of applause, as the theatrical people say. But Madame Ristori, the actress, made a better thing out of it; when she heard Louis's carriage had been shot at, she fainted dead away. Sensible soul! That is good for a life engagement at the Theatre Français, and coupled with Rachel's singing the Marseillaise for the "Reds," in New York, will make her the idol of susceptible, loyal Paris, and place her on the pedestal the great Parisian *tragedienne* has vacated. Long live target shooting!

PARKER'S NEW HOTEL.—This magnificent establishment, of which we gave a representation in the Pictorial some weeks since, has been opened to the public, and is now in full operation. It is one of the most splendid restaurants in this country.

SANDWICH ISLANDS.—A reciprocal free trade in all the products of the United States and the Sandwich Islands is secured by the late treaty.

SPLINTERS.

.... Father Mathew, the apostle of temperance, has returned home from Madeira with improved health.

.... "Villanous saltpetre" has advanced in price 150 per cent. in consequence of the Eastern war.

.... One hundred and forty freshmen joined Yale College the present year. A perfect freshet of freshmen!

.... Thackeray, the author of the "Newcombes," is one of the new comers, and will lecture immediately.

.... An Indian chief in Oregon is called the "Looking-glass;" he is much given to reflection.

.... A professor of the "Eeling art" lately caught an eel weighing 11 1-2 pounds at New Bedford.

.... Mr. Boker's new tragedy, "Francesca da Rimini," has been completely successful at New York. Glad of it.

.... A French lady with balloon skirts failed in getting into a confessional lately. She remains unshriven.

.... Mademoiselle Isabelle, a French lady, has been very successfully practising a new system of breaking horses.

.... Some of the papers condemn the high prices asked by Rachel's managers for admission to her performances.

.... Colonel Kinney is publishing a paper called the "Central American." He seems to be getting on swimmingly.

.... By the last advices from Canton, they were chopping off rebels' heads at the rate of 800 per day.

.... Another accident lately happened from the rein-hook of a chaise getting into the sockets of a man's eye.

.... A lady teacher in a Cambridge school has *not* received $70,000 from a former lover, as was reported.

.... Major L. Clark, who was one of the originators of the far-famed Boston Brigade Band, had a complimentary concert, lately.

.... For days preceding the fall of Sebastopol, fifteen shells a minute were thrown into the enemy's works.

.... A lady passenger from Liverpool to this port was searched lately, and denuded of a vast amount of laces.

.... The storm of the Malakoff showed that the French are now the first military nation on the globe.

.... In England, Miss Isabella Melrose has walked 500 half miles in 500 half hours—an immense feat.

.... European convicts have been landed at Singapore much to the disgust of the inhabitants, who protest against it.

.... Adam was the swiftest runner on record, because he was the first in the human race. An undoubted fact.

.... Experience seems to show that penny papers cannot exist in England. Here they prosper finely.

.... An immense gathering of Sunday School teachers and children lately took place in the New York Crystal Palace.

.... Prince Murat has lately issued an inflammatory address to the people of Naples. Will they rise?

GOSSIP ABOUT PICTURES.

Some very fine landscapes have recently been exhibited at William Y. Balch's, 90 Tremont Street. We allude to those by Bierstadt, a German artist, who has resided in this country, and is now, we believe, a student at Dusseldorff. One of them, a large painting, representing a meadow with a broad stream flowing beneath a fine group of massive trees, with a pleasing distance, is remarkable for its fidelity to nature, its rich color, its fine chiaroscuro and delicious atmospheric effects. It is a work of the highest promise. The artist is evidently a careful student of nature, and probably paints much in the field.

The French papers speak very highly of some of the efforts of the English artists, exhibited at the great Paris Exposition. A favorite seems to be "Sir Biorn of the Sparkling Eyes." Sir Biorn is an Englishman of the good old time. He gets drunk every evening alone, in what is called English fashion. The only company he can endure is that of his ancestors. He has their rusty coats of mail placed in a circle, and he drinks to their health without touching glasses. The grandfather of Sir Biorn, or, at least, his armor, is already under the table. Two other steel ancestors are leaning against one another that they may not fall, and the scion of all this illustrious ironmongery stares filially and stupidly at his relatives. It was rather a queer subject for an English artist to exhibit in France, as it exposes some little national weaknesses. It is a sort of confession, such as Hamlet makes when he says:

> "This heavy-headed revel east and west
> Makes us traduced and taxed of other nations;
> They class us drunkards, and with swinish phrase
> Soil our adornments; and, indeed, it takes
> From all our actions, though performed at height,
> The pith and marrow of their attribute."

A Parisian critic is rather down on the pre-Raphaelite school. Speaking of Mr. Millais, to whom he still accords high praise, he says:—"I regret that Mr. Millais, a man of very liberal mind, should give himself up to reactionary painting. Why return to Perugino, and forget that Raphael, Michael Angelo and Titian have existed? Has painting made no progress since the fifteenth century, and must we admit that all the genius of the greatest masters has served only to corrupt taste? Mr. Millais draws divinely and paints scientifically. His pictures, painted with truly British conscientiousness, not only reproduce the form and color of flesh, but the texture of stuffs; the tradesman who sold the cloth would recognize the quality of his goods; the sheep who furnished the wool would know the nature of his fleece. This merit would be but mediocre if the finish of the details destroyed the effect of the *ensemble;* but Mr. Millais expresses sentiment as well as a pair of gaiters, and a passion as well as a coat-sleeve. The "Order of Release" is a masterpiece, in spite of the minute perfection of all its details. The pretty little Ophelia, drowning herself unconsciously, is full of grace and *naiveté;* the landscape which surrounds her is full of melancholy feeling, although you can count the leaves of the trees. What are we to think of this? That Mr. Millais has a great deal of talent, since he touches and charms us while depriving himself of all the means which modern art has discovered. We can only compare him to a man who has put on leaden soles to run a race in. Mr. Millais will consent to go far, if he will consent to change his shoes."

THE MODERN NIMROD.

Perhaps a mightier hunter than Nimrod of old, a slayer of elephants and lions, and quite a lion himself, is Captain Gordon Cumming, a Scotch gentleman, who sold out his commission in the British army, and passed four or five years in South Africa, hunting wild beasts on a prodigious scale. The record of his adventures was one of the most exciting books we ever read. He is now giving a series of illustrated lectures in London, and his advertisements have the attractive heading of the "Lion-slayer at home." The lecture-room is a sort of savage boudoir, fitted up with trophies won by Captain Cumming in the course of his forest life, elephants' skulls, tusks, antlers, horns, bones and skeletons forming the appropriate accessories. He himself is described—not as a stalwort, brawny, ruffianly-looking man, as one might fancy him to be after reading his battles with the beasts,—but a "slim gentleman, white of hand and delicate of feature," who "talks with the easy familiarity of a boudoir, of life-tussles with cobras and lions, making small drawing-room jokes about his old enemies, and occasionally catching up a date by easy reference to his hundredth elephant encounter." He is certainly a "mighty hunter," and we should like to see him and hear his account of himself.

SPORTING AT WASHINGTON.—Sporting has commenced at the federal city quite early this year. Some days ago an escaped elk was hunted and shot by a party of Marylanders on the borders of the Potomac. We suppose deer shooting will come next, and then congressional sharp-shooting. We hope the honorable marksmen will have *Marcy* on the souls of those they *Pierce.*

RUSSIAN SACRIFICES.—As Rostopchin destroyed Moscow that it might not shelter the troops of Napoleon I., so Gortschakoff has ruined Sebastopol to avoid giving harborage to the troops of Napoleon III. The English thought the destruction of Moscow sublime; they think that of Sebastopol rascally.

ACCIDENTS.—In England they don't allow accidents. The captain of the steamer Vivid lately run down a schooner, by which some of the hands were drowned, and the jury brought a verdict of manslaughter against him.

ARTISTIC.—"Truth" and "Science," two statues by Mosier, an American sculptor, have been placed in the Astor Library.

VARIOUS MODES OF TRAVELLING.

In our last number we contrasted, in a series of engravings, stage-coach and railroad travelling; on the last page of the present issue, Wade the artist has given us a more comprehensive view of locomotion, and grouped together all the principal systems of land carriage in the world. There is certainly a choice assortment of conveyances. At the top of the page, we have our dashing Yankee four-horse coach, not entirely "crushed out" by locomotives yet. In the centre of the picture is that glorious type of the age—a railroad train shooting at full speed under the arch of a viaduct. What a contrast!—forty miles an hour against ten! In the right hand upper corner, the long shafted volante, with a smart black postilion on the horse, and two bewitching senoritas fluttering their fans, and darting lustrous glances at us, carries us back to the queen of the Antilles, and calls up a thousand pleasant reminiscences of the Paseo at Havana. On the other side of the page are two Russian officers travelling post in the telega—a rough conveyance, but one that is driven at headlong speed. Below is an East Indian potentate carried along luxuriously in the palanqueen. A sturdy Swede next meets the eye, dashing along in his gig. South America is illustrated by the manner in which the sure-footed Indians carry travellers on their backs in chairs and frames constructed of cane and hide. The gay sledge with its bell-decked horse is eminently characteristic of North America. The lower line of figures illustrate travelling in Asia, India and Africa. We behold those desert ships, the camel and the dromedary, patiently plodding their way across the seas of sand, while the huge elephant, a living mountain, bearing a tower on his back, and loaded with provisions, arms and merchandize, the most powerful as well as the most docile and intelligent of brutes, contrasts strangely with the more insignificant animals by which he is surrounded, particularly with the ostrich, the successful rival of Burnham's shanghais, capering under the weight of an adventurous African. Higher up on the page is the heavy caleche used in France and Germany, and drawn by three horses abreast, requiring both driver and postilion. A reindeer and sledge, with a dog-sledge seen in the distance, characterizes Lapland. We fancy that no mode of locomotion is more exhilarating than a reindeer drive. In the sketch above, the clumsy mule carriage used in South America is shown, and finally, in the flight of the two balloons, we are reminded of the daring ambition of man, who, not content with traversing the land and ocean, seeks to penetrate the upper air, and emulate the flight of birds. The period may arrive when aerial navigation will be a certain reliance, but we fancy that will be about the time when "castles in the air" are conducted as well as the Revere House, and a railroad to the moon is in full operation.

HIGH PRICES.—Old Roger of the Boston Post remarked on the passage of Shakspeare,

> "Now in the name of all the gods at once
> Upon what meat doth this our Cæsar feed,
> That he is grown so great?"

that Cæsar couldn't have afforded to get fat on Boston meat at Boston prices. There are more "lean and hungry Cassiusses" about town than fat Cæsars.

FEMALE SCULPTOR.—Miss Lander, of Salem, who has evinced so remarkable a genius for sculpture, has sailed for Europe, with the intention of studying in Italy. There she will find the gems of Greek art, and the living models which cannot be obtained for love or money in this country.

THE TWO OCEANS.—The ship canal to unite the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans by the Abrato route, recently surveyed, will cost "oceans of money"—$150,000,000; but that's a better investment than a war.

THE WAR.—The war in Europe has lasted over two years. How much longer it will last is the question. The cost begins to be felt.

> "Alas! how deeply painful is all payment!"

MARRIAGES.

In this city, by Rev. Mr. Huntington, Mr. Samuel C. Joy to Miss Mary Munroe; by Rev. Mr. Tappan, of Charlestown, Mr. A. M. Burbank to Miss J. M. Ranstead; by Rev. Mr. Skinner, Mr. Ebenezer Collyer to Miss Maria B. Frost, both of Marblehead; at the American House, by Rev. Dr. Blagden, Capt. William O. Alden to Miss Elizabeth Emery, both of Belfast, Me.; by Rev. Mr. Blaikie, Mr. Joseph Billhard to Miss Ann Crawshaw; by J. A. Adams, Dr. J. H. Payne, of Bangor, Me., to Miss Hattie M., eldest daughter of Seth Whittier, Esq.; by Rev. Dr. Neale, Mr. John F. Peterson, of Providence, R. I., to Miss Mary C. Dean, of Charlestown.—At Cambridge, by Rev. Dr. Pryor, Mr. Frank W. Nutter to Miss Clarinda L. Arnold.—At Dorchester, by Rev. Mr. Pike, Mr. Theodore E. King, of Boston, to Miss Susan H. Bradshaw.—At Malden, by Rev. Mr. Adams, Mr. Thomas W. Ripley to Miss Mary P. Lewis.—At Watertown, by Rev. Mr. Weiss, of New Bedford, B. B. Tilcomb, Esq., of Newburyport, to Miss Lucy W. Thaxter.—At Waltham, by Rev. Mr. Winslow, Albion K. Norris, Esq., of Janesville, Wis., to Miss Eliza Thornton Deshon.—At Salem, by Rev. Mr. Hoppin, Mr. Isaac S. Noyes to Miss Caroline A. McCloy.—At Lynn, by Rev. Mr. Brooks, Mr. Iris J. Webber to Miss Sarah E. Caswell, both of Salem.—At Newburyport, by Rev. Mr. Fiske, Mr. John L. Plumer, of West Newbury, to Miss Tamzen S. Hervey.—At Plymouth, by Rev. Mr. Whitmore, Mr. John E. Morton to Miss Lydia A. Ripley.—At Albany, N.Y., by Rev. Mr. Conroy, Mr. Frank D. Wood to Miss Maria McDermott.

DEATHS.

In this city, Hon. John Welles, 91; Hon. Benjamin Gorham, 80; Mr. Moses H. Wetherbee, 41; Mrs. M., wife of Mr. John Blackler, 70; Mrs. Martha B., wife of Dr. James Ayer, 32.—At Roxbury, Miss Charlotte Newton, 68.—At Chelsea, Mr. Joseph Richardson, 32.—At Cambridgeport, Mrs. Carolino C., wife of Mr. Alanson Way, 24.—At Melrose, Mrs. Mary T., wife of Mr. P. R. Wait, 41.—At Brighton, Mr. Albert Towne, 51.—At Newton Upper Falls, Mrs. Frances Ann, wife of Rev. John Paulson.—At Randolph, Mr. Martin Clark, 48.—At Milton, Mrs. Grace Gregory, 80.—At Auburndale, William Whittelsey, Esq., 67.—At Lowell, Mr. Jonathan Allen, 39.—At Plymouth, Widow Susan Hart, 56; Widow Betsey Whiting, 80.—At Newburyport, Miss Sarah G. Colman, 50.—At Fairhaven, Mr. Nathan W. Millett, 35.—At Worcester, Mrs. Eunice E., wife of Mr. Lucius Hebard, 33; Mr. Simeon Brewer, 73.—At New Bedford, Miss Mary J. Walter, 22.—At Springfield, Mrs. Ann, wife of Mr. William H. Horton, 50; Miss Sarah Marsh, 40; Mr. Orrin E. Parker, 30.—At West Tisbury, Mrs. Desire, widow of the late Capt. William Ferguson, 74.—At Warren, R. I., Hon. John R. Wheaton, 62.—At Portsmouth, N. H., Mr. Martin P. Brooks, of Boston.—At Nashua, N. H., Benjamin Burke, Esq., formerly of Windsor, Vt., 81.—At West Hartford, Conn., Mr. Pollard Merrills, 94.—At Lansingburgh, N.Y., Peter, son of Mr. Peter and Mrs. Jane Black.—At Philadelphia, Pa., Capt. Clement Gould, of Orleans, 45.

EDITORIAL MELANGE.

During the last year, the income of the Methodist Episcopal Church South was $396,458. —— The Detroit (Michigan) Democrat says: "There is more peppermint grown in St. Joseph's county, Michigan, than in any other locality in the Union. It is the staple product of one town. The oil is extracted and sold at $4 50 per pound. An acre will yield from fifteen to twenty pounds, making a very profitable crop." —— The yellow fever is checked at New Orleans. —— As a train on the Hudson River Railroad was approaching a particular point just below Greenbush, recently, an Irishman named Patrick McGillish laid a wager that he would cross the track within a given distance in front of it. He tried it, and lost his wager and his life. —— It is said that Pennsylvania now produces as much iron as was manufactured in all Great Britain thirty years ago. —— James Broadwell, Esq., an old citizen of Cincinnati, died on the 17th ult. He was at the battle of Bladensburg, where he did good service, forming one of the few brave men who halted at the White House and saw the President conveyed to a place of safety. He voted for every President, from Jefferson to Pierce. —— The New Orleans Delta says that in more than three thousand cases, during the present season, inoculation for the yellow fever has been tested with entire success. —— The comparison between the results of missionary labor and the expense of carrying it on, is seen in the case of the Sandwich Islands. By comparing the number there since the establishment of missions with the amount appropriated to that mission, it appears that the conversion of each soul has cost $20. —— In the year 1790 the population of Georgia was 82,000, and in the year 1850 it was 906,000, an increase of eleven fold in sixty years. In 1790 the population of New York was 340,000, and in 1850 it was 3,097,000, being an increase of nine fold in sixty years. —— An English chemist recommends that all legal deeds or documents be written with quill pens, as the contact of steel invariably destroys more or less the durability of every ink. —— The Rev. Toney Proctor, a free colored man and a preacher, died at Tallahassee, Fa., on the 16th ult., aged 112 years. It is said he was at the battle of Quebec, as the servant of an English officer, in 1759—a fact he distinctly recollected. He was, at the beginning of the revolutionary war, in the vicinity of Boston, at the time the tea was thrown overboard; and afterwards at the battle of Lexington. —— The fearful epidemic at Norfolk and Portsmouth is attributed to the fact that most of the wharves were made or filled up with green timber, logs, brush, and low marshy dirt some years ago. These have begun to decay, and they render the whole atmosphere impure. —— An American congregation has been formed at Albuquerque, New Mexico, under the pastoral charge of Rev. Mr. Talhurst. —— Dr. Peragoff, chief army surgeon at Sebastopol, says that never in the history of surgery were such frightful wounds known as those that came under the treatment of the Russian surgeons during the bombardment which commenced April 9, and caused by the 65-pounder shot, and 200 pound shell of the besiegers. —— Those who smack their lips over smooth old Heidsick, must be gratified with the reflection that even the corks bearing the Heidsick brand are worth ten cents apiece in New York, and are sold by bushels at that price to the wine merchants. —— The Lutherans are endeavoring to raise $15,000 for their Illinois university, by fifty subscriptions of $300 each. —— Pure native iron, the existence of which the scientific world has been disposed to doubt, has recently been found in Liberia. It was sent to this country, and has been analyzed in Boston by Dr. Hayes, who pronounces it, by conclusive proof, to be a true native iron, not meteoric, nor reduced in any way from an ore. —— The amount of taxes for all purposes in the city of Brooklyn is $1,533,427; or *one hundred and sixty-two cents* on every one hundred dollars. In one ward of the city, comprising a part of what late was Williamsburg, where there is a local assessment, the tax is $2 28. This is the largest tax we have ever known imposed in the United States. —— The board of aldermen in the city of Providence refused to grant a license for a baby show. —— The territory which has been acquired by the United States under the Gadsden treaty with Mexico, is said to be rich in gold and silver mines. The precious metals are found, in many places along the newly surveyed boundary line, and in localities distant from each other. —— Buttons, rivalling jet in beauty of gloss and finish, are now made from India rubber. The U. S. navy and several large clothing houses have adopted the new style. —— The total number of persons killed on the various railroads in the United States, from March 27, 1853, to August 29, 1855, a period of less than 2 1 2 years, was one hundred and ninety-six. The number of wounded in the same time from railroad accidents was two hundred and ninety-two.

OXYGENATED BITTERS.—To those afflicted with that common and distressing complaint, dyspepsia, we would recommend a trial of the Oxygenated Bitters, prepared by S. W. Fowle & Co. We have seen testimonials to the efficacy of this specific, in cases of dyspepsia, asthma and general debility, from men of undoubted character and high standing, and are assured that it contains nothing that can be injurious to the system. See advertisement in another column.

CHRISTIAN WARFARE.—An English engineer has contrived a method of filling shells with molten iron, so that each of these missiles when it bursts will burn several men alive or mutilate them shockingly. What a blessing science is! And how satisfactory to the victims to be tortured so ingeniously!

FRETTING.—This is very profitless amusement. A smile is a better antidote to cure than a snarl, particularly when you are in a tight place. The Psalmist says, "fret not thyself," and it is golden advice for every one.

Wayside Gatherings.

Hon. George S. Boutwell has accepted the appointment of Secretary of the Board of Education, and will soon enter upon the duties of the office.

Captain Folsom, deceased, late quarter master in California, who was reported to have been a millionaire, was a defaulter for upwards of $200,000.

A new Congregational church is to be erected at Winsted, Ct., for which $8000 has been subscribed by six individuals, and the balance, $7000, will be made up without difficulty.

The secretary of the navy has detained Lieut. Maury on duty at the observatory, Commodore Stewart in command of the Philadelphia navy yard, and Commodore Smith as chief of the bureau of the dockyards.

A New York boarding-house runner, by the name of James Bay, has been arrested and committed to prison, upon a charge of drugging a sailor, and conveying him, while in an unconscious state, on board of a ship which was about to sail for Liverpool.

The Masonic parade at Philadelphia, on the 26th ult., at the laying of the corner-stone of the new Hall, was a magnificent affair. Over 4000 of the brethren marched in the procession to Independence Square, where the ceremonies of the occasion were performed.

It is proposed to dig a tunnel for a railroad track under the Niagara River, at Black Rock, near Buffalo, N. Y. Its length will be 2400 feet, descent of grade on each side 75 feet per mile, cost $500,000. The river is 20 feet deep at the proposed locality, and its bed is of solid limestone.

It is said of Lafayette, that on approaching the harbor of New York, he made the unsophisticated inquiry, whether his servant would be able to find a hack at the pier to convey his party to the hotel, so little did he anticipate the national pageant which anxiously awaited his landing.

A Bedouin Arab stallion has just arrived in Philadelphia, of the celebrated Kylan breed in Eastern Arabia. He is of gray color, and four years old; $10,000 has been refused for him, and his owner requires $12,500. The horse was 166 days on shipboard, during which time he never laid down.

Two boxes containing $25,000 each in gold were sent from the U. S. assistant treasury at Dubuque, Iowa, to the assistant treasurer in New York city, but when they arrived the boxes were found to be filled with rifle bullets. It is supposed the boxes were exchanged while on the way from the treasury to the railroad depot at Dubuque.

The latest advices from Europe state that the Danish government has declared itself willing to reduce the Sound dues for all countries. It is said that Austria has strongly recommended Denmark to make this concession, and that this latter power will shortly make its intentions known to all the States interested in the question.

Homer Anderson, late professor of natural science at Clinton, N. Y., has invented a new war missile, in the shape of a most destructive shell. One of these shells was thrown from a six-pounder, by way of experiment, and falling upon some rocks, corruscations of light arose some fifty feet in the air, emanating from materials under the most intense ignition.

There are 37,553 inhabitants in Lowell, of whom 24,422 are natives, and 13,131 foreign born; females 22,320, males 15,233. The increase since 1850 has been 4170. The native children born of foreign parents are reckoned to be about 3000. Among the inhabitants Mrs. Mongan, an Irish woman, is 105 years old, and Mrs. Thomas, American, 103.

One James Crabtree, near Leeds, Eng., lately found a live frog in the centre of a large mine of coal, 78 yards below the surface of the earth, where it must have been through countless ages. It was numb and dark colored when first discovered, but soon changed to the usual color, and became very lively. Its eyes are bright and surrounded with golden rings.

The death of Dr. John Gorrie, an inventor of considerable note, took place recently at Apalachicola, Florida. His last and most important work was a steam ice-making machine. It has not been used, owing to the death of parties interested, and other causes. It consists of a series of air pumps ingeniously arranged to condense air and reduce the temperature of the water.

A "fast girl," named Mary Brown, a short time since, attempted to escape in the night from the jail in Utica, by cutting a large hole in the wall, but was discovered in time to secure her in close quarters. Not long since she shortened her hair, donned male apparel, and was accepted as a soldier by the recruiting officer recently stationed at Rome. She has twice escaped from jail.

The London Times pronounces the operations of the British and French fleets in the Baltic during the summer to be the grandest illustration of the art of *bathos* ever supplied. Ten ships-of-the-line, 21 frigates, and 19 of lower rate, carrying in the aggregate, 2721 guns, in the Baltic Sea, have kept a few Russian men-of-war in the harbor, captured some craft with fish and salt, burnt some stores, and bombarded Sveaborg.

The London Artizan describes a small iron steamer, fitted by Messrs. Rennie with disk or rotary engines, which has been tried on the Nile, and has done remarkably well. The length of the boat is 60 feet, width 6 feet, draft 22 inches. She has two disk engines 13 inches in diameter, two screw propellers (one on each stern quarter) of two feet diameter. With a pressure of 60 lbs. of steam on the square inch, the boat runs at the rate of 12 knots an hour, beating the best paddle boats.

Rarely, if ever, were the agencies of electricity more extensively adapted to the purposes of war than at Yenikale. One of the gun boats that lay off the fort—a mere hulk, without masts or cords, of 150 tons burden, with embrasures through her side on the deck for nine small guns—was found to be filled below with the most complete series of galvanic apparatus, attached to vessels full of powder, which would explode on contact with a vessel's keel.

Friday is the Mohammedan Sabbath. They call it "the prince of days, the most excellent on which the sun shines," and say "it is the day whereon the last judgment will be solemnized." They esteem it a peculiar honor to Islamism that God has been pleased to appoint this to be the sacred day of the Moslems, and granted them the advantage of having first observed it. The sultan, as the head of religion, must always go publicly to mosque on that day, and lead in the prayers.

Moonshine will spoil fish in less time than the sun, or any other position that fish can be placed in. The reason of this is thought to be that fish is of the water, and contains more water and its gases, perhaps, than flesh; that the eye of fish is larger, generally, in proportion to its body, than of animals; that the eye contains a fluid or water that spoils first; that the moon has a greater influence upon the eye by reason of the focus, and that by putting the eye out, or cutting off the head, the fish will keep much longer.

Foreign Items.

Gen. Pelissier has been created a Marshal of France.

Upon the reception of news of the capture of Sebastopol in Paris, a great national Te Deum was celebrated at the church of Notre Dame. Throughout France and England, the rejoicing was immense.

The ages of the bishops of the church of England and Ireland are given in the Church and State Gazette. Fifteen of the number have exceeded the limits of threescore and ten; while four of them have reached beyond fourscore. The oldest is 85, the youngest, 44.

The United States gain similar honors at the Paris Exhibition to those in London in 1851. The telegraph of Professor Morse is admitted to be better than any now in use on the continent of Europe. The American reapers have established their superiority over all others, and have created immense sensation.

A very detailed report of the state of the harvest throughout the various provinces of Austria has just been published in the *Oesterreichische Correspondz*. It declares the crops of corn to be quite an average, if not more, throughout the whole of the Austrian monarchy, and says that there is no fear of any shortness of supply.

A papier-mache manufacturer in England has submitted to the authorities a model hut of that material, intended for camp use. The papier-mache pulp is mixed with rags, the result of which is a paper plank much stronger than wood, nearly uninflammable, a non-conductor of heat or cold, and impenetrable by wet, as well as very durable.

A celebrated cultivator of dahlias in Belgium says that he will be able, in the course of a year or two, to produce a blue dahlia, by keeping constantly watered the root of a white one with a solution of sulphate of iron in a weak state. It is well known that the sulphate of iron turns hydrangeas blue, and it is thought that a similar result may be produced with other white flowers.

MM. Beaumont and Mayer have made a machine which may be seen at work at their establishment in Paris. It contains 400 litres of water, which is made to boil in two hours. A cone of wood which turns in a cylinder, so as to produce the necessary friction, is covered with tow, and that tow, in order that it may not catch fire, is kept constantly moistened by a stream of oil which runs on it. The heat gradually increases, until at last steam is generated.

Sands of Gold.

.... There are unequal matches of mind, as well as of manners and blood.—*Balzac.*

.... Art, like love, excludes all competition, and absorbs the man.—*Fuseli.*

.... Passion is universal humanity. Without it, religion, history, romance and art would be useless.—*Balzac.*

.... Favor exalts a man above his equals, but his dismissal from that favor places him below them.—*La Bruyere.*

.... Light wit and conversational graces are a gift of nature, or the fruit of an education commenced in the cradle.—*Balzac.*

.... Mediocrity despatches and exults; the man of talent congratulates himself on the success of his exertions; genius alone mourns over defeated expectations.—*Fuseli.*

.... When the heart is still agitated by the remains of a passion, we are more ready to receive a new one than when we are entirely cured.—*La Rochefoucauld.*

.... I am told so many ill things of a man, and I see so few in him, that I begin to suspect he has a real but troublesome merit, as being likely to eclipse that of others.—*La Bruyere.*

.... The last, best fruit which comes to late perfection, even in the kindliest soul, is tenderness toward the hard, forbearance toward the unforbearing, warmth of heart toward the cold, philanthropy toward the misanthropic.—*Richter.*

.... Love can be founded upon nature only (or the appearance of it) for this reason—however a peruke may tend to soften the human features, it can very seldom make amends for the mixture of artifice which it discovers.—*Shenstone.*

.... When I am assailed with heavy tribulations, I rush out among my pigs, rather than remain alone by myself. The human heart is like a millstone in a mill; when you put wheat under it, it turns and grinds and bruises the wheat to flour. If you put no wheat, it still grinds on, but then it grinds itself and wears away. —*Luther.*

Joker's Budget.

A love-sick young gentleman, who had taken very much of late to writing sonnets, has just hung himself with one of his own lines.

Never let people work for you gratis. Two years ago a man carried a bundle for us, and we have been lending him two shillings a week ever since.

Why are the mouths of the New York "upper ten," since the arrival of the Rachel, like the trenches of Sebastopol? They are filled with *mangled French!*

The man who imagined himself wise, because he detected some typographical errors in a newspaper, has gone east to get a perpendicular view of the rainbow.

An Irishman describing the trading powers of the genuine Yankee, said: "If he was cast away on a desolate island, he'd get up the next mornin' and go round sellin' maps to the inhabitants."

An editor out west gives the following notice: "Our purse is lost! The finder is requested to return it, being careful not to disturb its contents, which were a brass rule, a piece of leaf tobacco nicely twisted, the stump of a cigar, and a very good leather string.

"Well, Sambo, what's yer up to now-a-days?"—"O, I is a carp'ner and jiner."—"He! I guess yer is. What department do you perform?"—"What department? Why, I does the circular work."—"What's dat?"—"Why, I turns de grindstone."—"G'way."

In one of our seminaries, the other day, a little boy appeared before his teacher with his lesson unlearned. On being asked the reason, the little fellow, with great *naiveté* replied, "Mamma wasn't in last night, and the cook's spectacles were too small to take in the big words."

Antipathy to reading sermons in the pulpit is a well-known characteristic of the Scotch people. At Kirkcudbright, at an inauguration, an old woman on the pulpit stairs asked one of her companions if the new minister was a *reader*. "An' how can he read, woman?" was the reply; "the puir man's blin'." To which the first made answer, "I'm glad to hear it; I wish they were a' blin'."

NOTICE TO ADVERTISERS.—*One page only of this paper is devoted to advertisements.* The immense circulation of the PICTORIAL (being *over one hundred thousand copies weekly*) forms a vehicle of advertisement that is rarely offered to the public. Another fact which greatly enhances the value of the PICTORIAL as an advertising medium is, that it is *preserved*, and not destroyed after being read, being regularly bound up every six months, so that each advertisement (all being placed on the *inside* of the paper) becomes a *permanent card of the advertiser's business for years to come.*

☞ TERMS FOR ADVERTISING.—*Fifty cents per line*, in all cases, without regard to length or continuance.

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—THE—
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This House, which fully sustains its enviable position, is daily receiving large supplies of recently manufactured
SEASONABLE CLOTHING.
Dealers, travellers and resident citizens will find everything to meet their demands, at
PRICES DEFYING COMPETITION.
Parents are reminded that the spacious rotunda is devoted to the sale of
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Convenient Rooms and every facility may here be found for
FITTING GARMENTS TO CHILDREN.
Nos. 28, 30, 32, 34, 36 and 38 NORTH STREET,
oct 27 2t BOSTON, MASS.

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OUR Priced and Descriptive Catalogue of LANTERNS and SLIDERS furnished *gratis*, on application, and sent by mail, *free of charge*, to all parts of the United States and Canada. McALLISTER & BROTHER,
oct 27 1t 194 Chestnut St., Philadelphia.

WANTED!
THE subscriber wishes to employ an agent in each town and city of the Union, to engage in a very profitable business. Only $5 capital required, and anything like an efficient agent can make from $3 to $10 per day. All information will be given by addressing
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DYER'S HEALING EMBROCATION.
For External and Internal Use. A Perfect Pain-Destroyer.
AS A FAMILY MEDICINE, UNEQUALLED.
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A. H. FIELD (successor to C. DYER, Jr.),
may 26 1mtf *Sole Proprietor*, Providence, R. I.

A SURE CURE FOR DYSPEPSIA.
DR. H. E. MORRILL, a skilful physician of New York city, in his remarks on Dyspepsia, says—The most effectual medicine to improve the tone and energy of the stomach, is that prepared by Dr. GEO. B. GREEN, and called the OXYGENATED BITTERS.
I would publish the recipe for preparing this valuable medicine, if I knew what it was, but as I do not, I can only recommend its use.
Its astonishing success in obstinate cases of DYSPEPSIA, ASTHMA, and GENERAL DEBILITY OF THE SYSTEM, places it among the most wonderful discoveries in medical science, and has given it a reputation far beyond any remedy known for these complaints, in all their various forms.
The OXYGENATED BITTERS contain nothing which can intoxicate; and the medicine has no similarity whatever to the various alcoholic mixtures, disguised as "Bitters," being purely a medicinal compound, in which are combined the most valuable remedial agents, and a peculiar oxygenated property hitherto unknown. It is a mild and agreeable tonic, removing all disagreeable symptoms, and assisting nature in her efforts to restore the impaired powers of the system. Numerous letters are in possession of the proprietors, from those who have been cured or greatly benefited by this medicine.
SETH W. FOWLE & Co., 138 Washington St., Boston, Proprietors. Sold by their agents everywhere. 6t oct 13

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BY MRS. CAROLINE H. BUTLER LAINO.
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aug 25 3m

IF you wish to learn to play in the shortest time possible, buy RICHARDSON'S
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FOR SALE.—A ton of fine box-wood, large logs and clear—a very nice article; price, *one hundred and ten dollars*. A good chance for engravers and designers to supply themselves. Address A. B., this office. 3t j 20

FIRST PREMIUM MELODEONS.
THE VERY BEST NOW MANUFACTURED.
S. D. & H. W. SMITH
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By means of a new method of *voicing*, known only to themselves, they have succeeded in removing the harsh and buzzing sound which formerly characterized the instrument, and rendering the tones full, clear and organ-like. The action is prompt and reliable, enabling the performer to execute the most rapid music without *blurring* the tones. The swell is arranged to give great expression.
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Larger Instruments, with two banks of keys, for small churches and chapels, $200.
This last instrument, known as the ORGAN HARMONIUM, has been essentially improved by Messrs. Smith, and they have secured a patent therefor.
Persons who wish to hire Melodeons with a view of purchasing at the end of the year, can have the rent credited as part payment of the purchase money. tf sept 29

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oct 6 tf WALTER BAKER & Co., DORCHESTER, MASS.

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SWEDISH HAIR CREATOR actually restores or creates the hair where baldness has been of years standing. In cases of loss of hair by fevers or sickness, it has never been known to fail. Testimonials from physicians, and ladies and gentlemen of the highest respectability, can be seen at the depot, where the preparations are applied, and no money received unless the hair is entirely restored. Sent to any part of the United States, upon the receipt of $1. Address your orders to "*Proprietors of Swedish Hair Creator*, 380 Broadway, New York."
july 7 tf

LYON'S KATHAIRON.
THERE is no surer test of the unrivalled merits of an article, than the springing up of countless imitations and counterfeits. This test conclusively proves LYON'S KATHAIRON, for preserving, beautifying and restoring the hair, to be the finest toilet article ever prepared. Combining as it does the fragrance of the most delicate extracts with the most valuable restorative qualities, it stands entirely without a rival. The ladies have decided that no toilet table is complete without it, and their fine discrimination rules the world. To guard against valueless imitations and counterfeits, always ask for LYON'S KATHAIRON.
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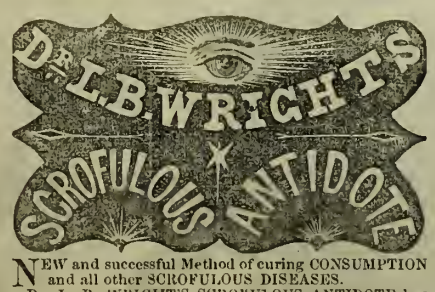

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M. M. BALLOU, { CORNER OF TREMONT AND BROMFIELD STS. BOSTON, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 3, 1855. $3,00 PER ANNUM. 6 CENTS SINGLE. } VOL. IX., No. 18.—WHOLE No. 226

LEWISTON SUSPENSION BRIDGE.

The engraving below, from a drawing made on the spot for us by Mr. Kilburn, represents the famous suspension bridge which crosses the Niagara River between Lewiston on the American and Queenstown on the Canada side, and is one of the most remarkable mechanical works of the present day. It has 1040 feet span, and is supported by ten cables. It was erected in 1850, under the superintendence of Mr. E. W. Servell, C. E. The village of Queenstown is celebrated as the scene of one of the battles of the second war with Great Britain, in which Winfield Scott was taken prisoner, and the English commander, General Brock, killed. A monument to the latter was erected on Queenstown Heights in 1824, and nearly demolished in 1839 by a miscreant who placed a quantity of powder in the lower part and exploded it. The shattered monument is seen on the right of our picture. The battle of Queenstown was fought on the 13th of October, 1812. A detachment of a thousand men from the army of the centre, under command of Col. Solomon Van Rensellaer, crossed the river at an early hour of the morning. A storming party of six hundred men was divided into two columns—three hundred militia men under Colonel Van Rensellaer, and three hundred regulars under Colonel Christie. These were to be followed by Colonel Fenwick's artillery, and then the other troops in order. The eddies of the stream and the fire of the enemy were serious obstacles to the passage of the river. Colonel Van Rensellaer, leading the van of one hundred men, was the first to land, and received four severe wounds. He did not fall, however, but was able to issue his orders for storming the fort, and had the pleasure of seeing that achievement gallantly performed, and the enemy driven down the hill. Both parties were now reinforced, and the struggle for the possession of the hill renewed. In this contest, General Brock and his aid, Captain McDonald, fell at nearly the same moment. The British were repulsed, and victory apparently crowned the American arms. To Lieutenant Totten, afterward Scott's chief engineer in the Mexican war, the duty was assigned of fortifying Queenstown Heights against further anticipated attacks of the enemy. But at three o'clock in the afternoon, the British, being reinforced by several hundred Chippewa Indians, rallied and advanced again to the attack. Their charge was met with the gallantry which had been displayed by our troops in the former conflicts, and they were again repulsed. At this moment, General Van Rensellaer, finding the militia on the American side embarking but slowly, crossed the Niagara to hasten their transit. To his mortification and indignation, however, twelve hundred o them refused to obey orders. The sight of the carnage on the British shore had completely cooled the ardor they had manifested in the early part of the day, and which was so great that their commanding officers had found it difficult to hold them back. In spite of the commands, threats, reproaches and entreaties of the gallant Van Rensellaer, they remained inactive spectators of the heroic struggle for victory which their brave countrymen on the opposite shore were making against rapidly increasing odds. Although the British were reinforced by eight hundred men from Fort George, the Americans, for some time, prolonged the unequal struggle. At last, however, they were compelled to lay down their arms, and surrender themselves as prisoners of war. The American loss was about sixty killed and one hundred wounded, out of seven hundred and sixty engaged in the final conflict. The loss of the British must have been even more severe, owing to the superiority of our marksmanship. General Scott, then lieutenant colonel, was under fire in this action, and commanded on the heights after the fall of all his superior officers. He exhibited on this occasion the utmost intrepidity.

LEWISTON SUSPENSION BRIDGE, AND QUEENSTOWN HEIGHTS.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

FALCONE:

—OR,—

THE MYSTERIES OF MEXICO.

A ROMANCE OF OUR DAY.

BY AUGUSTINE J. H. DUGANNE.

[CONTINUED.]

CHAPTER XXVII.

TERESA IN DANGER.

When Teresa Glinton regained her consciousness after the swoon that wrapped her senses during the passage of the close carriage in which she was borne from the hacienda, she found herself lying upon a couch in a sumptuous apartment, whilst Lucille, kneeling beside her, was chafing her hands and bathing her forehead with restoratives. The sudden start with which she opened her eyes and stretched forth her arms, alarmed the mulatto, who uttered a slight scream. The door of the apartment was immediately unclosed, a man's form half appeared and was as quickly withdrawn, and the door again shut. Teresa sat upright and looked wildly around her.

"Lucille! what is that? Where are we?"

The mulatto placed her finger on her lips and glanced at the door.

Teresa raised her hand to her bosom.

"Where is it?—the dagger!" she asked.

"It is here, mademoiselle!" answered Lucille, pointing significantly to the pearl hilt of a small stiletto which was hidden within the folds of a kerchief that crossed her breast. "I will give it to you, mademoiselle—when we are alone."

Hardly had the mulatto pronounced these words, than a knock was heard at the door, and it was again slowly unclosed, admitting now the head of the man who had before appeared.

"May I enter?" said a softly modulated voice, and the intruder, without awaiting a reply, advanced across the floor.

"Is the senora recovered—quite recovered?" proceeded the low toned voice, as its owner took the chair which Lucille vacated, whilst she herself crept to Teresa's back, and there stood, half bending over her young mistress.

"May I inquire, senor, where I am?" asked the maiden.

"The precise locality, my dear senora, is of no moment, I trust. Be assured you are here in the care of hospitable friends."

"I desire no hospitality, sir! I demand to know for what purpose I am brought hither?"

The American girl spoke in a firm tone, and fixed her eyes steadily upon the man before her, who returned the gaze with a singular smile.

"You will know all at some future time, senora. At present allow me to offer you all that this poor house affords for your comfort. These apartments are your own, and Lucille here will attend you. Whatever you desire will be brought whenever you shall order Lucille to ring yonder bell."

"I desire to return to my friends—I demand my liberty at once," exclaimed Teresa, with indignation.

"That is the only luxury my poor means cannot afford," returned the visitor, with the cold and heartless smile again wreathing his dark lip. "Permit me to wish you a sweet night's rest."

Saying this, the man arose, and with a ceremonious bow turned to leave the apartment. Pausing, however, at the door, he drew the key which was upon its outer side, and held it up.

"Lucille! this is in your care. We shall not intrude upon your mistress again, save with her gentle permission."

With these words, Don Ricardo Ramos, for it was he, left the two females to themselves once more. As soon as he had departed, Lucille hastened to lock the door, and then, running to her mistress, threw herself upon her knees, and burst into a flood of tears.

"*O, mon Dieu!* what have I done?" she cried, hysterically. "I have murdered—I have betrayed. O, I *une mauvaise*—I deserve to die! Here is the poniard! I am not to live!"

Uttering these woful ejaculations, Lucille writhed at the feet of her mistress, and proffered to her the pearl-hilted dirk which she had taken from her neckkerchief. Teresa knew not how to account for the girl's wild behaviour, for she had not yet suspected any connection between the mulatto and her present situation. When, however, with broken exclamations, Lucille related all that she knew concerning the abduction, and avowed her own wicked heedlessness in listening to Don Ricardo, the generous senora did not repulse her with the horror which she expected. On the contrary, Teresa bade her rise and dry her tears, expressing her confidence in her attendant's good intentions, and a belief that she would now prove faithful.

"O, mam'selle! I will die—perish for my kind mistress. Nevare—nevaremore will I hear what man says—I will hate them—and desert my dear mistress—nevare!"

Teresa endeavored to summon all her resolution, in order to be prepared for whatever might transpire. She replaced in her bosom the little weapon which she had been accustomed to wear, and then endeavored to console the wretched Lucille, who continued incessantly to deplore her fault. Yet, indeed, though the maiden strove to appear calm, her heart was fearfully agitated; and though, as was usual with her, she composed her thoughts to prayer before retiring, and submitted herself piously to the will of Heaven, yet very little sleep visited her wearied frame on that first night of her captivity.

Three apartments, connected with one another, formed the suite which had been appropriated for Teresa's use; a large room, splendidly furnished, opening upon two smaller ones, one of which, fitted up as a lady's boudoir, being apparently intended for the mistress—the other, with humbler appointments, for the maid. But that night Teresa and Lucille occupied one chamber, the mulatto girl stretching herself at the feet of her mistress.

Next morning found Teresa little refreshed by rest, but composed in mien and features. A touch of the bell by Lucille summoned an old woman, who, after bringing in a tray containing breakfast, said, sharply:

"The senora will find her clothes in the wardrobe."

"*My* clothes!" repeated the maiden, half smiling through her grief, as the crone left the apartment after delivering this short announcement.

"O, mam'selle! *quelle merveille!* it is true! *vraiment!* it is wonderful! *Voila!*"

Lucille held open the door of a narrow closet as she spoke, and disclosed several shelves filled with articles of female apparel, which Teresa at once recognized as her own. Lucille was wonder stricken, but the truth at once flashed over the mind of her mistress. This clothing was a portion of her wardrobe which had been strapped upon the mules ridden by the mestizo servants on their journey from the capital, when the latter were pursued and captured by Falcone. The pack-mule of which Hannibal had been deprived by the authorities at Puebla; had been delivered up on an application of Lorenzo, and his guest thus regained the greater part of her property; but of the rest, until now, not a trace had been discovered. Its fate was now clear to Teresa, and at the same time her worst fears were realized, for she learned in whose power she had herself fallen.

The breakfast was scarcely tasted, and when the old woman had again appeared and removed the tray, Teresa drew near the windows. They could be opened, but were secured on the outside by iron wire, and overlooked only a naked courtyard, hemmed in by bare stone walls. The maiden felt that she was indeed a prisoner, and resigned herself in silence to what was to come. Thus a week passed on, and then another and another.

Don Ricardo Ramos came twice during this interval, apparently with no other object but to inquire if his captive's wants were attended to, or perhaps to inform himself if she drooped under her chains. Teresa answered his few questions with monosyllables, and his speedy withdrawal seemed to remove a weight from her feelings; for Don Ricardo's sardonic smile filled her with an unaccountable uneasiness.

Books Teresa found in abundance—a well-selected library forming part of the furniture; and, wearied with her unavailing thoughts, the young girl sought distraction in constant reading, whilst Lucille, seated opposite to her, plied her needle as incessantly. It was while thus occupied one morning, several weeks after their abduction, that a knock was heard at the door.

"*O, mon Dieu!* that is not the other! the door—shall it open?" cried Lucille, with an anxious look at her mistress.

"We cannot oppose force, should they resort to that," replied Teresa, quietly. "You had better open it."

The mulatto girl did as she was directed, and Teresa felt her heart suddenly stilled and her blood cease to flow; for upon the threshold of the apartment stood—Gabriel Falcone. The young man's face was pale, and his right arm rested in a sling; for he was yet suffering from the wound of a bullet which had passed through his shoulder, grazing the bone. That bullet had been fired by the marksman Dusenbury at the miscreant who sought to murder an unarmed priest upon the field of Cerro Gordo.

Falcone advanced slowly till he stood before Teresa, who essayed to collect all her fortitude. She still held the book she had been reading open in her hand, and looked from its pages to the gamester's face with a glance as fearless as that with which, at her own house, she had spurned him from her presence. But at the present time their positions were somewhat reversed; for here she was in that man's power, without a hope of escape, and well she read the triumphant expression of his glance as it met her own. She knew that the unprincipled gamester remembered her scorn, and that he was likewise determined to avenge himself. Nevertheless, as one white hand rested on the small handle of the weapon which lay hid beneath her boddice, Teresa felt that at least in one thing she was more than a match for her enemy—she feared not death.

"Senora Teresa! I come to ask pardon for all my offences!" said Falcone, with an inclination of his head. "Am I to be forgiven?"

"Forgiveness is for the repentant to expect," she replied.

"And I am truly repentant."

For an instant, as Falcone uttered these words with depressed head, a gleam of hope visited Teresa's heart; but it faded as she caught the raised eyes of the speaker fixed upon her once more, with an unmistakable expression of exultant villany. She shuddered as those bold orbs fell upon her, and the blood rushed tumultuously to her neck and forehead.

"Do you hate me, senora?"

"Falcone—why do you persecute me?"

"Is love, then, persecution?"

"Such love as yours is worse than hatred or persecution," exclaimed Teresa, "for it would degrade its object forever."

"Indeed!" cried Falcone, with a short laugh. "But you mistake me, perhaps, senora. I would not degrade—I would marry you!"

"And is not marriage with one whom I must despise a degradation?" cried the undaunted girl. "Falcone! it is useless for me to attempt concealment of my feelings, for you well know that now, more than ever, I must view you with contempt."

"Senora—beware!" cried the young man, his countenance growing dark with passion. "Pause ere you decide your course! for by all the fiends, you shall be mine!"

With this threat, spoken in a measured tone that evinced the resolute wickedness of his heart, Gabriel Falcone turned away, and without another look at Teresa or Lucille, strode from the apartment.

The poor mulatto girl, who had always felt an unaccountable terror of the gamester Falcone, now wrung her hands and passionately deplored their situation, entreating again and again pardon for the part which she had taken in the betrayal of her mistress. But Teresa, retiring to her chamber, sunk upon her knees and poured forth fervent prayers to Heaven for succor in her extremity.

"O, what is to be done? wretch—bad creature that I am—*moi!* it is I who am to blame!" moaned poor Lucille, walking up and down the room as she gave vent to her thoughts, the tears meanwhile streaming from her eyes.

Suddenly the girl paused opposite the window and gazed eagerly through the wires that barred it. Some object without apparently attracted her attention and checked the exuberance of her affliction. And, indeed, Lucille had cause both for wonder and attention; for, as she peered between the bars of thick wire she beheld a sight that was well fitted to astonish her. The window, as we before noticed, overlooked a square courtyard, shut in by stone walls. The floor on which the apartments in which Teresa was confined were situated, was in the third story of the building, and high above its casements rose the dull sides of the parallelogram which described the inner walls of the ancient building. As Lucille now looked upward she could just distinguish the figure of a man cautiously appearing upon the very edge of the lofty opposite wall, and beckoning to her with his hand. Lucille had never before seen this man, but a sudden feeling of joy thrilled her heart, as though he were in some manner to be connected with the deliverance of herself and mistress. She stopped not to reason with her hopes, but pressing forward against the wires, returned the motions of the figure above by waving her handkerchief. Immediately the man disappeared, and Lucille, agitated more than ever, rushed to the chamber of her mistress, and informed her of what she had witnessed. Teresa shook her head sadly.

"I fear you have seen only some idle workman on the neighboring walls."

"But, mam'selle,—if he be *une ouvrier*—surely he will inform everybody—*toute le monde*—and we shall be rescued—free once more."

"Poor child; you forget we are in Mexico, where lawless acts are common. But let us trust in Heaven for all, Lucille!"

As Teresa said this, a sudden noise at the window startled them, and turning quickly, they beheld the face of a man at the bars. Lucille would have screamed aloud, but her voice failing her, she sank trembling upon a couch. Teresa, however, advanced at once to the casement. The man outside occupied a strange and perilous position. Clinging with one hand to the wires whilst the other grasped a rope, by the aid of which he had just descended from the roof, the bold climber lowered his head, and whispered in Spanish:

"Are you the Senora Glinton?"

Teresa, as she looked at the man's face and caught his words, saw that he was of the Indian race, and one of those daring and agile figures that she had often seen in the streets of Mexico, attired in the garb of savage life. The Indian at the window, however, was clothed only with a sort of tunic, and his firm chest and lithe limbs were exposed in graceful freedom. Noticing this with a glance, Teresa replied briefly to the climber's question:

"I am she."

The next moment the Indian released his hold of the wires and disappeared, ascending the rope with the quickness of a catamount. But, as he left the window, the maiden fancied she heard him whisper:

"To-morrow!"

CHAPTER XXVIII.

CONTRERAS AND CHURUBUSCO.

Meanwhile the tide of war had rolled from Cerro Gordo's field, around and upward to the very gates of Mexico. On the 9th of August the van of the American army left the city of Puebla, where the various divisions of the army of occupation, as it was called, had concentrated under the orders of General Scott. Over the ancient track, once travelled by the conquering bands of Cortez, these new invaders marched to the overthrow of the great Spaniard's descendants. Through the broad plain of Cholula, amid the mementoes of ancient empire and the ruins of Aztec civilization, the Anglo-Saxons pursued their line of march. Beneath the giant shadow of Popocatapetl and by the borders of Lakes Chalco and Xochimilco, the long divisions trod their way up the towering Anahuac mountains. Orizaba's fiery peak had greeted them upon their armed entrance into the land—now Iztaccihuatl and Popocatapetl looked stern welcome from their icy tops. Around them stretched the rolling hillsides, luxuriant with gardens and groves, attractive in the gay robes of radiant summer. The Tlascalan districts, where once dwelt the hardy allies of Cortez, extended below; and far away the great Cholulan pyramid lifted its truncated head. Surrounded by volcanic eminences, and surveying lava-covered fields, the army of Scott swept on, itself a lava torrent, over all resistance swelling. At length the highest crest of the mountain range was gained, and the conquerors looked down upon the vale of Mexico.

The great city lay in its porphyritic basin, surrounded by its

lakes and water-courses, its massy stone dykes, its sheltered *paseos* and secluded haciendas. Tezcuco was in front of the advancing army—El Penon, a fortified mountain, occupied the left of the main road to the capital. Further on was Mexalcergo, defended by five strong batteries. These formidable obstacles were directly in the path of the Americans—to be stormed or evaded; and General Scott determined on the latter course. He diverged from the national road and began to cut a new passage around the Lakes of Chalco and Xochimilco. Here the Mexican troops first showed themselves in defence of their capital city; here, the brave lancers, driven back by the invaders, left their slain lying thickly amid the fields of waving barley that skirted the new road. But at the bridge of Churubusco the national guards of Mexico awaited their foe. Here General Pincon commanded. To the left, at Contreras, Valencia prepared his batteries. Behind both these posts, General Santa Anna marshalled his main divisions. Through these entrenched positions, the American soldiers were to force themselves, before they could assault the castled heights of Chapultepec or the walls and forts of Mexico.

The battles of the 20th of August opened at early morning, not preceded by skirmishing, but at once with terrible animation. All night long the American troops had rested upon their arms, hidden by clumps of cactus and chapparal, and in many places, lying unseen within sweep of the Mexican guns. The rain poured down in torrents, swelling the streams, inundating the fields and roads, and beating upon the exposed soldiers through all the weary hours. It was a relief to the entire army, when the summons to action sounded at last, and the vanguard regiments were permitted to advance upon the fortifications.

That was indeed an advance!—a rush!—a wild sweep over the hill of Contreras, and upon the batteries defended by Valencia, his cannoneers and lancers. The fierce ardor of the American volunteers was irresistible. It carried them with levelled bayonets, after the first rifle discharge, completely over the parapet where were planted the enemy's cannon. All was thereafter confusion and slaughter; Mexicans were cut down, trampled on, or made prisoners by hundreds and by thousands. Twenty minutes sufficed to decide the battle of Contreras. The invaders were victorious, the defenders flying pell-mell before them—the road was open to Churubusco.

Two Mexican horsemen carried away by the current of retreat, at length managed to rein their reeking steeds, while the tide of battle followed fast behind them. Their swords were naked in their grasp, but yet glittering, unstained by blood. Their glances met sadly.

"Anselmo! it is destiny that fights against us. What else could make brave men cowards?"

"Cowards indeed they are!" answered Montognone. "Not a blow struck ere the entire post was in retreat. Valencia—where is he?"

"He was the first to desert us. But look, Anselmo! another flying mass of panic-stricken cowards! By heavens! they pass not here!"

As he spoke, the officer spurred his steed to the narrowest portion of the defile, up which were now rushing in wild disorder a troop of lancers, whose swords had hardly been drawn in the conflict, and whose gay uniforms were as yet unstained by a single powder-volley.

"Back! and die like men!"

At these bold words, some amid the flying lancers drew the bridles of their steeds, but by far the greater portion continued their headlong career; for the American hurrah came up the defile, causing their cheeks to grow pale with renewed fear. At this crisis, Montognone urged his horse downward amid the melee.

"Here is the spot for a Thermopylæ!" he cried, rising in his stirrups, and waving his bright blade above his majestic head.

That loud, trumpet-like voice recalled in a degree the courage of the retreating troops. They paused, they wheeled their horses, and the next moment, with Montognone and Nunez at their head, dashed back upon the advancing Americans. As the lancers drove back through the pass, hundreds of the scattered infantry sprang from the rocks and chapparal to join them. The pursuing victors recoiled at the determined resistance encountered in that narrow pass, where, closely wedged, the horse and foot withstood anew their rushing foes, essaying with bold rushes to bear back the tide of war. No longer were the swords of Montognone and his brother-in-arms unstained with crimson! no longer the lancers' blades glittered as before. In that determined stand, too late though it was to change the fortunes of the field, the men of Mexico proved, what their conquerors never have denied, that cowardice was not with the common soldiers—that with leaders gallant as themselves, they could fight and die without retreating a foot.

But vain even such defence against the Americans, wild with their first success. Back, step by step, up that defile, the brave defenders were forced; for the pursuers were concentrating their battalions to sweep everything before them. Back—resisting, combating and dying, along that road for miles, the few whom Zumozin had rallied disputed the march of their conquerors. At length the bridge and entrenchments of Churubusco were gained, and the fragments of that brilliant force with which Valencia should have held Contreras found a shelter behind the batteries of General Rincon.

The day was now half run, and two battles, those of Contreras and San Angel, had been gained by the Americans. The fortified hacienda of San Pablo, forming the centre of the Mexican defences at the village of Churubusco, was now the point of assault; and to this strong work, flanked by heavy batteries, the volunteers and regulars of the invading army advanced in regular order of attack. Here the battle soon raged violently, cannon and musketry mingling their roar and crash—here the great clouds of powder-smoke sank and rose with the frequent explosions; here charged and were repulsed the cavalry; here fought like heroes the forlorn hope of Mexico.

Again, amid the sulphurous atmosphere of that well contested field, the brothers in-arms, Anselmo and Ferrado charged together upon the foe. It was when the American rifles and horse, supporting their infantry, met the flower of Mexican cavalry behind the captured works of San Pablo. Here the mingled representatives of all the States—the brave volunteers of New York, the Palmetto regiment, the men from New Hampshire's hills and Missouri's vales, rushed to hand and hand conflict with the horse and foot of Mexico. The Northman and Southron measured their might in mortal strife.

It was in the onset of battle, when lancers and opposing dragoons mingled, when sabres clashed, and pistol-shots were exchanged, and steed and rider sank to the earth, that Ferrado Nunez found himself hemmed in by a score of foes, whose vengeful arms rained death with every blow. The brave colonel had received a sword-cut on the forehead and his own weapon was knocked from his hand, when a rift in the smoke-cloud disclosed his danger to Zumozin, who was fighting side by side with Alonzo Vallejo and his friend Lorenzo; for on that eventful day of Mexico's struggle, no true son of her soil remained away from conflict. Zumozin beheld the peril of Nunez, and with his two young comrades dashed to the rescue.

It was full time; for the brave colonel, disarmed and wounded, had nearly fallen from his saddle, when a foot-combatant among the Americans interposed his arm, at the same time shielding the young officer from the threatening sabres by promptly throwing up the rifle which he carried and thus protecting his breast. At the same instant the three Mexican friends rode swiftly into the press and engaged the assailants. Nunez, profiting by the diversion, spurred his horse forward, and drawing a pistol from his holsters, ranged himself beside his comrades.

"Capting Nunez is a hoss!" ejaculated Jake Dusenbury, as he lowered the rifle which had for a moment defended Ferrado from the blades of his opponents. But the Yankee's further speech was cut short by a sudden charge of the Mexican cavalry, sweeping to the assistance of their officers, and he found himself half borne to the ground by an enemy's steed, whilst a lance crossed the barrel of his piece. But the horseman dashed on; his fellows behind followed fast; and again, ere Dusenbury could turn his head, a troop of his own countrymen mingled in the shock, and the deadly drama was once more rehearsed around him. Thus sped the fortunes of the day—thus shifted the scenes of Churubusco. Now Montognone's sword received the death-stroke levelled at the breast of Nunez—and anon Ferrado smote the arm that menaced his friend. Here Lorenzo, forgetful of his quiet valley home, or rather nerved by the thought of her who made it beautiful, sustained like a veteran, his gallant part, and there Vallejo, with the name of Teresa on his pale lips, rode to and fro amid the battle, rejoicing in its fierce excitement. Often, through the rent veil of smoke, the forms of his Mexican friends caught the eye of Dusenbury, as the latter fought amid his countrymen; and wherever the proud head of Montognone or Ferrado's waving plume appeared, there the North American was sure to advance with his rifle; for he knew that there was the hottest of the strife.

But Churubusco, like Contreras, was lost by its defenders. Slowly and hardly the remnant of the troops retired, and left the field to the customary victors. The roads were now open to the capital; for all their defences had been destroyed or captured. To the very gates of Mexico the Americans pursued the flying army of Santa Anna. The dictator himself was a despairing fugitive.

More than once during that disorderly retreat, the voice of Colonel Montognone recalled his countrymen to make a gallant though ineffectual stand in the passes or among the chapparal and groves; many a time, with Ferrado, Alonzo and Lorenzo, he led a suddenly gathered band of fugitives back upon the pursuers. But in vain was valor—useless all resistance; and at last, with his three friends, he turned despairingly from the contest, and striking off from the road, galloped through the village of Tocubayn, already deserted, and sought the main highway to the city gates that skirted the Lake Tezcuco.

The beautiful wife of Ferrado Nunez, with her companion Inez, had passed a day of anxiety and alarm. The thunders of the battle, now swelling near, anon dying afar, the flight of whole regiments of defeated Mexicans, retreating in disorder across the hills and around the lake; the spectacle of wounded men falling to die upon the roadside, as they strove to reach a place of safety—all notified them, long in advance of the coming of their friends, that another disastrous field was added to Mexico's misfortunes. At the same time, neither of these lovely watchers, tortured by suspense, knew what might be the fate of her husband—what private grief the great woe to their country might involve for their own hearts.

At last, however, the four comrades, weary with strife and scarred by the blows of battle, arrived at the hacienda—that cottage lately the abode of peace and happiness, now threatened with the very brunt of war. Lorenzo and Ferrado pressed to their hearts those beloved women, whose mingling tears attested the strength of their devotion, their deep gratitude for the mercy which had preserved their noble husbands.

Alonzo, dismounting, turned his steps, as if mechanically, to the garden where he had last beheld her whose image occupied his thoughts. Montognone's eyes followed him with a glance of interest; then turning to a servant who was leading away the horses, he demanded, in a quick tone:

"Has Quahtzo returned?"

"Quahtzo is here!" promptly responded a voice, as a dusky figure emerged from the shadow of a large tree, whose branches hung low over the hacienda's walls.

The speaker was a man of middle size, with a lithe and compact form, and face whose olive tint marked the blood of ancient Aztlan. His dark eyes sparkled with intelligence as he stood before Zumozin, who continued the conversation in a low voice. A few words exchanged, apparently sufficed to impart to Montognone great satisfaction, for he laid his hand approvingly upon the young Indian's head, and then, writing a few lines upon a scrap of paper, gave the missive into Quahtzo's hand. Then, as the latter turned quickly away toward the road, Zumozin followed Vallejo to the garden, where he found the young man pacing to and fro.

"Rejoice, Alonzo! the lost is found!"

"Teresa!" cried Vallejo, stopping short and seizing his friend's hand.

"Even so! my trusty Quahtzo has not lost his native instinct, though I have brought him hither to civilized life from the wild forest. He has succeeded in tracing the senora to the very chamber of her imprisonment."

"He has seen her! Blessed be Heaven! is she well?"

"Quahtzo says, that though the northern bird is in a cage of iron, her song is still sweet and her plumage unruffled."

"And the place—let us at once fly to—"

"Nay, Alonzo! These unscrupulous men, in whose power the maiden is, must not suspect our knowledge, or they may remove her far away. I have despatched Quahtzo back, with a few words to the senora, promising speedy aid. To-morrow, Alonzo, we will rescue her!"

Vallejo's eyes filled with tears as he wrung Anselmo's hand, and together they proceeded to disclose what had been learned to their friends, and arrange their plans for the morrow. Alas! that morrow was to bring sorrow upon the household, and add yet another victim to the hecatomb of battle!

CHAPTER XXIX.

THE FATE OF THE PLOTTER.

Teresa Glinton, in the silent apartments of Don Ricardo's mansion, heard nought of the loud tumult that filled the streets of Mexico, during that long day when the thunders of Contreras and Churubusco rolled significantly to the city gates, striking terror to the hearts of the inhabitants. She knew not that ten thousand brave Americans were marching and combating amid the beautiful groves that environed the capital, or that her country's flag floated over a dozen fortifications within cannon shot of the gloomy building which confined her in the power of enemies, desperate as unprincipled. Nevertheless, though trembling through the anxious hours at every noise that reached her ears, and enjoining upon Lucille to remain beside her and witness her death should she be able by no other means to avert the violence which she felt threatened her, the maiden still clung with hope to the recollection of that one word which she had fancied uttered by the Indian climber.

"To-morrow!"

To-morrow had come, its weary minutes had been counted, its last sunbeams were now trembling on the wires that barred the casements. Still no shadow of a human form appeared upon the dull surface of the dead wall opposite, upon which her gaze, like that of Lucille, was ever steadfastly directed. Suddenly a noise was heard at the door, and a low knock.

"It is not Senor Falcone now—it is—"

"Let them enter—I am prepared!" said Teresa, calmly, but with a tremor agitating her lovely frame; and Lucille, unlocking the door, admitted Don Ricardo, who bowed low and remained upon the threshold.

"If Senora Glinton is not disinclined for a few words of conversation," began the man, with his furtive smile twitching the corners of his dark mouth.

"Speak, sir—what power have I to prevent?"

"All things in courtesy," replied Ramos, in a meaning tone of voice, as he remembered the contemptuous glance of his captive. "I shall be brief, likewise."

"That is a favor, at least," said Teresa, in the same unmoved manner.

Don Ricardo winced, but he was not one to be easily ruffled. His smile, therefore, was as meaningless as ever, as he went on:

"My friend, Gabriel Falcone, who loves you so intensely that I really fear for the poor youth's health," said he, "desires to know if on the morrow you would be pleased to meet a little party, of whom himself and a good priest will form part?"

"I understand you not, sir!"

"I will endeavor to be more intelligible. In a word, I have summoned a priest, who will to-morrow unite in the sweet bonds of matrimony, my friend Gabriel with my lovely guest, Senora Glinton."

"Sooner will I die!" exclaimed Teresa, passionately, as she retreated a step from Don Ricardo, her calmness for a moment forsaking her.

"Death is not so pleasant as marriage," laughed Ramos.

"You have my answer, sir!" said the maiden, resuming her measured tone.

"Indeed!" cried Ramos, as if in astonishment. "What then will my friend Gabriel do?"

His eyes dwelt, as he spoke, upon Teresa's face with an expression at once so threatening and sinister, that the poor girl felt her heart sink within her bosom.

[CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.]

FRENCH CHURCHES.

The great interest manifested in church architecture, the result of which has been the multiplication of beautiful edifices consecrated to religious worship, in the cities and towns of the United States, has induced us to present our readers with two fine specimens of churches in the old world. The first is a view of the Holy Chapel of Bourbon l' Archambault, and the second a representation of the Church of Vezelay. We will notice them in the order in which they are mentioned. Bourbon l'Archambault is a place of some historical importance. Its Roman name was Aquæ Bormonæ Borbonium Arcimbaldi, and it was, according to the Roman tables, situated in Aquitania Prima, in the country of the *Bituriges Cubi* or Berruyers. Jacques Fodéré, in his Historical Narrations, relates that Bourbon was erected into a seignory in 509, after the famous battle of Vouillé, near Poitiers, in which Clovis beat the Visigoths. Besieged and taken, in 759, by Pépin, who gave it, as well as its territory, to Nibelunge, his relative, this fortress became a barony under Charlemagne. Towards the beginning of the 10th century, Aymar or Ademar, Sire of Bourbon, possessed all the environs, as well as Chantelle, Hérisson and Murat, when Charles the Simple, in 913, bestowed on him the country where Moulins and Souvigny now stand. This increase of territory and the advantageous position of the chateau, situated on rocks, and surrounded by precipices and by the little River of Burge, which forms a vast pool at its base, enabled the successors of Aymar to possess a considerable seigneury, which became in time a ducal peerage, of which the seat was at Bourbon. In 1272, Beatrice of Burgundy, daughter-in-law of Archambault IX., who died in the island of Cyprus, married Robert of France, Count of Clermont, one of the sons of St. Louis, and brought him in dowry the seigneuries of Bourbon, Charolais and St. Just in Champagne. Their posterity, who assumed, according to the usage of the time, the surname of Bourbon, filled the throne of France for many years, and still reigns in Spain, Naples and Lucca. Bourbon l'Archambault, with a population of 3000 inhabitants, is situated in the heart of a valley surrounded by a rich and fertile country. This little town, formerly the capital of a canton of a castellany which extended over some parts of Nivernais, in the parishes of Langeron and Livry, has become the capital of a canton of the *arrondissement* of Moulins, in the department of Allier. It is particularly known for its mineral waters, whose temperature reaches 51° 50' (centigrade). Their composition is formed of free carbonic acid, marine salt, sulphate of soda, and a little carbonate and silex. Another spring contains a little lime and oxide of iron. Its temperature, which is cold, varies like that of the atmosphere. These waters are specially used in the treatment of paralysis and rheumatism. The water is taken in doses or in baths, and the season begins on the 15th of May, and ends on the 15th of October; the baths are about eighty leagues from Paris. The Holy Chapel, commenced by John II. of Bourbon, continued by Peter II., finished in 1508 by Anne of France, and destroyed in 1793, might pass as a rival of that of Paris. It had statues of Christ and the twelve apostles, of Adam and Eve, as well as bas reliefs, on which were the blazon and genealogy of the house of Bourbon and its alliances. The portal was adorned with statues of St. Louis, of Peter of Bourbon, and of Anne of France, his wife. The glass windows, painted in the ancient style, were the finest and best preserved of any in France; they represented eight subjects taken from ecclesiastical history:—1. The sacrifice of Abraham; 2. Jesus Christ curing the paralytic; 3. a crucifix; 4. the Emperor Constantine deliberating whether he shall give battle, and an angel, who promises him victory, showing him the cross with these words: *In hoc signo vinces* (under this sign shalt thou conquer); 5. St. Helena demanding of a Jew where the cross is on which Jesus Christ died; 6. St. Helena discovering the true cross by a miracle; 7. Heraclius, who, after having vanquished Cosroes, recovers the true cross; 8. Heraclius, in his shirt and barefooted, bearing the holy cross in triumph. In the subterranean chapel, called the treasury, which was reached by a descent of twenty steps, was seen a very beautiful cross, of forty marks' weight, of which the shaft was a foot and a half long, the cross-piece, a foot, and the breadth of each, three inches. At the top of this cross was a crown of gold, which bore on one of its hands the following inscription: "Louis of Bourbon, second duke of that name, caused this cross to be ornamented with gems and gilding, in 1393." It was enriched with thirty large pearls and five precious stones. It was said to contain a thorn from the crown of Christ, as well as a small cross made from the true wood of the cross! It is asserted that this latter relic is still in the church of Bourbon. A mountain, or Calvary, silver-gilt, served as a pedestal to this cross, at the base of which were the Duke John of Bourbon and his wife, the Duchess Jane of France, in their festival garments, wearing their crowns, and kneeling. At the foot of the cross was a skull and four or five bones in silver. St. Louis having given his son Robert the pretended piece of the true cross of which we have spoken, Louis I., duke of Bourbonnais, and son of the latter, bestowed on his church the title of the Holy Chapel. He founded seven vicarships with an annual income of 62 livres (*tournois*) each, on condition that on the festival of the dead (*jour des morts*) the titularies should collect five hundred of the poorest persons of the Bourbon territory, and give each of them two denrees (about two pounds) of bread, a pint of wine, Paris measure, a cloth frock valued at five sous, a pair of shoes worth 19 silver pence, and three pence worth of meat. Tradition relates that on the day when Jacques Clement assassinated Henry III., who had been duke of Anjou and Bourbonnais, the lightning struck the Holy Chapel, and broke the bar placed in the arms of the Bourbons, who ceased from that time, by the extinction of the Valois, to be the younger branch, of which that bar was the sign. What superstitious legends are attached to these old world places! The chateau of Bourbon, rebuilt in the 12th century, and standing in the 16th, were due to Archambault IX., Louis I., Louis II., Peter II., and, it was said, had 24 towers, two of which remarkable for their size were called the Admiral and the Quicangroigne, or Quiquengrogne. When Louis I. wished to construct the *Quiquengrogne*, the citizens of Bourbon complained that it would command and batter the town; they sought to revolt and expel the laborers who were working on it. But Duke Louis, by no means disposed to yield, posted his men at arms, lance in hand and helmet on head, about the foundations, and replied to his vassals, "*On la batira qui qu'en grogne*" (It shall be built whoever grumbles at it). When the tower was built, the name remained, and it now serves as the clock tower of the town. "It is pleasant," says M. Allier, in his "Bourbonnese Sketches," to see it black and sombre, crowned in the drollest manner in the world with a pepper-box cap painted rose color and white, with a slate-colored roof rising coquettishly like the plume of a National Guard beside his full dress bearskin." The Quiquengrogne (whoever grumbles) is the subject of a romance by Victor Hugo, in which he developes his ideas of civil and military feudality, as "Notre Dame de Paris" serves to express his ideas on religious and ecclesiastical feudalism. The chapel, as we have said, was destroyed at the end of the last century, but the drawing was made from old engravings and from minute descriptions. It was one of the masterpieces of the 15th century. On entering the courtyard of the castle, two chapels were seen. One of them had been built by Louis I., and dedicated to the virgin. It was very small, and in a severe ogival style. Our engraving shows the façade of it to the left. The other, the Holy Chapel, constructed after the designs of Clement Manclere, and finished in the first years of the 16th century, was dedicated to Jesus Christ crucified. The two statues placed in niches at the two sides of the principal entrance of the porch are those of Adam and Eve. The three statues seen at the farther end of the porch are, in the middle, St. Louis, who had given Duke Robert the piece of the true cross, and on one side, Duke John II., the founder of the church, on the other, his wife, Jane of France. At the angles of the porch were two small winding staircases which led to the terrace, adorned by a pretty balustrade of carved wood. On the gable, above the little open gallery, was seen, according to some authorities, not an ogival window, like that represented in our engraving, but a colossal fleur-de-lis, serving as the base of a cross of gilded iron. Vine foliage, sculptured, wound over the whole church from the commencement of the windows, and the buttresses formed a sort of continuous arcade under which one could walk from one end of the porch to the other. The spire, finely elaborated, was ornamented with pilastres, bell-turrets and ogives. The total length of the edifice was 110 feet, its height under the arch 70 feet, and its breadth 37 feet. Three columns of gilded bronze adorned the altar. From the central column descended the branch of a tree, which sustained an angel bearing the holy sacrament in the air. The stalls were elegantly sculptured, as well as a very rich canopy beneath, which was a representation of the creation of the world from chaos. The crypt, called the treasury, and in which the bit of the true cross was preserved in a gold reliquary enriched with rubies, sapphires and large pearls, was beneath the old chapel, but access was had to it by a staircase from the Holy Chapel. There are now no remains of either chapel—only the three towers of the castle remain. The Church of Vezelay is the subject of our second engraving. The town of Vezelay is situated on the summit and slope of a considerable mountain; the access is difficult on every side but the west. From the plateau, where the chateau of the abbots formerly rose, if we look to the valley opening to the south, the eye follows with pleasure the sinuous course of the Cure, which bathes, in passing, St. Peter, with its marvellous Gothic tower, the burgh of Asquins, and its fertile valley covered with vines, then plunges to the north into granite gorges, beyond which, and at a great distance, are seen the profiles of the country of the Auxerrois. The near and distant heights are crowned with thick woods, and the Morvan raises its dark crests in the distance of the picture on the southwest. The chateau of Bazoche, where Vauban went to meditate on the means of improving the lot of the peasants of the election of Vezelay, Pierre Pertuis and its pierced rock, and other little villages, animate the landscape. The mountain of Vezelay was selected, in the middle of the 9th century, to serve as the dwelling of a colony of the children of St. Benedict. The rude Count Gherard de Rousillon, the haughty antagonist of Charles the Bold, who is the hero of so many romances of chivalry, Gherard and his pious wife Bertha, were the founders of the monastery of Vezelay. They certainly possessed a strong castle in this mountain, and they gave asylum to the monks, when the convent which they had built at Saint Pere was destroyed by the Normans. Vezelay, placed under the immediate protection of the Holy See by its founder, soon took rank among the great religious houses of France, and it was in vain that the abbots of Cluny and the bishops of Autun tried to subject it to their authority; the hand of popes covered this privileged daughter. "For," said Hugh de Poitiers, "the church of Vezelay, nobly born and more nobly educated, consecrated from the beginning to liberty, carried its head above all the churches of the west." The relics of la Madeleine, brought to Vezelay in the 16th century, gave birth to numerous pilgrimages. The population increased, and the region became a noted place. Its inhabitants grew rich by commerce, and from the 12th to the 13th century they were engaged in numerous transactions, either as witnesses or arbiters. They could not remain indifferent to the communal movement which was then felt in the north and centre of France. As turbulent as the burgesses of other towns, in 1120 they had killed their seigneur, the Abbe Artaud, who tried to impose an additional tax on them; they burned the monastery, and many persons perished in it. This was only the prelude to movements which were to agitate the town. The counts of Nevers and Auxerre, powerful neighbors and protectors, whose cares were burthensome to the monastery, mixed themselves up as much as they could with the affairs of the monks, and sought to extend their authority both over them and over the citizens. In 1138, Count William II. having demanded of the Abbot Ponce the homage which he owed him as guardian of the monastery, encountered a flat refusal. He resented this injury warmly, and resolved to avenge himself. Soon the abbot, vexed in every way, was obliged to have recourse to the pope. St. Bernard, delegated to arrange matters, could do nothing. Finally, the count ended it by becoming a recluse. But the chronicler of Vezelay declares that he was devoured by a dog for having offended Mary Magdalen.

CHAPEL OF BOURBON-L'ARCHAMBAULT.

The second crusade proclaimed at Vezelay in 1146, summoned to arms the elite of the barons of France, and St. Bernard blessed Louis the Young and the crowd of vassals assembled on the hill situated to the north of Vezelay. The place is still pointed out where stood the platform which sustained the great orator and the princes. A church was afterwards built here, which bore the name of the Holy Cross. The citizens of Vezelay, diverted a moment from their projects of emancipation, after a first attempt in 1137, which procured them some immunities, formed new plots against the abbot Pons de Monthoissier, at the instigation of William III., the young Count of Nevers. The insurrection which broke out surpassed its predecessors in violence. The officers of the abbot having put out the eyes of a citizen who struck a monk, the count seized this opportunity for action. He sent an armed band against the town, and they, led by the inhabitants, seized on the monastery and sacked it. After such a stroke, excommunication was the least they could expect. It was not long in coming; but it was only the first act of the drama. The pope, before whom the affair was carried, having decided in favor of the abbot, the count, furious, renewed his depredations on the domains of the monastery. The king intervened, but he could not settle it, on account of the ill will of the count and the pretensions of the inhabitants. The latter had offered the abbot as an ultimatum, to make concessions to the count. The haughty Pons refused. Then the insurrection recommenced. The citizens, no longer restrained by any consideration, banded together and swore fidelity to the Count de Nevers, forming an "execrable league," as the chronicler says. These events took place in 1152. The misfortunes of the monks of Vezelay moved all the Christian world, and the pope wrote urgently to the king to find a remedy. Louis the Young after many unavailing remonstrances addressed to the Count de Nevers, resolved to march against him at the head of an army. The count finally submitted, and the king, holding his court in the forest of Mares, pronounced the sentence which was to terminate these great disputes. The citizens were condemned, as guilty of treason and sacrilege, to deliver the murderers to the monks, to pay the abbey 40,000 gold sous, and to demolish the towers and fortifications by which they had strengthened their houses. Peace was thus restored to the church and inhabitants of Vezelay in 1155. The citizens attempted once more to recover their independence, but were once more victims, and fined in 60,000 sous. The abbot, wishing to deprive the count of all motive to push them into new revolts, granted them a charter of privilege, which, without containing the great rights of regularly constituted communes, consecrated the guarantees of liberty and property usually accorded by seigneurs to their vassals. The history of Vezelay ceases to be important with the epoch of the communal struggles. The monastery was for a long time visited by pilgrims, even by crowned pilgrims, like St. Louis, who came hither in 1277 to remove the ashes of Magdalen. In the 16th century Vezelay gave birth to the celebrated Theodore de Beze, who was one of the lights of intelligent reform. One of its abbots, Cardinal Odet de Coligny, embraced Protestantism, and saw the Huguenots seize his monastery in 1569, after a warm resistance on the part of the inhabitants. The devastation of the abbey followed, and the church, already neglected, was then grievously injured. The monks, who were secularized by Pope Paul III. in the middle of the 16th century, had no means of keeping their church in repair, and it had grown too large for their numbers. Their abbots, great lords, who contented themselves with spending their revenues at Paris, gave themselves no further trouble about the matter. One alone among them, Erard de Rochefort (1601—1630), attempted to arrest the increasing ruin. The church of Vezelay, of which our engraving is an accurate representation, is no less celebrated in the eyes of archæologists, than the town in those of the historians of the middle ages. The body of this church, large as a cathedral, for it is over 360 feet in length, occupies a great part of the upper plateau of the mountain on which it is located. From whichever side the town is approached, it attracts the eye by its imposing mass. Its towers remind us by their unequal proportions, that they have been more than once struck by lightning. Many opinions have been expressed respecting the age and origin of the church of Vezelay. The learned men of the place give it a thousand years of existence, and attribute it to the Saracens. Without going back so far, and without believing that the good Countess Bertha rose in the night to assist with her handmaidens in carrying up the sand and stone destined for the building, we may be certain that the nave, of the pure Roman style, belongs to the end of the 11th century; that the Church of the Catechumens, that is to say, the porch, which is in the style of the transition (and only 62 feet long), dates from the 12th century; and the choir, in the bold and slender ogival style, is of the beginning of the 13th century at the latest. The grand portal, seen in our engraving, presents a mixture of several styles. We easily recognize the 12th century in the base, characterized by Roman arcades; the two towers belong to the same period, with the exception of the upper story of that of the right, which is ogival and of the 13th century; the rather too slender balustrade which crowns it is recent. In the last century, the sculptures which adorned the tympan of the principal door were destroyed. If we could open the doors and display the admirable sculptures which decorate the tympan of the interior entrance, and those of the capitals of the pillars of the Catechumens, then the beautiful and severe ordering of the long triforia of the three naves, perfectly restored to their primitive state, in which the most sumptuous decoration reigns from the base of the four-columned pillars to the sweep of the arches and triforia, to the cordons which separate the three stories of the body of the church, the spectator would be surprised at seeing all that the monks of the middle ages knew how to accomplish in the decoration of their churches. Besides the beautiful and elaborate rose work, we must place, though in an inferior degree as a work of art, the thousand subjects of sculpture which cover the capitals of the whole Roman part of the church, and the vast tympan of the Catechumens. This last place is occupied by a figure of Christ seated in his glory, surrounded by the apostles, and blessing the world. The statue of St. John the Baptist rises on the central pier of the doorway. A zodiac, the ordinary accompaniment of Roman portals, encloses the tympan; the lateral door represents the principal scenes in the life of our Saviour; the sculptures of the Roman capitals of the naves, in which Satan plays a part under very hideous shapes, are symbolic, and figure the struggle of man against evil, and his triumph, aided by the angels. There are also many Biblical subjects; the choir of the church, decorated in the ogival manner, has no sculptured characters; the monolith columns of the sanctuary are adorned with some frescoes, and even incrustations in mosaic. The tympan of the exterior portal is an addition due to some abbot of the 14th century, who wished to light the nave of the Catechumens better than by the primitive Roman bay windows, by cutting long open arches in the centre of the façade. This part of the monument has recently been carefully consolidated. The subjects are arranged in the following manner:—the Eternal Father is placed at the summit of the tympan. Two angels at his side support his crown; but a little lower are two statues, one of the virgin crowned, and the other of Magdalen. On the lower story are seen statues of St. Peter and St. John. The style of these works is somewhat harsh and speaks of the epoch of their execution.

CHURCH OF VEZELAY.

CLAIRVOYANCE.

The following extract from the *Zoist*, contains a very interesting narrative by Lord Ducie:—"In the highest department or phenomena of mesmerism, Lord Ducie for a long time was a disbeliever, and could not bring himself to believe in the power of reading with the eyes bandaged, or of mental travelling; at length, however, he was convinced of the truth of those powers, and that, too, in so unexpected a way, that there could have been no deception. It happened that he had to call upon a surgeon on business, and when he was there, the surgeon said to him, 'You have never seen my little clairvoyante.' He replied that he never had, and should like to see her much. He was invited to call the next day, and upon his replying that he should be obliged to leave town tha evening, he said, 'Well, you can come in at once. I am obliged to go out, but I will ring the bell for her, and put her to sleep, and you can ask her any questions you please.' Lord Ducie accordingly went in. He had never been in the house before, and the girl could have known nothing of him. The bell was rung, the clairvoyante appeared, and the surgeon, without a word passing, put her to sleep, and then he put on his hat and left the room. Lord Ducie had before seen something of mesmerism, and he sat by her, took her hand, and asked her if she felt able to travel. She replied, 'Yes;' and he asked her if she had ever been in Gloucestershire, to which she answered she had not, but should like to go there, as she had not been in the country for six years; she was a girl about seventeen years old. He told her she should go with him, for he wanted her to see his farm. They travelled (mentally) by the railroad comfortably together, and then (in his imagination) got into a fly and proceeded to his house. He asked her what she saw, and she replied, 'I see an iron gate and a curious old house.' He asked her, 'How do you get to it?" she replied, 'By this gravel-walk;' which was quite correct. He asked her how they went into it; she replied, 'I see a porch—a curious old porch.' It was probably known to many that his house, which was a curious old Elizabethan building, was entered by a porch, as she had described. He asked her what she saw on the porch, and she replied, truly, that it was covered with flowers. He then said, 'Now, we will turn in at our right hand; what do you see in that room?' She answered with great accuracy, 'I see a book case, and a picture on each side of it.' He told her to turn her back to the book-case, and say what she saw on the other side; and she said, 'I see something shining, like that which soldiers wear.' She also described some old muskets and warlike implements hanging in the hall; and on his asking her how they were fastened up (meaning by what means they were secured), she mistook his question, but replied, 'The muskets are fastened up in threes,' which was the case. He then asked of what substance the floors were built; and she said, 'Of black and white squares,' which was correct. He then took her to another apartment, and she very minutely described the ascent to it as being by four steps. Lord Ducie told her to enter by the right door, and say what she saw there; she said, 'There is a painting on each side of the fireplace.' Upon asking her if she saw anything particular in the fireplace, she replied, 'Yes; it is carved up to the ceiling,' which was quite correct; for it was a curious old Elizabethan fireplace. There was at Totworth Court a singular old chestnut tree; and he told her he wished her to see a favorite tree, and asked her to accompany him. He tried to deceive her by saying, 'Let us walk close up to it;' but she replied, 'We cannot, for there are railings round it.' He said, 'Yes, wooden railings,' to which she answered, 'No, they are of iron,' which was the case. He asked, 'What tree is it?' and she replied that she had seen so little in the country that she could not tell; but upon his asking her to describe the leaf, she said, 'It is a leaf as dark as the geranium leaf, large, long, and jagged at the edges.' Lord Ducie apprehended that no one could describe more accurately than that the leaf of the Spanish chestnut. He then told her he would take her to see his farm, and desired her to look over a gate into a field which he had in his mind, and tell him what she saw growing; she replied, that the field was all over green, and asked if it was potatoes, adding that she did not know much about the country. It was not potatoes, but turnips. He then said 'Now look over this gate to the right, and tell me what is growing there.' She at once replied, 'There is nothing growing there; it is a field of wheat, but it has been cut and carried off.' This was correct; but knowing that in a part of the field grain had been sown at a different period, he asked her if she was sure that the whole of it had been cut. She replied, that she could not see the end of the field, as the land rose in the middle, which in truth it did. He then said to her, 'Now we are on the brow, can you tell me if it is cut?' She answered, 'No, it is still growing here.' He then said to her, 'Now let us come to this gate—tell me where it leads to.' She replied, 'Into a lane.' She then went on and described everything on his farm with the same surprising accuracy, and upon his subsequently inquiring, he found she was only in error in one trifling matter."

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

GROWING OLD.

BY F. GRYVITTS.

Older, older, older growing!
Never ceasing—onward flowing
To the mist where wrecks are strewing
Life's great sea:
Where the sun is dimly beaming;
Where earth's visions lose their seeming;
Where the dream of youth that followed,
By the murky tide is swallowed
Mournfully.

On this dark and sluggish ocean,
Dead, yet trembling with emotion,
Dies the din of life's commotion
Evermore.
Not a sound moves through the gloaming,
Where dim shadows vast are looming,
Save anon some frail bark's bustle,
As the waves with faintest rustle
Close it o'er.

Here fond youth, with heart despairing,
Sees unearthly spectres staring,
From their hollow eye-pits glaring
Desolate;
And lo fears his thoughts awaken,
And his spirit goes forsaken,
As he feels the power that ever
Bears him on th' unyielding river,
To his fate.

Bright and gay the rill goes leaping,
Through the sunny meadows creeping,
Where the nodding flowers are peeping
O'er its breast:
Onward—ever onward flowing;
Calmer, deeper, wider growing,
Till the river hears the billow
Sweeping past the mourning willow,
Ne'er at rest.

We are daily growing older,
Weaker, sadder, paler, colder;
Soon these perfect limbs will moulder
'Neath the soil.
Chilly thoughts will gather o'er us,
So unlike it, once so sprightly?
Let it rest; 'tis, though unsightly,
Freed from toil.

O, why should it ever grieve us
That the grave shall soon receive us?
Will it not for aye relieve us
From our foes?
If the poor we've ne'er forsaken,
And to truth men did awaken,
Like the weary bark at even,
We shall find a quiet haven
Of repose.

[Translated from the French for Ballou's Pictorial.]

VIBORG.

BY ANNE T. WILBUR.

THE business of steamboats has rapidly increased for several years past in the north, and no country can better appreciate their advantages than these distant provinces of Finland and Scandinavia, isolated at the extremity of Europe, separated from each other by arms of the sea and gulfs, enclosed during several months in a barrier of ice. The steamboat is the blessed magician which abridges thousands of wersts, which approaches towards each other these tribes dispersed over an immense space, and which bears hither, in a few days, the riches of another land, the flowers of the south. In this country of rocks, of mountains intersected by so many streams, the railroad is impossible, and the steamboat must take its place. Several steamboats pass Helsingfors every week, some going to Stockholm, others to Revel and to St. Petersburg. They are large and fine boats, built in England or America, and luxuriously decorated. Their aristocratic names announce at once their imposing character, and the habits of the country to which they belong; one is called the *Grand Duke*, another the *Prince Mentschikoff*; a third, much smaller and more unpretending, bears simply the name of *The Helsingfors*. It plies from town to town along the coasts, and, if the wind and current are favorable, goes as far as Viborg.

On the third of June, I embarked on this boat, and I speak of it with gratitude; for we had a pleasant and fortunate passage. Nothing can be more fresh and smiling to behold, on a fine summer day, than the shores of the Gulf of Finland, starting from Helsingfors. Along the coasts we sail constantly between woods and hills, whose outlines, forms and colors vary at each instant. Here it is a long valley shaded by birches with pendant branches, like those of willows, and studded with dwellings; farther on you encounter chains of rocks, pyramids of granite, red and veined, whence were hewn the column of Alexander and the pedestal of the statue of Peter the Great. Sometimes the sea, intersected by parallel islands, appears from afar like a river broader than the Rhone, and more picturesque than the Rhine; then it spreads out, enlarges once more, and one sees in the distant horizon only the beach buried beneath an azure mist. We soon enter a vast archipelago, and at sight of these forests newly clad with green, these branches of pines and firs, of alders and willows, with their various shades, these promontories fringed by the waves, these mysterious bays which flee far up into the shade, one would think this one immense park furrowed by rivers and traversed by lakes. A light wind corrugates, like a silver lace, the surface of the waves; a spotless sky is spread out over our heads, and the sea reflects by turns, on its bosom, the rays of the sun, the purple of the rocks, and the verdure of the forests.

Nevertheless, I left with regret this city of Helsingfors, where I had passed so many charming hours, and with my eyes turned towards the shore, which was little by little flying behind us, I addressed to those who had so kindly entertained me there a cordial adieu.

Six hours after our departure, we arrived at Borgo, a poor little village, whose pitiful dwellings, crooked and obscure streets, presented a singular contrast to the brilliant spectacle we had just had before our eyes. Nevertheless, Borgo is the see of a bishopric, and the residence of Runeberg, the beloved poet of Finland. Happily the nature which he loves and sings with a rare talent is not far from him; he has but to go a few steps from his gloomy town, to find this nature, grand and beautiful, and she speaks to him the sweet language which he translates into harmonious verse. The next day we entered the town of Louisa, which indeed deserves to bear the name of a woman, since it is smiling and graceful. One of its streets descends to the seashore; others rise in an amphitheatre on the slope of a hill. Its origin does not date farther back than a century; it has the freshness and gayety of youth.

The "Helsingfors," which conveyed us thus from station to station, is indeed the most obliging boat possible; its hours of departure and arrival are prescribed only for form. It is like a philosopher who does not care to give himself useless fatigues; it goes from island to island, like a happy mortal who loves to breathe the fresh air and to contemplate beautiful nature. If a passenger is tardy, it waits for him; if a fisherman, wandering over the gulf, invokes its assistance, it throws him a rope, and benevolently tows him along. Thanks to these caprices of the boat, instead of arriving at Frederikshamm at five o'clock, according to the promises of the programme, it was nearly midnight when we saw the spire of its steeple.

A rampart, built after the system of Vaubar, has surrounded this town for a century past; it must have been built on a very defective plan, and in a very bad situation, for Russia to have allowed it to fall into ruins, since, in this country, wherever there is an island, a rock which can be defended by a corner of ground, one may be sure of finding a bastion or soldiers. On our way from the powerful fortress of Sveaborg, we saw one citadel at Svartholm, another a few leagues farther on, at the spot where, sixty years ago, Gustavus III. gained a naval victory over the Russians, and another still at six wersts from Viborg.

Frederikshamm was formerly the residence of the governors of the province. A massive tower, built in the middle of a square, overlooks it, and all the streets terminate at the fort of this tower like the spokes of a wheel. It is there that was signed, on the fifth of September, 1809, the treaty of peace which sanctioned the conquest of Finland by Russia. A conflagration ravaged, a few years since, the streets built under the auspices of the King of Sweden, and the house where the plenipotentiaries of one of his successors abandoned to the descendant of the czars, the country so often coveted and invaded by the Russians; the treaty alone remains. Nevertheless, it was neither, I acknowledge to my shame, a historical souvenir nor a poetic sentiment which attracted me to this town at midnight with my travelling companions; it was simply the desire to obtain a morsel of bread; for the restaurateur of the "Helsingfors," persuaded that we should go, according to the customs of passengers, to dine on one or the other shore, had provided nothing but tea and brandy, the commodities required for the ship's crew. The good inhabitants of Frederikshamm had been for three hours profoundly sleeping; not a gate open, not a light cloud of smoke above the roofs. The night watch, with halberd in hand, was alone traversing the streets, crying the hour at the top of his voice, and not knowing what to think of our nocturnal invasion. Perhaps we should have been very ill received by this vigilant sentinel charged with the repose of the burgomaster and the citizens, if we had not been accompanied by a Finnish officer, whose silver epaulettes glistened in the moonlight. The epaulette is, in the domains of the Russian empire, the symbol of power; everybody fears and respects it. The watch interrupted his refrain as he saw us pass, and gave the military salute like a man who knows his business. It was this officer who had undertaken to find lodgings for us. He knocked at the door of a little wooden house, decorated with the name of a hotel. An old woman put her dishevelled head out of the window, muttered in a cross tone a few not very courteous words, then disappeared, and all was again silence. Meanwhile, we looked at the streets, where not a soul was passing, and at the stars, which seemed to be mocking us. At the end of a quarter of an hour, the officer, thinking he had not been recognized, knocked again imperiously; then the old woman came herself to the door in a costume which I will not attempt to describe. She conducted us through a room where a whole family were asleep in four beds, side by side, and a little gloomy hall, where she had already had the precaution to deposit a light, which prevented us from treading on the body of a child stretched out on a box of straw, and striking against a large chest which barred half the passage. We seated ourselves in silence on a rustic bench, in order not to disturb the repose of the poor people who were probably greatly in need of it. The worthy hostess opened her cupboard, and stepped lightly about the kitchen; the magic sight of the epaulettes had given her the activity of youth. After these numerous trips, she returned, bringing some cakes of barley, some excellent butter, and some glasses of milk. This was the extent of the resources of the hotel; and as for beds, it was in vain to think of them. All in the house and a part of the straw in the barn were already occupied. Besides, we should have scrupled to have kept our good old woman longer on her feet; we, therefore, thanked her cordially for her patriarchal hospitality, enforcing our thanks with a few roubles, and returned to the boat.

Its only furniture was four wooden benches and a folding chair; the four benches and the deck were in an instant occupied by my travelling companions. The captain was seated on the folding chair, like a pacha on his carpet. Fortunately, the boat suspended at the stern of the steamboat remained empty; I threw my cloak into it, and, all alone, in my aerial bed, slept, cradled like a seagull by the breeze of night, notwithstanding a swarm of gnats.

On the following day, we continued our route across a broad sea, the vaporous coasts of which we could distinguish only now and then. Nothing farther delayed our voyage. At four o'clock in the afternoon, we arrived at the port of Viborg, a fine and large port, formed by two islands which jut out into the sea like two piers. Here are a hundred houses occupied by merchants, laborers, innkeepers, and an immense quantity of planks and beams, which, in a few months from this, will, perhaps, cover the walls of a Portuguese city, or a palace of Cadiz; for Finland exports its wood to the most remote countries of Europe.

The city is at twelve wersts from the port, at the extremity of a broad bay, whose shores are covered with its old ramparts and its two fauhourgs. Its castle, ravaged by a conflagration, is now falling in ruins; it was built in 1293 by the valorous Torkel Knudtzon, one of the most illustrious men of whom the annals of Sweden have retained the remembrance; the ramparts date from the fifteenth century. Viborg was then one of the most important cities of Finland, the see of a bishopric, and the capital of one of the three great districts of the country. At various epochs, it was attacked by the Russians, and several times resisted them valiantly. In 1710, Peter the Great besieged it, and took possession of it after some weeks of an obstinate contest. In 1721, the treaty of Nystad conceded to him its definitive possession, with that of the surrounding lands. In 1743, the treaty of Abo still farther enlarged this first conquest.

During a century, the districts designated under the name of old Finland (*gamla Finland*) were subjected to the same regulations, to the same administration, as the other Russian provinces. After the entire conquest of Finland, an imperial ukase re-united them to the country from which they had been disjoined, and granted them the same privileges. Viborg is at present the capital of the government and the seat of a supreme court of justice. It contains three thousand inhabitants, and a garrison of several thousand men. Russia has not ruled it so long without having left her imprint strongly there. This city has, more than all the other cities of Finland, including even Helsingfors, the aspect of a Russian city. You cross a square, and arrive at barracks; you turn the corner of a street, and you see a guard house; you go a little farther, other barracks or a bastion; everywhere officers dressed in uniform from morning till night, and everywhere soldiers. The clarion is constantly sounding, the drums beating in every direction; a company of Cossacks from the Don are mounting their horses, a battalion of infantry is about to parade, a corps of engineers drilling, and a squadron of gend'armes manœuvering. Nevertheless, they are now in the midst of peace.

The bourgeois population is composed of four distinct races: the Fins, who first occupied this province; the Swedes, who conquered it; the Germans, who have come hither to settle at various periods; and the Russians, who have dominion over all. Each of these nations has its separate church, its priests and its peculiar customs. Through politeness for each other, and sometimes from necessity, they attempt to speak by turns the four languages admitted into public and private life of Viborg, and the result is an incredible cacophony of dialects and accents. Each idiom, thus thrown into circulation by dint of barbarisms, has yet its domain apart, and, if it would remain within its limits, would not be ill-treated. The Swedish is the judiciary and administrative language; the Russian is that of the soldiers; the German is especially used by merchants, and the Finnish by the common people and servants.

Science and study are represented at Viborg by the professors of the gymnasium, who possess a library of some thousands of volumes; art and literature by musicians and comedians, who, on their way to and from St. Petersburg, deign to tune their instruments or put on their buskins for the inhabitants of Viborg.

On the day of my arrival in this city, I had the pleasure of being present at one of these extraordinary representations which, from time to time, fortune procures for the worthy inhabitants of Viborg, to keep up in their minds a taste for the fine arts. To see the outside of the hall, one would have taken it for the staff-office of the place. All the steps were covered with officers and soldiers; it was a soldier who received the tickets, a soldier who led the way to the boxes; another circulated along the passages to salute the officers as they entered, that they might receive, even in the sanctuary of the Muses, the tribute of honor which was their due.

Four lamps lighted the stairs; a piano, flanked by a violin and violoncello, served as an orchestra, and a curtain, representing three bishops with mitres on their heads formed the immovable ground of all the decorations. Why were these bishops there? This was what I could not comprehend. Probably the curtain on which they had been painted to figure in some Christian tragedy, was the only one which could conveniently form the perspective of the theatre, and the venerable prelates thus found themselves condemned to be present in effigy at the comedy, the drama, the opera, and the vaudeville; for all these are played on the stage at Viborg, and all on the same evening. Here is the programme of the representation at which I was present, faithfully copied from the bill: 1st, a grand scene from the opera of Tancrede; 2d, two scenes from the *Don Carlos* of Schiller; 3d, a grand air from the

Marriage de Figaro; 4th, a little comedy of Saphir; 5th, a one act comedy of Kotzebue; 6th, a scene from Sargines, an opera of Paer; 7th, the scene of the oath in Norma; besides, by way of ballet, *La Cachucha,* danced by Mlle. Rothmayer. It was one and the same family—a family composed of four individuals—who thus gave to the public, for one franc, fifty centimes each, this specimen of so many *chef d'œuvres.* The father played the great noblemen, and the old men in comedy, and in the operas performed by turns as base and tenor; the mother figured now as duenna and now as an old coquette. The young girls represented in the same evening knights, princesses, heroes, majestic priestesses, and weeping lovers. At the end of the last piece, all the actors were recalled one after another; fortunately there were but four. Mlle. Rothmayer put her hand on her heart and addressed to the public a little speech which was not announced on the programme, and which put the climax to the public enthusiasm. Her father, who appeared afterwards, promised to return next winter, and take measures to have the theatre warmed. The spectators withdrew, congratulating themselves on this pleasant prospect.

The district of Viborg extend to the Russian frontier, about eight leagues from St. Petersburg. Its inhabitants enjoy generally greater comfort than those of the other provinces of Finland; it is rare that they are obliged to have recourse to bread made of birch-bark, as happens frequently with the poor people in the interior of the country. A great number among them live on the products of hunting and fishing; others are engaged in commerce in the Finnish boats. They do not earn more than from twelve to fifteen francs per month, which is enough to satisfy their modest wants. Others, more ambitious, engage on board English vessels, where they are eagerly welcomed, for they are excellent sailors. They receive then from sixty to seventy francs per month, and return in a few years enriched by their savings. Many of them are ranked in the class of torpars or farmers. The torpar cultivates on his own account a certain extent of ground, and pays his proprietor in days of labor; sometimes engages to make for his master one or two journeys a year to St. Petersburg or Viborg. This is a species of voluntary serfdom, regulated by a bail, a serfdom sufficiently burdensome, if we reflect that the torpar is often obliged to leave his field at the most important moment, and to go a distance of five or six leagues to put himself at the disposal of his proprietor; but the Finlander is endowed with the most patient and most resigned disposition. No other nation fulfils like this the sentence of the Bible: "By the sweat of thy brow shalt thou eat thy bread." He toils without murmuring, and suffers without complaining. Such as I saw him, three years ago, in the gloomy provinces of the north, such I found him here on these southern coasts, and I observed him with a profound sentiment of interest and sympathy.

Notwithstanding the mixture of races settled in the province of Viborg by conquest and the colonizations of commerce, the Finnish tribe has still retained many of its ancient customs. One encounters still here and there numerous families, who, for many generations, have formed a little world apart, cultivated the same fields, lived the same life, and allied themselves with no foreign family. One of the old men of the tribe has over it a patriarchal ascendancy; he orders and counsels, settles differences and condemns the guilty. His word is loved and respected as that of a father, and his judgment has more authority than that of a tribunal. To see one of these virtuous families assembled in the enclosure of its domains, sharing the same labors and associated in the same fetes, one would think it an institution of Moravian brethren, without the rigors of a systematic law and the constraint of a daily duty. All the members of this community are attached to each other by the memories of an hereditary affection, and by the ties of blood. He who directs them is the relative of all; their father and grandfather, their Nestor by age, their Mentor by experience, their master by a reciprocal sentiment of confidence and of tenderness. But interest and pride have already introduced revolt into the sanctuary of these pious associations. Day after day their bonds are slackening and breaking. An old Finnish proverb says: "Better is a good war than a bad peace." When the members of the ancient community feel that the foundations of the general concord are shaken, they withdraw and seek elsewhere another dwelling. Very soon there remains of these affecting family re-unions only a veiled picture and a distant remembrance.

The ceremonies formerly practised in betrothals and marriages still subsist in most of the parishes. When a young man wishes to marry, he chooses among his relatives or among the most experienced peasants in the village, an orator charged to state his demand. Both go to the house of her whose hand he wishes to solicit; the relatives of the young girl, forewarned of their visit, the friends and neighbors, are assembled in the same hall. The orator commences his speech, enumerates in pompous terms the qualities and merits of the suitor, and his present and future possessions. When he has finished his harangue, his client advances and offers presents to the nearest relatives of the young girl, a ring to this one, a girdle to that, some pieces of silver to the father and mother. If these presents are accepted, he is admitted as a lover, and has permission to go into an adjoining room to seek his intended bride, who, during this time, has remained alone, apart. The betrothals are usually celebrated in the cemetery; is it a philosophical idea or a religious thought which leads the young couple thither? Do the lovers, as they exchange rings above the dwellings of the dead, cast their eyes towards the ground and say to themselves that there is the termination of all human joys, or raise them towards heaven and think of those eternal regions where those who love each other in this world will be united one day to separate no more?

When this first ceremony is over, the bride goes, with a woman who is her interpreter, to make a tour around the parish. The feminine orator makes a speech, and appeals to the sympathy of her auditors for her who is soon to quit her happy young girl's life to devote herself to the cares of wife and mother; and each then brings her offering. This one gives wool to weave her garments, that one, some household utensils, or linen, or a piece of silver. This is the complement to her dowry, the humble treasure which she receives with joy and gratitude; for to each of these modest presents is attached a wish from the heart, and an affectionate sentiment. The rich young girls also make this nuptial collection; if they do not need the gifts presented to them, they yet love to place around them, in their new dwelling, these voluntary tributes of friendship, as protecting egides or amulets.

The wedding is celebrated with great pomp. All the relatives and friends for several leagues round are invited. The bride appears in the midst of the guests with a gilt crown which does not belong to her; she borrows it in the morning and returns it in the evening: touching and melancholy symbol of the happiness which shines to day on a smiling brow, and to-morrow sheds its celestial gleams over another countenance. At the end of the dinner, the bride advances like a walkyrie of the ancient times, and herself pours out beer for all her guests; then new presents are made to thank her for her hospitality, and she quits the house of her parents to enter that of her husband.

In some parishes, it is believed that the dead awaken from their long sleep three times a year, at the great festivals which they kept during their life-time in the bosom of their families—Christmas, Easter and St. John's. On these days, their nearest relatives deposit on their tombs cups of milk, and little pies of fish commonly called in the country *pirogues,* in order that when they rise from the ground which covers their coffins, they may find a souvenir of the fetes which rejoiced them, and the beloved beings who had celebrated these in their company.

After having repeatedly seen the barracks of Viborg, visited its Greek church full of pictures and gilding, traversed its environs, which are very beautiful and very picturesque, conversed by turns with the officer, the merchant and the citizen, it became necessary that I should think of continuing my route towards St. Petersburg, and this was no small problem. The only diligence which existed here a few years since has ceased its journeys, and one in vain invokes the aid of the steamboat: there is none. I was compelled to have recourse to the peasant's cart, and to give myself up to the miseries of a route which enjoys throughout all Finland a just celebrity. Fortunately, I had met a merchant from Lyons—M. Bessin, a young man of cultivated mind, gay and confident disposition, who was proposing to make the same trip, and I joyfully joined him. At so long a distance from one's natal soil, in the midst of a foreign nation, it is so sweet to find once more the melody of one's mother tongue, to press the hand of a countryman, and to hear France spoken of with love and enthusiasm.

Behold us, therefore, mounted on an open cart, with four wheels, and seating ourselves wherever we could find a place,—on our trunks and valises, our bodies without support, our legs hanging down, occupied in balancing ourselves on a vacillating seat, and praying Heaven that we might arrive safe and sound at St. Petersburg. If Scarron could have seen us on our tumbrel, with our hat-boxes on one side, our carpet-bags on the other, our oscillations at every jolt, he would have added one chapter more to his *Roman Comique.* Nevertheless, everything went well for the space of several miles. The carriages were large enough, the postilions honest and civil, the country picturesque. We set out in the evening, and enjoyed one of those beautiful nights, or, rather, one of those enchanting twilights which, during the summer, shed over the landscapes of the north so many soft hues of light and shade. We travelled along on our rude seats, now contemplating in silence through the foliage of the trees, the purple tints of the horizon, which the sun was leaving only for a moment; now reminding each other, with enthusiasm, of the finest sites of our country, and evoking in our conversations, in the midst of the dark forests of Finland, the smiling aspects of our valleys and mountains.

My travelling companion had but one predilection, which annoyed me much. He was perpetually praising the shores of the Rhone and Saone; while I asked him to be equally enamored of the banks of the Doub and the mountains of Franche-Compte, and this was a long subject of discussion. At last, we concluded a treaty of peace, and it was agreed that our beloved provinces were the two finest countries, and their inhabitants the most excellent people, to be found in the world.

The satisfaction which pervaded our hearts when we had concluded and settled with the wisdom of diplomatists all the articles of this patriotic contract, was soon seriously disturbed by the aspect of the new stations where we changed horses and carriages. Instead of the large carts which we had found in the environs of Viborg, were tumbrels on which we could seat ourselves only by crouching on our trunks, with our chins on our knees. Instead of the kind and officious postilions of Finland, here were peasants who belonged to some unknown race, and who might have been taken for savages; civilization had as yet done nothing for these men; the razor had not touched their beards; the scissors of the coiffeur had never approached their long locks like a distaff of tow; no tailor had meddled with their garments. They wore only a huge pair of boots, and a shirt knotted around their waists by a colored girdle; some wore a round linen jacket over this shirt; but it appeared to us that in general they looked upon this additional garment as a very useless luxury. The houses where we stopped exhaled a fetid odor. At seven o'clock in the morning, we perceived one whose aspect seemed inviting. We entered the corridor; it was occupied by four peasants, stretched out at full length on the floor. In the adjoining room, a woman was lying half dressed on the outside of a bed. We attempted to sit down and all the chairs were covered with such thick dust that we could not. Our intention on entering had been to ask a cup of milk; we had but to cast a glance on the pieces of broken dishes scattered here and there, to forget immediately the most imperious thirst.

As for the route over which our postilion was conducting us—what shall we say of it? In what language, in what dictionary, shall we find words sufficiently characteristic to represent these remnants of pavements interrupted by crevasses, furrowed by ruts, these masses of stones, thrown pell-mell, the impetuous bounds of our cart, and these perpetual vacillations! At every instant we were obliged to cling to the sides of our equipage in order not to roll into a rut, or to extend both hands over our baggage to prevent its being lost in the road. After half an hour of travelling, or more properly, of stormy navigation, over these rocks and reefs, the padlock of one of our trunks had broken to pieces, one of our valises was broken, one of our carpet-bags torn, and a hat-box in fragments. On our arrival at St. Petersburg, all that we had packed with rare traveller's dexterity was overturned, rumpled, and covered with mud and dust.

Some peasants of the province, who believe that the dead can, at certain periods, visit their houses, and who have no desire to see them, place the coffin which they are conveying to the cemetery on the roughest cart, and subject it to the most violent jolts, in order that the poor deceased persons may remember in their graves the fatigues of this cruel route, and not be tempted to repeat them. It seems to me that the roads and post carriages of Viborg have been made with the same intentions towards foreigners, and those who have originated the idea have perfectly attained their object. I am very sure that, unless absolutely compelled, not a traveller who has known by experience the hardships of the road from Viborg would brave them again.

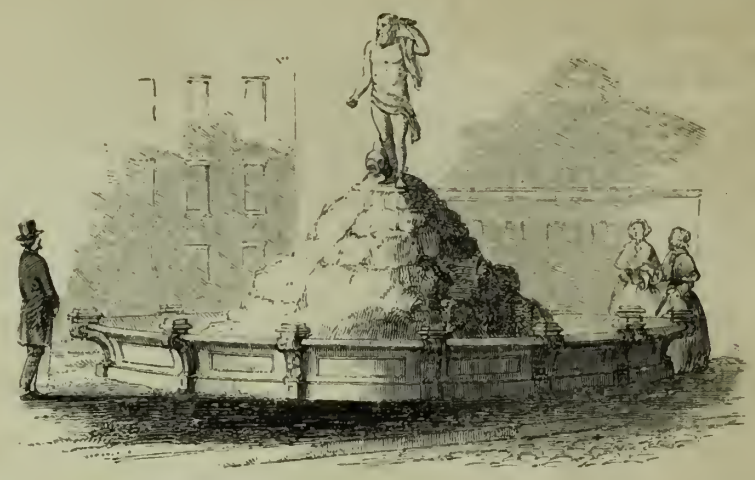
At about eight leagues from St. Petersburg, our coachman stopped his horses at the foot of a large wooden barrier which crosses the road, took off his hat respectfully, and entered with profound humility a house guarded by sentinels. We were on the Russian frontier, and this was the custom-house. Meanwhile, Finland has been incorporated with Russia for more than thirty years. Probably it is not yet confident enough of its own self-control and its own intelligence to undertake the care of inspecting and judging the travellers who arrive in the capital of the empire. From the province of Viborg, conquered by Peter the Great, one enters that of St. Petersburg as into a foreign country.

Two men came to take our trunks and examine them with minute care. The books especially attracted their attention. I had had the precaution to send back to Stockholm all the books of history or literature which I had collected during my stay in Finland; I had left only a Russian dictionary and a Russian romance of Sagoskir. A superior employe took these works, turned over their leaves to assure himself that they contained no fraud, and to shelter himself from all suspicion, showed them to one of his colleagues. After this double inquisition, my innocent Russian books were restored to me; but an unfortunate leaf that strayed from a French journal prolonged the inspection a good half hour. The employes re-examined my effects, one after another, to see if they could not find some other fragment from these fatal leaves, and as I had none, we were very civilly dismissed.

After the employes of the custom-house, the *maitre de poste* had his turn. He came to ask to see our *podoroshna,* otherwise the official title in virtue of which a traveller obtains horses along his route. After having collected the tax due him, he pointed with his finger to a cabaret, red as the nose of a toper, and asked if we would not enter to drink, he said, a good bottle of wine. This time it seemed to us that he went beyond the regulations, and, in spite of our respect for his embroidered cap and green-collared coat, we thought we might, without being guilty of any great insubordination, resist his demands. At the following station, a new examination of the *podoroshna* and a new tax was made.

We were now only four leagues from St. Petersburg, and might have believed ourselves still in the midst of the sombre and silent regions of Nordland; for, on all sides, we saw only a dense forest of pines and birches, and not a steeple, not a dwelling. At last, we arrived at the barrier guarded by half a dozen sentinels and a battalion of grenadiers. A revenue officer examined our trunks again; another minutely inspected our papers; thank God! it is over, and we are at St. Petersburg. Not at all; the puissant masters of St. Petersburg, who, in the course of a century, have covered so vast a space with edifices, aspire to occupy one still more vast; and, in order not to be obliged to remove the barriers of their capital, have, by a wise precaution, placed them at a good league from its actual limits. We, therefore, travelled another whole hour on our cart, dancing like pasteboard dolls, and supporting, with wonderful resignation, unexpected jolts. The first thing we sought, on our arrival in the capital of the empire, was, I confess, neither the marble church of Isaac, the winter palace, nor any other edifice whose magnificence the *Traveller's Guide* had painted in official metaphors; it was a hotel. This first incursion *intra muros* procured us the satisfaction of learning, as we paid five francs for an hour's rest, that we were in the city of Europe where life is the most costly.

MIND.—The mind perceives by occasion of outward objects as much more than is represented to it by sense, as a learned man does in the best-written book than an illiterate person or brute. To the eyes of both the same characters will appear; but the learned man, in those characters, will see heaven, earth, sun, and stars—read profound theorems of philosophy or geometry—learn a great deal of new knowledge from them, and admire the wisdom of the composer; while, to the other, nothing appears but black strokes drawn on white paper.—*Cudworth.*



SPRING GARDEN INSTITUTE, AND FOUNTAIN, SPRING GARDEN STREET, PHILADELPHIA.

VIEWS IN PHILADELPHIA.

M. M. Ballou, Esq.—Dear Sir:—For the sake of diversifying my narrative, and not to appear too partial to New England, I will, if you please, drop "the thread of my discourse" at New London, and give you a sketch of a recent trip to the "city of brotherly love," and its results pictorially. Behold me then, with carpet-bag in hand, on a dull, misty morning in the dog days (last past), sauntering up Dock Street from the *entrepot* of the N. J. R. R., past the Exchange; dodging among the various and numerous *omnibii* and through Third Street, where printers' devils "most do congregate," to Chestnut, and thence to 116, the depot whence the Philadelphians derive their weekly feast in the shape of the "Pictorial." I was warmly welcomed by Mr. Winch, your gentlemanly and hospitable agent, who, it seems, was expecting me, and after spending an hour in arranging our plans of operation for the morrow, I sought for quarters, which I found at the United States, opposite the custom-house, and I recognize my usual good fortune in the selection of this house as my stopping-place. In the morning, procuring a vehicle, we drove through Arch Street to Broad, and up Broad to the new "Central High School," on the corner of Green, Broad and Brandywine Streets, a view of which is given on the opposite page. For the following information I am indebted to Professor John L. Hart, LL.D., the principal of the institution, who will please accept my sincere thanks for his kindness in furnishing it. This school, like the free academy of New York and the high schools of our other American cities, grew out of the exigencies of the common school system. The common or public schools of Philadelphia began in 1818. For the first eighteen years, or until 1836, their existence was one continued struggle. They were organized originally on the same basis as the almshouse, namely, as a provision for the poor. Their doors were open only to those who came *in forma pauperis*, and they were emphatically, and in every sense of the word, poor schools. The consequence was, that not even the indigent, for whose benefit they were designed, would attend them; and at the end of eighteen years the system stood where it began—confessedly a failure. Wiser counsels at length prevailed. The stigma of pauperism was removed by allowing all to attend who chose, rich or poor, thus making them really public or common schools. They were at the same time made better worth attending, by being supplied with a more adequate array of teachers. More than all, a special inducement to attendance and to excellence in the public schools, was furnished by the establishment of one *Central High School*, for the more thorough instruction of successful competitors from the schools of lower grade. The primary and main end of the high school has been to elevate the whole system with which it is connected. It has accomplished in this respect all that was expected of it. Both the pupils and the teachers of the lower schools have been stimulated to an extraordinary degree of activity, and their popularity has kept pace with their progress. When the high school was first projected, there were only about 7000 or 8000 pupils in the public schools; there are now more than 53,000. When the school was first opened, candidates went to the lower schools the term required, only in obedience to an odious restriction of law. Now those lower schools have become most attractive places of education, and some of the richest and most aristocratic people of the city send their children there, not merely as a stepping-stone to the high school, but because they offer the best training which the city affords for a common English education. The high school was first opened in October, 1838, by the appointment of four professors and the admission of sixty-three students. During the seventeen years that it has been in operation, innumerable students have enjoyed the benefits of its course of instruction. It has gradually increased in size, until it now numbers twelve professors, four assistants and six hundred students, instructed at an annual expense of about $20,000. It has a liberal course of study, running through four years, differing somewhat from a college course, but equivalent to it, and those students who complete the course receive regularly the degrees of Bachelor and Master of Arts, a charter to this effect having been granted by the legislature. The success of the Philadelphia high school contributed largely to the establishment of the New York free academy, an institution of similar character and on a still more liberal footing. Both of these noble institutions, as well as all the subordinate subsidiary schools by which they are fed, are absolutely and entirely free, the only test and the only chance of admission to them being the individual and personal merit of the applicants themselves. The building originally erected for the high school was on East Penn Square, just back of the U. S. Mint. In 1853, however, a favorable opportunity occurred for selling the premises, which had become very noisy. The controllers thereupon proceeded to purchase a site and erect a building elsewhere. The lot selected for the new building is on the east side of Broad Street, having Green Street for a boundary on the north, and Brandywine Street on the south. It has a front of 150 feet and a depth of 95 feet, and the building is 100 feet long by 75 wide, and 82 feet high to the floor of the observatory. The building, finished and furnished, was dedicated to the purposes of its erection on the 28th of June, 1854. The cost of the lot was $17,000. The entire cost of the lot, building and furniture (not including apparatus) was $75,000. The school has an astronomical apparatus valued at $6000, and an apparatus in physics valued at $13,000. The building is constructed throughout in a substantial manner, with good materials and with a main reference to utility rather than ornament, although the latter has not been lost sight of. In the immediate vicinity of the high school—on the corner of Broad and Spring Garden Streets—is the "Spring Garden Institute," shown at the top of this page, which is devoted to the purposes of a free reading-room and library, and other means of disseminating knowledge among a class who would, without the aid of this valuable institution, perhaps waste the time which they are now enabled to improve and render valuable, by having at hand the appliances of a library and reading-room of the most approved kind. Since the establishment of this undertaking, the commissioners of Kensington have started a similar one, and it is to be hoped that every district will follow the example, until all are possessed of institutions of a like character and object. Spring Garden Street, or rather that portion of it near to Broad, is a model street, and it is a cause for great regret that there are not more such in the city. The Odd Fellows' Broadway Hall, an engraving of which is also given, is in the immediate vicinity of the last described buildings, and is, as its name implies, devoted to the meetings of the various lodges of that benevolent order. I did not get an opportunity to see the interior, and hence cannot speak of it as I could wish. The building is of brick, stuccoed; and the ornamental caps to the windows, with the cornice, and the statues of Hope and Charity thereon, give it a very handsome appearance. From this section of the city, we drove to Market Street railroad bridge over the Schuylkill, which we crossed, and speedily found ourselves in the straggling suburban village of West Philadelphia (now consolidated with the city proper).

LANDSDOWNE, NEAR PHILADELPHIA, SEAT OF THE PENN FAMILY.

NEW DROVE YARDS, NEAR PHILADELPHIA.

Our object in visiting this section was to find "Landsdowne," the seat of the Penn family, and as our information was rather scant regarding its locality, being limited to the fact that it was on the west side of the Schuylkill, we were compelled to seek for knowledge as we proceeded. After several unsuccessful inquiries, we were put upon the right track, and a short drive brought us to the ancient and dilapidated gate lodge that was, where we were accosted by half a dozen colored persons, great and small, accompanied by as many dogs, all of whom resided apparently in the house which had once been handsome, but was now very much decayed. In answer to our inquiries, they informed us that the place we sought was "'bout half a mile frough de woods, dough dere aint much dere to see now, kase de house burnt down a year ago fourth o' July, and dere aint ony the bare walls standing. You can drive frough dough, ony look out when you cum to de bridge, kase it aint very strong, and you'll most likely have to leve your hoss, and go de rest of de way afoot." This was rather discouraging, but we resolved to try it, and followed his directions and the road, which led through the woods before us, and which had been a handsome carriage drive, but had degenerated into a corduroy road filled with sloughs and pools, which we had to use some care to avoid. At the end of half a mile, we came to a stand still and a plank road at one and the same time. This was an emergency not provided for, and we were completely at a loss to find the thread of our journey. A careful search on the opposite side of the plank road supplied no evidence of a continuance of the carriage drive, and there being no house near, and no person in sight, of whom to inquire, we were again at fault. We resolved, however, to try the other side, and finding a pair of bars, we succeeded in getting our team over an embankment and through the fence into the wood, where there was nothing to guide us whatever. Taking the range of the road we had so far travelled upon, however, we picked our way among and between the trees, until we descended into the dry bed of a stream, and joyfully recognized the bridge spoken of, from whence the drive was seen winding among the trees, and far in the distance a glimpse of the buildings was caught through the waving foliage. Following the road which led through some most charming scenery, at the distance of quarter of a mile, we entered upon a spacious lawn, comprising some ten or twelve acres, in the centre of which stands the ruins of a once princely mansion, the abode of wealth and luxury. We spent an hour in rambling about the spacious grounds, in visiting the mansion and out buildings, and admiring the noble trees, one of which—a splendid pine—is shown in the engraving, until, tired of our ramble I sat down to make the sketch at the bottom of the opposite page. When William Penn founded the city of Philadelphia, he built a mansion for himself on the Delaware, about twenty miles from the city, which was called "Pennsbury." It was a very handsome building for those days, and was called "Penn's Palace." It was the residence of his heirs and successors until about the middle of the last century, when the then heir of the province, deeming it too far from the city to be convenient, built Landsdowne on the Schuylkill, about four miles from the city. The situation is admirable, being upon the banks of a stream, which is poetically winding, and shaded with splendid forest trees, which line its banks and dip their foliage into its waters. Art could not have created a more desirable location, and every appliance that it was possible for money to procure, or genius to furnish, was lavished upon it. Magnificent trees—native and exotic, fruit and forest, adorned the park. Busts and statuary ornamented the grounds, and the choicest flowers lent their fragrance to beautify the scene. A carriage drive of a mile in length led from a handsome gate lodge through the midst of mighty forest trees up to the mansion, and Landsdowne had more the appearance of the residence of one of England's noblemen than of an American country seat. After the revolution, it was rented as a country residence, and was occupied by many of the first families of Philadelphia in succession. It finally passed into the hands of the late Wm. Brigham, Esq., of whose estate it still forms a part. About five years since, Granville John Penn, the present head of the Penn family, residing in England, visited this country, and gave a picnic on the grounds to many of the wealthy families of the city. The prestige of the place was revived to a great extent, and it became a fashionable drive to visit Landsdowne, the aristocratic abode of past times. For many years its sole occupants were the family whose business it was to care for the premises and show the place to visitors. In their absence, some two years since, a party of rowdies from the city set it on fire by the careless use of fireworks, one fourth of July, and the bare walls alone tell the story of its past magnificence. The next object of our visit was the new Drove Yards, recently established and opened for the use of the drovers who supply the market of this metropolis of Pennsylvania. The result of our visit is shown in the accompanying illustration, which exhibits the hotel kept by Mr. Nelson Wertz, and a portion of the yard for neat cattle, sheep, etc. The place is new, having been but recently opened for use. We partook of a substantial dinner at the hotel and drove back to the city, where I spent the afternoon in sketching various localities of interest, and in visiting some of the most notable public buildings. The result of my second day's experience I shall furnish in another series. Meantime, I am respectfully your artist, NEUTRAL TINT.

ODD FELLOWS' HALL, BROAD STREET.

CENTRAL HIGH SCHOOL, BROAD STREET.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

LOVE THY MOTHER.

BY AGLAUS FORRESTER.

Love, O love thy mother!
In her eyes thou mayest see
Her deep, ardent love for thee:
Love her more than any other.

Think, that when thou wert a child,
She wiped away thy sorrowing tears,
And calmed thy many idle fears
With gentle care and mild.

Think, that when thou older grew,
How she watched thy wayward youth,
Instructed thee in heavenly truth—
Taught thee all the good thou knew.

Love, O love thy mother!
Let thy prayers to heaven ascend
For thy earliest, truest friend—
For thy mother!

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE LONG NIGHT.

BY FREDERICK WARD SAUNDERS.

We had weathered Cape Horn, made the greater part of our northing, and under a cloud of canvass, with a spanking breeze, were rapidly approaching our port of destination. Mr. Brady, the second mate, was attempting to walk a crack between the quarter deck planks. Having watched him until it became evident that the feat would remain unaccomplished, I determined to get him into his story-telling mood. Going over to the weather side of the quarter-deck, I accosted him.

"Well, Mr. Brady," said I, "in another month from this, I suppose we will be coming over this same spot, homeward bound."

"You may," he replied, "be coming this way, but I sha'n't. I intend to leave, and try another craft when we get into Valpy," (sailor for Valparaiso.) "I don't believe in staying too long by one ship,—get too well known."

"But you may not be able to get a mate's berth," I continued. "Isn't it possible all the vessels in port may be supplied? In that case, I suppose you will return with us."

"No fear of their all being supplied. Why, bless your heart, times have so changed from what they were a few years ago, when if a man once got a chance as mate of a vessel, he stuck by her as long as one plank held to another. If I leave, of course the ship will be wanting another second mate, which will be supplied by some discontented chap from on board one of the other vessels; that will leave a vacancy, into which I shall slip; that's the way it's done, you see. Now, in my grandfather's time, no one ever thought of leaving a ship until he was turned out of her; but it wasn't an easy thing to turn my grandfather out of a vessel. He stayed by one ship eight years after the owners had discharged him, and they couldn't get rid of him at any price. My grandfather had a genius for getting into scrapes; but then he was equally good at getting out of them—"

"Most of your stories seem to relate to your grandfather," said I, interrupting him. "Wasn't your father a sailor, also?"

"Why, yes," he continued; "he was a sailor, of course; but he couldn't hold a candle to my grandfather. It is a little singular, but it sometimes happens so in families, and it has always been so in ours. I mean the smart and really remarkable men only come every second generation."

"That is to say, your grandfather being the *last*, you are the *next* remarkable man."

"Well, ahem!—yes, you are not far out of the way. But as I was saying, my grandfather, with all his good qualities, had some few faults, or what at that time were so considered—he would never leave a bottle while there was a drop left, and he was no ways famous for telling the truth. But to offset that, he was no ways bigoted in the matter of religion. I don't believe he ever saw the inside of a church, except such times as he was being married; and another little thing that used to cause him some trouble—if he saw anything he wanted, he was bound to have it by hook or by crook, no matter to whom it chanced to belong, and there was no end of the money the owners had to pay to get him out of difficulty occasioned by such little frolics.

"Having served a pretty long apprenticeship before the mast and in the minor offices, he was promoted to a chief mate's berth on board a West India trader sailing out of Londonderry, and for a time everything went on smoothly. The captain liked him, for he was a good sailor, and took a deal of work off his hands; the owners liked him because he was a prompt, go-ahead chap, and stopped at nothing—and many's the heap of savings they made over and above their regular profit on what he smuggled for them.

"The owners were willing to put up with all my grandfather's little peccadilloes, but there was one thing they would not put up with. For some reason or other, every trip he made to the West Indies, the cargo would fall short two or three hundred pounds. If it had only happened once or twice, they would have passed it over as a mistake; but occurring every voyage, they began to think it might be accounted for in some other way, and informed the captain and mate that they should hold them responsible for whatever loss there might be in future.

"The captain growled and protested, and my grandfather smashed the third commandment all to flinders, but it made no difference, the owners were firm, and they had to make the best of it. But this arrangement had no effect at all, for the next trip, the cargo fell short more than ever, and the owners began to get their backs up.

"It was the same in those times as it is at present, the chief mate had charge of receiving and delivering the cargo; and strange as it may appear, they began to suspect my grandfather, and intimated to him that if there was any more deficiency, they would be obliged to dispense with his valuable services. But, as if to convince them how unjust were their suspicions, not only the freight, but provisions, spare rigging, and everything else fell short the next time. The owners, however, couldn't see how that proved his innocence, so they told him at once they didn't want him any longer in their employ.

"It was an easy thing to say they didn't want him, but a very different affair to get rid of a lad of my grandfather's complexion. Ships were not plenty in those days, and a mate's berth was not to be had every day for the asking. Neither were men who were qualified for mates as numerous as they might have been; so there would be difficulty on both sides—for him to get another situation, and for them to fill his place; and he took the best care that they should find it uncommonly difficult.

"My grandfather had lots of friends in the town—in fact, he was on friendly terms with everybody except the police; accordingly, all who would have applied for the vacant berth either held back from good will to him, or were frightened out of it by some rather broad-shouldered threats that were knocking about among my grandfather's chums. So by the time the ship was ready for sea, the owners in despair of finding any one to take his place, were obliged either to keep the vessel in port, or allow him to make another voyage.

"My grandfather was highly delighted with the success of his plan, and made no doubt he would be able to accomplish the same thing next voyage. But the owners had quite another idea; they were resolved that he should not go in the ship again at any price, and accordingly sent over to Greenock for a little red-headed Scotchman, one Sandy McDonald, a sort of relative of one of the owners—you know how it is with these Scotch, if they can claim any connection whatever, it's all the same as if they were brothers, like the links of a cable—well, as I was saying, he was a sort of one-horse cousin of theirs, and they were determined he should have the berth the very next voyage, and that there should be no trouble about the matter, they kept him waiting for the ship to come in.

"My grandfather was taken considerably aback, when upon his arrival he learned the state of affairs; but though somewhat bothered, he did not despair of making things come round right before it was time to sail again. Having loaded the ship, it was of course his duty to see her discharged; this occupied some two or three weeks, and he made the most of the opportunity to worry himself into the good graces of Sandy. He pretended to have taken a wonderful liking for him, and did his utmost to initiate him into his new berth, explaining and showing, until Sandy became as well acquainted with the ship as if he had sailed in her a dozen years; it was Sandy here, and Sandy there, until the innocent little Scotchman was quite won over, and notwithstanding the hard stories he had heard concerning him (which were of course all false), he came to the conclusion that, whatever my grandfather might have been in the West Indies, he was little short of a saint in Londonderry.

"The time drew near for the ship to sail, and still my grandfather was in doubt as to what course he should pursue to get rid of Sandy; he couldn't employ forcible means, and as for tricks, the Scotchman had been cautioned by the owners, and was constantly on his guard. Time passed on till the ship was ready for sea, the clearance papers were obtained from the custom house, and everything was in readiness to haul into the stream with the morning tide. My grandfather was wild with excitement; he had made up his mind to go in the ship, and go he would. All at once an idea struck him; Sandy and himself both stopped at the same tavern—a great, old-fashioned rattle-trap of a house, with more ells, wings and gables than you will find in a modern country village. Now, my grandfather was mighty thick and great friends with a smart little chambermaid belonging to the house. Having got the idea into his head, it didn't take him long to communicate it to, and make a confederate of the girl. With her assistance everything was arranged; she was to pretend, when Sandy wished to retire, that having understood he would remain on board the ship, she had given his room to another person, and the only vacant bed remaining was in a double-bedded room, one of which was occupied by my grandfather, while the room itself was to be in an out of the way gable of the rambling old tavern, which was seldom used. So much was to be the part of the play in which the girl was to act; the rest was to be done by my grandfather. But the sly baggage had an eye to her own interests (as girls are apt to have), and played a rather stronger game than was anticipated.

"It was quite late when Sandy came up from the ship that night, but my grandfather was on hand for him, and opened his batteries at once. As friendly as he had been to the poor little Scotchman before, it was nothing to the real love and affection he entertained for him at that moment; he shook hands with him half a score of times, and almost shed tears to think the next morning would separate them. Sandy was clearly overcome, for he had taken quite a liking for my grandfather, so they agreed to make a night of it as it was to be the last.

"My grandfather's idea was to get Sandy with rather more whiskey aboard than he could well manage. But these Scotchmen can carry off a wonderful quantity, especially when they don't have to pay for it themselves; and he found it so, for by the time Sandy was reduced to the proper state, he began to feel a little queerish himself. But that didn't much matter, for Sandy was in a worse condition; so picking up what seemed to him half a dozen candlesticks at once, and in company with a score of Sandys at the very lowest calculation, they went up to their room and turned into a couple of about as skittish beds as you'll find in a country tavern. My grandfather owned that it was at least fifteen minutes before he could catch and calm down his bed sufficiently to get into it.

"It didn't take long for my grandfather to sleep off the effects of what he had aboard, for he was a veteran in the service, and had been through no end of just such campaigns before; but it was only an occasional affair with the Scotchman, and he lay as quiet and stupid as a wet Sunday.

"Having stretched himself, yawned, and made the usual amount of waking noises, my grandfather proceeded to make the Scotchman fast, tying his hands and feet to the corresponding bed-posts as he lay; then with a silk handkerchief bound over his mouth, he had him safely bound to the bedstead.

"As Sandy didn't wake, my grandfather turned in for another snooze. In common with most sailors, he was a hard sleeper, and kept it up, how long he could not tell, but he awoke with a firm conviction that he had overslept himself. Still, it was as dark as ever outside, at least no light came in at the window. The lamp, however, had burned very low. Thinking that morning couldn't be far off, he turned his face to the wall and went off into another doze.

"When he awoke the next time, the lamp had burned itself out, and the half extinguished wick was offering up a cloud of incense to the memory of the departed whales that had thus far supplied it with oil. He now began to grow rather nervous, and would have gone down into the bar and passed the rest of the night, but he didn't care to be seen about the house at unseasonable hours, lest suspicion might rest on him as to the disappearance of Sandy, whose absence would occasion inquiry in the morning. So he amused himself as best he might with whistling and lecturing the poor Scotchman, who seemed to be in no quiet frame of mind, to judge from the way he flounced about on the bed, in the endeavor to free his hands and feet. As the handkerchief prevented his talking, my grandfather had all the conversation to himself, which he improved by giving Sandy a long talk on the meanness of trying to supplant a man in his business situation. But my grandfather, although he liked to hear himself talk, at last became weary, even with such an attentive listener as Sandy. He thought to vary the monotony by dressing himself, but after pawing about in the dark for a long time in search of his clothes, he remembered that both Sandy and himself had turned in with their clothes on. He tried to walk the room, but after making two or three turns, he ran against and fell over upon the bed, There was nothing to get up for, so he lay ruminating upon all the long and disagreeable nights he had ever passed, but could think of none to equal this. Again he fell into a troubled sleep, and dreamed he was shut up in a huge bomb-shell, which was about to be fired from a mortar. With an exclamation of horror, he awoke and sprang to his feet. The darkness was intense; he could endure it no longer—he would at least open the window, and look out on the night.

"Groping his way slowly along the wall, he came to a window. What! there was no sash! It was closed by a solid wooden shutter—the truth began to dawn upon him. With a frantic blow of his fist, he dashed the shutter open; a flood of light poured into the room, while in the western heavens the sun was slowly sinking toward its setting. He looked anxiously towards the harbor; the ship was not in sight. With direful imprecations on the head of the unfortunate chambermaid, he cut with one stroke of his knife the cords which bound the hands of poor Sandy, and rushed to the bar-room; at the door he was met by the owner's head clerk.

"'For heaven's sake, Mr. Brady,' began that functionary, 'can you tell me what has become of the Scotchman? The ship can't go to sea without some one.'

"'What!' echoed my grandfather. 'Not go to sea!—hasn't she gone?'

"'Gone! No!—and my orders are to send the first one of you on board that I can find—the Scotchman, if possible; if not, you.'

"My grandfather stopped to hear no more, but sprang for the street, closely followed by Sandy, who had arrived just in time to hear the last sentence. The distance to the pier whence they would have to take a boat for the ship, then lying in the stream with her sails loosed, and anchor hove short, was about a quarter of a mile. Down the street they tore with frantic haste; the one who reached the ship first was to be mate. For a good part of the distance the race was neck and neck; my grandfather had the greater stride, but the Scotchman picked up his feet the quickest. As they neared the wharf, Sandy began to fall behind. But a single boat was at the stairs. Each man put forth his utmost strength to reach it first, but my grandfather was in advance. Springing into the boat, he yelled to the amazed boatman,

"'Shove off, ye divil! Shove off!'

"'Hold on! hold on!' shouted Sandy, as he rushed down the pier. 'Five pounds if you take me to the ship first.'

"'Shove off! shove off! or I'll make a widder of your wife before you are three ticks older!' roared my grandfather, seizing an oar and shoving just so far into the stream that Sandy, as he reached the end of the pier and jumped, missed the boat and plunged into the water. You may be sure there was no time lost in pulling on board, and getting the ship to sea.

"My grandfather was in luck after that, for somehow the cargo never fell short from that time; which so pleased the owners, that they continued him in his berth until he was made captain, while Sandy was provided with a situation in another vessel. Sandy never held any hardness toward my grandfather on account of the trick he played him; and years after it was a joke between them, nor was either weary of telling the story of The Long Night.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

MUSIC—IN FOUR PARTS.

BY RICHARD WRIGHT.

THE VIOLIN.

The marble hall is lighted up, and bright
  The flame of well-fed pendant chandelier,
The frescoed ceiling festooned walls and white
  Chalk-figured floor, betokening pleasure near.
In twos and fours, without a worldly care,
  The place is filling—manhood's jubilee;
Eyes like to diamonds, cheeks where roses are,
  And slippered feet, stepping so gracefully;
The signal—lo! Ole Bull's own VIOLIN,
The master's matchless spirit put therein;
  Soft, lively, rising powerful as the ocean,
  Guiding throughout the "poetry of motion,"
While happy beings joyously endure
Hours of exciting revel on the floor.

THE FLUTE.

Hist! Beauty's window-lattice opens—there
  Amid the stillness of the summer night,
And half concealed by her luxuriant hair,
  Peers forth the young and glowing maiden bright;
Is it the balmy, stirring air she loves?
  Or watching fleecy clouds sail in the sky?
No! the fixed eye—the ear attentive proves
  A dearer object to herself is nigh.
The FLUTE'S melodious, dulcet notes begin,
And hearts respond with sympathy within;
  Wrapt and entranced is every human feeling,
  Sound reigns with fairy force, while o'er them stealing,
And knit by music's all-controlling sway,
Affections twine, nor fear e'en Time's decay.

THE BUGLE.

The glorious morning sun unclouded shines,
  And genial spring is budding nature's trees,
While ranged in firm, compact and martial lines,
  Their rock-fixed ensign floating in the breeze,
A valiant body stands—their country's all!
  Its last appeal to arms! for liberty!
The BUGLE sounds! the loud, shrill, charging call,
  For rights, for safety, home and infancy!
The bugle sounds! down as an avalanche
They sweep—are checked—again—again advance
  As one soul onward, still their "country" crying—
  Till midst the trampled, maimed, and dead and dying,
Winds the proud notes of cheering victory!
And hill and vale, temples and homes are free!

THE ORGAN.

Enter the sacred Sabbath's edifice—
  'Tis good to seek devotion's hallowed hour,
And to account it privilege and bliss,
  "For all received," to thank Almighty Power;
Hark to the noble ORGAN'S swelling sounds!
  Grand, deep and solemn, thrilling, mounting high;
From wall to wall, from heart to heart, rebounds
  The Christian's music—music of the sky,
Giving a strength and richness to the song
Of prayer and praise, that Heaven our lives prolong;
  In its sweet, pure and holy notes ascending,
  Our outward ears with inmost bosoms blending;
And in death's arms, unconscious though we be,
The organ peals our requiem-lullaby.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

ST. CRISPIN'S VICTIM.

BY THE OLD 'UN.

"—— no trifling sum of misery
New added to the foot of my accounts."

MR. MAGNUS DOLPHIN was a bachelor, "pretty well along" in years, but well cared for by Bogle and his Schneider; the former supplied his ambrosial curls, the latter his figure. He might have been fifty; but that "soft confession" never passed his lips; the date was betrayed by an early nurse who resided in Salutation Street, and took a malignant pleasure in ruining the reputation for juvenility of sundry young men about town. Mr. Dolphin was on the lookout for an heiress. Mrs. Constantia Merville, a dashing widow, genuinely thirty-five, with a fair person and a fortune, was on the lookout for a husband. Mutual friends introduced these parties by subdued gas light. Dolphin stood the burners very well, and Mrs. Merville's bright eyes and diamonds reflected every ray. Dolphin drove her out a few times, selecting intense sunshine or very cloudy weather for his excursions. Mrs. Merville was very fond of dancing, and Dolphin danced like Papanti. The polka and redowa advanced him very far in the good graces of the rich and handsome widow. Dolphin had a very small foot. Why was he not satisfied with its natural dimensions? But I must not anticipate.

A certain day was marked in Dolphin's calendar as "big with fate." On that day, exactly at meridian, when he kept an appointment with the widow, he determined to "propose." There are two events in a man's life which make him nervous—his first duel and his first proposal. Dolphin determined to render himself as irresistible as Cæsar. His complexion was good, and he looked well in the Fox colors—blue and buff—the test of an aristocratic appearance. A new wig—gossamer, glossy, Hyperion curls, a well fitting blue coat with bright buttons, a buff vest, white pantaloons, only one jewel, a perfect Koh i-noor in his bosom—gloves, ashes of roses, a handkerchief with just a suspicion of perfume—the breath of the sweet south—so far his appointments soared above criticism. But he looked at the Arab arch of his instep and remembered that he must have a pair of new boots. This was the day before the assault on his Malakoff.

So he went to Messrs. Kalf, Welt & Snaik's to make a selection from their latest importation. Mr. Rattle Snaik, the youngest of the firm—a deuced handsome young fellow, who always fitted Mrs. Merville with her French boots—waited upon Dolphin. A marvellous pair was selected—the *chef d'œuvre* of Parisian art. Dolphin got into them by means of powdered soap-stone and boot-hooks, and thought them rather tight. Welt, who was passing at the moment, with a pen behind his ear, corroborated his opinion, but his junior partner gave him a glance of such diabolical malignancy, that Welt retreated to his desk and wilted into his ledger in the most abject humiliation. Snaik then assured his victim that the boots would stretch like gloves, that they were just the thing, and Dolphin concluded the bargain, transferred his feet to his old gaiters, and ordered the purchase sent to his lodgings. That night he dreamed that he was a victim of the Inquisition, and that an agreeable familiar was anointing his soles with Florence oil, and doing them brown before an anthracite coal-fire. But he awoke like a young eagle, and spent the whole morning in pluming himself for conquest. As he walked down to keep his appointment, cheered and flattered by the passing remark of a young gentleman who subsisted by the sale of the daily papers and Ballou's Pictorial, "My eyes, what a swell!" he encountered Snaik, who raised his hat, and said, with a pleasant Carker-like smile, "Success to you." Dolphin beamed on him, and passed on. The footman who admitted him to the drawing-room wore a conscious smile. "I shall retain that fellow!" thought Dolphin, as he sank gracefully into the embracing arms of a *fauteuil*.

The widow was long in making her appearance. Dolphin counted the seconds on the French mantel-clock. Several times in the course of an hour the door-bell rang. But still no visitors made their appearance. It was a good omen. The dear creature had denied herself to every one but him.

But as time wore on, Dolphin began to be uneasy. Cold drops of perspiration stood upon his brow. If his hair had been his own by nature and not by purchase, it would have stood erect upon his head like "quills upon the fretful porcupine." He caught sight of his face in the Versailles mirror opposite. It was perfectly ghastly. What was the cause of this agitation—this agony? *The boots had begun to draw!* He raised first one leg—then the other—like a donkey cruelly compelled by an insane coster-monger to dance the polka on a hot boiler-plate. It now became torture for him to place his feet on the floor. In his dire distress he threw his legs over the arms of the chair. The relief was so great that it raised him from Hades to Elysium.

At this moment the widow stole into the room, blushing, beautiful, enchantingly attired, but stopped suddenly, as she noticed the vulgar attitude of her visitor. Dolphin sprang to his feet, but the agony caused by their contact with the floor, wrung a low, inarticulate cry from his lips. Yet he hobbled forward, and began to compliment the lady.

She begged him to take a seat beside her on the sofa, and entered into conversation with him. But Dolphin's remarks were wild and incoherent, and every few minutes a leg would fly up into the air as if he were a puppet and his strings in the hands of an incarnate fiend. The widow at last became seriously alarmed. She was a sympathetic soul, and was moved by his distress, although her suspicions that he was suffering from the *delirium tremens* were justifiable. But however guilty Dolphin appeared in her eyes, he was still a fellow-creature.

"You are not well, Mr. Dolphin."

"No, ma'am;" and up flew his right leg beyond the power of his control, while a dismal howl corroborated the truth of his statement.

"Good gracious! what *is* the matter with you?" asked the fair one—half-vexed, half-alarmed.

"My head, ma'am!" replied the hypocrite, to divert attention from the other extremity of his person. "I really believe it is going to pieces."

"Dear me!" cried the widow; and reaching a bottle of cologne, and obeying only her kind instincts, she proceeded to bathe his head with the refreshing fluid. Dolphin faintly struggled—weakened by agony he could do no more—and what with his faint struggles, and the widow's champooing, his wig came off, leaving him as bald as Cæsar.

With a sudden revulsion of feeling, Mrs. Marville recoiled from him in horror.

"Wretch, vile, deluding wretch!" she cried. "O, what a providential revelation! And to think that I wouldn't listen to good Mr. Snaik when he warned me."

Dolphin waited to hear no more. He was now perfectly insane. He tore his boots from his feet, and rushed out of the house, bareheaded, tearing madly through the streets, and regained his lodgings. He was confined to his bed five weeks with a high fever. When he recovered he called for a newspaper. The first paragraph on which his eye rested was as follows:

"MARRIAGE IN HIGH LIFE.—On Saturday last, A. M., at St. Paul's Church, by the Rev. Dr. ——, Rattle Snaik, Esq., of the firm of Kalf, Welt & Snaik, to Mrs. Constantia Merville. We wish the newly-wedded pair all happiness, for they did not forget the printer. A generous slice of wedding cake and a pair of French boots, *worn only once*, accompanied the marriage notice."

Dolphin's first idea was to murder Snaik, but we believe he has relinquished that Christian project, and lives on, a forlorn bachelor, the victim of St. Crispin.

AUTUMN.—A moral character is attached to autumnal scenes—the leaves falling like our years, the flowers fading like our hours, the clouds fleeting like our illusions, the light diminishing like our intelligence, the sun growing colder like our affections, the rivers becoming frozen like our lives—all bear secret relations to our destinies.—*Chateaubriand.*

THE BEGINNINGS OF GREAT MEN.

We clip the following exceedingly interesting facts from the last number of Chamber's Miscellany: It will be recollected that one of Sir Walter Scott's sayings was, that "Whatever might be said about luck, it is skill that leads to fortune!" There can be no doubt of this as a general principle. Few self-indulgent and apathetic men do well in any time of life. The skilful, the active, and the steadily persevering, usually carry off the prizes which turn up in the wheel of fortune. At the same time something is due to circumstances, as well as to the Power which wisely controls human destiny. Practically, however, the thing to be borne in mind is—that the young are bound to exercise all proper means to secure improvement in their condition. That with a fair share of ambition, prudence, and meritorious skill, it may be possible to attain a station of eminence—that is, "fortune," though, perhaps, not without corresponding responsibilities and cares—we present the following compendious list of distinguished men who rose from humble and obscure circumstances: Æsop, Publius, Syrus, Terence, and Epictetus—all distinguished men in ancient times—were serfs at their outset in life. Protagoras, a Greek philosopher, was at first a common porter. Cleanthes, another philosopher, was a pugilist, and also supported himself at first by drawing water, and carrying burdens. The late Professor Heyne, of Gottingen, one of the greatest classical scholars of his own or any other age, was the son of a poor weaver, and for many years had to struggle with the most depressing poverty. The efforts of this excellent man of genius appear to have been greater and more protracted than those of any other on record; but he was finally rewarded with the highest honors. Bandocein, one of the learned men of the sixteenth century, was the son of a shoemaker, and worked for many years at the same business. Gelli, a celebrated Italian writer, began life as a tailor, and, although he rose to eminence in literature, never forgot his original profession, which he took pleasure in mentioning in his lectures. The elder Opie, whose talent for painting was well appreciated, was originally a working carpenter in Cornwall, and was discovered by Dr. Wolcott—otherwise Peter Pindar—working as a sawyer at the bottom of a saw-pit. Abbott, Archbishop of Canterbury, who flourished in the sixteenth century, and distinguished himself by opposing the schemes of Charles I., was the son of a cloth-worker at Guildford. Akenside, the author of "Pleasures of Imagination," was the son of a butcher in Newcastle-upon-Tyne. D'Alembert, the French mathematician, was left at the steps of a church by his parents, and brought up by a woman as a foundling, yet arrived at great celebrity, and never forgot or abandoned his nurse. Ammonius Saccophorus, founder of the Mystic Philosophy at Alexandria, was born in poverty, and originally earned his subsistence by carrying sacks of wheat—whence the latter part of his name. Amyot, a French author of some celebrity for his version of Plutarch, lived in the sixteenth century, and was at first so poor as to be unable to afford oil or candles to assist his studies, which he had to carry on by fire light; and all the sustenance his parents could afford him was a loaf of bread weekly.

INTERESTING FROM SYRIA.

A correspondent of the Journal of Commerce, writing from Beirut, says that the massive gate of Nineveh and other monuments, obtained by Mr. Place, the French consul, all safely reached Bassora, the port on the Persian Gulf from whence they were shipped to Havre. The day on which they were put on board the rafts at Mosul was made a holiday by the inhabitants, and the whole city turned out to behold the sight and render any necessary assistance. Between Bagdad and Bassora the men who accompanied the rafts were robbed by the Arabs, and when they reached Bassora they had not a shirt to their backs. A letter from Mosul states that the excavations at Korsabad and Nimroud had been discontinued, and will not be resumed. The writer says that Dr. Duff, of Calcutta, had spent a few days at Beirut. The commerce of Beirut has been large beyond precedent the past season. Steamers and large vessels have always been in port for Constantinople, to be freighted with wheat and barley for the seat of war. Prices of provisions were high at Beirut. Nevertheless, fruits were abundant and low. Some of our readers doubtless would love to pass their summers in a country where half a dozen pounds of the most delicious grapes can be bought for two cents, and as many figs from the trees for three cents. Within a few years the potato has been cultivated in the island of Cyprus; they grow to a good size there, and are fair and sound.—*Boston Journal.*

NOTICES OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE PLANTER'S VICTIM: or, *Incidents of American Slavery.* Illustrated. Philadelphia: Wm. White Smith. 1855. 12mo. pp. 365.

Another tale which owes its birth to the success of Mrs Stowe's book. This story appeals to those who care less for art than excitement—who require glaring colors, strong contrasts and plenty of horrors. We can promise a well-spiced dish of the latter to readers of strong appetites. For sale by Phillips, Sampson & Co.

THE MATCH GIRL: or, *Life Scenes as they are.* Philadelphia: Wm. White Smith. 1855. 12mo. pp. 418.

This work, the scene of which lies in the city of Philadelphia, is of the "exciting" kind, and is thoroughly melo-dramatic in its character. It is written with great ability, but contains some passages and incidents which ought to have been omitted in a work intended for general circulation. For sale by Fetridge & Co., and Phillips, Sampson & Co.

THE RAG-PICKER: or, *Bound and Free.* New York: Mason Brothers. 1855. 12mo. pp. 431.

This story, romantic and full of startling incident as it is, the author declares to be a "record of facts." It is written with great spirit and vigor, and the interest is sustained throughout. It is proper to state that it is an anti-slavery novel. Though it is given to the public anonymously, we are much mistaken if it do not prove to proceed from a practised pen. For sale by Fetridge & Co.

We are indebted to Hon. Charles Sumner for some interesting public documents.

THE DESERTED WIFE. By MRS EMMA D. E. N. SOUTHWORTH. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson. 1855 12mo. pp. 586.

The pen of Mrs. Southworth is about as prolific as that of Dumas, and yet her last productions are as vigorous as her first. The story before us is one of intense interest, and in it the author illustrates some of the commonest causes of unhappiness in the married state. The scene is laid in the south, and the characters are depicted with great energy of touch. For sale by Sanborn, Carter & Bazin.

NEW MUSIC.—Messrs. Cook & Brother, 343 Broadway, New York, have recently published the "Rachel Polka," by Geo. R. Cromwell, with a colored portrait of the actress as *Phedre*, and the "Golden-Drop Shottische," by Julius Metz.

STRAY LEAVES FROM THE BOOK OF NATURE. By M. SCHELE DE VERE, of the University of Virginia. New York: G. P Putnam & Co. 1855. 12mo. pp. 291.

The graceful mingling of romance and science in this artistic study of some of what we call the ordinary phenomena of nature, renders this work peculiarly fascinating and acceptable. It is one that will amply repay frequent perusal. For sale by Burnham Brothers, 50 and 60 Cornhill.

A VISIT TO INDIA, CHINA AND JAPAN, IN 1853. By BAYARD TAYLOR. Illustrated. New York: G. P. Putnam & Co. 1855. 12mo. pp. 539.

Since Stephens, no writer of travels has taken such a firm grasp of the popular mind as Bayard Taylor. His present work treats of the birthplace of mankind—the region of romance—a realm not often traversed by tourists, and of which quite too little is known The interesting localities visited by the author are described with his wonted vividness and fidelity, and supply material for a vast amount of matter. For sale by Burnham Brothers.

AMERICAN ARTISTS.

Considering the youth and the peculiar circumstances of this country, our achievements in the fine arts have been already sufficiently great to warrant a feeling of pride in recording them. In the departments of painting and sculpture we have done nobly. In the former branch, not to mention all the illustrious names which swell the record, even in the last century we furnished a president to the Royal Academy of London, while of late years we have sent to Europe sculptors who have attracted attention and awakened admiration, even in Italy, the home of plastic art. On this page we present, from the pencil of Mr. Barry, likenesses of four of the representative men of American art—Washington Allston, Hiram Powers, Horatio Greenough and Thomas Cole. We propose to accompany these portraits with brief biographical notices. WASHINGTON ALLSTON was born in South Carolina, in 1779, but was sent to Newport, R. I., at an early age, as the climate of the South did not agree with him. He remained at school there until 1796, at which time he entered Harvard College, whence he graduated with credit, after the usual course of study. At an early age, he evinced a taste and an aptitude for art, and while in college commenced painting, with a fair promise of after excellence. In speaking of his boyhood, he says: "My chief pleasure now was in drawing from prints of all kinds of figures, landscapes and animals. But I soon began to make pictures of my own, at what age, however, I cannot say. The earliest compositions that I remember were the storming of Count Roderick's castle, from a poor (though to me delightful) romance of that day, and the siege of Toulon; the first in India ink, the other in water colors. To these succeeded many others, which have passed into oblivion. Though I never had any regular instruction in the art (a circumstance both idle and absurd to boast of), I had much incidental instruction; which I have always, through life, been glad to receive from those in advance of myself. My leisure hours at college were chiefly devoted to the pencil—to the composition equally of figures and landscapes. I do not remember that I preferred one to the other; my only guide in the choice was the inclination of the moment. There was an old landscape in the house of a friend in Cambridge, that gave to me my first hints in color in that branch; it was of a rich and deep tone, though not by the hands of a master. In the coloring of the figures, the pictures of Pine, in the Columbian Museum, were my first masters. Pine had certainly, as far as I recollect, considerable merit in color. But I had a higher master in the head of Cardinal Bentivoglio, from Vandyke, in the college library, which I obtained permission to copy one winter vacation."

WASHINGTON ALLSTON.

In 1800, on returning to South Carolina from college, he painted a head of St. Peter and one of Judas Iscariot. In 1801, at the age of twenty-two, he embarked with his friend Malbone for England. The succeeding year he exhibited three pictures at Somerset House, one painted at college. After three years' residence and study in England, Mr. Allston went to Paris and revelled in the exhibition of the Louvre, then enriched with the spoils of the noblest galleries in Europe. In Italy, where he passed four years, principally at Rome, Mr. Allston studied drawing, painting and modelling in clay. In Rome he formed the acquaintance of Coleridge, by whom he was very strongly impressed. In 1809 he returned to America, leaving behind him the reputation of a distinguished colorist. In fact the artists of Italy called him the American Titian. After remaining in this country three years, he went to England, where he painted his first great picture, the "Dead man restored to life by the touch of Elijah's bones," the subject being taken from 2 Kings, chapter xiii, verses 20, 21. It is a grand and awful picture, exhibiting much of the power and effect of Michael Angelo. In 1817, his picture of "Uriel in the Sun" obtained the prize of the Royal Academy, and is now in the Stafford collection. His success in England was very great, and he could have amassed a large fortune there had he been a rapid workman. But his views of art were so lofty, he so reverenced his calling, his imagination was so exalted, that it was with the utmost difficulty that he satisfied himself. He was constantly altering and re-drawing his compositions, and he finally died, leaving his great work, the labor of years, "Belshazzar's Feast," now in the Athenæum Gallery, unfinished. In the same place are several other of his pictures in various stages, forming an invaluable study for artists, who can thereby trace the processes of the great master of color. Mr. Allston was a very careful and elegant draughtsman. The beauty of his drawing is illustrated in the design of a painting ordered by the Duchess of Sutherland, the subject being taken from the Midsummer Night's Dream. There is a grace, purity, delicacy and strength in the lines, a correctness of proportion and an exquisite beauty of composition that the artist himself never surpassed. It is so perfect and so suggestive, that the imagination readily supplies the light, shade and color that are wanting. One of Allston's most impressive pictures is "Saul and the Witch of Endor," engraved for the Art-Union. Mr. Allston did much for art in this city, and at the time of his death was president of the Artists' Association. The purity of his private life, and the thoughtful and religious tone of his mind, won the respect of all who knew him. He was an accomplished scholar, and wrote both poetry and prose with equal facility and elegance. His metrical compositions justly entitle him to rank among the poets of America. A romance of his, entitled "Monaldi," is a work of remarkable merit, blending very happily the characteristics of the dramatic and metaphysical schools. Mr. Allston's death was a severe loss to art. The

HIRAM POWERS.

best likeness of him extant is a marble bust by Edward A. Brackett. HIRAM POWERS, the sculptor, was born July 29, 1805, in Woodstock, Vt., where his father brought up a large family on a small farm. His education was afforded by an ordinary district school, but his Yankee ingenuity enabled him to pick up a knowledge of various kinds of handicraft. At quite an early age he found himself thrown on his own resources, his father having died in Ohio, whither he had removed in the hope of bettering his condition. In Cincinnati, the future artist lived for a while, successively as an attendant in a reading-room, clerk in a store, and assistant in a clock-making establishment. In Cincinnati he obtained some instruction in modelling from a Prussian sculptor, and made several busts in plaster, which were commended for their fidelity and finish. This led to his connection with the Western Museum, which lasted seven years, during which he superintended the fine arts department, and made many wax busts and figures connected with the exhibitions. The liberality of Mr. Nicholas Longworth, widely known for his generous patronage of American art, enabled Powers, in 1837, to visit Italy, where he has ever since remained. For some time after his arrival he devoted himself to making busts, but at last he produced his first ideal work, "Eve." Just before the model of this statue was completed, Mr. Powers received a visit from the celebrated Thorwaldsen, who expressed his admiration of Powers's busts, and declared, that as a sculptor of heads, he surpassed all the successors of Michael Angelo. When the artist modestly apologized for the imperfections of his "Eve," and stated that it was his first statue, Thorwaldsen replied, "any man might be proud of it as his last." The "Greek Slave" followed the completion of the model of "Eve." The "Slave" excited the warmest admiration in Italy and England and throughout the United States, where it was exhibited in all the principal cities. The original is in London, and there are two copies, one of which was the highest prize of the Western Art-Union, last year. A statue of Calhoun, executed for the State of South Carolina, is now safely deposited in Charleston, after suffering shipwreck on the coast of Fire Island. In the maturity of his fame and honors, Mr. Powers has retained the simplicity of manner of early years. Though residing in Europe, he is a true American at heart. Our countrymen abroad are always sure of a warm reception in Powers's studio and house at Florence. He is very fond of amusing his visitors by telling them Yankee stories; and not Hackett himself can relate them with more comic effect or more truthfulness of dialect and accent. HORATIO GREENOUGH is another sculptor who has added lustre to the American name. He was born in this city September 6, 1805. He was educated in the best schools of his native place, and in 1821 entered Harvard University, where he remained till the close of his senior year, when he was permitted by the faculty to leave the institution without forfeiting his diploma. Early in boyhood his artistic talent developed itself. While at school he was famous for carving various objects in wood with great accuracy and beauty, and his drawings elicited the commendation of good judges. At this time, incited by the daily view of a marble statue in his father's garden, he began to carve busts in chalk, and exhibited so much merit that he received every encouragement and aid in his artistic efforts. One gentleman procured him the *entrée* of the Boston Athenæum, another, Mr. Solomon Willard, taught him to model in clay, and Mr. Alpheus Cary instructed him in marble cutting. His father, delighted at his promising talent, consented to allow him to pursue the bent of his genius, judiciously exacting a promise, however, that the future artist should first pursue the course of studies that he had marked out for him. We have seen that Greenough

HORATIO GREENOUGH.

faithfully fulfilled this pledge. At Cambridge he formed the valuable acquaintance of Allston and Coggswell, now librarian of the Astor Library, whom he mentions in one of his letters as follows: "Coggswell contributed more than any to fix my purpose, and supplied me with casts, etc., to nurse my fondness for statuary. Allston, in the sequel was to me a father, in what concerned my progress of every kind." We have seen that he sailed for Italy in 1825, but a severe illness which attacked him after a year's residence at Rome, compelled him to return to Boston. After a year passed in this country, during which he executed busts of several distinguished men, he returned to Italy. But at this time the taste for sculpture had hardly been awakened in the United States, and the young artist waited in vain for those orders from his native land which he was prepared to execute with zeal. The first of his countrymen to relieve him from the anxiety occasioned by this dearth of patronage was J. Fennimore Cooper, the novelist, who ordered Greenough's group of "Chanting Cherubs," in marble, and, when finished, sent it to the United States, for exhibition, in the hope, crowned with fruition, that it would permanently establish the fame of the young sculptor. Mr. Cooper followed up this act, by using his influence with the Federal Government to order a statue of Washington. Greenough's "Washington"—the result of this order, is a striking figure, grand, expressive and characteristic. He exhibited his boldness in divesting it of drapery, and this circumstance has caused it to be severely criticised. We have elsewhere expressed our opinion in favor of representing historical characters in the costume of their day, and we have seen no reason to change our views. There is a sacredness in the very garb worn by a hero. In the absence of written record, tradition will preserve it to the latest time, and however ungraceful the costume of an historical personage may be, we think that art has no right to neglect this popular sentiment. We think Rauch, the great German sculptor, was right in representing Frederick the Great in his habitual military costume, and that Greenough erred in presenting Washington naked to the American people. In 1837 our artist was married at Florence to Miss Louisa Gore of Boston. The union was a happy one, and the artist's residence in the Baciocchi palace at Florence was for years the scene of tranquil domestic enjoyment and of refined hospitality rewarded by social intercourse of the highest character. Though Mr. Greenough was accustomed to speak of himself as the author of but few works, yet in addition to a large number of busts, he produced no fewer than eighteen statues or groups, some of them of heroic and colossal proportions. The two large works executed for the capitol were

THOMAS COLE.

the "Washington" and a group typifying the struggle between civilization and barbarism, as shown in a scene on our western frontier. For these he received $41,000—less than the money he had expended on them. His last ideal work was a "Venus contending for the golden apple." This is of the heroic size. A statuette of the Venus Victrix is in the Boston Athenæum. Though Greenough was wedded to art, he took an interest in the social and political movements of the day, and gave much of his leisure to society. Besides being a classical scholar, he was a master of French and Italian, and had a competent knowledge of German. It is not generally known that while a college student he won the prize offered for a design for the Bunker Hill Monument, and that the obelisk on the battle-ground is but slightly modified from his plan. This excellent man and great sculptor died in 1852. THOMAS COLE, the landscape painter, was born in 1802, and early evinced a fondness for drawing and for fine natural scenery. Naturally diffident, he loved to escape from the society even of children of his own age, and indulge in solitary and rapturous contemplations of the beautiful banks of the Ohio. About the year 1820, Mr. Stein, a portrait painter, who visited Steubenville, lent the enthusiastic boy an English illustrated work on painting. "This book," he says, "was my companion day and night—nothing could separate us—my usual avocations were neglected—painting was all in all to me." "The names of Stuart and Sully came to my ears like the titles of great conquerors; and the great masters were esteemed above all earthly things." After acquiring some proficiency in the use of colors, he practised portrait painting a short time, but soon gave it up for landscapes. He made rapid progress as a landscapist, and his success in New York enabled him in a few years to visit Europe. In Italy he studied and worked with the greatest ardor. In Florence, he says: "I painted more pictures in three months than I have ever done in twice the time, before or since." In 1832 he returned to America. Among his greatest works are a series of allegorical pictures, called the "Course of Empire," and another called the "Voyage of Life." Both are well known to our citizens, as the former was embraced in the Athenæum collection of last year, and the latter was recently on exhibition at Frederick Parker's, Cornhill. Both of these pictures display a grand and fertile imagination. Cole's purely landscape compositions and views were inimitable. His pencil gave a poetical glory to the simplest scene. In 1841 he again visited Italy, returning in the succeeding year. He now commenced his series entitled the "Pilgrim of the Cross and the World," but died before its completion, in 1848. He was an excellent man—pure minded, modest, pious and beloved by all who knew him. His loss was severely felt by a wide circle of friends and by that yet wider circle who knew him only as an artist who was truly a bright ornament to his profession.

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL.
THE CHEAPEST WEEKLY PAPER IN THE WORLD.

MATURIN M. BALLOU, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.
FRANCIS A. DURIVAGE, ASSISTANT EDITOR.

AN AMERICAN OPERA.

We ought not to pass over without a word what is really a great event in the musical annals of our country, viz., the production of a brilliantly successful opera at Niblo's Garden, New York, the work of two American gentlemen, Messrs. Bristow and Wainwright, the former the composer, and the latter the author of the libretto. American operas have been produced before this, but none heretofore with complete success. We may, therefore, regard this work as opening a new page in the history of the fine arts in the United States. The story of the opera is taken from Washington Irving's exquisite legend of the Kaatskills, Rip Van Winkle, which had already furnished the material for a tolerably clever drama, and given Darley, whom we should call the American Hogarth, if he were not Hogarth's superior in artistic talent, the subjects of a series of delicious outline drawings singularly felicitous in expression and rich in comic humor. The New York Albion says of Mr. Bristow, that "his debut is remarkably successful, and reveals a composer of whom Europe might be proud." Of the overture, the same critic says: "The composer has introduced two lively melodies which the author of 'Martha' would not disown." A song of Rip Van Winkle—a "mug full of beer"—pleases the Knickerbockers amazingly. Two melodies in the second act are highly spoken of, and a military march is highly applauded. Scenes of the revolutionary struggle are happily introduced, to afford the dramatic aid of military costumes and evolutions, and the awakening of patriotic enthusiasm. The opera closes with a happy denouement and a brilliant finale. The characters are supported by the Harrison and Pyne troupe. And now for Mr. Barry, of this city. Dear sir, we would not for the world appear importunate, but you really must engage that troupe, and bring out that opera at the Boston Theatre. We assure you, on our word of honor, that it will prove a success, and put money in your treasury. "And your petitioners will ever pray," etc., etc.

PRECOCITY.—Little Miss Mary, a child of seven, when invited by a schoolmate to go to a boy's theatre one Saturday afternoon, replied: "No, I can't do it without a contest with mother, and I am terribly averse to scenes." The same young lady reproved a young gentleman of the same tender age for calling her his "little wife."

THE CAMELS ARE COMING.—The U. S. storeship Supply, in the Bay of Tunis, received two nice camels from the Bey of Tunis. Camels will soon be as common in the United States as working-oxen.

FASTIDIOUS.—A little girl told her teacher that her grandmother had died and left her mother a "*limbacy*." She had been taught to say limb, not leg.

LECTURING.—Henry Ward Beecher is sure to "draw" well wherever he lectures. Saxe ditto.

SPLINTERS.

.... Miss Adelaide Phillips has delighted her friends by the improvement she has manifested since her return from Italy.

.... Rachel has sung the "Marseillaise" at New York, much to the delight of the French republicans of that "ilk."

.... A whole congregation in this vicinity were startled from their Sabbath propriety by the buzzing of a dragon-fly.

.... Teresa Parodi, the great singer, is now under the direction of Strakosch, and concertizing with success.

.. A new submarine cable for the Atlantic Telegraph Company is making in London. Better luck this time.

.. It is rather aggravating to hear that potatoes are selling in Vermont for twenty-five cents a bushel.

.... The cholera has committed such ravages in Florence, Italy, that the population has diminished from 100,000 to 60,000.

. .. The North American Phalanx in Monmouth County, Pa., have proved a failure, and the farm and fixtures have been sold.

.... Madame Lagrange once came near being poisoned by a bouquet scented with deadly drugs, like Adrienne Lecouvreur's.

.... The cigar-makers of Connecticut lately held a convention for the purpose of regulating prices. Nothing political in it.

.... Louis Napoleon treated ex-President Fillmore with great attention, and admitted him to a private audience.

.... Sir Francis Drake made four millions of dollars by robbing Spaniards on the high seas, in one voyage.

.... A squash weighing seventy pounds was raised this year in Minnesota by Captain William Foster.

.... The members of the Boston Police Department have contributed $165 25 out of their own pockets to the Norfolk sufferers.

.... President Roberts of Liberia writes to this country discouraging sending out more emigrants just now.

.... The Pacific lately made the passage from Europe to New York in nine days, twenty-one and a quarter hours.

.... Wm. Lyon McKenzie, the Canadian patriot, was lately pelted and hooted at Brampton, Canada, during a speech.

.... The son of Santa Anna lately came near being lynched by a mob who arrested him in Mexico.

.... One of Louis Napoleon's Hundred Guards was said to have shot at him, lately. A secret cuirass saved him.

.... S. Parkman Tuckerman is now the organist of St. Paul's in this city. He is M. (musical) D., and a good musician.

ROYAL MANNERS AND MORALS.

We believe that all children, not excepting the children of republicans, look with something of reverence on kings, queens, princes and princesses, and all that sort of people. There are many reasons for this. The kingly office derives lustre from the scriptural narratives—it shines on the stage in pageant spectacles,—royalty is invested with a subtle influence in those fairy legends which possess such a fascination for the young. Prince Camaralzaman and the Princess Badroulbadour are angels of beauty and pinks of propriety. It is true that that audacious matron, "Mother Goose," in one of her time-honored melodies, insinuates that kings and queens are only mere mortals after all.

"The king was in the parlor
Counting out his money;
The queen was in the kitchen
Eating bread and honey."

But these radical assertions pass for nothing at the time; they are recalled in after years, when we read of the misdeeds and the littlenesses of monarchs and nobles, and find Alvauley's "fat friend," "Gentleman George," was a roué, and that

—— "Russia's mighty empress
Behaved no better than a common sempstress."

No better! It was an insult to the honest needlewoman to mention her in the same breath with the vile Semiramis of the north.

Our first prince—quite a bathetic plunge from the spangled sprig of royalty in Cinderella, is generally a German potentate on his travels, who drinks his beer and smokes his meerschaum like a postilion; and when we go abroad, from the rickety Bourbons of the south to the Teutonic sovereigns of the north of Europe, we shall scarcely find one who is "every inch a king," according to the old poetical standard of royalty. The late Emperor Nicholas was about as good a specimen of a sovereign, physically, as there was going—a little bit Cossacky for western tastes—but still well enough for an emperor. Generally speaking, these sovereigns are sad dogs—knaves where they are not fools. Frederick of Prussia, the father of Frederick the Great, was about as complete a specimen of the royal brute as you meet in modern history—for the decadence of the Roman Empire exhibits some unsurpassable specimens. Frederick of Prussia used to get drunk, kick his counsellors, beat his wife and daughter, and abuse his son like a pickpocket. Yet he called Peter the Great and his czarina barbarians. Jeffrey says: "Philosophers have long considered it as probable, that the private manners of absolute sovereigns are vulgar, their pleasures low and their dispositions selfish; that the two extremes of life, in short, approach pretty closely to each other; and that the masters of mankind, when stripped of the artificial pomp and magnificence which invest them in public, resemble nothing so nearly as the meanest of the multitude."

In modern times, public opinion and the general improvement of morals have influenced even courts, and many sovereigns are quite respectable people. Old Louis Philippe was one of this sort. A Boston mechanic might without loss of self-respect have introduced his wife and daughters to the target-king and his family. We believe that Queen Victoria and Prince Albert are very worthy people; though of course they have the little weaknesses and foibles which are common to humanity. Their children are just like other people, blessings in the main, torments at times. And, in dismissing the topic we have touched upon, let us relate a little anecdote of the royal family which will serve as an illustration to our remarks.

The Princess Royal, who is now fourteen years of age, and who by the way, thinks seriously of committing matrimony with a cousin-german, a homely likeness of her mother, who is no beauty, had a tutor named Birch. When about ten years old, her mother came into her school-room one morning, just as the preceptor was entering the opposite door, and overheard her offspring say to the teacher with flippant familiarity: "How are you, Birch?" The queen, very much shocked, lectured her roundly for her impertinence, and threatened if it was ever repeated, that she should be sent directly to bed. The very next time, however, that the opportunity was offered, the little aristocrat saluted the tutor with, "How are you, Birch? Good-night—I'm going to bed." George Wilkins Kendall of the Picayune is responsible for this harmless little bit of scandal.

PERSONAL.—George P. Burnham, Esq., has become a partner in the extensive periodical and book establishment of Federhen & Co., Court Street. This long established and popular house will receive a fresh business impetus from Mr. Burnham, who is a most courteous, prompt and active man. We heartily wish them continued success. Messrs. Federhen & Co. are agents for all our publications.

ADVERTISEMENTS.—After the present volume we shall remove all advertisements from the Pictorial, and devote its entire space to original and entertaining reading and illustrations. The continued success of our favorite journal enables us to make this liberal improvement for the benefit of our subscribers.

WHAT ONE DOLLAR WILL DO.—It will furnish you with "Ballou's Dollar Monthly" for one entire year, containing in each issue *one hundred* pages of delightful tales, sketches, biographies, adventures, wit, humor and news. Enclose us the money, and receive the Dollar Monthly by return of mail.

THE COMING VOLUME.—We have already in preparation by our best artists, some superb engravings, large and effective, for our next volume of the Pictorial.

LITERARY.—Professor Agassiz has 1000 subscribers for his new work, which costs one hundred and twenty dollars a set.

AMERICAN PUBLICATIONS.

If it were asked now, as the London Quarterly asked, some thirty years ago, "who reads an American book?" the truthful answer would be, "all reading England, and half of the reading continent." At the late brilliant Publishers' Festival in the Crystal Palace, New York, Mr. G. P. Putnam, the secretary of the association, in the course of his excellent speech, embodied a large amount of valuable statistical information, embracing many facts which ought to be laid before the "committee of the whole on the intellectual condition of the nation." The sheets from our book presses, in a single year, would reach nearly twice round the globe, and, including periodicals and newspapers, would make a belt of paper, two feet wide, printed on both sides, and reaching from New York to the moon. Harper Brothers issue more than a million volumes annually, and the number of newspapers published in this country exceeds two thousand, a number nearly equal to that of the newspapers published in all the rest of the world. For the twelve years ending with 1842, the records of American publications show an aggregate of 1115 different works. Of these, 632 were original and 492 reprints from foreign works. In 1853 there were 733 new works published in the United States; of which 278 were reprints of English works, 35 were translations of foreign authors, and 420 (a large preponderance) were original American works—thus showing an increase of about 800 per cent. in less than twenty years. As the average increase of the population of the United States in the same time scarcely reached 80 per cent., it appears that literature and the book trade advanced ten times as fast as the population. If we compare the numbers printed of each edition, the growth is still greater; for twenty years ago, who imagined editions of 300,000, or 75,000, or 30,000, or even of 10,000?

England receives lessons in the grammar of her own language from Lindley Murray, and in its orthography from Noah Webster, both American authors. The text-books used in our 120 colleges and 100,000 schools are mostly American.

With the data before us, we cannot even approximate the amount of money expended for books, magazines and newspapers annually in the United States, but it must be reckoned in millions. Many thousands of persons, male and female, are supported handsomely by the profits of their literary labors exclusively. The firm of Little & Brown have paid for copyrights, half a million of dollars, of which $100,000 was paid to a single family, which still retains the copyrights. Mr. Bryant said, in his remarks at the festival: "The booksellers have been called the natural enemies of authors. But I deny the maxim. *Authors and booksellers are each other's best allies. It is said that the bookseller grows rich upon the labors of the author. What else has he to grow rich upon? What else should tempt him into the trade? How else would he be able to deal liberally with the author? When I hear of a rich bookseller, I know that there have been successful authors.*"

The above are fragmentary items, but they suffice to show that when Sir Archibald Alison asserted that literary ability of a high character was rare in this country, and met with little encouragement, he showed himself more of a Dogberry than a Daniel.

LAKE ONTARIO.—We regret to say that this large establishment of water had a fall a few weeks since—it only fell a few inches, and is up and stirring again. Niagara River is famous for its falls, but it seems to get over them "just as easy."

REWARD OF VALOR.—A returned soldier of the Crimea, Sergeant Thomas Everett, who received five wounds and lost an eye before Sebastopol, has been presented by the queen with a silk handkerchief, hemmed by herself. Hem! glory!

THE WHITE MOUNTAINS.—These majestic giants of New Hampshire have put on their winter caps and jackets of snow. We hope they wont indulge in the winter amusement of sliding.

MARRIAGES.

In this city, by Rev. Mr. Blaikie, Mr. James Donigan to Miss Jane McIntosh, both of Caputh, Scotland; Mr. William Rolland to Miss Catherine Hogan; by Rev. Mr. Skinner, Mr. Henry L. Leach to Miss Mary E. Watkins; by Rev. Dr. Kirk, Mr. Andrew J. Danforth to Miss Abby E. Wilson; by Rev. Mr. Coolidge, Mr. Calvin C. Bailey to Miss Emma Cooper, of Plymouth; by Rev. Bishop Eastburn, Rev. Gordon M. Bradley, Rector of Christ Church, Quincy, to Miss Rebecca B. Richardson; by Rev. Mr. Streeter, Mr. Walter H. Sampson, of Charlestown, to Miss Susan H. Williams.—At East Boston, by Rev. Mr. Clark, Mr. Samuel Martyn to Miss Eliza Poor.—At Chelsea, by Rev. Mr. Leonard, Mr. Charles C. Hutchinson to Miss Isadore B. Bliss.—At Somerville, Mr. J P. Wallace, Jr., of Cambridge, to Miss Martha A. Tapley.—At Brookline, by Rev. Mr. Knapp Mr. Edward Atkinson to Miss Mary C. Heath.—At North Danvers, by Rev. Mr. Briggs, of Salem, Mr. Charles V. Whitten, of Boston, to Miss Elizabeth L. Newhall.—At Salem, by Rev. Mr. Richards. Mr. Benjamin C. Reed, of Springfield, to Miss Cordelia P. Hodgdon.—At Newburyport, by Rev. Dr. Dimmick, Mr. Andrew F. Shaw, of Weymouth, to Miss Martha O. Keen, of Kittery, Me.—At Ashland, by Rev. Mr. Thayer, Dr. J. C. Harris to Miss Fannie C. Jennison.—At Troy, N. Y., by Rev. Mr. Senderling, Mr. Wm. H. Lawton to Miss Sarah A. Blanchard.—At Philadelphia, by Rev. Mr. Ziegler, Mr Edwin Walford to Miss Amanda M. Carmau.—At Portland, Me., Mr. Frank G. Rich to Miss Lydia A. Stone, formerly of Charlestown.

DEATHS.

In this city, Mrs. H. A., wife of Mr. Enoch Bryant, 40.—At Roxbury, Mrs. Lucy, widow of the late Gen. E. Haskett Derby, 84; Mrs. Anne, wife of Mr. James E Donahue, 20.—At West Cambridge, Mrs. Sarah, wife of Mr. William Dickson, 70.—At Quincy, Widow Rebecca Chandler, 87.—At Melrose, Mrs. Elizabeth, wife of Mr. William Smith, 35.—At Salem, Mrs. Joanna C., wife of Mr. Thorp Fisher, 49, Mrs. Mary A., wife of Mr Stephen A. Simon, 24.—At Concord, Mrs. Marla T., wife of Mr. Charles A. Holbrook, 27.—At Gloucester, Mrs. Mary Babson, 79; Mr. George Evans, of Portsmouth, N. H., 31.—At Newburyport, Mrs. Dorothy F Coffin, 81; Mr. Samuel Pettingell, 84.—At Marblehead, Mrs. Catherine T., wife of Mr. J. H. Brown, Jr., 30.—At Taunton, Mr. James H. Luther, 28.—At Millbury, Gen. Joseph Farnsworth, of Westfield, N. Y., 80.—At New Bedford, Mrs. Susan A., wife of Mr. Charles M. Pierce, Jr, 28—At Ludlow, Mrs. Hannah Atwood, 84—At Lowell, Miss Abbie N. Bacon, 16.—At Spencer, Capt. Aaron Lyon, 76.—At Greenfield, Mrs. Lydia Strickland, 91.—At Edgartown, Mrs. Susanna N., wife of Mr. Benjamin F. Pease, 49; Mrs. Polly, wife of Mr. William Way, 67.—At Pittsfield, Mr. Nicholas Manning, 39—At Bristol, R. I., Mrs. Elizabeth, wife of Rev. M. A. DeW. Howe, Rector of St. Luke's Church, Philadelphia.—At York, Me., Capt. Eliphalet Grover, 77.—At New Hampton, N. H., Hon. Henry Y. Simpson, late Associate Justice of the Court of Common Pleas, 53.—At Middletown, Conn., Hon. Samuel D. Hubbard, late Postmaster General, 55.

EDITORIAL MELANGE.

Gov. Slade, of Vermont, lately passed through Buffalo, accompanied by between thirty and forty ladies, all of whom were bound to the western country as teachers. —— Dr. Dana, now in his 85th year, preached at the Federal Street Church, Newburyport, one Sunday morning, lately, sixty years from the date of his settlement over that society. In the afternoon, his son from Charleston, South Carolina, officiated in the same pulpit. —— Mr. Thos. Ryan discovered and shot a loon on Fresh Pond, Cambridge, which weighed 9 pounds, and measured 4 feet 8 inches from tip to tip of its wings. —— A Third German Reformed Dutch Church, in New York, has recently received as its pastor, Rev. Mr. Schwedes, a young man of talent, energy and zeal, who promises to put forward effectively the new enterprise for the spiritual benefit of the German population of that city. —— A miser named Andrew Grunderson died in Chicago, lately, for want of proper food and comforts. After his death, it was discovered that he possessed a property of $4000. —— Mr. C. J. Silliman, a graduate of Oglethorpe University, Georgia, and the Theological Seminary, Columbia, South Carolina, has been licensed as a probationer for the ministry, by the Tuscaloosa Presbytery, and has offered himself to the Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions for their work among the Choctaw Indians; the offer has been accepted, and he is soon to be ordained. —— A soldier, found dead in England, lately, died from the effects of a tight stock and liquor combined. —— There are now in Georgia between fifty and sixty cotton factories, conducted in the most skilful and successful manner, with all the appliances in the way of machinery that can be found in the same kind of establishments in New England. —— If an observer, provided with slips of bibulous paper, which has been dipped in a solution of iodine of potassium and starch, ascend a hill near the sea, while the wind is landward, he will find that the papers suddenly change their tint, becoming blue. This indicates a new chemical agent in the atmosphere, called ozone by its discoverer, Professor Shanbien, to whom we owe also the discovery of gun-cotton. —— The Chinese rebels are far from being subdued. The imperial throne of Flower-land is destined to fall. —— Professor Emmons, the State geologist of New York, has traced in the valley of the Adirondac, for a distance of two and a half miles, a bed of rich iron ore. He says there might be procured within two feet of the surface, seven million tons of ore, which would make three million tons of superior iron. —— There are at present 197 prisoners in the jails and houses of correction in Essex county, viz., 75 at Ipswich, 57 at Lawrence, 8 at Newburyport, and 27 at Salem. —— Another effort is being made to supply Brooklyn with pure water from the streams and ponds of Long Island. An organization has been effected under the name of the Nassau Water Company, composed of some of the solid men of the city, who are energetically moving in the matter. —— Bull-fighting is fast becoming unpopular in Spain; but we see John Bull fighting in the Crimea. —— Since the application of steam on the Western waters, there have been 30,672 lives lost by steamboat disasters, 381 boats and cargoes lost, and seventy boats seriously injured, amounting in the aggregate to the enormous sum of $67,000,000. —— The London Mechanics' Magazine states that its editor recently saw at the Institution of Civil Engineers, in London, a submarine cable for the Atlantic Telegraph Company, which differs from all the other telegraph cables hitherto used. It combines increased conducting powers with a diminution of weight, so that the entire cable for the Atlantic telegraph may be carried in one ship. —— The Rochester Democrat states that an American Protestant lady of that city, a few weeks since, entered the pale of Judaism, and last Sunday she was married according to the Jewish ritual, to a descendant of Abraham. —— The Albany Atlas states that the cattle killed by a recent accident on the Central Railroad, near that city, were some of them sold to peddling butchers in that city, who cut the carcasses up, and peddled the meat out to citizens. This is a prevailing practice—especially when sheep are killed.

KEEPING FOWLS.—An intelligent farmer lately published the following result of his experience in keeping fowls:—He kept thirty-six hens last year, that yielded him three hundred and fifty dozen eggs, besides one hundred and twenty-five chickens. The net proceeds of the sale were $59 37, the family having had, of course, what eggs and poultry they wanted for their own consumption besides. The whole cost of the grain for keeping the hens was a fraction over $4, leaving a clear profit of $55.

WISE MEN OF THE EAST.—Once in a while the British in India throw a few offices to distinguished natives, by way of atonement we suppose for having usurped their country, plundered its wealth, and decimated its population. We read with profound admiration that "Dr. Chuckerbutty has been admitted to medical rank." Happy Chuckerbutty! too fortunate Hindoos, did you but appreciate your blessings!

BANCROFT'S HISTORY.—Three volumes of "Bancroft's History of the United States" have been issued at Copenhagen, in the Danish language. The translator is a Mr. Wulff, who is said to be an accomplished English scholar.

ODD FELLOWS.—The Odd Fellows of this city contributed liberally to the relief of the Norfolk and Portsmouth sufferers. It would have been "odd" if they hadn't.

DOG SHOW.—It is said that a great dog show is about being got up to exhibit the excellencies of "Tray, Blanche and Sweetheart, little dogs and all."

Wayside Gatherings.

Professor Forshey has made arrangements to establish a Military Institute in Texas.

Frances Browne, the English poetess, is very poor, and writes for a scanty pittance. Poetry and pelf are not akin.

Amasa Hewins, an artist, formerly of Boston, died, recently, of cholera at Florence, where he was U. S. commercial agent.

The poet Longfellow is engaged, it is said, upon a translation of Dante, which will be ready for the press some time next year.

Mlle. Rachel has taken the Walnut Street Theatre, Philadelphia, for a series of performances, commencing in November next.

The Methodist publishing house in Nashville, Tenn., has been in operation only five months; but it has in that time printed 49,589,000 pages.

A Mr. McCoy, and three or four others, residing at Lasalle, Ill., are concerned in driving cattle from Texas and Mexico, and have now twenty thousand on the way to Lasalle.

The Memphis Bulletin says that real estate and rents in that city have never been so high as at present, and that dwellings were never in such great demand as now.

The present number of students in the collegiate department of Yale College is as follows: seniors 92; juniors 109; sophomores 109; freshmen 153; total, 463.

In New York State, hundreds upon hundreds of acres are apportioned to the cultivation of broom corn. Broom corn never was stouter, nor a better crop than during the present year.

President Pierce has not purchased a residence in Maryland, as reported. It would seem to be a gratuitous act, considering that the people have given him a residence, at Washington, rent free.

Mrs. Anna Hertzog (widow of the late Peter Hertzog), a member of the Third Reformed Dutch Church of Philadelphia, is the lady who recently contributed $30,000 towards a Theological Hall at New Brunswick.

The war has already imposed upon Turkey expenses to the amount of over 300,000,000 francs, of which 220,000,000 have been met from its own resources, and 80,000,000 would be provided for by the new loan guaranteed by the western powers.

It is stated, in the Bibliotheca Sacra, that Professor Guyot, of Cambridge, intends to publish an exposition of the creation of the universe, upon the basis of the nebular hypothesis, embracing the internal fire theory as part of it.

The post-office department announces that it is a penal offence to deposit in any post-office, to be conveyed in mail, any envelope or packet containing letters addressed to different persons, except in cases where the letters are addressed to foreign countries.

A farmer should never allow windows to be filled with red cloaks, tattered coats, and old hats, and he will not most assuredly acquire the reputation of a man who tarries long at the whiskey shop, and leaves his wife and children to freeze or starve at home.

A private of the 17th Hussars, English, who was in all the battles in the Crimea, and who took a part in the attack on the Redan, has arrived at Montreal, he having got his discharge, with a pension of about 2s. per day. This hero was wounded in each battle.

It has recently been all but proved that the earth and sun, with their splendid retinue of comets, satellites and planets are all in motion around some point or centre of attraction inconceivably remote, and that point is in the direction of Alyan, one of the Pleiades.

At Paterson, N. J., a day or two ago, a man was brought up before the police court, and fined for selling brandy. The amount of the fine was twenty dollars and costs. The justice obligingly took the prisoner's note for thirty-days, and let him off at that very comfortably and pleasantly.

It was proved by competent testimony before one of the courts in New York, recently, in examining into the cause of a fire in Maiden Lane, that colored fireworks take fire by spontaneous combustion, unless properly prepared, at certain temperatures of the atmosphere.

An ingenious mechanician at Turin has just made a successful application of air and water as motive power. His machine is intended for the sharp inclined plane near Turin. Unlike the atmospheric principle adopted in England, the motion in this case is obtained by pressure instead of exhaustion, and for this purpose hydraulic power is used.

The Rev. John Angell James having completed a term of fifty years as minister of Carr's Lane Chapel, Birmingham, there has been a public jubilee in celebration thereof. A magnificent silver vase was presented to him; and a chapel, in honor of the event, is to be erected near Mr. James's own residence, at a cost of between four and five thousand pounds.

The zodiacal light, about which so much is now said in scientific circles, in connection with the important theories lately announced of a nebulous ring around the earth, was first described and named by Canini in 1683. It appears but toward the end of winter, and in spring after sunset, or before sun-rising in autumn and beginning of winter.

There are in New York and Brooklyn not less than 5000 "ladies" whose dress bills will average annually $2000 each, or ten millions of dollars for all. There are 5000 more whose dress expenses will average $1000 each, or five millions of dollars for the whole number; and five millions of dollars more would not cover the dress expenses of those whose bills average every year from $200 to $500.

Irving Ellsworth, son of Hon. J. Ellsworth, of Chatauque county, N. Y., was recently killed at Pleasantville, Iowa. He was standing in front of a buzz saw that had just been fitted up, watching its motions, when a piece of oak lath, sharp at one end, was thrown by the saw with such force that the sharp end struck him under the left eye, and passed into the brain about two inches. He lived thirty minutes, entirely unconscious.

According to the Courrier des Etats Unis, the Russian flag counted at Sebastopol, in the month of September, 1854, seventeen ships, five of 120 guns, the remainder of 84 guns; four frigates of 60 guns; four corvettes or brigs; twelve steamships, and eighty-two ships of inferior rank; in all 108 ships, carrying 2200 guns. This colossal armament was destroyed by the Russians themselves, to prevent it from falling into the hands of their enemies.

A corps of skillful engineers have, for some time, been engaged at Troy, N. Y., in experimenting on several "infernal" machines which have been recently conceived by the mind of an ingenious Yankee. One of these machines is a cannon proof marine battery, which claims the power of being propelled on the water level or under it, at the rate of twenty or twenty-five miles an hour, and hurling itself against the adversary ship, cutting, tearing and exploding as it goes with terrific force.

Foreign Items.

The London Shipping Gazette says that twelve French buyers of breadstuffs embarked in a late steamer for the United States, and that large orders have been sent from England for supplies.

The satisfactory appearance of the vineyards in the provinces of Asti and Alessandria has lately led to a reduction of 30 per cent. in the price of wine, and the grapes themselves are sold at a low price.

A letter from an English merchant at Elsinore, who has received letters from Russian merchants at Helsingfors, states that the loss sustained by the Russians in the late bombardment of Sveaborg is enormous.

Rev. C. H. Spurgeon, one of the youngest preachers of London, is said to be gifted with the most extraordinary eloquence, nothing like him having been seen since the days of Whitefield; and like that celebrated itinerant, has a voice of most powerful and bell-like character, capable of reaching the ears of ten thousand at one time.

Messrs. de Ruolz and Fontenay, of Paris, have invented an alloy which may be employed for almost all purposes to which silver is usually employed. The improved alloy is composed of silver, copper and purified nickel, in the following proportions—silver, 20 parts; nickel, 25 to 31 parts; and the rest up to 100 parts in copper.

The committee of the Association of French Inventors has decided that the Minnie rifle shall in future be called the Delvigue Minnie rifle, M. Delvigne having declared, that while he reserved to himself the priority of the invention, M. Minnie introduced improvements tantamount to original inventions, and was therefore entitled to the position accorded him.

One of the curiosities of Paris is the enormous vine which ornaments the court of a house in the Rue des Marais, St. Germaine. It is said to have been planted by Racine; and supposing that he did it in the last year of his life, the vine must be now about 156 years of age, as that celebrated writer died in 1669. It is this year in a flourishing condition, and covered with fruit.

Sands of Gold.

.... Glory is a poison good to be taken in small doses.—*Balzac.*

True love can no more be diminished by showers of evil than flowers are marred by timely rains.—*Sir Philip Sidney.*

.... Chance is the greatest romancer in the world: to be prolific we have only to study.—*Balzac.*

The pleasure of love is in loving. We are happier in the passion we feel than in that which we excite.—*La Rochefoucauld.*

.... The social state has chances which nature does not permit, for it is nature *plus* society.—*Balzac.*

.... The knowledge when to stop, left Sylla nothing to fear, though disarmed; the want of knowing this, exposed Cæsar to the dagger of Brutus.—*Fuseli.*

.... All the while thou livest ill, thou hast the trouble, distraction, inconveniences of life, but not the sweets and true use of it. —*Fuller.*

.... It is very often more necessary to conceal contempt than resentment, the former being never forgiven, but the latter sometimes forgot.—*Chesterfield.*

.... Evils in the journey of life are like the hills which alarm travellers upon the road; they both appear great at a distance, but when we approach them we find that they are far less insurmountable than we had conceived.—*Colton.*

... Modern art, reared by superstition in Italy, taught to dance in France, plumped up to unwieldiness in Flanders, reduced to "chronicle small beer" in Holland, became a rich old woman by "suckling fools" in England.—*Fuseli.*

.... The follies, vices, and consequent miseries of multitudes, displayed in a newspaper, are so many admonitions and warnings, so many beacons, continually burning, to turn others from the rocks on which they have been shipwrecked.—*Bishop Horne.*

.... Frivolous curiosity about trifles, and laborious attention to little objects which neither require nor deserve a moment's thought, lower a man, who from thence is thought (and not unjustly) incapable of greater matters. Cardinal de Netz very sagaciously marked out Cardinal Chigi for a little mind, from the moment he told him that he had written three years with the same pen, and that it was an excellent good one still.—*Chesterfield.*

Joker's Budget.

I admire your beautiful *crops* this year, as the fox said to the poultry, in the hearing of the farmer.

Why is a cricket on the hearth like a soldier in the Crimea? Because he often advances under a brisk fire.

A farmer on Long Island has just raised a cabbage of such extravagant dimensions, that he had to blast it with powder in order to get it fit for crout.

"Do you think I'll get justice done me?" said a culprit to his counsel. "I don't think you will," replied the other, "for I see two men on the jury who are opposed to hanging."

A pretended rhymester once remarked to an acquaintance, "that his verses cost him very little."—"They cost you quite as much as they are worth, then," said the other.

Emerson, in a lecture on the Anglo-American, says: "Americans would ride in steamers made of lucifer matches, if they could thereby save an hour in crossing the Atlantic."

Saxe, the punster poet, gives an excellent portrait of old Ben. Franklin, in a single line:

"A man of genius, ruled by common sense."

A deacon, who became rich in a grocery not a hundred miles from the State house, used to boast how much he had done for the cause of temperance, by mixing at least a gallon of pure water with every gallon of liquor he sold.

The most original spelling we have seen is the following. It beats phonetics:—80 you be—a tub. 80 O, pea—a top. Be 80—bat. See 80—cat. Pea 80—pat. Are 80—rat. See a be—cab. Be you double tea—butt. Be a double ell—ball.

Ellen—"O, don't tease me to-day, George; I'm not at all well." George, twelve years old, a man of the world—"I tell you what it is, you are in love. Now, you take the advice of a fellow who has seen a good deal of that sort of thing, and don't give way to it."

"I come for the saw, sir."—"What saucer?"—"Why, the saw, sir, that you borrowed."—"I borrowed no saucer."—"Sure you did, sir, you borrowed a saw, sir."—"I never saw your saucer." —"But you did, there's the saw, now, sir."—"O, you want the *saw*. Why didn't you say so?"

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[From the Home Journal, New York.]

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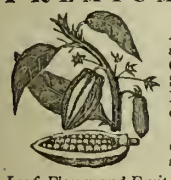

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SCENES IN CENTRAL AMERICA.

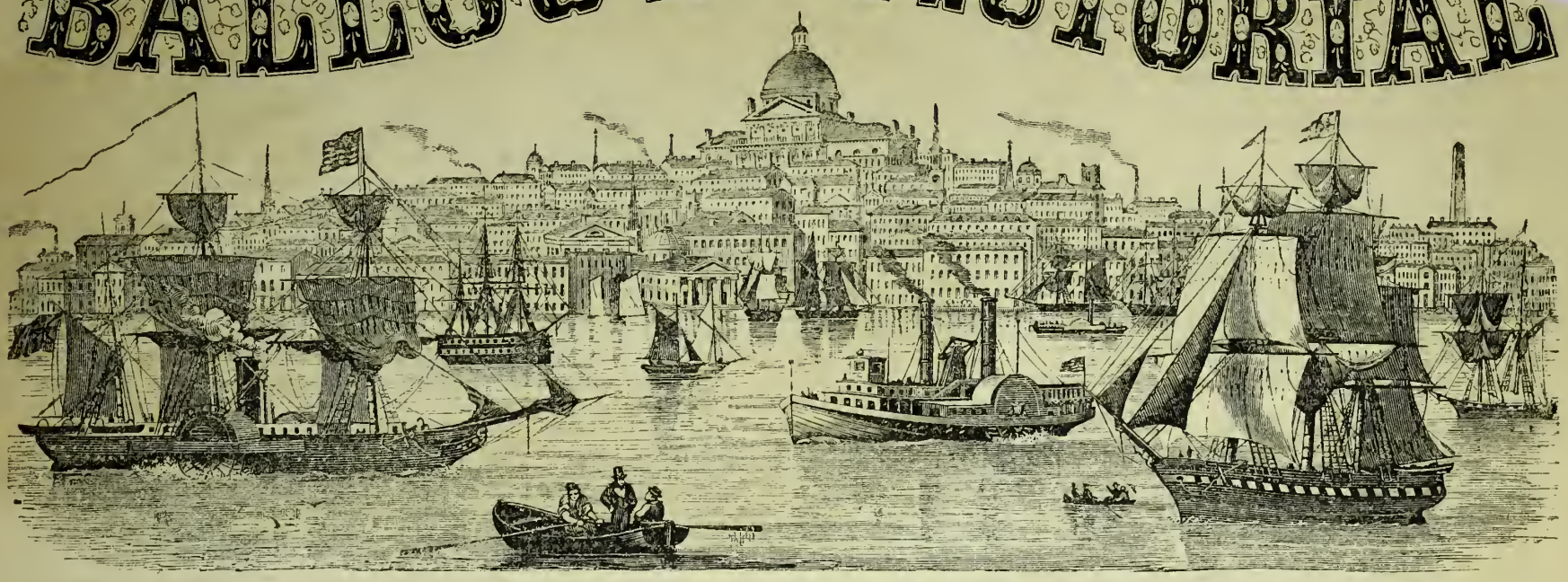
We present our readers on this page with three striking views of scenery in Central America, a region peculiarly interesting at this moment to citizens of the United States. The largest view represents the cathedral of "La Merced," and the volcano of "El Viejo," at Leon, Nicaragua. A city of this name (Leon) formerly stood at the head of the western lake of Momotombo, and was founded by the Spanish general, Hernandez de Cordova, in 1523, but abandoned in 1610. The present city of Leon is located in the centre of the immense plain of Leon, midway between Lake Nicaragua and the Pacific Ocean. The water from the city is obtained from perennial streams of pure water which intersect the ravines that surround it. The place covers a large area, and is planned in Mexican fashion with squares or plazas at intervals. The houses are of adobe, and, with rare exceptions, only one story in height. During the revolutionary struggle, which resulted in throwing off the yoke of old Spain, Leon was the theatre of sanguinary battles between the liberals and the aristocrats, and we read that in a single night over one thousand buildings were destroyed by an incendiary fire. The ruins of palaces and splendid dwellings, as indicated in the foreground of our engraving, surround the great cathedral of La Merced. In whatever direction the traveller moves, he encounters the broken fragments of costly structures, the proof of the desolation occasioned by civil war. The church of La Merced has suffered severely from cannon shot. A convent was once attached to it, and also to the church of San Juan de Dios, but these have been suppressed and the buildings converted into barracks or hospitals. The church edifices are the finest of any in the Central American states. The great cathedral of St. Peter occupied thirty-seven years in building, and was finished in 1743, at a reputed cost of $5,000,000. It covers an entire square, and its fronts extend the whole length of the grand plaza or square. It is built of cut stone, and forms one entire mass of masonry, like a fortress, for which purpose indeed it has been employed. In 1823, thirty guns were planted on its roof, and there is scarcely a square inch of its walls that is not indented with shot. Its centre presents now a naked appearance, contrasting strangely with what is remembered of its former magnificence, when the splendor of its decoration was proverbial. The portraits of the bishops of the diocese, four in number, are preserved in one of its small apartments. The view from the top of this cathedral, extending to the waters of the Pacific, amply repays the traveller for the trouble of ascending. Other churches of note in Leon are "La Recolecion" and "El Calvario," distinguished like St. Peters and "La Merced" for their magnitude and the breadth of their architectural design. In addition to the churches named, there are about a dozen others of smaller size, and less remarkable for beauty of design. A feature of these churches is that each possesses a chime of bells, which are frequently rung, making a pleasing melody, and filling the air for miles with music. The prominent peak in the range of hills seen in the background of our engraving, is "El Viejo," a volcanic summit, 6000 feet in height. The old pirate Dampier speaks of it in his voyages as an "exceedingly high mountain, smoking all day, and sending out flames at night." Captain Belcher, of the British navy, who made its ascent in 1838, describes the view from the summit as one of unparalleled magnificence. On the summit are copious springs of boiling water. Another of these volcanoes, that of Momotombo, together with a section of Lake Managna, is shown in the first engraving. The second represents the Island of Tigre, Bay of Fonseca, Nicaragua. The bay affords the finest harborage on the Pacific, surpassing even the famous Bay of San Francisco, California, in capacity. Its entire length within the land is eighty miles by thirty-five in breadth. This island is destined, at some future day, to be the Pacific port of entry of a grand inter-oceanic canal. The principal defence of the Bay of Fonseca is the Fort of Lallnion, belonging to San Salvador. There are several islands in the bay, all of them exhibiting striking features of natural beauty. The Indians formerly had populous settlements on these islands, but the pirates, who swept the South Sea with the black flag, making them an habitual rendezvous, inspired the peaceful native inhabitants with such terror that they fled to the mainland, abandoning their beautiful retreats forever. Drake had his headquarters on the Island of Tigre, during his famous operations in the Pacific. The British admiralty thoroughly understood its naval importance, and it was by their instructions that, in 1839, Captain Belcher, R. N., made a thorough and scientific survey of it. It completely commands the entire coast from Panama to San Diego. While Mr. Squier was minister from the United States to Nicaragua, it was temporarily ceded to us by that government to prevent its occupation by Great Britain. It was afterwards surrendered to the Nicaraguan government. The most recent event of importance, in these interesting regions, is the settlement of Colonel Kinney with his band of colonists, his favorable reception by the inhabitants, and his inauguration as governor. It is hardly possible to overrate the commercial importance of Nicaragua. It is the key to the Pacific; but in the hands of the Spanish races, unaided by Anglo-Saxon energy, it would have been lost to civilization and the world. It is destined to become the theatre of important social and political movements, being as it is, one of the finest portions of the American continent.

LAKE MANAGNA AND VOLCANO OF MOMOTOMBO, NICARAGUA.

ISLAND OF TIGRE, BAY OF FONSECA, NICARAGUA.

CATHEDRAL OF LA MERCED, AND VOLCANO OF EL VIEJO, LEON, NICARAGUA.

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL



M. M. BALLOU, { CORNER OF TREMONT AND BROMFIELD STS. BOSTON, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 10, 1855. $3,00 PER ANNUM. 6 CENTS SINGLE. } VOL IX., No. 19.—WHOLE No. 227.

INVENTORS AND DISCOVERERS.

Mr. Kilburn, the artist, in the picture below, has grouped together for us the portraits of some of those leading men of modern times whose genius has conferred inestimable blessings on humanity. James Watt, whose thoughtful face appears at the head of the engraving, acquired a high degree of celebrity by his improvements in the steam-engine. He was the son of a tradesman, and was born at Greenock, in Scotland, in 1736. His original occupation was that of a watchmaker. In 1764, he conceived the idea of those improvements which he carried out in practice a few years after. He was a fellow of the royal societies of London and Edinburgh, and was highly appreciated by his associates. Various inventions of the highest utility originated with his fertile mind. He died August 25, 1819. Scarcely less famous was Eli Whitney, the inventor of the cotton gin. He was the son of a farmer of Westboro', Mass., and was born December 8, 1765. He early gave indication of great mechanical genius. He abandoned farming, prepared himself for college, defraying his own expenses when there, and then went to the South to seek his fortune. The cotton gin was invented in Savannah, and completely revolutionized the system of preparing cotton for the market, adding millions to the wealth of the South. He died January 8, 1825. Fulton declared that "Arkwright, Watt and Whitney were the three men who did most for mankind of any of their contemporaries." Below Whitney's head is that of Daguerre, the brilliant Frenchman who first conceived the idea of pressing the sun itself into the service of mankind. On the other side of the picture we have Samuel F. B. Morse, fortunately a living illustration of the genius of our country. He is the eldest son of Rev. Jedediah Morse, the American geographer, and was born in Charlestown Mass., April 27, 1791. The electric telegraph, which has rendered his name immortal, was discovered in 1832. Mr. Morse is a finished scholar, and a distinguished artist. A head of Guttenberg, who, in 1438, first made use of movable wooden types for printing, completes our group. The accessories introduced by our artist are happy conceptions, and add to the effect of the portraits.

INVENTORS AND DISCOVERERS

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

FALCONE:

—OR,—

THE MYSTERIES OF MEXICO.

A ROMANCE OF OUR DAY.

BY AUGUSTINE J. H. DUGANNE.

[CONCLUDED.]

CHAPTER XXIX.—[CONTINUED.]

"The senora will understand," pursued Don Ricardo, "that I am quite disinterested in this matter. As a friend of Gabriel, I should like to see him happily married. If you persist in your refusal, I have naught to say."

"Then you will permit me to go—you will no longer detain me here!" cried Teresa, a moment's hope deceiving her.

"That I leave entirely with Senor Falcone!" returned Ramos, with his sneering smile—"I cannot control one who loves so ardently, and—"

"Will you not protect me, senor? Are you a man of honor?" exclaimed the orphan, in a voice so plaintive that it might have affected another than Ramos, but only made that "man of honor" laugh quietly as he replied:

"Gabriel wished me, if I were unsuccessful in gaining her consent to the marriage ceremony, to inform the Senora Teresa that he would present himself ere long. I shall, therefore, take the liberty to resume the custody of these apartments, in order that my friend may find no difficulty in making his visit."

Saying this, Don Ricardo quietly removed the key from the lock of the door.

"You abandon me to this wicked man! 'Tis well—I shall defend myself!" cried Teresa, calmly returning the triumphant gaze of Ramos, who, with a ceremonious bow, turned to depart.

But at this moment Lucille's eyes sought those of her mistress with a sudden joy. The mulatto, seated near the window, had caught a sudden glimpse of the Indian climber, appearing upon the top of the opposing wall, and her quick glance conveyed the intelligence to her mistress. At the same time, with a violent motion she rushed forward and sinking on the floor beside Teresa, cried wildly:

"O mam'selle! do not die! Promise the senor—*quelle horreur!* to be sacrifice—*immolée!* O, *mon Dieu!* it is not too *difficile* to be married—"

"Rise, Lucille—and be silent!" cried Teresa, angrily, as Don Ricardo paused and surveyed them.

"Promise, *ma chere maitresse!*" persisted the mulatto. "They will kill—they will destroy us all." Then, in a low whisper, scarcely reaching the maiden's ear, she said hurriedly: "To-morrow we shall be saved—the Indian is here!"

"Lucille! be silent!"

But, as Teresa spoke, she sunk heavily upon a chair beside her, her delicate frame overpowered by the variety of her emotions. Don Ricardo saw, as he conjectured, the yielding of the timid woman, irresolute of her purpose. He softly re-closed the door and said:

"The good girl is right, Senora Glinton—marriage is not so difficult. And—Falcone is a reckless fellow if thwarted, you must know."

Teresa raised her eyes to the speaker, whilst Lucille, crouching at the feet of her mistress, pressed her hand closely.

"Let—Gabriel Falcone come hither—to-morrow!" she said, slowly.

"I doubt if his ardent love will not make him more impatient," responded Ramos, with his furtive smile—"nevertheless, if you promise that he shall then be made happy—"

"I promise nothing—but that to morrow I will receive his visit."

"But I may say a word to give the poor youth some hope—eh, senora?" said Don Ricardo, with a low laugh.

"You may say what you please," said Teresa, coldly, as she rose, and turned with Lucille, toward the inner chamber.

Don Ricardo replaced the key which he held within the door.

"Very well, then, senora—to-morrow, the ceremony will doubtless take place!"

Saying this, Ramos left the apartment, and Lucille hastened to re-fasten the door. At the same instant, a folded slip of paper glided between the window wires and fell upon the floor. Teresa seized it and read it aloud with a beating heart:

"Be of good courage, Senora Glinton. We will come for you to-morrow. MONTOGNONE."

"O, Father in heaven, I thank thee!" cried the orphan, sinking on her knees, and devoutly clasping her hands, whilst Lucille ran to the casement, wild with joy.

But the Indian was not to be seen. He had evidently been aware of the presence of Don Ricardo in the chamber, and had watched the latter's departure for an opportunity to introduce the slip of paper. This accomplished, he had retraced at once his perilous way over the walls of the adjoining house. In the meantime, Don Ricardo Ramos, after leaving the presence of his anticipated victim, proceeded at once to another room, where Gabriel Falcone, extended upon a couch, lay awaiting his coming. The triumphant expression of the elder villain's face was noticed immediately by the gamester.

"She consents?" he cried.

"To see you to-morrow. Doubtless to reveal her long-concealed love—"

"Pish! but the marriage—"

"I am about to notify the priest immediately that he be on hand to-morrow," returned Don Ricardo. "So, my dear Gabriel, I desire you to keep quiet, and not irritate that wound of yours, which must be a painful one, though the bullet is not there."

"No, the bullet is not left, thank fortune!" said Falcone.

"I can assure you that it is not so pleasant to carry such a companion about with you!" added Don Ricardo, with his sardonic smile, as at that moment he experienced a twinge of pain occasioned by the ball which lay imbedded in his groin, and had always defied extraction, save at the risk of life. Gabriel Falcone knew that his father's skill had left a lasting memento with Don Ricardo Ramos.

But the latter shook his "dear Gabriel's" hand, and bade him be quiet until his return. Then leaving the apartment he descended to the hall, where the dark featured familiar of the house presented him obsequiously with his gold-headed cane. Then, with slow and dignified steps, Don Ricardo took his way through the thoroughfares of Mexico, like a wealthy and proud citizen.

At the corners of the squares and streets were gathered knots of Mexicans, discussing the events of the day, and speculating upon the probable fate of the city. Some bold voices among these were heard to counsel resistance to the last drop of blood, but these sentiments found few echoes. Don Ricardo, in particular, smiled very scornfully whenever such patriotic expressions reached his ears as he passed onward. Arrived at length at the gate of a large building, near the plaza, the crosses surmounting which denoted it to be a religious house belonging to one of the various orders of friars established in the capital city of the republic, Senor Ramos inquired for a member of the fraternity, and was ushered into the refectory, where he encountered a person whom the reader has before met. It was Fray Pedro, the priest who had officiated at the burial of Don Tadeo, the uncle of Vallejo. The worthy friar was engaged in writing at a small deal table, for he exercised the duties of a clerk in the monastery to which he was attached. At his feet crouched a large dog, which growled suddenly as Don Ricardo entered the room.

"Down, Beppo! you are unmannerly!" giving the animal a light touch with his foot. "God be with you, Don Ricardo—approach! the dog is harmless!"

"His looks belie him most confoundedly, then, worthy Fray Pedro!" answered Ramos, pausing irresolutely as the dog rose, and, displaying a row of formidable teeth, seemed prepared to dispute the visitor's advance.

"Out, Beppo, out! Indeed, he is quite unused to behave thus to visitors!" apologized the friar, driving the dog beneath the table, where he crouched, sullenly regarding Don Ricardo with glittering eyes, and emitting now and then a low growl, not at all calculated to allay the new-comer's apprehensions.

"You should shoot such a vicious beast—hang, or at least drown him, Fray Pedro!" cried Don Ricardo, taking a chair near the priest, so as to interpose the latter's person between himself and the animal.

"The dog has many good qualities and is attached to me," answered the priest. "Poor fellow! I found him half starved, watching by a grave, where, doubtless, his former master was buried. He is a great protection to me, I assure you, senor, as I walk the streets during these troubled times."

Don Ricardo feared to encourage the garrulousness of the good priest concerning the merits of an animal that found very little favor with himself, so hastily changing the conversation, he said:

"I spoke to you some time since, concerning a ceremony—a marriage—that I desired performed at my house. Your services will be required to-morrow."

"At your house, my son?"

"At my house the parties are now residing; and as in these unnatural times there is nothing certain but danger and death, I wish my young friends to be wedded and away from Mexico as speedily as possible. To-morrow at noonday, Fray Pedro, is the hour appointed."

"I will come, Don Ricardo."

"You will not fail."

"If Heaven spares my life," answered the friar, crossing himself, while his visitor rose to go, and by so doing, elicited a short snarl from the dog.

"In truth, your canine friend is no friend of mine," remarked Ramos, with his bitter laugh, as he walked to the door. "But remember, worthy father—at noonday, to-morrow."

Don Ricardo took his leave, and Fray Pedro resumed his seat, with the now quiet Beppo stretched before him. Much the good priest marvelled at the perversity which had occasioned his dog to greet the cavalier, Ramos, so inhospitably; and more he wondered at the summons which he had received to perform the marriage sacrament at Don Ricardo's house. Fray Pedro knew very well that his visitor was a bachelor and a man reputed to be of great wealth; and he recalled many other associations concerning Ramos in past time, many which the great world in general had forgotten; for Fray Pedro, long an officiating priest of his order, was a depository of much secret history, as well as of town reminiscences at large—but he in vain ransacked his memory for aught that might reveal to him who could be the young people whom the don was so anxious to marry. At length, after unavailing speculation as to whether one was not a natural child, and the other a poor relative of Ramos, or whether both claimed him as uncle and were cousins of themselves—the friar concluded that his wisest method of obtaining information would be to wait till the morrow, when he should see the separate parties and perform the ceremony which should make both one.

Punctually as the bell announced the hour of noon upon the following day, Fray Pedro presented himself at the great door of Don Ricardo's mansion. Behind him followed gravely the burly form of the dog Beppo, and scarcely had the dark-featured porter opened a passage, when the animal with a loud bark rushed into the hall and bounded up the wide staircase. His pious master was shocked with the unwonted behaviour of his favorite, and the servant of that noiseless mansion grew absolutely horrified as the bay of Beppo rang through the passages. At this moment Don Ricardo Ramos emerged from a door which he opened at the head of the stairs, and immediately found himself thrown to the floor by an instant rush of the dog, as the latter, dashing between his legs, darted to the interior of the house.

"That infernal brute here!" cried the enraged Ramos, as the servant ran to his assistance, and the alarmed priest ascended the staircase, breathing heavily in his efforts to make haste. "What in the devil's name, Fray Pedro, do you mean by bringing that ferocious monster to my house?"

But the poor priest was too much spent with fatigue and anxiety to answer at once, and meantime the bark of Beppo, from the inner precincts of the mansion, sounded loud and joyfully. Don Ricardo hurried through the passages, and Fray Pedro followed him as fast as he best might.

Those dark passages seemed interminable to the weary friar, but at length his conductor reached the door of an apartment within which the dog's bark was heard, no longer violent, but apparently full of joy. A moment after, the owner of the house had led the way into a large chamber, where a singular spectacle met his follower's eyes.

The apartment was hung with tapestry and lit by waxen candles, burning in heavy silver candlesticks at different corners of the room. No light entered from without; for thick curtains effectually concealed the windows, if windows there were in the room, and a close, hot atmosphere pervaded the entire place. But it was the group of living beings before his eyes that first drew Fray Pedro's attention.

The dog Beppo lay at the feet of a beautiful girl who caressed the animal, whilst he in turn licked her white hand and laid his huge head in her lap as she sat in an arm-chair. Behind this maiden stood a mulatto girl, half stooping, to add her caresses to the noble dog. A few paces from both stood a young man, whose right arm was confined to his breast by a silken scarf, whilst his left hand rested upon a table covered with materials for writing. The priest had scarcely taken note of these things, ere Don Ricardo, addressed him with a harsh laugh:

"Your dog has made friends at last, it seems, good friar. How read you this, Fray Pedro?"

"The animal may remember old friends," replied the priest, suggestively, looking toward Teresa, who said quietly:

"The dog was my poor bro her's—alas!"

At once, as the maiden uttered these words, Fray Pedro recollected her features and recalled the occasion when he had last beheld them. An expression of interest and wonder was visible in his countenance, and he was about to draw near to Teresa, when the voice of Don Ricardo abruptly pronounced his name.

"Fray Pedro! you are to unite these young people in matrimony," said the latter, motioning to Falcone, who approached the arm-chair. Teresa half rose and placed her hand to her bosom. There was still concealed the poniard which she regarded as her resort in the extremity of danger. Lucille glided round and stood beside her mistress, and the dog, as if conscious that danger threatened the sister of his lost master, crouched low before them with an ominous growl.

Teresa Glinton saw that the crisis of her fate was approaching. She had consented to be conducted from the apartments in which she had been confined, because she was aware, by the paper received from Montognone, that her friends were apprised of her position and active in her behalf; and she desired to secure a respite from violence on the part of her enemies by a seeming compliance with their wishes. Now, however, when she found herself face to face with the abhorred Falcone, whilst Don Ricardo stood by wearing his triumphant smile, and a priest approached to perform the ceremony to which she had apparently yielded her consent, a sudden despair began to overwhelm her. She gave up all hopes of rescue by her friends, and hesitated only as to whether she should make one last appeal, invoking the priest to aid her, ere she should defy her persecutors, and, like her lost brother, rush uncalled to the presence of God. It was a terrible alternative; for the maiden believed that the friar Pedro was but some ready instrument of her cruel captors, and feared that to implore his assistance would be but to accelerate her doom. Already the priest had taken her hand in one of his own, while he extended the other to Falcone.

"The names?" said Fray Pedro, looking to Don Ricardo.

"Gabriel Falcone and Teresa Glinton."

The priest stood a moment as if paralyzed with astonishment—then dropped his hands beside him—then clasped them violently together, while his eyes wandered from one to the other of those he had been about to unite. A sudden recollection was flashing through his brain—a revelation of the past was explaining the present. He fell suddenly back, an expression of horror agitating his features.

"I cannot perform the ceremony!" he gasped.

"What say you, Fray Pedro?—cannot perform it?" cried Don Ricardo, startled at the priest's manner, yet retaining his own self-possession.

"I cannot profane the sacrament," stammered the priest. "I cannot commit a mortal sin—"

"Priest—have a care," cried Don Ricardo, in a threatening voice, whilst a frown gathered on his brow.

The friar shrank away, trembling before the dark aspect of the speaker, and, half mechanically, murmured:

"I cannot marry them—they are the children of—"

"*Of one mother!*" he was about to conclude, but ere the words were spoken, his throat was violently grasped by Ramos, and he staggered back against the wall of the apartment. Gabriel Falcone, unaware that a strange disclosure was thus suddenly checked, stood in blank surprise, whilst Teresa's heart sank at this new scene of violence. But one actor promptly interposed. The huge dog sprang from the floor, and at one bound reached the bosom of Fray Pedro's assailant.

"Help! Falcone! help!" cried Don Ricardo, as he felt the dog's teeth meet in his flesh, whilst the double weight bore him against the friar, who struggling for life had wound his fingers in his assailant's long hair.

The young man promptly drew a dagger with his left hand, and, rushing forward, plunged the weapon into Beppo's breast. But he had as well wounded a lion. The pain of the stab only increased the animal's rage, and in an instant more he had turned upon Gabriel Falcone, whilst Don Ricardo, released from his peril, lifted his own dagger against the now exhausted priest.

At this crisis a sudden crash was heard, and a burst of sunlight streamed into the apartment from a wide rent in one of the velvet curtains which had hidden the casements. Teresa and Lucille looked up and beheld the Indian climber whom they had before seen. He stood with one foot extended within the drapery, whilst his right hand clung to the casement frame, which he had just wrenched asunder. But he was not alone; beside him, upon the stone parapet, stood Montognone and Vallejo.

The burst of joy with which Teresa Glinton recognized her lover was mingled with the report of a pistol discharged by that lover's hand. Alonzo, with the same glance that encountered his mistress, beheld likewise the imminent peril of his uncle's friend, Fray Pedro Quick as thought he fired at Don Ricardo, whose dark features he had instantly recalled, and ere the smoke had cleared away, the villain had released his grasp of the priest and fallen heavily to the floor. All transpired in the space of a moment, nevertheless this brief space had sufficed for the fierce dog to drive Falcone to a corner of the apartment, where, sheltering himself behind a piece of massy furniture, he defended himself with the dagger which was his only weapon.

Vallejo meanwhile assisted Fray Pedro to a chair, for the poor priest was nearly exhausted with his struggle, and then turning to Teresa, clasped her in his arms, while Montognone interposed to rescue Gabriel Falcone from his canine assailant. The sagacious dog, however, seemed at once to recognize the defeat of his enemies, for with a low growl, in token of triumph, he walked to the chair in which Fray Pedro reclined, and crouched at his feet, quietly licking the wound which Falcone had inflicted, while his large eyes watched the writhing form of Don Ricardo, who was vainly striving to rise.

"Curses!" muttered the wretched Ramos. "Maledictions upon all priests!"

"Unhappy man! you will yourself soon need a priest," said Montognone, approaching and stooping beside Don Ricardo. "This hurt is mortal."

"I care not—where's Falcone? dog! has he fled? Ha! ha! where is his bride? his sister? O, curse that priest! I'll strangle him!"

The tortured villain essayed to uplift his hand which still clutched the dagger with which he would have slain Fray Pedro; but the effort only forced the blood from his mouth. Nevertheless, the priest shrank back as he beheld the malice and met the glaring eyes of his late adversary.

"Maledictions on all of ye! Why did I meddle with the sacrament, and thus lose all? Falcone—ha!—you should have had your will—brother and sister! ha! ha! ha!"

And with the chuckling laugh which was natural to him, Don Ricardo fell back to the floor, his eyes closing suddenly.

"He is dead," gasped Fray Pedro, with pallid lips, as Vallejo and Teresa drew near. "And without confession."

"Confession—bah!" cried the sneering voice of Ramos, his eyes unclosing with a sinister glance on all around him, "yes, priest—let me confess. I would have married them—dost hear me, Fray Pedro? Their mother scorned and slighted me—*his* father branded and dishonored me. It was my revenge, hark ye, priest, to give the sacrament to both—brother and sister—ha! what think you? have I not *confessed?*"

Again that strange laugh rang through the apartment—again the eyes closed, and this time forever. The jaw relaxed, a leaden hue overspread the countenance. Don Ricardo Ramos had gone to his account.

Gabriel Falcone—his bold eyes sunk, his cheeks pallid as those of a corpse—had listened to the incoherent words of him who had lured him step by step to ruin. The wretched young man's glance now caught the half averted gaze of Teresa Glinton—the child of his mother. And Charles Glinton, too, was the child of Maria Minas. Gabriel Falcone! a brother's blood is on thy head, for, but for thee, Glinton were now alive and happy!

This horrible thought burned like flame in the heart of the gamester. He cast one despairing look around him, and then, spurning the dead form of Ramos with his foot, fled precipitately from the apartment.

No one followed him!

CHAPTER XXX.

CONCLUSION.

The battle alarms of Contreras and Churubusco had died away amid the valley of Mexico; but no quiet reigned, though negotiations were at once commenced with a view to making peace.

Montognone had long foreseen the result of the incapability of Mexican officers to discipline or lead their men. The battle of Cerro Gordo had shown him the incompetency of generals, and the want of principle which characterized the subordinate commanders. He mourned for his country, but he felt that her disgrace could not be averted.

Such thoughts possessed his mind, as, riding behind a light carriage which contained Vallejo, Teresa and the now joyous Lucille, he proceeded with his friends to the cottage of Don Ferrado Nunez. The road from Mexico to the hacienda was thronged with soldiers and country people, hastening to the city, the greater portion unarmed and seemingly interested only in attaining a less exposed neighborhood than the districts beyond Tocubaya, now overrun by their victorious enemies. Some few bands of military, preserving in a measure their discipline, were drawn up at various points of the road, or else were marching toward the fortified heights, where it was expected another and decisive action would soon take place. Montognone could not but remark, in the faces of these last, an expression of hopelessness mingled with determination, as if they felt that nothing was left them but to perish bravely at the threshold of their homes; for these latest conquered defenders were the national guard of Mexico.

But other and alarming thoughts rushed rapidly over Zumozin's mind, as, checking his horse on reaching the brow of a hill which commanded a view of Lake Tezcuco and its surrounding woodlands, he beheld a sudden flame shoot upward from amid the groves, and dense clouds of smoke rolling darkly over the trees. At once a dismal apprehension agitated his whole frame—a terrible presentiment, as it were, of evil to his friends.

The sun was setting in the opposite quarter of the heavens, and a crimson glow had for some time belted the horizon, but the ruddy sheen of nature now grew rapidly pale before what was evidently a fierce conflagration, and Zumozin knew, almost intuitively, that Ferrado's hacienda must be involved in it. Without pausing for a moment, he spurred his steed and dashed toward the lake, only bending a moment, as he passed the carriage, to whisper a word of his fears in the ears of Vallejo, who, too much absorbed in converse with Teresa, had taken heed of naught beyond her presence.

The short mile that intervened between the hill whence he had beheld the flame and the borders of Lake Tezcuco was traversed by Montognone with the speed of the wind; but before he reached the cottage an obstacle presented itself to his progress—a dozen soldiers in the American uniform rushed into the road as if to intercept him. Rising in his stirrups, his majestic form towering above the saddle, his eyes flashing brightly in the glare of the flames before him, Montognone raised his sword and with a sweeping blow struck the arm of a soldier just as it was lifted to grasp the bridle. The man fell upon the road, and the horse, bounding over him, bore Zumozin beyond his enemies, and in full view of the hacienda.

But what a sight there met him. Lorenzo and Nunez, standing upon the threshold of their garden, defended themselves desperately against a half-dozen assailants. Behind them, the walls of their dwelling were wrapped in flame, which darted to and fro, from doors and windows, and ran fiercely along the vine-covered verandah. All the out-buildings of the place were enveloped likewise in the raging element. Zumozin beheld it all, and with a frantic cry pressed his spurs against the sides of his horse and dashed forward through the Americans over the garden turnstile.

"Anselmo!" cried Nunez, as with renewed strength he struggled against the crowd of soldiers, who strove to enter the passage, "thank God! you are here. To the summer house—there they have fled!"

Zumozin knew well the significance of that word "they," so hurriedly pronounced by his friend. But, ere he sprang from his horse, he levelled his pistols at the soldiers who were pressing against the turnstile he had leaped, and brought the foremost two to the ground.

"To the senoras—we will die here!" gasped Lorenzo.

"No! it is my place!" cried Montognone, as he sprang from the saddle and threw himself between his two friends and the Americans, who, augmented in numbers by those who had occupied the road, were rushing to the attack again. "Be your wives your charge—this is mine," continued Zumozin, as the heavy blade which he wielded circled above his head and then fell upon one of their foes, striking him bleeding back upon the ranks who strove to force a passage over the wooden turnstile which had been here fastened to the gate-posts.

Don Ferrado hesitated for a moment, but the eye of Zumozin met his own and enforced the command. He turned, and followed by Lorenzo, burried to the rear of the house, where, in a small summer-house at the margin of the lake, the Senoras Isabella and Inez awaited their husbands, half dead with terror.

The marauders—for in fact the assailing party were a band of lawless stragglers who had been engaged in plundering the Mexicans, on the pretence of repressing guerillas—now renewed their efforts to reach the cottage before the fire should devour the booty they had hoped to obtain. They pressed forward, anticipating an easy victory over the solitary defender of the stile, but Zumozin kept them at bay with the ponderous sword he wielded, and, sheltered in a measure by an abutment of the wall, withstood for a few minutes the violent assault. But it was plain that the unequal conflict could not last, and as the increasing throng of his enemies forced the passage and bore him back, step by step toward the blazing building, Zumozin, though he still plied his sword, abandoned all hope of escape, and only murmured as he fought:

"Father in heaven! protect *them*, and let me be the sacrifice to-day!"

Suddenly, however, and on the instant that a wild shout of triumph from the marauders announced to the almost exhausted Mexican that they had gained an entrance to the still unburned front of the cottage, and were dispersing through the garden at the lake side of the hacienda, the swift gallop of horses sounded on the road, and immediately afterwards a troop of American cavalry appeared in sight beyond the wall. Guarded by the front rank of this troop, Zumozin recognized the carriage containing Vallejo and Teresa, that he had left a mile back upon the highway. The foot soldiers who still pressed upon the Mexican desisted at once from their attack as the horsemen drew up within a few paces of the gateway, and, following their comrades into the cottage, disappeared quickly from the narrow walk which Montognone had so desperately defended. At the same time, a voice from amid the American cavalry, whose hearty tones were well remembered, exclaimed:

"Hullo—Capting Zumozin! By thunder! we're just in time, and no mistake!"

And in an instant the figure of Dusenbury the Yankee, riding a high-saddled mustang, emerged from the troop and rode to the narrow turnstile.

"Senor Dusenbury!" exclaimed Montognone, advancing to meet the extended hand of his American friend.

"Yes—and if them etarnal skulkin', thievin' hangers-on, that's been settin' fire to this here place, don't get salad for their dish, then I'm mistaken—that's all. General Scott 'll hang some of 'em high as Haman, now I tell ye."

The commander of the American troop now rode up to the gate, and giving his hand to Montognone, whose name Dusenbury pronounced, added that a state of truce existed between the two armies at this time, and that severe punishment would doubtless be inflicted on the authors of this wanton attack upon the hacienda, of which he had but a few moments before received information from one of the terrified servants who had fled from the burning buildings.

Montognone bowed as the officer gave the signal to his men to dismount and enter the grounds, but at the moment and before he could advance to meet Vallejo, who had descended from the carriage, a succession of pistol shots from the rear of the cottage caused him to start suddenly.

"O, heavens!" he cried, "the villains have reached the lake."

And turning suddenly, Zumozin rushed along the garden walk toward the summer-house, whither Nunez and Lorenzo had fled some time before. Dusenbury the Yankee, apprehending that some new disaster was at hand, threw himself from the mustang and leaping over the turnstile, pursued his Mexican friends, whilst several of the troopers followed closely behind.

But what a pang of anguish smote the heart of Anselmo Zumozin, when, on gaining the open terrace in front of the flower-roofed structure that nestled under the branching arms of two great trees, he beheld the form of his brother in arms and in affection stretched upon the velvet turf, his head resting upon the bosom of Donna Isabella, his hand lying slackly within that of Lorenzo, who knelt by his side. Ferrado Nunez—young, brave and noble—was slowly dying within sight of his ruined home.

Montognone needed to ask no question concerning the dreadful tragedy. Around the summer-house were the marks of a short but terrible conflict. Two of the plundering gang lay stark and rigid at a short distance—two others, wounded and bound with cords, were guarded by a couple of troopers belonging to the American party which had arrived to their relief, but too late to save Don Ferrado, who had received a mortal shot just as the soldiers appeared. Zumozin knelt beside his friend and raised him on his manly bosom.

"O, Ferrado!" he cried, "would to God I could have been accepted instead of thee!"

"Live, Anselmo—my friend! my brother!" murmured the dying man, feebly. "I have a sacred legacy to leave in your charge. Raise me a little, Zumozin. Dear wife—Isabella! let me look upon *thy* face once more!"

Montognone lifted Ferrado in his arms, whilst Donna Isabella, clinging to her husband's form, raised her pale face in mute agony to his. She could not speak nor weep, but sobs shivered through her lovely frame. Dusenbury the Yankee, who had reached the sad group, drew silently nearer, tears of real sympathy bedewing his manly cheeks, and Vallejo, who with Teresa, now approached, sunk beside him.

Donna Isabella threw her arms around her husband's form and his head sank calmly upon her bosom. But ere his eyes closed upon earthly things, his hands clasped faintly those of his wife and friend, and his lips softly whispered: "Be her protector, my noble friend!" Then Ferrado Nunez was no more of this world, and his friend tenderly laid his head on the flowery turf. But as Anselmo Zumozin lifted Donna Isabella from her husband's form—her beautiful eyes met his, and he saw, through the thick tears that clouded them, a look of confidence in himself which told him, more than words could express, that he was indeed the natural protector of the one he had loved so long—so hopelessly.

Padre Herrata, who, with the lovely orphan, Donna Mexicana, rejoined his friends upon the day following, performed the solemn obsequies of Don Ferrado Nunez. A few weeks after this sad event, he performed another and a double ceremony, in uniting Vallejo with Teresa, and Dusenbury with Mexicana.

A feeling of pity clouded the hearts of more than one of the friends when they learned that, during the treacherous rising of the leperos of Mexico against the army of General Scott on the day of its entrance into the capital, one desperate leader of the guerillas fell fighting upon the grand plaza, and that he had been recognized as Gabriel Falcone.

SERRA DOS ORGAOS.

SCENES IN SOUTH AMERICA.

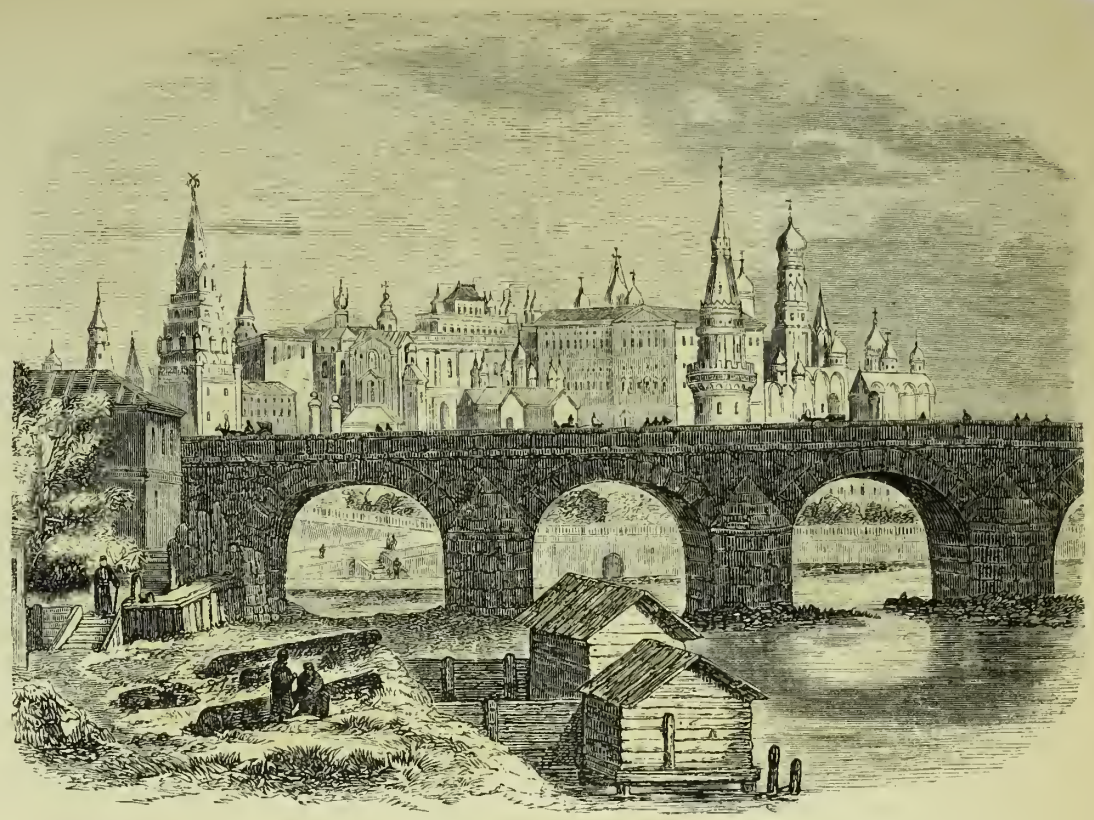
The accompanying engravings, executed expressly for the Pictorial, form a continuation of the series of illustrations of striking scenery in South America, with which we have from time to time embellished our publication. The first of these, the Serra dos Orgaos, is one of the most curious natural objects to be found on a continent rich in the picturesque and impressive. It is a branch of the mountain chain which stretches along the coast from east to southwest, developing itself in the provinces of Rio de Janeiro, St. Paul, and St. Catherine. The greatest number of these inaccessible peaks rise in the region bordering on the Rio Macaca. The highest is not less than 3606 feet above the level of the sea, and among those which attain this elevation there are very few which the foot of the naturalist or hunter can scale to the summit. Situated at a dozen leagues from Rio de Janeiro, the chain of the Orgaos has become for several years the resort of persons whose health has been too severely tried by the tropical heats of this portion of Brazil, which reach their greatest intensity during the months of December, January and February. Europeans, particularly, here experience a revival of their faculties, and renew acquaintance with a climate analogous to that of Sicily or Andalusia. If it be admitted, for instance, that the mean temperature is twenty-three degrees at Rio de Janeiro, the learned Doctor Sigaud shows that there is almost always seven or eight degrees difference in the chain of the Orgaos; and if, at rare intervals, hail or sleet has been known to fall in the capital, this phenomenon is doubtless renewed more frequently in the locality of which we have represented one of the most picturesque and best-known sites. But we cannot admit with certain writers that the most elevated points of the Serra dos Orgaos are habitually covered with snow, and present the contrast of whitened summits relieved by the richly wooded hills of the inferior region. This phenomenon occurred only at Villa do Principe and Nova Friburgo in 1851. While denying that ice is ever found in those places where excited imaginations have beheld fields of snow, the learned authority we have just quoted shows that it is in the Serra dos Orgaos that those tempests arise which from time to time descend on the city of Rio. The recuperative wind, designated by the inhabitants as the *vento terral*, also breathes from the Serra dos Orgaos, and exerts the happiest effect on the hygienic conditions of the city. The delicious freshness enjoyed by this privileged part of the province, suggested to a skilful horticulturist, a few years since, the idea of making experiments in acclimation; and he succeeded beyond his hopes. In a few months, the greater part of the useful vegetables of southern Europe, naturalized under the happy climate of Minas Geraes, mingled their flowers and fruits with the rich flora and pomona of these tropical regions. By dint of assiduous care, Mr. Marsch succeeded in sometimes obtaining excellent cherries, pears and apples, which were not inferior in quality to those of Europe. The benefits conferred by the English horticulturist survived him, and, thanks to the exceptionable climate of the Serra dos Orgaos, we have just noted, now mingle from time to time, on the tables of the wealthy, the mango of India with the pine apple, which the primitive inhabitants of Brazil had already cultivated. The wood strawberry of Europe unites its perfume to that of the *aracas* and *pitanguas*, and the firm-fleshed peach is displayed beside the smooth and yellow-skinned *caja*, the *maracuja*, whose taste resembles that of the plum, the *cambuca*, whose acidulated juice has the odor of the apricot, and the *jabuticaba*, whose abundant clusters furnish so refreshing a fruit. It is but justice, however, to state, that thirty-five years ago, the Count de Gestas enriched Brazil with some of the best European fruits and vegetables. His premature death interrupted him in the midst of his valuable horticultural experiments. We shall not speak here of the marvellous riches reserved by the Serra for the investigation of the botanist; they surpass the wildest imagination; and, about 1837, Gardner, who passed some months in this country, depicted with enthusiasm these beautiful solitudes, and described them as the botanist's land of promise. Our second engraving represents the church of La Gloria at Rio de Janeiro, and the beautiful aqueduct which supplies the city with water. The architecture of the church, the picturesque dwelling plunged in verdant groves at the base of the hill on which it stands, the graceful arches of the aqueduct stretching away into the distance, the irregular outline of the mountain range on the horizon, and the luxuriance of the tropical vegetation in the foreground, make up a scene which the eye is never weary of contemplating. Legends are rarely attached to the monuments of America, but there is a graceful vogue current at Brazil, in the seventeenth century, which attributes the musical voices of the ladies of Rio to the limpid waters of the Carioca, the principal fountain which supplies the aqueduct. Perhaps we should attribute this tradition, almost forgotten in our days, to the Indians; for the Carijos, who gave their name to the locality, formerly had the reputation of being great musicians. However that may be, the waters of the capital of Brazil are of a purity and sweetness which give them an unchallenged reputation in the other cities of this vast empire. The celebrated fountain we have just mentioned, and which has been twice reconstructed from the adoption of different plans, rises on a spot where a limpid rivulet formerly flowed, marked on an old French map of the sixteenth century, which may be found in the cosmography of André Thevet. When the wants of the increasing population began to be felt, it was resolved to seek in the hills which ascend in tiers up to Corcovado, the abundant waters escaping from their gneiss rocks. The Portuguese, who have always shown great skill in whatever appertains to hydraulic constructions, constructed the magnificent aqueduct of which only one of the extremities is seen in the first plane of our engraving. This important work was commenced in the seventeenth century by Governor Correa d'Alvarenga, then abandoned, after some attempts to be resumed in the years 1719 and 1725, under the administration of Ayres de Saldanha, without being completed. In 1750, a captain-general of rare ability, Gomez Freire de Andrade, adopted the most gigantic plans for the continuation of the works, which were not afterwards interrupted. Henceforth the city was endowed with a monument which is regarded as the finest in the province, and which is superior to all other structures of the same kind in Brazil. In the upper portion, this aqueduct exhibits two ranges of superposed arches; there are forty-two, designed to unite the hills of Santa Theresa and Santa Antonio. After the deplorable drought of 1829, Mr. Rivier (Mr. River—an appropriate name), a French engineer, executed new works to augment the volume of water, and constructed the fountain of La Carioca on new plans. These important modifications were accomplished by means of a subscription. La Carioca, in its present state, discharges its waters through thirty-five bronze pipes. The little church which crowns in so picturesque a manner the summit of the wooded hill, makes a part of what is termed the "Neutral District." This title (*municipio neutro*) is applied to the two districts of Rio de Janeiro. They extend from the sea and bay to the Serra dos Orgaos. In the city they comprise the following districts: Sacramento, Candelaria, Santa Anna, Santa Rita, Engenho-Velho, San José, and Gloria. The church dates nearly from the period when the first works of the aqueduct were projected; for its first origin goes back to the seventeenth century. In 1671, in the place where it now stands, a hermit, named Antonio de Caminha, officiated in a little chapel under the invocation of our lady da Gloria. He then received promenaders from the city, who came, attracted by pious associations and a fine view; but he died, and the hill having been surrendered by the proprietors in 1699, on condition of a church being erected on it, the modest hermitage was replaced in 1714 by the charming structure shown in our engraving, and which retained its ancient denomination. The church Da Gloria is built of stone in an excellent manner, and may defy the action of centuries. It is reached by a well-kept pathway, and a cistern of water has been sunk to supply the wants of those who officiate in the lonely place where the piety of the founders erected the church. This church, which is seen from all points of the bay, has always been maintained at the expense of a fraternity. About the year 1808 it was transferred for a time to some Italian Capuchins; but, in 1827, the brotherhood were fully restored to the enjoyment of their church, and from this period have been sustained in their privileges. From the hill on which rises Nossa Senhora da Gloria, the view comprises the whole extent of the bay, and is lost in the horizon among the cloudy crests of the Serra dos Orgaos. It was the favorite place of pilgrimage of the first empress of Brazil, and, in 1819, when this princess gave birth to her eldest daughter, Donna Maria, she desired that she should receive the name of the chapel to which she so often resorted to offer up her prayers.

SCENES IN RUSSIA.

The first engraving on the next page presents a striking view of the city of Moscow, embracing so much of it as is necessary to give a clear idea of the picturesque and half-oriental character of its architecture. Moscow—in Russian, Moskva,—the first capital of the czars, the holy city of the Russians, the cradle of the Muscovite empire, is, after Constantinople, the most considerable city of Europe, not in population, but in extent. The former is set down at 300,000 souls. Built in a picturesque region, and on undulating ground, which contrasts agreeably with the monotony of the vast plain which forms the centre and almost the whole of Russia in Europe, Moscow is watered by a large river—the Moskva, which the melting of the snow swells and renders navigable in the spring. The immense area covered by the capital of the czars is occupied in great part by gardens, which give it, in summer, the most smiling aspect, but in winter a sad and desolate appearance; for the climate is severe, and although the latitude is four degrees south of that of St. Petersburg, the mean temperature is lower than in the latter city. We must not judge modern Moscow by the descriptions given of it before the catastrophe of 1812. Up to that time, the city deserved to be called a great village; it was irregular, dirty, built of stone rather than wood, and broken up by fields and vegetable gardens. After the terrible conflagration of 1812, the whole empire combined for the rebuilding of the sacred city, and, in our day, Moscow, with its twenty-one quarters, its three hundred churches and convents, its palaces, its treasury, its arsenals and its belt of gardens presents the fairy aspect of a city at once Asiatic and Christian, with cupolas, glittering with gilding, or variegated with brilliant colors, and with wide streets, bordered by elegant houses built in the European style of wood and brick. In the centre of the city, rises majestically the celebrated citadel known by the name of the Kremlin, or more correctly, the Kreml. The abutting quarter of Kitai-Gorod is the nucleus of Moscow, its first starting point. Here tea and other articles, furnished by the China trade, have been sold from time immemorial. Here we admire the beautiful cathedral of the Protection (Pakrofskoi), more commonly called by the people the church of St. Basil. No one of its towers—and there are sixteen

CHURCH OF LA GLORIA AND AQUEDUCT, RIO JANEIRO.

of them—is like another. Bright red, green, yellow and blue alternate there in odd designs so singularly diversified that they may be compared to the chance designs produced by the kaleidoscope. Moscow, though the czars have ceased to reside there habitually, is not only the first capital of the empire; it is still the most flourishing city in manufactures, and one of the most important in commerce. Moscow fits out those caravans which annually traverse Russian Europe and Russia in Asia, halting at Khiatka, on the frontiers of China, where they effect those commercial exchanges which yield in return the tea, called the caravan tea. In Moscow, the silk manufactories produce six millions of dollars worth of silk annually. The woolen manufactures yield nine million dollars annually; then there are jewelry establishments, morocco leather manufactories, soap boilers, distilleries, breweries, paper manufactories, and a hundred other industrial establishments, whose progress, it must be confessed, are owing to the influence of foreign artists and workmen, among whom the French and Germans take the lead. The plan of Moscow exhibits great irregularity, a circumstance, however, which renders it the most picturesque of cities. Its exterior wall, which describes a very irregular geometrical figure, is more than twenty miles in extent. Within these are two lines of boulevard forming concentric circles. The river is very winding; it enters the city on the western side, and after flowing beneath the walls of the Kremlin, receives the dribbling stream of the Jaousa, flows forth into the plain, and joins the Oka, a tributary to the Volga, at Nijnei-Novgorod. The Kremlin stands in the very heart of the city. The origin of the name is as follows. In the ancient Slavonic tongue, *Kreml or Kremen* signifies stone, and any fortified place is called a *Kreml*. From its superior strength, this citadel is called *the* Kreml or Kremlin. The form of the area on which it is built is a triangle of about a mile in circumference. The Kitai-Gorod (Chinese city), before alluded to, still retains its ancient boundary of towers and buttressed walls. Encircling these divisions, and bounded by the river and inner boulevard, lies the Beloi Gorod (white city). The space enclosed between the two circles to the north of the Moskva, and between the river and the outer boulevard on the south, is called the Zmelnoi Gorod (green city). Moscow was founded in 1147, and the nucleus of the great city was the Kremlin hill, a military station. In 1238, the Tartar chieftain, Batou Khan, who devastated Russia, sacked and burned it. Khan Nagai, another Tartar invader, again plundered it in 1293, and carried away the inhabitants into slavery. After being long the object for which contending princes strove, it fell into the hands of Dmitri, surnamed Donskoi, who died in 1389, from which period it became the capital of Muscovy. In 1536, the town was nearly consumed by fire, and two thousand of the inhabitants perished in the flames. In 1571, it was almost utterly destroyed by the Tartars, who set fire to the suburbs. On this occasion, no fewer than 100,000 persons are said to have perished by fire and sword. In 1611, it was again burnt by the Poles. In 1771, the plague visited it, and swept off large numbers of its citizens, and in 1831 it suffered severely from the cholera. It was the imperial residence until Peter the Great selected St. Petersburg for that purpose. Catherine II. enlarged and embellished it. But the most memorable event in the history of this great city was that which occurred in 1812. It is well at the present time, to refer to the events of that year, since the resolution and success with which the Russians defended their territory against the greatest captain of the age and the most numerous army which Europe had witnessed since the great migration of the nations, is an earnest of the manner in which the same people will wage war against the western powers. On the first of September, Kutosoff, the Russian commander, took post at Borodino, for the purpose of defending the capital against the enemy. His troops occupied a rising ground on the left bank of the Kaluga, from the junction of that river with the Moskwa to the wood intersected by the Kaluga road. Their right wing was covered by the village of Borodino, situated on an eminence on the left bank of the Kaluga, and behind them was a large redoubt. The left rested on a wood at the village of Seminovska, and was covered by works thrown up in front, and connected with the centre by a redoubt. The centre was covered by a ruined village. Benningsen commanded the centre, Barclay de Tolly the right, and Prince Bagration the left wing. Napoleon attacked the Russians on the 7th, following up the heavy fire of his artillery and small arms by a simultaneous attack on several points. The Russian centre was defended with great bravery, but the defeat of the left wing enabled Napoleon to concentrate so large a force upon it that his final charge was irresistible. The fighting was prolonged till the afternoon, when the Russians retired in good order. The number of men engaged on both sides was 300,000, and 80,000 men were killed in this desperate engagement. The French called this affair the battle of the Moskwa, and the Russians the battle of Borodino. It was a splendid victory, and won for the French triumphant laurels. The result of this engagement removed the last obstacle to the French occupation of Moscow, and a thrill of joy ran through the ranks of that great army as they felt that every footstep brought them nearer to the sacred city. The Russians retired sullenly before the advancing army, halting wherever a favorable position presented itself to plant their batteries and send their plunging shot through the vanguard of the foe. At length, on the 14th of September, the glittering domes and spires of the city of the czar came in view. In an instant, fatigue, wounds, danger, homesickness were forgotten, and cries of "Moscow! Moscow!" rent the air from van to rear. The winter quarters of the mighty host were at length reached. The victors of the Borodino might lay aside their arms, and enjoy the fruits of victory in the palaces of princes and nobles. Well was it for the French that no glimpse of the future revealed itself at that moment. To the surprise of the invaders, the city as they entered it was found silent, desolate and deserted. Kutosoff had resolved to sacrifice the imperial city. The military stores had been removed, and all the troops, with the exception of about two thousand of the most desperately wounded. The governor of Moscow, Count Rostopchin, had set the example of setting fire to his splendid country seat to prevent its harboring any of the invaders, and many others imitated him. Only a few thousand inhabitants remained in the doomed city, and many of these of the lowest classes, vagabonds, liberated convicts and other ruffians ready for any act of desperation. It has always been believed, though sometimes denied, that the conflagration of Moscow was a premeditated plan, conceived by the Emperor Alexander, and executed by Rostopchin. The latter, however, thought proper to disclaim the responsibility and glory of the act, in a work entitled "The Truth with regard to the Burning of Moscow," in which he contradicted the reports of the French army, though he acknowledged that incendiaries had been taken by the French with rockets and combustibles in their hands. A large number of these were tried by a military commission, charged with setting fire to the city by Rostopchin's orders, convicted and shot. Notwithstanding a rumor of the intended conflagration, which he discredited, Napoleon entered the city and established his head quarters in the Kremlin. "What the Acropolis was to Athens, and the Capitol to Rome," says Sears, in his Illustrated Description of Russia, "the Kremlin is to Moscow. It is surrounded by a strong and lofty wall, embattled with many towers and turrets, and several gates. The most important of these is, beyond a doubt, the *Spass Vorata* (the Gate of the Redeemer). It is the *porta sacra* and the *porta triumphalis* of Moscow. Through it entered the triumphant warriors of Vassili-Ivanovich, after the conquest of Kazan and Astrakan, and those of Michael and Alexis after the victories obtained in the Ukraine. Over this gate is a picture of the Saviour under a glass, and before it hangs a large, ill-formed lamp, in a massive metal frame. This is suspended by a heavy chain, and under it to wind it up stands a complicated old machine, that jarred and rattled here in the days of the Czar Michael. A man, whose sole business it is to wind it up, has a table beside him with wax tapers, which he sells to be lighted before the picture. This shrine is the object of great reverence to the Russians, although few know what it represents, it hangs so high and the colors are so faded. This gate forms a passage through the tower of about twenty paces long, and every one, be he what he may, Mahommedan, heathen or Christian, must take off his hat and keep it off till he has passed through to the other side." The emperor himself is not exempted from this homage. It was in this venerated building, commanding a view of all Moscow, that Napoleon found himself a victor, and indulged in momentary hopes of the conquest of Russia. But he was standing on the surface of a volcano. Shells and powder had been placed in the vaults of the Kremlin, and the principal palaces had been converted into magazines of combustibles, ready to burst forth in devouring flames at the torch of the incendiary. At midnight, on the 16th of September, the French emperor was aroused by the cry of "fire!" He sprang from his bed to the window and looked out into the night. Flames were seen rising in various directions, and the thunder of exploding mines soon followed. In the morning the fire was raging in every direction. Compelled to abandon the Kremlin, Napoleon narrowly escaped death in making his way through the streets of the city, and from the towers of the Castle of Petrowskoi, three miles from Moscow, beheld that conflagration which he afterwards described as "the grandest, the most sublime, and the most terrific sight the world ever beheld." The fifth day after the French entered, a high wind carried the flames all over the city, so that in the course of three days, 7932 houses were consumed. Moscow was burning till September 21. But the destruction of the city was the ruin of the French. It roused the Russians to frenzy, and the French army, in the midst of the priceless spoils of Moscow, wanted for the necessaries of life. In five weeks, Napoleon saw his forces reduced from 150,000 to 40,000 men, and retreat was forced upon him. The disastrous close of the Russian campaign is, of course, familiar to all our readers. In nine years after the conflagration, a new city had arisen on the ruins of Moscow far more splendid than the first, and it is now as brilliant and attractive as any in the empire. Our next engraving is a scene sketched among the Tatar settlements in the Eastern Crimea. Between Alouchta and Caffa (Theodosia), you traverse many villages, among others, Toklouk, Kooz and Otowz, where the Tatar dwellings with their flat roofs rest against the hills which border the valley. By aid of this arrangement, the inhabitants communicate externally with the terraces of their houses, which serve as sleeping-places. At evening the whole population of the village wake and desert the obscure chambers, where they have sought shelter from the sun, to install themselves upon the roofs, which are protected by a strong framework and a thick coating of clay. The most agreeable animation then succeeds the silence of the day-time; and the spectator is never tired of observing the graceful effect of these various groups of persons, who pursue their household avocations, while breathing the fresh air of the evening.



VIEW OF MOSCOW, RUSSIA.

ROOF OF TATAR VILLAGES, CRIMEA.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

HYMN OF LIFE.

BY H. RICH.

Our lives—not ours to give or hold—
A day of toil to win a night's repose.
Two nerveless hands—two feet at rest—a prayer—
For these we wait—thus every life must close.

The hopes we've fondled may go down,
To come no more in sadder years;
There's something still to love and keep,
Untorn by fate—unwet by tears.

It may be what our boyhood knew
Of gentle tones in guarded talk—
A look from eyes that ne'er shone false—
A laugh that had not learned to mock:

Or what our manhood felt, a warmth—
Lost sunshine sleeping on the heart—
As round the quaint, low altar knelt
Two forms—two lives untouched by art.

Lo! through our sorrow-latticed way,
How memory comes!—dead years are hers—
And through the fancies of our hearts,
An old, familiar gladness stirs.

Then all the past is here again;
Sweet lips—no goal but ours they knew—
The hand we only yearned to keep—
The place where only roses grew.

All these, but ah! a face of white
Gleams from a shroud; long years have rolled
Since in a quiet room he laid—
Nor heard the prayer, nor bells that tolled.

All these, ay more;—we may not tell
Of what the soul would guarded keep,
That may no outward tremor feel,
Watched o'er, unuttered e'en in sleep.

Whose lips are loosed from passion, quite?
What heart may live its memories down?
How heavy falls the dust of years,
That turns the whited leaves to brown.

How dreaded is the tramp of days,
That leave no music in their track—
That steal the blush from cheek or rose,
And give nor bloom, nor promise back?

But life, and hope, and all we are,
With all the love our deeds have won,
Are but a handful in the shroud—
How soon the sexton's task is done?

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

LINKS IN THE CHAIN.

BY MRS. S. P. DOUGHTY.

"And so the locket is really gone, Mary?" said Henry Cunningham, to his young wife, as, with tearful eyes, she told him of her loss.

"Gone forever, I fear, Henry. And I valued it so much. Your own miniature and hair. I would rather have lost anything else. I think it must have dropped from the chain when we were walking, last evening. I missed it when I went to my room, but I would not tell you then, because I hoped to find it in the house or garden, but I have searched every probable and improbable place in vain. Is it not provoking that one imperfect link in that beautiful chain should cause such a misfortune?"

"Provoking indeed! Nevertheless, it may teach us a useful lesson. Each member of the great human family forms a link in the chain which unites the whole. If one fails in his duty, the usefulness of the whole may be impaired."

"What a moralizer you are, Henry! Who else would ever have thought of drawing a lesson from the loss of my pretty locket, which, by the way, would be far more valuable to me than the moral? Will you not try to recover it for me?"

"Certainly. I will have it advertised; but it is rather doubtful whether you will ever see it again. It is not such a great loss, however, as the face itself is now in your possession."

"That matters not; the locket was your first gift to me, and I value it accordingly."

"Very well; I will do my best to restore it to you. I am going to my business now, and will attend to the advertisement as I go along. Good morning."

A short but rapid walk soon brought the merchant to the newspaper office. His errand there was soon transacted, and in a few minutes after he entered his own counting-room.

The absorbing business of the day demanded his whole attention, and it was with some impatience that he paused in his employment to attend to a young lad who had for some moments been standing by his side, evidently wishing to obtain his notice.

"Well, my boy, what do you want?" he said, at length, turning unwillingly toward him.

"Mr. Sloane, the tailor, sir, sent me with this bill. He would like the money, if you please, sir."

"The money! Why, the coat was only sent home yesterday. Does Mr. Sloane think I am going to run away? Tell him I will call upon him soon. Just as lief pay the bill," muttered Mr. Cunningham, to himself, as the lad turned away; "but I do hate to be dunned, and by Sloane, too, who makes so much out of me in a year."

No more vexatious interruptions. The morning's work was satisfactorily performed, and, punctual to the dinner hour, he stood at the door of his own house. His wife met him in the hall.

"No dinner yet, Mr. Cunningham," was her playful salutation. "Some link must have been wanting in the chain of events necessary to produce a good dinner at the appointed hour. What did you order from the market?"

"Nothing at all, Mary. I must plead guilty, and acknowledge myself to be the imperfect link;" and the husband smiled at the application of his lesson of the morning. "I stopped at the newspaper office," he continued, "and that put the market out of my mind, for I was in great haste this morning. So give me a cup of tea and a piece of bread and butter, and I will be content, as my own carelessness is the cause."

"O do not fancy that I intend to starve you by way of punishment. Nelly went to market after waiting some time beyond the usual hour; but this will make us a little late. But what do you think I have to show you? You cannot guess." With a smiling face, Mrs. Cunningham held up the locket.

"You are fortunate, indeed, Mary. Where did you find it?"

"Mrs. Owen, who keeps the thread and needle store at which I always supply all my wants in that line, sent it to me soon after you left home. A poor woman picked it up in the street, last evening, and stepped into the shop to make inquiries. Mrs. Owen recognized the likeness at once, and promised to restore it to its rightful owner."

"The woman is entitled to the reward offered in the paper. Five dollars is promised to whoever will restore it."

"Yes; I would gladly have given that or more; Mrs. Owen does not know anything about the woman who found it, excepting that she looked poor. I went there to make inquiries."

"Very well, then; we have nothing to do but to rejoice that we have found it. And there is the dinner bell. You and Nelly have done wonders."

While husband and wife are enjoying their social meal, let us return to an earlier period of the day, and look for a moment into the shop of Mr. Sloane, the tailor. A pale, half-famished looking woman has just entered. She is evidently unwelcome, and the usually polite Mr. Sloane says, with considerable asperity:

"What do you come for? Did I not tell you not to call until Saturday?"

"You did," was the calm reply—calm in its very despair; "but my wants are very pressing, and I came to entreat you to pay what is due me."

"I have not a cent. I had heavy payments to meet yesterday, and my purse is empty to-day. You must wait until Saturday."

The look of agony with which the petitioner turned to leave the shop touched even the heart of Mr. Sloane, who was little given to the melting mood.

"It is justly her due," he muttered; "but where am I to raise ten dollars? Stay a moment, good woman," he continued; "I will see what can be done for you. Here, Jack, take this bill to Mr. Cunningham's office, and tell him he will oblige me by letting me have the amount."

The boy disappeared, and the woman, clearly comprehending how much was involved in the success of his errand, waited with trembling anxiety for his return.

"Can't let you have it, sir," was Jack's reply, as he again entered the shop. "The gentleman says he will call in a few days. The coat was only sent home yesterday."

"Very true," thought the tailor; "but that makes but little difference to him, as the money is in his pocket. You see how it is," he continued, turning to the woman. "You must wait till Saturday, and then you shall have the whole ten dollars."

Ten dollars! How many weary hours had that wasted form bent over the work which was to ensure her that trifling sum! Trifling to the rich, but, alas! *essential* to her. Three half starved and nearly naked children were awaiting her return. They were fatherless, and the feeble mother was their only earthly protector. Willingly, gladly had she toiled for them, but now she felt that it was all in vain. For twenty-four hours they had scarcely tasted food, and the miserable room which had hitherto afforded them shelter could no longer be their home. A month's rent was due, and the unthinking or unfeeling landlord had declared that they should not remain another night unless the money was forthcoming. Could the widow have obtained her just due, all would have been well. Ten dollars would pay the rent and provide many comforts, but for this she must wait till Saturday. And now it was only Tuesday. No wonder that the poor mother's strength gave way. No wonder that when she reached her home, where her suffering little ones awaited her, she sunk exhausted upon the floor, and, for a time, lost all consciousness of her misery in a death-like swoon. But the cries of her children recalled her to life, and again she strove to devise some way for their relief.

"You might have sold that locket which you found last night, mother," said a bright-eyed little girl of seven years. "You said it was worth a great deal of money."

"But it was not mine, my child," was the simple reply. "It was my duty to restore it to the rightful owner."

Would that all were as faithful in the performance of their duty! The chain which connects the rich with the poor would then be indissoluble. But, alas! as yet too many links are imperfect.

Once more we will return to the pleasant home of Mr. Cunningham.

"I shall not return to my office, this afternoon, Mary," remarked the husband, as they left the dinner-table. "Would you like to ride into the country?"

"O, very much!" was the reply. "But I had an engagement which I ought to attend to. However, to-morrow will do for that."

"Anything of consequence, Mary?"

"No, I think not. I am on the Visiting Committee for the Ladies' Benevolent Society, and I did promise to call upon a poor family, whom we have lately heard of, to-day. But, no doubt, to-morrow will answer as well."

"Then I will order the chaise at once."

"Very well. I can be ready in five minutes."

Nothing can be more delightfully invigorating, both to mind and body, than a ride in the country on a lovely afternoon in September, when the heat of summer is just sufficiently tempered by the cooler breezes of autumn. The merchant forgets the cares and perplexities of the counting-room in his keen enjoyment of the beauties of nature; and the gentle companion at his side is gladdened not only by the loveliness of the scene around her, but by the renewal of that freshness of youthful feeling which had characterized the lover, but which the pressure of worldly care has, in a great degree, dispelled from the mind of the husband.

It is not strange, therefore, that no visions of neglected duty obtruded themselves on Mrs. Cunningham amid the joyousness produced by the afternoon's pleasant excursion. Neither can we wonder that the annoyance of the early presentation of the tailor's bill had passed from the remembrance of her husband. And yet both husband and wife were links in the chain which would have brought relief to the widow and the fatherless, and their apparently trifling neglect of duty was at this very moment the cause of many and bitter tears.

The landlord had fulfilled his threat, and the widow and her children were weeping by the side of their few scanty articles of furniture which now stood in the open street. But a shelter was at length provided. A poor neighbor, scarcely better off than those whom she wished to succor, bade them share the few comforts which she possessed, until something better could be devised.

"You will look up your poor family to-day, I suppose, shall you not, my dear?" asked Mr. Cunningham, on the morning following the pleasant ride.

"Probably. I have some calls to make this morning; but I will try to attend to it. I must find them before to-morrow evening, at any rate, as there will be a meeting of the society then, and I must report the case."

"Better go to-day, Mary. Delay is dangerous, where a duty is to be performed."

"Very well; I will go. At dinner I will give you an account of my success."

Following the address which had been given her, Mrs. Cunningham made her way through the dirty streets and dark alleys leading to the abodes of want and misery. Long before she found the room which she sought, her sympathizing heart was deeply touched with the desolation around her, and conscience whispered that even a few hours' delay might be of consequence where want was so pressing. Her disappointment was great when she found the apartment vacant, and was told by one of the motley group, who crowded around to stare at the fine lady, that "Mrs. Green got turned out yesterday."

"Turned out! and where is she now?"

After some questioning and delay, the place where she had found refuge was discovered. The knock at the door was answered by a pleasant, good-humored looking matron, who vainly endeavored to hush the crowd of children who clung around her.

"Mrs. Green?—yes, madam, she is here. Will you be pleased to walk in? Be quiet, boys. Susy, bring the lady a chair. The poor woman is in a sad way, ma'am. She has overworked herself entirely, since her good man died, and the grief of being turned in the street was too much for her. She was raving-like all night. I have put her in my own bed, but it is not much that the like of us can do for her. She is greatly to be pitied, ma'am, for she has seen better days."

With deep interest Mrs. Cunningham gazed upon the pallid face of the sufferer, who appeared quite unconscious of what was passing around her. The eldest of her children sat by her side, gazing tearfully upon her.

"These are her children, ma'am," continued the woman, "this girl and those two wee things. Nelly there will not leave the mother a moment; but I fear none of us can do her any good. Her heart is clane broke."

"A physician must be called immediately," said the lady, and she hastily pencilled a note to their family physician requesting his attendance. "Let your eldest boy take this to Dr. Wilson," she added. "He will probably find him at home at this hour."

The messenger was despatched, and while awaiting his return, Mrs. Cunningham put several questions to little Nelly, and was agreeably surprised at her intelligent and well expressed replies. The child had long been the confidant of her mother's trials, and this had given her a thoughtfulness beyond her years.

"Mother had no one to help her but me," she said. "I did all I could; but she had to work very hard. Sometimes we had no food to eat. Mother and I would go without a long time, so that the little ones could have our share. We worked a great deal for the tailor; mother did almost all, but I could help a little. But he has owed her some money for a good many weeks, and he cannot let her have it till Saturday."

"What is the tailor's name, Nelly? and how much does he owe your mother?"

"Ten dollars, ma'am. He lives in a street where there are a great many shops. His name is Sloane. Mother went there yesterday, and begged him to pay her, and he was sorry for her, she said, and sent his boy to try to get some money, but he did not get it, and so he said she must wait till Saturday. Poor mother felt so bad when she heard the children cry for bread, when she got home, that she fell on the floor and lay there a long time without speaking."

"And why did the landlord turn you into the street?" inquired her new friend.

"Because we could not pay the rent, ma'am. We all cried, and begged him to wait till mother got the money, but he would not. I wanted to sell the pretty locket that mother found, but she would not, because it would not have been right."

"When did your mother find a locket, Nelly?"

"Two evenings ago, ma'am. It was so bright and pretty. We carried it into a shop, and the lady said she knew to whom it belonged, and would give it to her."

"Was this the locket, Nelly?" asked Mrs. Cunningham, drawing her recovered treasure from her belt.

"Yes, ma'am, it is the very one. I remember the pretty picture of the gentleman. Did it belong to you, ma'am?"

"Yes, Nelly, and we offered five dollars reward to the person who should restore it. So that money belongs to your mother."

The entrance of the physician prevented further conversation. After a careful examination of the patient, he pronounced the case a critical one, but likely to yield to care and good nursing. Mrs. Cunningham then made such temporary arrangements as were in her power for the relief of the sufferer, and, promising to return before evening, hastened home. Her husband was already awaiting her return.

"Why, Mary!" he exclaimed, "what has disturbed you? Have you been called upon to witness want and misery beyond what your feeling heart could bear?"

"I could have borne the want and misery, Henry, but not the consciousness that I was in part the author of it."

"You, Mary! How is that possible?"

"I am but an imperfect link in the chain," she replied, with a faint smile. "The deferred duty of yesterday has caused much suffering."

Her husband listened with much interest to her tale.

"Well, we will hope for the best," he replied. "Dr. Wilson is skillful, and the poor woman may be restored. In that case, we will endeavor to place her in a comfortable position, and should she be taken away, we will protect the orphans. It was singular that you should thus discover the finder of your locket. Now cheer up, Mary," he continued, observing that her brow was still clouded. "You must not reproach yourself for what has passed. Nevertheless, it is a striking illustration of the lesson that I drew from the broken chain. Every link must be perfect, or the use of the whole is marred."

"It is so indeed, Henry. And more than one link must have been imperfect in this case. I had nearly forgotten to tell you that this poor woman has worked early and late for your tailor. He owes her ten dollars, and if he would but have paid her, all this trouble might have been avoided. To do him justice, he did make an effort to get it for her yesterday, but failed."

A change passed over Mr. Cunningham's countenance.

"I fear, Mary," he said, thoughtfully, "that I am one of the imperfect links in this chain. I recollect now that Mr. Sloane's boy presented me with a bill yesterday, which I declined paying, not because I had not the money in my pocket, but on account of a foolish feeling of vexation that he should present it so soon after the delivery of the garment. Probably he was short of funds, and made an effort to collect a small sum for the relief of the poor widow. I will see him this afternoon."

"I must confess that I am somewhat relieved by knowing that you will share the burthen on my conscience," replied his wife, smiling. "And yet that is but a selfish feeling. However, all may yet end well."

"We will hope so. Let us both endeavor to do what we can to repair the consequences of our negligence of duty, and the lesson, though painful, will be a useful one to us, I trust."

The next few hours brought relief to both husband and wife. The poor woman had greatly improved under the skillful treatment of the kind physician. Not many days elapsed ere she was comfortably settled in a home far more desirable than the one from which she had been so rudely expelled, and received the welcome assurance that there would be no rent to pay. The ten dollars from the tailor and five which was justly her due as the restorer of the locket seemed in itself a little fortune, and when, in addition to this, she was promised steady work and prompt pay, the widow's heart was indeed filled with gratitude and joy.

Reader, this is but a simple sketch of one of the many touching little scenes of real life,—one of those short glimpses at great truths which are often permitted in our everyday experience. Numberless are the chains which unite the great human family. Not only the rich with the poor, but society in all its forms. To ensure the happiness and welfare of the whole, each member must faithfully perform his part.

In the social and domestic circle this truth is even more strikingly apparent. Innumerable—almost fearfully innumerable and delicate are the links in the chain which should unite the hearts of husband and wife. No rude touch, no harsh discords can there be permitted. A word, a look—almost a thought, may sever the chain, or increase its durability and brightness. And how closely linked together are *all* the members of one household! Naught save failure in duty can dissolve the ties. The links are not broken when a loved one passes to the spirit land. Death hath no power to sever the imperishable chain of love. The impenetrable veil, which has hitherto separated the outer from the inner world, is drawn aside, and fully may we now realize the beautiful truth that, as substance and shadow, they are united. No impassable gulf lies between. Those whom we have loved upon earth may still be loved in heaven. It is the spirit—the immortal spirit—which loves and is beloved. The frail covering of earth will soon be laid aside; but love will remain, and kindred souls will meet together in their eternal home.

An Axiom.—True valor is fire, bullying is smoke.

UNITED STATES AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY.

The large engraving which occupies the whole of our last page was drawn expressly for the Pictorial by Mr. Champney, and presents a correct general view of the ground occupied by the great agricultural exhibition, on the 23d, 24th, 25th, 26th and 27th of last month, as it appeared when thronged with visitors during the height of the festival. The success of this affair exceeded the most sanguine anticipations of its friends, and is an honorable triumph for the president and those gentlemen who undertook an expenditure of twenty thousand dollars to carry through the enterprise. Various causes, in addition to the attractive character of the exhibition, co-operated to produce a vast concourse of visitors, such as the season of the year, the locality, in the capital of New England, the point of convergence of so many railroads, the reputation of the executive officers, the fame of the two previous exhibitions at Springfield, Mass., and Springfield, Ohio, and a knowledge of the admirable and ample arrangements made for the accommodation of the public. One hundred and fifty thousand persons purchased tickets during the four days.

The use of the ground was generously granted by the city of Boston. It included a square of fifty acres, at the south end, bounded by Harrison Avenue, Chester, Albany and Brookline Streets. Our design is made from a point which embraces the sweep of the whole field. The great gateway and towers on Harrison Avenue are prominent objects in this view. Their bold and graceful architecture, which has elicited universal admiration, reflected great credit on the ability and taste of Mr. John R. Hall, the architect of the society. The towers supporting the arch were forty feet in height. These towers contained the treasurer's office, and tickets were sold and distributed at twelve windows on the avenue front, by which arrangement, and the celerity displayed by the assistants, all that confusion and delay were avoided which are so often the unpleasant preliminaries of a visit to an exhibition.

The American ensign floated over the two towers we have referred to, and was also displayed at every conspicuous point throughout the grounds. These were graded to a perfect level, and, some weeks previous to the fair, were sown with oats, which came up finely, aided by opportune showers, and covered the whole area with verdure. This natural carpeting was not only ornamental, but presented an elastic footing and kept down the dust, which would have been otherwise overpowering. We do not think a fifty acre field of oats has been seen in Boston since the Rev. Mr. Blackstone used to plough and reap here more than two hundred years ago.

The pagoda, or tower, a prominent feature in our picture, was erected on the "home stretch" of the race track, and was seventy feet in height, surmounted by a splendid American ensign of thirty feet spread and twenty feet hoist. The race track was nearly in the centre of the field, of elliptical form, and exactly one half mile in circuit. On the west side of the track were seats for six thousand persons, and fully that number, densely packed, occupied them during the grand trial of speed on the third day. A large proportion of these were ladies, and the lively interest they exhibited in the fortunes of favorite nags was an amusing spectacle to those bearded amateurs of the horse and the turf to whom such sports were more familiar. The pagoda commanded a view of the whole course, and the judges occupied its second story. The first story was appropriated to the use of the officers of the society, the marshals and the invited guests. Of the latter there was a large number, invitations having been extended to the President of the United States, governors of the States, mayors of the principal cities of the Union, and many other distinguished persons.

We present here a list of the officers of the society elected for the present year.—President, Marshall P. Wilder, of Massachusetts.—Vice Presidents, John D. Lang, Maine; H. F. French, New Hampshire; Frederick Holbrook, Vermont; B. V. French, Massachusetts; Joseph J. Cook, Rhode Island; John T. Andrew, Connecticut; Henry Wager, New York; Isaac Cornell, New Jersey; Isaac Newton, Pennsylvania; H. G. S. Key, Maryland; G. W P. Custis, Virginia; Henry K. Burgwyn, North Carolina; James Hopkinson, South Carolina; D. A. Reese, Georgia; A. P. Hatch, Alabama; A. G. Brown, Mississippi; J. B. D. Debow, Louisiana; Gen. Whitefield, Kansas; J. T. Worthington, Ohio; B. Gratz, Kentucky; M. P. Gentry, Tennessee; Joseph Orr, Indiana; J. A. Kinnicott, Illinois; Thomas Allen, Missouri; T. B. Flournoy, Arkansas; J. C. Holmes, Michigan; Jackson Morton, Florida; T. G. Rusk, Texas; J. W. Grimes, Iowa; B. C. Eastman, Wisconsin; J. M. Horner, California; Joseph H. Bradley, District of Columbia; S. M. Baird, New Mexico; H. H. Sibley, Minnesota; Joseph Lane, Oregon; J. L. Hayes, Utah; and Mr. Giddings, Nebraska. C. P. Holcombe, vice president for Delaware, died subsequently to the annual meeting.—Executive Committee, John A. King, New York; Alfred L. Elwyn, Pennsylvania; John Wentworth, Illinois; Ben: Perley Poore, Massachusetts; Arthur Watts, Ohio; and John Jones, Delaware. —Secretary, William S. King, Boston, Massachusetts.—Treasurer, B. B. French, Washington, D. C.

In about the middle of our picture is seen a line of fountains, which added vastly to the picturesque effect of the scene. In the mammoth tent, which occupied so conspicuous a position, the grand banquet of the afternoon of Friday, the 26th, took place. Three thousand persons found seats on this occasion at the tables. The entertainment was liberal and hospitable, and the intellectual feast, furnished by the distinguished men whose presence graced the banquet, was of the highest order. As the speeches and sentiments have been fully reported and circulated in the newspapers of the day, we can do no more than allude to them in passing. Near the mammoth tent is that of the president, where the invited guests were received and introduced to the presiding officer by a committee of reception, consisting of Hon. J. V. C. Smith, mayor of Boston; his honor, Lieutenant-Governor Brown; George M. Atwater, Esq., of Springfield; Charles L. Flint, Esq., secretary of the Massachusetts Board of Agriculture, and others.

We cannot omit to notice, as a distinguishing feature, the admirable arrangements made for the accommodation of the press. A tent was devoted exclusively to the use of the brethren of the quill, and furnished with every appliance. Here congregated a goodly number of representatives of the press, some of them from far distant States, "chiels amang us takin' notes," with the avowed purpose of printing them. Every facility and accommodation was afforded these gentlemen, and they all speak warmly of the courtesies extended to them by the society.

The ladies were not forgotten by the managers, who relied much upon their presence to give countenance and brilliancy to the exhibition. A spacious tent was appropriated to their use as a withdrawing room, in which they could adjust their toilets and prepare their arms for conquest. This was connected with a large and beautiful marquee, set apart as a ladies' saloon and refreshment room. The mass of hungry visitors satisfied the cravings of appetite at an extensive establishment at the southeastern extremity of the field.

On the south side, the left hand of our engraving, were the covered pens for sheep and swine, of which there were many of the choicest specimens. On the opposite extremity were the stalls for neat stock, all roofed with canvass to protect the animals both from cold and sun. Here were several rows of tents covering an area of about one hundred feet by twenty. The locality for horses is indicated in our engraving, and in the distance is seen the drive way for carriages, a liberal space being allowed them.

The architectural arrangements, the erection of all the buildings, tents and stalls were made under the personal supervision of Hon. Marshall P. Wilder and Wm. S. King, Esq., the president and secretary of the society, and reflect the highest credit upon both these gentlemen, who, from first to last, were most untiring and self sacrificing in the discharge of their arduous duties. To the president the brilliant and complete success of this affair must prove in the highest degree gratifying. His position was one of great labor and responsibility. His success, however, does not surprise those who are acquainted with his habits of forethought and industry, and his peculiar faculty of arranging and systematizing all the details of a complicated business. There are very few persons who would be willing to undertake the charge of such an exhibition, and few indeed who could carry it through from beginning to end, as he has done, without a single misstep or mishap. The post of chief marshal was entrusted to Major-General Tyler, a gentleman of large experience, and every way fitted to perform the duties of a field officer. He was assisted by a large body of gentlemen, and further aided by the presence of a powerful police force. The greatest order and decorum prevailed throughout the four days.

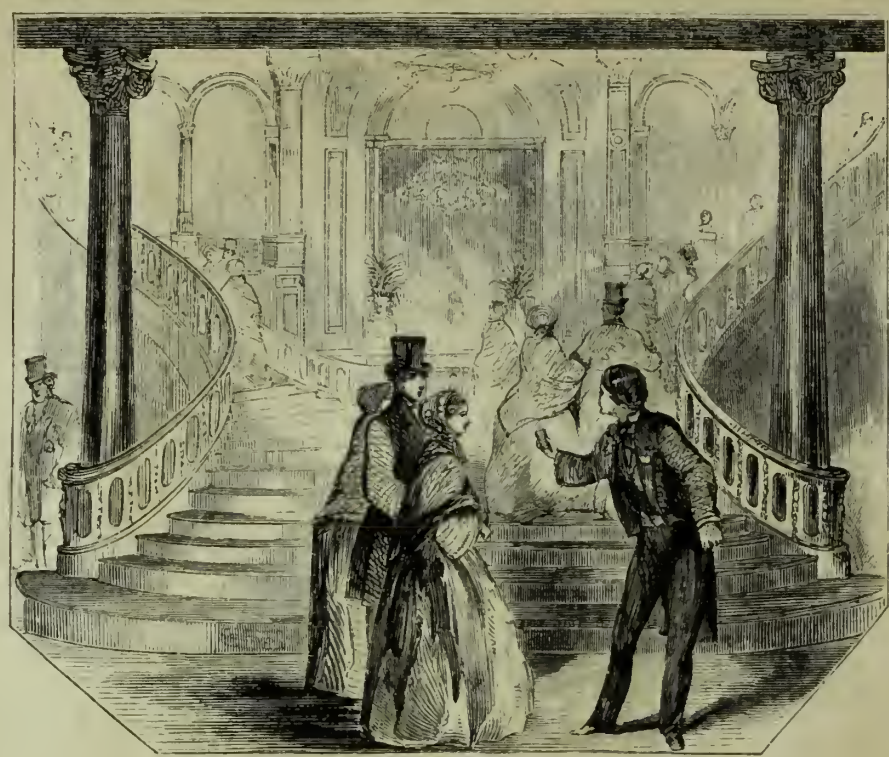
The liberality of the premiums offered (ten thousand dollars in the aggregate) brought together probably the most magnificent specimens of cattle, horses, sheep and swine ever congregated in the United States, while the tariff of entries was high enough to exclude all animals of inferior value. The highest premium was three hundred dollars. There were some cattle on the ground which cost three and four thousand dollars apiece in England. Among the sheep were several imported bucks which cost an almost fabulous figure. There were cows on exhibition worthy of the pencil of Hinckley or Rosa Bonheur. The horses mustered strong, and evidently considered themselves the feature of the exhibition. The various classes of horses were well represented, from the magnificent thorough-bred, proud as an hereditary prince, to the diminutive pony looked on with longing eyes by the juvenile portion of the spectators. Black Hawks abounded, each one showing the particular marks which enable you to recognize this breed at a glance. The trials of speed were attended with all the fascination of the race, without its accompanying sin, gambling. Gloves may have been lost and won by ladies fair, but nothing more valuable was staked upon the contest. The show of swine was excellent; the animals were well cared for. The stalls and pens provided for them were all covered, and hay, straw and water were supplied without charge. We have not attempted to particularize and describe favorite animals, as we have not the space to devote to it, but we refer all interested in the list of entries, the exhibitors, the premiums awarded, and the whole proceedings of the exhibition in detail, to the authentic record, the journal of the society for 1855.

The exhibition was one of the most agreeable affairs within our memory. As a mere spectacle, the extensive and gaily-decorated grounds, the throngs of human beings, representatives of the talent, manhood, beauty and wealth of numerous towns and several sections of the confederacy, the bustle, the animation, the prancing horses, the glancing carriages, made up a scene full of exciting interest and picturesque effect. But the occasion itself had a deeper significance. Its moral was the encouragement of the first and greatest of arts; its tendency, to elevate and dignify labor. We beheld the results of enterprise, capital, labor and intelligence advancing hand and hand; and we gathered a bright augury for the future prosperity of our country in the tangible proof before us of their successful union. We look on this exhibition as a great historical event worthy of being fully recorded and remembered. In all probability, the youngest of our readers will not live to see another such in Boston.

It requires a great man to hold the balance between his genius and his character. Talent expands; the heart withers. Unless a man is a Colossus, and has the shoulders of Hercules, he remains without heart, or without talent.—*Balzac.*

BOSTON THEATRE—RACHEL'S DEBUT.

Our beautiful theatre never appeared to better advantage than on the opening night of Mlle. Rachel, the distinguished French tragedienne. On that occasion it was filled with all that Boston possesses most distinguished of talent, of fashion, of beauty, and of wealth. Among the audience were persons we had not seen for many a long year, veteran play-goers, who live upon the memories of past theatre glories, and whose repose it requires a powerful enchantress to disturb. The representatives of a former generation were conducted to their places bewildered with a splendor that had no parallel in their day. And the youth of the metropolis was also represented. The not-yet come-out belles, who are now happier as school girls, and who had been for a long time fed on large daily prescriptions of Corneille and Racine (*usque ad nauseam ?*) were there to find out the difference between academic French and the living language of the stage. We have selected this peculiar season of excitement for illustrating the interior of the theatre by a series of engravings. They are to be credited to the pencil of Mr. Champney, and are commendable for their spirit and fidelity. The first engraving represents the grand staircase, with various groups of figures that give it animation. The second engraving shows us the stage and auditorium. The figure before the footlights, diminutive as it is, will be readily recognized from the air and costume as Rachel in the role of Camille in Corneille's tragedy of *Les Horaces*. The auditorium is densely packed from parquet to ceiling, as it was on the occasion represented. Our distant readers may need to be informed that the auditorium is about ninety feet in diameter, and circular in form except that it slightly flattens in the direction of the stage. The distance from the curtain to the parquet is 84 feet; the height of the auditorium is between fifty and sixty feet, and the front of the stage projects into it about 18 feet. On each side of the stage are richly draped proscenium boxes. The chairs in the parquet and balcony have iron frames, and are cushioned with leather on the back, seat and arms, the seat being so balanced as to rise to a perpendicular position when not in use, affording a place to stand in the area occupied by the frame. The first and second tiers are furnished with oaken framed sofas covered with crimson plush, and the amphitheatre with iron-framed and cushioned settees. The ceiling of the auditorium is painted in fresco with allegorical designs, representing the twelve seasons, and the compartments are divided by graceful composition mouldings, richly gilded. The whole style of interior decoration is at once rich and chaste. The walls are now painted of a warm rose color; a great improvement on the deep red hue of the first season. Our third engraving shows the interior of the Ladies' Drawing Room, a splendid and spacious apartment, fitted up in the best style. The last sketch is of the Vestibule, or Washington Street entrance. There is also another communication with the street on the opposite side of the house. The arrangements in that part of the house, to which the public have no "open sesame," the mysterious region behind the green curtain, where disenchanted operators concoct their magic charms—the laboratory of histrionic and scenic efforts—are liberal and complete. No theatre in the United States—probably none in the world—possesses superior scene, green, and dressing rooms. Cochituate baths abound there, and the manager, if he chose, could produce the "Cataract of the Ganges with real water," with very little trouble. And in this connection we will say one word of the manager of the company. It was not enough for Boston to have built one of the noblest theatres in the world; the finest ship that Donald McKay ever launched would be useless without an able captain and a good crew. It was therefore fortunate for us that the very man to manage an establishment of this kind—the man we should have selected from a thousand—was ready to take charge of it. Mr. Thomas Barry was well known and highly respected by our citizens. He had managed the Tremont Theatre in past time with credit to himself, struggling manfully with the apathy and opposition the drama at that time experienced. A classical and finished actor, a man of varied accomplishments, and large experience of life, and, above all, a gentleman in soul and bearing, his assumption of the management gave universal satisfaction. The first season opened auspiciously, and closed with *éclat*. Mr. Barry's sympathies with old associates were not permitted to crowd his stage with superflous veterans, but old favorites of ability were mingled with the new candidates for public favor.



GRAND STAIRCASE OF BOSTON THEATRE.

STAGE AND AUDITORIUM OF THE BOSTON THEATRE.

The success of the latter ratified the choice of the manager. Mrs. Wood and Mrs. Barrow, the Misses Biddles, Miss Emma Taylor, Messrs. Bennett, Pauncefort, Wood, Daly and Fiske made an impression on their first appearance, which lasted throughout the season, while Mr. and Mrs. John Gilbert and Mrs. W. H. Smith had no reason to complain of forgetfulness or ingratitude. The record of the first season was full of legitimate triumphs. The present season opened with an equally fine promise. Some changes in the company have been made. That favorite musician and excellent actor, Mr. Thomas Comer, was inaugurated as leader of the orchestra. Mr. Belton, a dashing and sparkling light comedian, from the English boards, takes the place of Mr. Pauncefort. Mrs. Belton, a lady of fine person, has been added to the *corps dramatique*. Mr. W. H. Curtis, a favorite Boston actor, has been enrolled in the troupe. Mr. Stoddart and Mr. Donaldson are acquisitions, while Mrs. Hudson Kirby, who appeared last season, is a very valuable member of the stock company. We are aware that, in this rapid summary, we have passed over names which should have been mentioned, but we intended nothing more than a passing notice. From the stock company we pass to the stars. No planet of brighter magnitude than Rachel ever burst upon the stage. It is difficult to speak of her with coolness. It is next to certain that she is the greatest of living actresses, and it is difficult to believe that a greater ever trod the boards. If we were once disposed to smile at the enthusiasm of our New York contemporaries who vied with each other in their laudations of this wonderful woman, we are now ready to make them the *amende honorable*. In the presence of Rachel, the critic's occupation is gone; he has but to admire and applaud. Her first appearance on the stage reveals the consummate actress. Those eyes, luminous with intellect and passion, the slender but graceful figure clad in faultless drapery, the first accents of that thrilling voice, at once achieve a conquest of heart and mind, weaving a spell of enchantment which it is impossible to break. The greatness of Rachel consists in this: she has created her characters. Into the lay figures of Corneille, and the cold forms of the polished Racine, she has breathed the breath of life. They are not heroic in the closet, they are not antique, they are not Shaksperian; but Rachel has awakened them; they live and move and have a being. Camille is a Roman maiden, loving, suffering, denouncing and dying; and Phédre no longer a phantom, but a terrible being, burning with those fierce fires of passion of which antiquity and the East have so many records. She has given existence to the beautiful but lifeless forms of the classic French drama. All who have seen her will read those wonderful works in a new light, derived from her soul creating impersonations. "With the best disposition in the world to admire Corneille and Racine," says Putnam, "we have been compelled to feel that the interest of their tragedies, or us, depends absolutely upon the genius of the actress who is their interpreter. But who has not felt a keen wish, on seeing Rachel, that he could behold her, supported by an adequate cast, darkening the stage with the awful spirit of Lady Macbeth, or making it gorgeous with the passion of Cleopatra?" The same thought intruded on our mind while witnessing Rachel's Camille; but it only for a moment interrupted the charm of her performance. The subject of the tragedy of *Les Horaces*, of which Camille is the heroic, is the famous combat of the Horatii and the Curiatii, on the issue of which depends the triumph or the fall of Rome. Rome and Alba have agreed to settle the long dispute between them by the issue of a combat between three champions selected by the Albans, and an equal number selected by the Romans.

LADIES' DRAWING-ROOM, BOSTON THEATRE.

The lot falls on the three Horatii in Rome and the three Curiatii in Alba. But the wife of one of the Horatii is a daughter of Alba, and his sister is to espouse his brother-in-law, who lives in the same city. The situations here are certainly in the highest degree dramatic. Camille succeeds in momentarily shaking the resolution of her lover; but Horace is inflexible, and, supported by the counsels of his father, resolves to sacrifice every feeling on the altar of patriotism. The combat takes place. Two of the Horatii are slain, but the remaining brother, by engaging his antagonists singly, succeeds in destroying them all, and thus saving his country. The result of this contest drives Camille to despair. In her, love of country and of kindred are entirely swept away by a deeper passion. The loss of her brothers, keenly as it is felt, is nothing to the loss of her lover. Her wild grief and despair are depicted by Rachel as she only can depict them. Her brother comes back in triumph to Rome. In his stern heart, all softer emotions are lost in the pride of victory and the fierce glow of patriotism. He is every inch a Roman—nothing more—nothing less. Camille, frantic with grief, insults the conqueror, and breaks forth into a terrible denunciation of her country. This outburst is the climax of the tragedy; from Rachel's lips it is withering and sublime. It rings through the memory like the curse of Lear as rendered by Booth. "Rome," she exclaims, in frenzied tones:

"Rome, thou sole object of my deepest hate!
Rome, for whose sake thou didst my lover slay!
Rome, that did bare thee, whom thou callest great!
Rome, whom I chiefly hate for honoring thee!
May all the neighboring tribes together band
To sap her walls and quench her flickering light!
If Italy 's too weak to do the deed,
Then let the east and west combine to do it—
Let warrior tribes from all the face of earth
Rush on this Rome and hurl destruction on her!
May her own sons raze every wall and tower,
And furious pour her bowels on the earth!
May Heaven's stern wrath, enkindled by my prayer,
Descend in hail and fire upon her head;
And may these eyes behold that fall of flame
Consume her dwellings and her laurels blast,
See the last Roman in his dying pangs,
Then, joyous that my prayer is granted, die!"

Horace, furious at this blasphemy, plunges his sword, yet reeking with the blood of her lover, into his sister's heart. Rachel does not confine herself to the classic tragedies. As she supplies to the elder dramatists the fire and vitality which they want, so to the fantastic creations of the modern schools she gives a consistency and appearance of probability in which they are deficient. From the Phedre of Racine she passes with facility to the Adrienne Lecouvreur of Scribe; from the royal woes of Mary Stuart to the passionate grief of poor Thisbe; but whatever character she assumes, she clothes it with grace and power, and infuses it with vitality. Other actresses are content with interpreting the parts assigned them; Rachel re-creates each one of hers. In her task she combines as much of the author as the actress. One of her most wonderful performances is her recitation of the Marseilles Hymn. The curtain rises on the full extent of the stage, upon which a tricolored standard is planted. "Rachel does not enter—she appears, like the shade of Liberty evoked by the aspirations of the multitude." Dark and silent, she glides to the foot lights and gazes a moment on the audience with her deep, luminous eyes, chaining their sympathies to her by an unquestionable magnetism. Her first accents, or, rather, breathings, are audible in every part of the house, though low, cold and choked. But suddenly an electric thrill seems to pass through the Pythoness; her eyes flame, her bosom heaves, her voice rises, and her words of vengeance and denunciation pierce the ear of the listener like arrows. As the words *Tremblez, tyrans et vous, perfides* (Tremble, ye tyrants and traitors), smite the ear, we seem to listen to the storm of revolution, rendered audible like the voice of a tempest. The thrilling appeal to arms is irresistible If it fire even *our* hearts more than the voice of a trumpet, we cannot wonder that those accents, heard in a political crisis, have more than once armed multitudes of Frenchmen, piled up barricades in the streets of Paris, and shaken the government to its basis. We have very imperfectly touched on the merits of Rachel. Language is entirely inadequate to describe such acting as hers. At best it can but recall some of the emotions experienced by those who have seen and heard her. We are not alone in the opinion that the visit of this great *tragedienne* will exert a happy influence on the fortunes of the drama. It will give birth to more elevated ideas of the dignity of art both in those who make it their profession, and in the multitude on whom it relies for support. There is ever a moral effect thus to be deduced by the thoughtful mind from all current events, which, at the time of their occurrence, may be accompanied by too much excitement to leave a clear field for calm consideration.

VESTIBULE OF THE BOSTON THEATRE.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE ALPINE SHEPHERDS.

BY M. N. DEARBORN.

"When the last rays of the sun gild the summit of the Alps, the shepherd who dwells on the highest mount, takes his horn and calls aloud, "Praised be the Lord!" As soon as he is heard, the neighboring shepherds leave their huts and repeat the same words, until every grotto has echoed the praises of the Lord."

As down behind the Switzer's cot,
All glorious, sinks to rest
The golden sun, who through the day
Has sought the distant west;
While the gathering shades of eventide
Their waving folds display,
And earth's attending angel
Locks up the gate of day!

There is a sound upon the breeze,
A voice that echoes far;
It comes from where the highest peaks
Of the lofty Alpines are;
It calleth on its brother man
To praise the God of light—
The everlasting God, who built
Each dazzling, dizzy height.

"Praise ye the living God!"
Their snow-capped summits cry—
"Praise ye the living God!"
Those echoing cliffs reply;
"Praise ye the living God!"
From each sequestered glen;
Praise, praise his wondrous name!
Ye clans of mountain men.

And all those sparkling fountains,
Whose glittering waters rise
Where the highest cliffs are piercing
The carpet of the skies,
Quick catch the heavenly chorus,
And send its murmurs on,
To bear in gentler whispers
The beauty of the song!

While white-robed ones are gazing
From battlements above,
With heartfelt joys they listen,
And ken those strains of love!
Arise and sing each shepherd cries,
Inviting one and all,
Each twilight ray would bear away
An answer to the call.

Thus where the welcome horn is heard
Along the mountain side,
Repeating voices swell the strain
In notes of honest pride.
Sing on, ye happy shepherds, sing,
And let his praise be heard,
Till in the dawn of nightless day
Ye greet the living Lord!

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

INCIDENT IN THE COAL MINES.

BY FREDERICK W. SAUNDERS.

SOME years ago, before railroads had driven off and usurped the place of the old-fashioned, lumbering, but comfortable and social stage-coach, I was travelling through a portion of the State of Pennsylvania in which the coal fields are situated. The party consisted of five gentlemen beside myself, and as our route was a long one, occupying the entire day, we beguiled the time—as was customary in those days of "slow coaches"—with stories and anecdotes upon every imaginable subject.

Among others, there was one incident related by a fine looking, middle aged gentleman, which interested me particularly—more from the manner and feeling with which it was narrated than from any real interest in the story itself; no one who had it from his own lips, could have doubted for an instant the truth of the circumstances, or that he was in reality the individual whose fate it had been to pass through the decidedly unpleasant scene to be described. Although I cannot hope to give to the recital anything like the interest with which he invested it, yet I will endeavor to write as nearly as possible in his own words.

"The sight of these coal fields and works," began the gentleman, "reminds me of an incident of my early life, which for the sudden revulsion from almost perfect happiness to the deepest despair, and as suddenly back again to happiness and life, I think few if any have experienced.

"The incident of which I speak occurred when I was in my twenty-first or second year. Having graduated from my *Alma Mater*, with a fair share of honors, I went with the intention of enjoying my freedom from care and study, to pass the summer at Saratoga. It was my first season at a fashionable watering place; all the gilding was pure gold to my eyes, and I enjoyed myself immensely, the more so as I there formed the acquaintance of a most bewitching and loveable young lady, who, I felt, was destined to influence my future life; nor was I mistaken; the lady has since become my wife. We were upon terms of great intimacy while at Saratoga, but the final and decisive question had not passed my lips at the time her family returned to their home; it was, however, understood between us, that a correspondence should be kept up, and that I would always be a welcome visitor at her father's house.

"They had no sooner departed, than I began to miss the society of my heart's idol so keenly, that all the gaiety and life of the fashionable society in which I was moving failed to banish her image from my thoughts for a single instant; not being disposed to maintain the struggle for any considerable length of time, I resolved to follow the fair syren who had walked off with my heart, and hear from her own dear lips the momentous words which were to make me the happiest or most miserable of mortals. Accordingly having accomplished some necessary business in my native city, I took up my line of march towards my heart's Mecca, said Mecca being in the very region through which we are now passing.

"Arrived at the place of my destination, I found that the residence of her father was in the midst of a mining district—the old gentleman himself being extensively engaged in the coal trade—and at the distance of about a mile from the hotel at which I stopped.

"Having accomplished an elaborate toilet, to which I devoted an incredible amount of time and labor before feeling satisfied with myself, I left the hotel about an hour before sunset, and with the intention of making a 'short cut.' I avoided the road, which was somewhat circuitous, and picked my way across a large field in which workmen were engaged sinking shafts, with the expectation of striking a vein. There were quite a number of these shafts, some of them as much or more than a hundred feet in depth, though they were but a few feet in diameter, and I casually noticed that some which had been sunk and abandoned were covered over with plank, to prevent persons from falling into them. I did not, however, stop long to observe these things, my thoughts were too full of the business that had brought me into the vicinity.

"With little thought of how fearfully familiar I was soon to become with those accursed shafts, I hurried on, and soon arrived at the mansion where resided my adored. I was received with great cordiality by the whole family, particularly by the fair object of my visit. Taking advantage of a moment when we were left alone, I poured forth my tale of love, and was accepted. How my heart swelled within me, as with blushing modesty she gently murmured her consent. That evening! can I ever forget it? with what golden wings the time flew by!

"I sat hour after hour by her side, her dear little hand clasped in mine, until the night was far gone into the morning. How long we might have remained entranced, as it were, in each other's society, I know not; time flew by so totally unheeded, that when to our intense astonishment the clock struck the hour of three, neither of us supposed it to be past eleven.

"I had a dim perception that three in the morning was quite as late an hour as it was exactly proper for a young gentleman to stay when calling upon a young lady, even though they might be engaged, and accordingly rose to depart; my affianced followed me to the door, where we went through that mysterious, lingering form of leave-taking, which is so sweet to lovers, and so incomprehensible to those unfortunates who have never been struck down by the delightful disease. Another hour passed with incredible rapidity, and again the clock struck. What an intense and furious hatred I conceived for that unfortunate time-piece, and I internally vowed, if it ever came into my possession, that I would run it between the stones of a grist-mill. But it was four in the morning—there was no escape from that—so with a sounding kiss I tore myself from the delightful spot and hurried away.

"The morning was intensely dark, not a star was to be seen, not a glimpse of light from any quarter; if it was not a darkness that could be felt, I most certainly felt the objects which in consequence I was continually stumbling over; but I cared little for tumbles, or any other of the minor evils of life; for my spirits were in that state of exaltation which every lover of anything like an excitable temperament probably knows, and has experienced many a time, for a variable period after leaving his mistress, when she has been particularly kind to him—a species of happiness too intense to admit of either thinking or acting quietly.

"In precisely such a condition I retraced my steps toward the hotel; upon any ordinary occasion I should have undoubtedly gone round by the road, but in the excitement of the moment, roads or fields were alike to me, either or both, the whole town, the world, in fact, seemed made for me, and for me alone; accordingly without wasting a thought upon the path, I stumbled on, as nearly as possible in the direction I had come, feeling certain I could not go far astray, as a bright light, which I knew to be at the hotel, was shining some distance ahead.

"I had accomplished, it may be, half the distance, when I became aware that I was treading upon planks; the remembrance of the pits I had seen the previous afternoon flashed into my mind, and I turned to get upon the ground as soon as possible, but had scarcely taken half a dozen steps, when a plank upon which I placed my foot, slipped from under me, and I felt myself falling. Throwing out my arms, I clutched convulsively at the first object that met my grasp: it was a round pole of some three or four inches in diameter. A thrill of horror ran through my frame as I found myself suspended, and thought of the immense depth beneath me, a hundred or a hundred and fifty feet it might be, into which I had so narrowly escaped falling.

"I had no doubt, for the moment, that I could easily extricate myself from my unpleasant situation, and breathing a thanksgiving for my providential deliverance from a horrible death, I made an effort to reach the planks upon either side of me with my feet, but to my consternation they yielded to the pressure of my foot, and slid from me, each succeeding effort pushing them farther and farther away. The danger began to appear imminent; I attempted to get upon top of the pole to which I was clinging; but this was not so easily accomplished; for, although I succeeded in getting my feet upon the spar, I found it impossible to surmount it, as the ends were evidently lying loose upon the ground, and the weight of my body as I changed my position, caused the spar to revolve, leaving me hanging by my hands and feet, while beneath me yawned the horrible abyss.

"My situation had become alarming; what was I to do? It was evident I could sustain myself in that position but a short time; indeed I was then very much fatigued with the efforts already made; it was impossible to crawl along to the end of the spar, as I at first thought of doing, for it was so large that I could not clasp it with one hand, while I let go to advance the other in order to give the necessary progressive motion to my body.

"My situation was clearly hopeless, unless I succeeded in bringing some one to my assistance; with this view I shouted and halloed to the utmost extent of my vocal organs, but to no purpose. There was no response. I yelled, howled, in my agony, until my voice failed me, and only a hoarse murmur answered my utmost endeavor, and blew feebly away the froth which bathed my lips.

"I was a doomed man; I felt my strength deserting me fast; it was with the utmost difficulty I could retain my hold. You can imagine, and only imagine, my feelings at that moment. With what amazing rapidity thoughts came and went; it seemed as if every event of my life passed in review before me. O, how I longed, how I begged, and prayed, for life. I *could not* die then, with everything to live for—youth, wealth, love, everything before me—and my betrothed! with what agony I thought of her, when on the morrow a mangled, disfigured corpse would be substituted for the joyous, expectant bridegroom! The thought of her gave me a momentary strength, and I tightened my hold upon the spar, but I felt myself rapidly failing.

"By degrees worldly thoughts gave place to others more befitting the terrible moment, and in quick succession passed before me a long array of sins unrepented, opportunities neglected, admonitions and precepts scorned. O, for one day, one hour more of life, to prepare for the momentous change! O no, I could not die *then*—no, no, not then, not then! My brain whirled, myriad lights danced before my eyes, and I lost my recollection.

"I was once more in safety; I was at college, in the recitation-room, reciting rapidly, as if for life; page after page was passed over in a moment; I hurried on, on; suddenly the floor gave way beneath me—there was a shock. In a moment I was myself again; my feet had slipped from the spar; I only retained a hold by my hands; with a convulsive, frantic effort I tightened my hold, clenching my fingers together around the spar, and strove to raise my feet once more to their former position—in vain—I was almost exhausted.

"Again I lost the consciousness of my situation. I was with my betrothed—was happy, O how happy! Every incident, every word of the previous evening came before me vividly, even to my rage at the tale-telling clock, and I laughed wildly at the recollection; again the parting scene at the door was renewed, and I started to return. Great heavens! some one had fallen into the shaft! who could it be? poor unfortunate, could nothing be done to save him? I rushed frantically towards the brink, and peering deep, deep down into the abyss, beheld the mangled remains of some one—who? Surely I had seen that face before—who could it be?

"Like the dark shifting of a dream, the scene changed, and I again became conscious; my grasp was relaxing; how desperately I strove to retain my hold, how convulsively I clutched the spar—in vain—the very tendons of my arms seemed to be drawing out with the prolonged strain; my fingers began to slip—O God, I was going! With a last effort I dug my nails into the spar until the blood started from under them—all, all in vain—I was slipping, slipping! O God, was there no hope! One instant I retained my hold, then with a cry of mortal agony, a last prayer, and my stiffening fingers slipping from the spar, I fell—fell down—down!"

Our fellow-passenger here stopped abruptly, and burying his face in his handkerchief, appeared overcome and almost convulsed with emotion; we respected his feelings, and waited in silence for the conclusion of the narrative.

Having recovered himself, he removed the handkerchief from his face; we were surprised at not discovering any traces of tears. Having seen him apparently so much agitated, we expected nothing less; but, to our bewilderment, there was a merry twinkle in his eye that ill accorded with his remarks of a moment before.

"Excuse me, gentlemen," said he, "you are doubtless anxious to hear the remainder of my adventure." We nodded assent. "Well, gentlemen," he continued, "having held on until my strength was exhausted, I fell a distance of—let me see—I should say the distance between the tips of my toes, as I hung suspended, and the bottom of the pit, must have been something like three or three and a half inches! They had commenced digging that particular shaft only the day before, and the trifling depth they had reached accounted for the carelessness with which it was covered.

"It is unnecessary for me to say what was my first impulsive act upon finding myself in safety; that is a subject which need not be introduced at this time. But aside from the solemnity of the thing, I never think of the occurrence without laughing heartily, as I did a moment since, when you doubtless supposed me to be agitated by far different emotions; but it strikes me as being so irresistibly ludicrous—what could have been more so, to a spectator, had there been one, although he might have commiserated my condition, to have beheld me in my agony, my despair—begging, praying for help, enduring all and more than the horrors of death, and at the same time my feet barely clearing the firm earth beneath. I can't say whether it would seem so supremely ridiculous had the case been another's, but as it is I cannot refrain from mirth whenever I think of it, and I am firmly persuaded when

'That dark angel, whose calm eye
Calls rich, calls poor,'

comes for me in solemn earnestness, the remembrance of the adventure will cause me to laugh in that dread individual's gloomy face.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

ALICE LA VERE.

BY WILLIE E. PABOR.

Away in adorable Italie
We whispered the words of love's poesie,
I and my beautiful Alice La Vere,
Each to the other by true love made dear;
And hid in the folds of an orange bower,
That lay in the shade of an olden tower;
We opened the book of the heart and read,
"'Tis never too young for lovers to wed."

So hence we did hie to the chapel shrine,
Where I was made hers and she was made mine.
He of the surplice, the cross and the stole
Murmured an ave because of each soul,
And out from the twilight that draped the aisle
Walked we with hearts all unspotted by guile;
She in her beauty and I in my pride,
I as the bridegroom and she as the bride.

And in a cottage half hidden by flowers,
Passed without heeding our moments and hours.
Faith was the warder that guarded the goal;
Hope was the angel that reigned in the soul;
And full of glory the months fled away,
We as unconscious as children at play.
Till, in the hush of a soft summer night
Came a young dove, that we hailed with delight.

Alice would pillow the babe on her breast,
I would sing ditties and lull them to rest.
Each of us looked in her beautiful eyes,
Saying what glory lay there in disguise.
But when the midnight came heavy and dark,
Azrael's shadow came o'er life's ark;
And when the morning in sunlight came drest,
Alice lay dead with the babe on her breast.

Alack and alas that it thus should be,
I said in the depths of my agony,
As with eyelids closed and enrobed in white,
Our babe and my Alice they hid from sight,
All under the folds of an orange bower
That lay in the shade of an olden tower.
Away from deplorable Italie
I came over land and came over sea.

And many a year has gone by since then,
Yet still am I seen among living men;
Nor yet can think without shedding a tear,
Of the sad fate of my Alice La Vere.
Or whisper the words of love's poesie
As once they were whispered in Italie;
Where, hid in the folds of an orange bower
That lay in the shade of an olden tower,
We opened the book of the heart and read,
"'Tis never too young for lovers to wed."

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE MALAY PROA.

AN ADVENTURE IN THE CHINESE SEA.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

It was Captain Sampson's turn to tell the next story. He was stout, bronzed, hard-fisted, but kind-hearted son of the ocean, fifty years of age, and full of thrilling adventure. Our pipes were refilled, and then Sampson took his turn as follows:

"It's now ten years come next November that I took charge of the "Yankee." She was a noble ship, and I felt proud of the charge. We lay at the wharf, down Peck Slip (we cleared at New York, you know), and had got the last lot of duds aboard, when I felt something touch me on the leg. I turned around and there stood a boy some fourteen years old, with a bundle on his shoulder. He kind o' trembled when I looked at him, but there wasn't any dishonesty in that face—not a bit. He had great gray eyes, almost dark enough for hazel, and his hair curled over his head like a girl just rigged for a party. Then he looked so earnest and steadily at me, that I knew, whatever he wanted, be'd be truthful about it.

"'What is it, boy?' said I, speaking kindly.

"'I want to go to sea with you,' says he.

"'Who says ye may go?'

"'I say so,' he said—and I saw a tear in his eye.

"'Are ye alone, boy?'

"He pointed up to a store at the head of the slip, and told me if I would only go up there with him, I could learn all about it.

"'But what use 'll you be to me?' I asked him before we started.

"'Any use you put me to that's honest, and that I can do,' he said.

"I liked that answer, for I saw he meant it, and I went up to the store with him. I did want a cabin boy, but I hadn't made arrangement for any, because just such a one as I wanted about me all the time was hard to find. At the store I asked Mr. Van Wart (he was an old friend of mine) about the boy. He told me that the boy's father used to be a porter in his store, but that he died about two months before, and the boy was now an orphan, his mother having been dead some years. Then he took me aside, and says he:

"'If you want the boy, captain, you'll find him a faithful one. He's been with me, off an' on, ever since he was so high.'

"Of course I took him. His name was Edward Grover, though he said 'twas Ned, and so 'Ned' we called him. Two days after that a tug towed us out, and we stuck our nose clear of Sandy Hook before dinner. First we went to Calcutta, and then to Canton; and many a time did I bless my stars that Ned Grover was with me, for an own child couldn't have been more faithful than he was. And then he was a bold fellow, too; and never was the blow that could shake him, nor the storm that could blanch him. On the royal yard he was like a squirrel on a tree, and he was as quick of wit as he was of body.

"Well, our business was all done up at Canton, and I only had to touch at Singapore on my way home, unless I chose to heave-to at Batavia. We had a splendid run down the Chinese Sea, making the Natunas in just eight days. In three days from that we were among the Anambas Islands—off Malacca, you know. Most of these islands we left on the starboard beam, and along towards the middle of the afternoon Lampang was on the lee-bow, and not more than six miles distant. I always took the eastern run of Lampang, because I knew the channel. Since morning the wind had been light and variable, though not baffling, but it had now kind o' settled down in the west'rd as though to rest itself—for with stud'n's'ls alow and aloft, we didn't run off more'n than three knots at the outside.

"It was just four o'clock when I came on deck to see how the land lay, and I found Lampang then just about abeam, but as the wind now came, the island was to windward of us, and four miles distant. I had looked at the compass, at the sails, and was then looking out for the land when the man in the maintop hailed the deck.

"'What is it?' I asked.

"'A Malay proa!' he answered, 'right in shore by that rock. There—don't ye see her?'

"I looked, and I did see her. I sent Ned for my glass, and by the time he came with it, the proa had come out in full sight from behind the rock. I levelled the glass, and I could make the fellow out plainly. 'Twas one of the largest proas I ever saw. I should say seventy-five feet long, with bows like an old man's nose turned bottom side upwards, and a stern about the same. I counted the men in her, and I could do it pretty surely.

"'What is she, sir?' asked Walker, my first mate.

"'A Malay proa,' I told him.

"'How many men?'

"'Seventy-five, at least.'

"'A pirate!' he uttered.

"'She isn't very likely to be anything else,' I answered, assuming as much composure as I could; but you may be sure I felt but little of it, for a Malay pirate is just about the worst thing in the world—bloodthirsty as a Bengal tiger, with all the wit of man to back it up. Their very religion makes piracy and murder a holy virtue, and a man is honored among them for the many times his knife has found a human heart. And they are powerful fellows, too, and trained from childhood to the use of arms.

"'She's coming after us!' cried the man in the top. But then he needn't have told us of it, for I had seen that from the first.

"The men looked anxiously towards me, and I saw that they were stricken with fear. And our position was not one to inspire a poor chap with a very deep joy. The wind was still to the west'rd, and three knots was the most the ship could be made to run. The Malay was now within three miles, and shooting through the water like mad. He had twenty broad paddles out—and you know how the bloody hounds can send those long, narrow, sharp proas along. We were now sure that there were over seventy men in the great boat, for we could even see their long knives and clumsy fire-arms through my glass. My crew, all mustered, counted twenty-nine, and one of them only a boy. Of swords, or cutlasses, we had only six, but I had thirty brace of good boarding pistols in the arm-chest, and a dozen pikes by the mast. Rather a dubious show, wasn't it?

"However, I resolved to do the best I could, for I knew that if those Malays captured us we were simply dead men; so of course there was some ground for resistance. First, I made myself as calm as I could. Then I got out the pistols, and had them all loaded, and gave two to each man, reserving two extra ones for myself. The six cutlasses I gave to those I thought best qualified to handle them, and then I distributed the twelve pikes. Beyond these I found four boat-hooks, and these I also gave out, for they would be serviceable in repelling boarders after the pistols had been all fired.

"'Now, boys,' said I, 'you all know what that fellow is after; and if I'd thought of this lull in the wind, I shouldn't have run in here. But that can't be helped now. We can't run away, and we all know if those Malays take us they'll cut our throats every one. I fancy you'd all rather fight to the death than die so. Will you stand to it?'

"Of course they all said yes; but then they didn't speak like men who had any hope, and surely I didn't blame them, for our enemy was more than double us—almost treble. Yet I saw that my brave fellows meant to fight.

"The proa was now about a mile distant, and would be alongside in ten minutes unless we caught a smart breeze. I looked about but saw no signs of any such breeze, save a single bank of vapor to the north'rd. I called after Ned to run to the cabin and get me my slippers, for the boots I had on were stiff and clumsy. But Ned was not to be found. 'Never mind,' I said to myself as I ran down, 'he aren't to blame. Poor boy, he couldn't do much, unless it was to shoot a pistol, and perhaps blow his own fingers off.' I couldn't find it in my heart to haul him from his hiding-place, for he'd been a faithful fellow to me, and if he could escape I hoped he would. I put on my slippers, and then returned to the deck. The Malay was now within half a mile, and we could see their knives plainly. There were just seventy-four of them, there being twenty seats in the boat, and all except one or two at the bows and stern having four men on a seat.

"'We shall never be able to beat them off, sir,' whispered Walker, in my ear.

"'We are able to try, at all events,' I replied.

"'But look at their force,' he said, blanching.

"'Then you mean to die like—'

"I'd spoken so far when he caught my arm, for I was beginning to speak louder, and the men might hear me.

"'—sh,' he hissed, 'don't I pray you say any more. Of course I'll fight.'

"He grasped his cutlass as he spoke, and I could see that his eye had changed, and there was now some fire in it. By this time we could see the faces of the Malays plainly, and in all my wanderings I don't think I ever saw such another set of diabolical, ugly, bloody-looking villains. In two minutes more I saw those who worked the paddles take their knives in their teeth. I had the men stand by with their pistols, and I ordered them to fire one volley before the boat got fairly alongside.

"At this moment, just as the pirate was within a cable's length, I felt a cool puff upon my cheek. I turned, and saw that the wind had whipped out from the north'rd. Quick as lightning, I ordered the yards squared, and by some means the men obeyed me promptly; but while this was being done, the Malay was coming on. The pirates saw that our sails had caught the new breeze, and with a few quick, strong strokes they sent their craft alongside like a rocket.

"'Fire!' I shouted. And my men did fire, but their hands must have trembled when they did so, for not over half a dozen of the enemy fell. I called the men to shove their pikes over, but I tell you those few pikes looked kind o' dismal in the face of seventy stout, bloodthirsty Malay pirates. I took one look into that proa, and my heart sank, for I knew they would make but short work with us. We might kill a score of them, and even then they'd be up with us.

"'What d'ye want?' I shouted, with all my might.

"'You mooncy—you blood—you sheep—you 'ng dom crapoo Shawn Bool!'

"The fellow evidently thought us John Bulls, and what his crapoo meant I couldn't tell, unless he had got the French and English mixed up. However, I hadn't time to think of that. In another moment the proa would be alongside. Already the pirates were upon their feet, their long knives in their mouths, clenched firmly between their teeth, and in a moment more they would leap. The bows of the proa touched our side just under the mizzen chains, and her stern was sweeping swiftly in as she shot ahead. At that moment something brushed past me towards the stern, and I smelt the strong, rank fumes of turpentine. Before I had time to look or to think, a sheet of smoke or flame danced before my eyes, and on the next instant a howl like the roar of a hundred lions burst upon my ears.

"'Beat 'em off! beat 'em off!' cried a sharp, clear voice, which I at once recognized as Ned's, and as I heard it the whole truth flashed upon me. I sprang to where half a dozen of the villains, all covered with flame, were trying to crowd up over the side. I awoke the men to a comprehension of the fortune that had burst upon us, and the few who were trying to board us were either shot or driven back. The breeze was now fresh, and in a very few moments more we shot ahead, leaving the proa, all enveloped in flames, at a safe distance astern, while her crew, every man of them, had leaped into the water to extinguish the fire that clung to them.

"As soon as we were safe, and our nerves had become somewhat composed, we looked into the strange fortune that had saved us, and we soon understood it. Noble Ned Grover, while I thought him hiding away from the enemy, was setting on foot a plan which had entered his head alone. In the fore-peak there was a large can of pure spirits of turpentine. Ned had taken the cook's great copper kettle, which held some twelve gallons, and filled it as full as he dared with the inflammable stuff, and then he had watched his opportunity. The moment he thought the proa near enough, he set fire to the spirits, and then lifting the kettle high up by its sides, he made his way aft, so that the wind would help him, and with a careful, strong throw, he sent the fiery mass into the boat. It went in one sheet, all blazing and hissing, and the light cotton clothing of the pirates ignited instantly. Of course the villains were blinded and stunned by the unexpected visitation, and I don't s'pose they knew much what they were about until they had got into the water. The wind, which was just then starting fresh, carried the blazing liquid the whole length of the boat, and you know even half a dozen drops of it would have been enough to set their cotton shirts afire.

"The old Yankee now gathered headway good, and ere long the proa and her crew were far astern. The boat was still burning and smoking like mad, and we could see that most of the pirates were striking out for the island, for of course they couldn't go near their boat. But 'tisn't likely one of 'em ever reached the shore, for the fresh breeze had kicked up a smart wave, and their heads were under water half of the time. I took my glass and went up into the mizzen-top, and for a while I watched the bloody scamps. I could see 'em, one after another, sink out of sight, and I knew that none o' them would ever do any more murders. But in a little while the few heads that were left struggling above water were beyond the reach of my sight, and I came down.

"'Tisn't much use of my telling how Ned Grover was disposed of, for you can judge for yourselves. Yet he was modest and mild as ever, and begged us not to say anything more about it. When we got home, the owners made him accept a thousand dollars, and made me promise to teach him navigation. Ned is now four-and-twenty—as noble a fellow as you could wish to see—and last month he left New York as captain of the ship Daniel Boone. Now, who comes next?"

Emulation embalms the dead; envy, the vampire, blasts the living.—*Faseli.*

MRS. FARREN, THE ACTRESS.

We present our readers with an almost speaking likeness of the distinguished actress, Mrs. Farren, who recently performed, for a great number of nights, at the Boston Museum with the most brilliant success, sustaining a wide range of characters, and who is certainly one of the most attractive stars in the theatrical firmament. Mr. Kimball's liberality and good judgment in securing her services were highly appreciated by the Boston public, who nightly crowded the Museum to witness Mrs. Farren's efforts, and who, at the close of her engagement, demanded its renewal, and continued their support with unabated zeal. The portrait we present was drawn expressly for the Pictorial, and engraved in the best manner by Orr of New York. We should be pleased to accompany it with a detailed biography, but Mrs. Farren modestly would desire to waive all notoriety, except that incidental to her professional exertions. On one occasion, when applied to for her travel's history, remarked: "I have ever looked for my professional biography in the memories of those whom it has been my desire to please. From this feeling on the part of our subject we have been compelled to collect our material from various indirect sources, relying for our information on those who have watched her career from first to last. Mrs. Farren is an American by birth, being the daughter of Richard Russell, who was lessee of the Tremont Theatre, some twenty-four years ago, and who is well and pleasantly remembered by many of our citizens. Mrs. Farren's earliest *debut* she probably does not herself remember, young as she is, for it was as Cora's Child in Sheridan's bombastic but popular drama "Pizarro." When she was scarcely three years of age, she accompanied her father to New Orleans, whither he went to conduct the Camp Street Theatre for Mr. James Caldwell. On the boards of this establishment, she exhibited a precocious talent, which was highly appreciated by the play-goers of the Crescent city. Her juvenile personations were, for several seasons, one of the principal attractions of the house. But time and the youthful prodigy had advanced together, and the interesting child, ceasing to be the "phenomenon," arrived at that awkward age and appearance that intervenes between budding girlhood and blushing womanhood. She now withdrew for four years, during which she cultivated a naturally fine voice, and then re-appeared in the character of Rosina, in the "Barber of Seville," with no little *eclat*. But Euterpe was soon forsaken for her more congenial sisters, Melpomene and Thalia, and Mrs. Farren's success as Miss Dorillon in Mrs. Inchbald's comedy, "Wives as they were," decided her future career. After her father's death, she was for some seasons the leading actress of the principal theatre of the South, the St. Charles of New Orleans. Here acting with and witnessing all the celebrities of Europe and America, she was enabled to cultivate her taste and perfect her judgment. Moreover, she enjoyed occasional opportunities of witnessing the admirable performances of the French troupe, which, at times, has embraced actors of the very first ability. For eight years, Mrs. Farren's winters were passed in New Orleans, and her summers in St. Louis, under the management of Messrs. Ludlow & Smith, years, Mrs. Farren affirms, "registered as the happiest of her life." Her reception at New Orleans and St. Louis is still marked with the enthusiasm always displayed by an intelligent American audience on the re-appearance of an established favorite. When Messrs. Ludlow & Smith retired from the management, Mrs. Farren resolved to embark on the career of a star performer, a step which her talent would have justified her in taking years before. It is superflous to add that her success has been complete, and that the press has been unanimous in her favor. Nature has liberally endowed her with those gifts of voice and person, the want of which, though sometimes pardoned in an actor of superior intellect, generally proves a fatal obstacle to the popularity of an actress. Mrs. Farren possesses a fine person, a classical head and features, the varying play of which is fitted to express every phase of tragic emotion, while in repose they indicate that high order which her conceptions of character and her readings of the great tragic poets attest. Add to this a voice powerful, deep and musical, evincing thorough cultivation, gestures graceful and chastened, and attitudes statuesque and impressive, and those of our readers who have not seen her act, will be able to form a conception of her qualifications, while those who have, will acknowledge that our delineation is not exaggerated. In her attitudes and gestures, we find one great charm of her impersonations as in those of the great French *tragedienne* who is now absorbing the attention of the public. Moreover, she never follows the bad example of some performers of celebrity, who waste all their strength on the rendering of brilliant points and passages, neglecting the links that connect them. Mrs. Farren aims rather at massing the details of a character, if we may adopt the language of a sister art, presenting a harmonious and impressive whole, rather than bringing into high relief salient peculiarities. Her energy, in the most, is never exaggerated into ranting, nor does her calmness subside into tamness. Her physical and mental energies are completely under the control of a refined taste and severe judgment. In a word, we consider Mrs. Farren as one of the most finished actresses now on the boards of any of our theatres.

MRS. FARREN.

HOUSE OF REFUGE, RANDALL'S ISLAND, N. Y.

The engraving below presents an accurate view of the handsome and substantial buildings of the establishment known under the above title, and situated on Randall's Island, near New York city. They comprise two dwellings, four shops, a kitchen and a wash-house arranged in separate departments. These buildings cover an area of about two acres, more than a quarter of which are devoted to the juvenile delinquents (boys) cared for by the institution. The two yards, surrounded by a wall twenty feet high, embrace eight acres. A large lawn gently slopes from the front of the buildings to the Harlem River, and there is also an extensive tract of graded land, originally covered with rocks and intersected by swamps, in the yard. The principal building is 80 by 100 feet. The architectural design comprises two wings, each 46 by 180 feet, which are introduced into the drawing. The New York House of Refuge is a noble society, and was the first institution of the kind ever attempted. It originated, in 1818, in a charitable society called the "Society for the prevention of Pauperism." The subject of juvenile vagrancy engaged the earnest attention of its members, and in 1823, a committee was appointed for the purpose of inquiring into the evil and suggesting a remedy. The Society for the Reformation of Juvenile Delinquents was thereupon organized, and incorporated in the summer of 1824. They rented a piece of land, in New York city, of the United States, and opened their house with public ceremonies, January 1, 1825. Commencing with six boys and three girls, their numbers swelled into two hundred, and called for an increase of accommodation. They have moved their quarters from time to time, till established in the present eligible location. Both boys and girls are received. The revenue is derived from the State, the excise fund and the theatrical licenses the proceeds of the boys' labor and the general school fund.

HOUSE OF REFUGE, RANDALL'S ISLAND, NEW YORK.

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL.

THE CHEAPEST WEEKLY PAPER IN THE WORLD.

MATURIN M. BALLOU, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.
FRANCIS A. DURIVAGE, ASSISTANT EDITOR.

DR. KANE'S DISCOVERIES.

The expedition of Dr. Kane has achieved mnch for geographical science, as well as for the honor of the republic. He failed ndeed in rescuing Sir John Franklin, for he was already beyond the reach of human assistance; but he has enlarged the actual boundaries of geograpbical knowledge. He has penetrated further north than any other man, reaching within 7° 30′ of the Pole itself, on which he hoped to plant the flag of the United States. He has also revealed the great barrier of ice, five hundred feet in height, between Greenland and the Atlantic Sea. The new land, which no civilized persons but him and his companions have ever beheld, connected by this icy bridge with Greenland, he has named Washngton, and the large intervening bay he called Peabody, after a gentleman of that name of Baltimore, one of the projectors of the expedition. The shores of Smitb's Sound have been completely explored and charted—the fruit of their sledge travel; and the existence of the before conjectured open sea around the Pole has received new confirmation, and a cbannel free from ice leading to it has been discovered. There was a belt of a hundred and twenty-five miles to the southward; but to the nortb, the remarkable fact was disclosed that the sea was entirely open. Three thousand square miles of water wholly free from ice have been seen, where the leviathan of the ocean "maketh it to boil like a pot," acknowledging not the chain of the Frost King. The land to the north and west that was visible nearest to the Pole, was called Grinnell, after the originator of the undertaking.

METHUSELAH PILLS.—Tbis is the last dodge of a patent medicine vender in New York. It appears that Methuselah was enabled to live for centuries by the use of these pills; but the recipe was lost, and the span of life has been growing shorter ever since. Fortunately the recipe has turned up, and any lady or gentleman who wishes to live a balf dozen centuries has only to buy a box of these pills. For particulars, see small bills, etc.

MUNIFICENT BEQUEST.—The late James Brown left a very costly and valuable collection of books to the Boston Natural History Society. Among them are Gould's Ornithology in sixteen volumes, folio, and Gray's Genera of Birds, in three volumes, royal 4to.

SHOULDER ARMS!—Last month was a busy one with the military companies all over the country. "Sogering" is now over for the season, and uniforms and chapeaux will slumber in bandboxes and hat-cases, except when called for by military balls—very different balls from those given and returned in the Crimea.

THE YANKEE CARD WRITER.—This popular and well known individual has got up an admirable little "pocket companion," to contain a few cards, neatly written, and handy for use. His head-quarters are at the Revere House.

SPLINTERS.

.... Rev. Rufus W. Griswold is engaged in preparing the life of the lamented Mrs. Judson (Fanny Forrester).

.... Mrs. Robinson, the "veiled murderess," has behaved so badly at Sing Sing that she is now confined in a cell.

.... Out of ninety noble pbysicians who volunteered to go to Norfolk during the fever, twenty died.

.... The anniversary of the battle of King's Mountain, South Carolina, was celebrated in a brilliant manner in that State.

.... The contest in Mexico turns upon the question of continuing or abandoning the military system of Santa Anna.

.... General Scott's back pay, it is now said, will be allowed, and accountants are figuring up the amount.

.... When the Mexican general, Woll, abandoned Matamoras, he helped himself to $75,000 from the military chest.

.... The Russians say the English are like an army of lions ed by asses. What an impudent assertion!

.... Dr. Kane has been quite a lion since his return from the region of polar bears and polar snows.

.... Our fine weather continues; these genial autumns compensate us for our most ungenial and chilly springs.

.... The French government have abandoned all attempts to regulate the price of bread. They say it must take its course.

.... The Japanese seem disposed to dodge the provisions of the treaty, and there is some talk of treating them to cannon balls.

.... We noticed in a late London paper that they are trying the experiments of baby shows, a la Barnum, in England.

.... Queen Victoria has been hemming pocket handkerchiefs for mutilated soldiers. The recipients are duly grateful.

.... We don't hear anything about the Danish sound dues lately; yet something must be done about them.

.... The emperor of Russia is very kind to Americans. Some wiseacres think he wants to annex the United States to Russia.

.... The quantity of bad French uttered since Rachel's visit would fill a large-sized quarto book.

.... There are two things for which a man never receives sympathy—missing the ears and chasing his hat in a wind.

.... Expectation is on the *qui vive* about Disraeli's new novel. The hero is the celebrated Lord Bolingbroke.

.... Messrs. Crocker & Brewster, the oldest book publishers in this city, have been in partnersbip for thirty-seven years.

CHEERFUL ASPECT.

It is gratifying to know that the present harvest in this country has proved to be one of great abundance, and that, besides being able to supply fully all domestic wants, we shall be able to export largely of the staple productions of the land for European consumption. Last year was one of short crops; it was the case almost universally in all parts of the United States, and the result was one of disastrous effect upon all departments of business; for indirectly the agricultural interests of the country control its business and financial prosperity. Thus we already see a healthy reaction in all departments of trade, and a vast difference between the present and twelve months since.

Our great and noble West is teeming with plenty, and the producers are only awaiting their opportunity to send the accumulated hoards of grain to the eastern market. While France and England—whose children are spilling their blood in foreign war—are complaining of short crops and blank prospects for the feeding of the million, our own producers are eagerly seeking a market for the plenty that a kind Providence has sent as a reward for their industry. All this is not without its silent but impressive moral. If the sons of France and England were tilling their native soil, in place of laying their bones beneath that of the Crimea, there would be no short crops complained of on either side of the British Channel.

But without finding fault with others, let us indulge in a little self-congratulation; for our own favored land was never in a more prosperous condition since the country has been organized into a government. Commercial confidence is fully restored, money is plenty, business "driving," and all begin to experience the impetus and stirring effect of this improved aspect of things, from the smallest to the most extensive merchant. The farmer has money to spare, because his crops are large and bring him in means, and from this basis of the agricultural interest, beyond a doubt, the great commercial features of the country take their complexion. For this reason, if for no other, let the farmer bo always encouraged; his is a noble, an elevating occupation, independent, healthful and profitable.

No line of employment holds out a better return for time and money invested than tbat of agriculture. The Great West, with its rich soil, needing but tbe planting of the seed alone, is inviting the sturdy emigrant to come and reap of her richness. There is no rise and fall in that, like the stock market; this stock in trade is like sterling gold, and will always command it. Subject to little or no fluctuation, it returns an hundred fold for the simplest investment, and yields health as well as pecuniary fortune to its faithful and industrious followers All honor, then, to the occupation of the farmer; let it be held up to honor, and its pursuit encouraged by the great and good. "Trade," says Lord Chatbam, "increases the wealth and glory of a country; but its real strengtb and stamina are to be looked for among the cultivators of the soil."

THE BRITISH ARMY IN THE CRIMEA.

We see it stated that the British army in the Crimea is almost as small as that sent by little Sardinia. All the efforts of Great Britain to swell her force in the East to respectable dimensions, it would seem, have failed. She has plenty of money, but no men to spare, and this want is severely felt in the unsupplied demand for laborers as well as for soldiers. Oppression and poverty have driven millions from Ireland, which was once the great reservoir of bone and muscle for ber armies and her public works, and her farms. Australia has drained off multitudes of her own people, and now, strange to say, man has become an article of value and importance in the British market. But the men are not to be had, either for love or money—a most humiliating fact to be disclosed in the presence of her ancient rival, and patronizing ally, France. What vast encouragement must such a development afford to French vanity, and French aspirations!

GOLDEN WEDDING.—A highly respectable and worthy couple in Concord celebrated their *golden wedding*, fifty years of married life, one evening, recently. All their children and grand-children, some of them from distant parts of the country, were present on the occasion, and together with some of the neighbors, formed a very pleasant party. Two large loaves of wedding cake, and a variety of the choicest fruits of the season, graced the festive table.

CHINA.—The rebels in the flower land still make head against the imperial government notwithstanding, perhaps in consequence of the ferocious cruelty with which they are punished when they fall into the hands of the imperials. The rebels cut off their queues, as a distinguishing mark when they enlist against the government, and the government cuts off their heads when they take them.

INTERESTING CELEBRATION.—The celebration of the 100th birthday of Rev. John Sawyer, at Bangor, has been described to us as deeply interesting. The good old man spoke for an hour and a quarter, relating his life-history, without apparent fatigue. We cordially wish him added years of life and health.

HALF PAY.—The Shawnees and Miamis refused to take the half pay tendered them now by our government, the balance to be paid in the spring. They ought to remember that half a loaf is better than no bread at all.

BOTH PAPERS.—Let our subscribers, when renewing their subscriptions, remember that we send the Pictorial and Flag together for *four dollars per annum*.

DANCING.

Among the prejudices that are fast passing away before the spirit of the age is that which regarded dancing as an immoral amusement. We find some of the religions papers sensibly and forcibly advocating this exhilarating exercise. The Christian Enquirer of a late date says: "Dancing should cease to be anathematized by the religionist. If he wants Biblical authority for the practice, he should remember how David once danced before the Lord. He objects (and every sensible person with him) to such balls and dancing, with the attendant display, and late hours and suppers, and other doubtful accompaniments, as the 'Potiphar Papers' tell of. But the Christian of Great Britain and America, in opposing dancing under all circumstances, and in all company, is, in the view of all other Protestants, over-sanctimonious and pharisaical. Even the pastor in the land of Luther and Calvin, if he does not, as we are told, share in the amusement, would as soon think of denouncing a walk as a dance."

Dancing is a favorite amusement of the Spaniards, who lay aside all their coldness and hauteur the moment they hear the inspiring notes of a guitar preluding a bolero or fandango. It is related that once upon a time the Holy Fathers of the Church had nearly decided to suppress the fandango, when one among them argued that it was not right to condemn it unheard and unseen, and proposed that two celebrated dancers should be summoned before the tribunal by way of counsel for the dancing defendants. The proposition was accepted, and two skilful dancers appeared before the august court. The dance commenced. The holy fathers, with contracted brows, look on for a time unmoved; at length the seductive charms and irresistible loveliness of the dance exhibited their effects in chasing away the wrinkles from the foreheads of its austere judges. Hostile indications and bellicose intentions with reference to the dance, by imperceptible degrees merged into lively interest and fixed attention. Now, as its charms more fully developed themselves, one of the reverend gentlemen so far forgot himself as to be guilty of tbe manifest impropriety of beating time to the movements of the music. The dance went on, becoming still more seductive, when one of the worthy clergy suddenly bolted from his seat and commenced executing the movements of the dance. Another and another followed; the furore became general, and what was late a clerical court, was suddenly metamorphosed into a dancing saloon. The fandango was reinstated with all its former right and privileges, and its glorious triumph has proved its security against all similar attempts on the part of the clergy.

ANECDOTE OF PELISSIER.—The following is told of Gen. Pelissier: Some years ago, Pelissier, on parade, one morning, got angry with a *sous officer* of a cavalry regiment, whose *tenue* seemed to him quite defective. He abused the man most violently, and cut him across the face with his whip. The man seized one of his pistols and endeavored to fire at his commanding officer, but the pistol missed fire. Pelissier, swearing a fearful oath, but otherwise calm, said: "Fellow, I order you a three days' arrest for not having your arms in better order."

MRS. W. H. SMITH.—This popular comic actress left us for the South, after a bumper benefit at the Howard Athenæum. Mrs. Smith first appeared in Boston as Miss Riddle, and was one of a brilliant circle of performers most of whom are now no more. Sbe will be a favorite wherever sbe goes. We learn that she is to be attached to the Mobile troupe.

ELOCUTION AND IMITATION.—Mr. Charles Whitney, who lately gave his entertainment entitled "Shakspeare and the Orators," at the Tremont Temple, was particularly happy in his personations of the leading orators of the age.

MUSICAL.—Miss Jesse Hammond's "Cargo of Song and Story," at the Meionian, in this city, was highly appreciated by large audiences. These entertainments are perfectly unique, and form appetising melange of fun, sentiment and song.

MARRIAGES.

In this city, by Rev. Dr. Barrett, Mr. William B. Kendall, of New York, to Miss Hattie M. Fay; by Rev. Mr. Clarke, Mr. E. Osgood Libby to Miss Sarah L. Whiting; by Rev. Mr. Streeter, Mr. Henry A. Herbard to Miss Anne R. Fairbanks, both of East Abington; Mr George Goodrich to Miss Catharine Lynch, both of Cambridge; by Rev. Mr. Skinner, Mr. William S. Walker, of Lincoln, Me, to Miss Rebecca Jane Underwood; by Rev. Mr. Rumpff, Mr. Charles J. Wise to Miss Elizabeth Ewald, both of Roxbury; by Rev. Mr. Miner, Mr. Thomas P. Connery to Miss Sarah C. Conant, both of Gardner.—At South Boston, by Rev. Mr. Cinch, Mr. J Bambrock to Mrs. Sarah Butler, both of England.—At Dorchester, by Rev. Mr. Browne, Mr. Joseph Kirk to Miss Eleanor H Stimpson.—At West Cambridge, by Rev. Mr. Swain, Mr. John S. Crosby to Miss Adelaide C. Frost.—At Salem, by Rev. Dr Worcester, Mr. Joseph H. Green, of New York, to Mrs. Sarah L. Kenick.—At Essex, by Rev. Mr. Crowell, Mr. Samuel P. Haskell to Miss Susan Burnham.—At Gloucester, Mr. Alonzo F. Harvey to Miss Hannah Curtiss.—At Lowell, by Rev. Dr. Miles, Dr. Eben K Sanborn to Miss Harriet Avery.—At Haverhill, by Rev. Mr. Horsford, Mr. L. E. Whittier to Miss Carrie D. Brown.—At Seneca Falls, N Y., by Rev. Mr. Ray, Mr. Thomas Benedict, of Skaneatless, N. Y., to Miss Elizabeth Morton.

DEATHS.

In this city, Mrs. Ellen Josephine Desmond, wife of Mr. Daniel Galeucia, 26; Miss Jane H. Goodwin, 51; Mrs Abby F., wife of Mr. Austin Trussdell, 38.—At Roxbury, Mrs. Salome, wife of Mr. Joseph Johnson, 54.—At Somerville, Mrs. Lucinda H., wife of Mr. Samuel S. Shorey, 41.—At Cambridgeport, Miss Caroline H. A. Butler, 19.—At Brookline, Mr. John Newton Craft, 18.—At Watertown, Miss Eliza Jane Bacon, 23.—At Beverly, Mr. Royal W., son of Rev. Joseph Tracy, 35.—At Salem, Mrs. Margaret Sweetman, 30.—At East Wareham, Mr Samuel S. Bourne, 20.—At Newburyport, Mr. Joseph Thurlo, 72.—At New Bedford, Miss Sarah G. Baker, 30; Mrs. Laura R., wife of Mr. William A Wood, 20.—At Edgartown, Mrs. Eliza A., wife of Capt. Abraham Osborn, 43.—At Holmes's Hole, Mrs Anna, wife of Mr Thomas Robinson, 48.—At Peterborough, N. H., Dr. David Smiley, a soldier of the Revolution, 96.—At Charlestown, N. H., Mrs. Louise, wife of Mr. J H. Hubbard, 36.—At Monitonborough, N. H., Miss Lavinia Adelia Adams, 18.—At Gray, Me., Mrs. Julia A., wife of Rev. Allen Lincoln, 34.—At Cincinnati, Ohio, Mrs C Louisa G. Hutchinson, of Boston, 27.—At San Francisco, Mrs Barbara Galvin, 40, late of Boston.—On board steamship Uncle Sam, Mr. William Darrah, carpenter, from Newburyport, Mass., 44.

EDITORIAL MELANGE.

The widow of Robert B. Thomas, of "Farmer's Almanac" fame, lately died near Clinton, Mass., at the age of seventy-five years. —— Terra-cotta is coming into extensive use as a material for architectural embellishments, it being much cheaper in a highly carved state, than marble, and equal in durability and beauty. The name simply implies baked clay. During the middle ages, the art of manufacturing terra-cotta was apparently lost; but in modern times it has been revived and brought to a state of high perfection. —— Vivian speaks of the disease sometimes called Scotch fiddle, as the "Caledonian Cremona."—— In the mill of E. H. Hall, of Millville, Mass., are now being woven, in wool, the portrait of Washington, and pictures of the locomotive and fire engine, all of which are new designs executed on that wonder of mechanic ingenuity, the celebrated Jacquard loom. —— Mr. J. T. Baldwin has received a patent for an improved paper-ruling machine. The improvement relates to the peculiar means employed for lifting the pens from the sheets of paper at proper intervals to make the required blanks or spaces on the sheets. This can be done to make spaces of different sizes with great rapidity; also for making different spaces on the same sheets at any time, for fancy ruling for different purposes, so that it is flexible in its character. —— Mayor Wood, of New York, was invited to the "Publishers' Festival" in that city, because he was the author of the "Complaint Book." —— Mr. H. Wheelock, of Boston, has invented a new gas-burner, in which the gas, before it reaches the surface, is made to pass through a packing of hard felt, which strains, filters and purifies it in its passage, and imparts many advantages. In the check which it affords, the minutest proportion of coal-tar is arrested and precipitated, all the gas is consumed, and no carbonic acid gas escapes to taint the atmosphere. It is also said to be a very economical contrivance. —— There was lately a marriage in New Orleans, between two persons in the prime of life, in which case the groom had been thrice a widower and the lady twice a widow. —— A pair of splendid chandeliers, in bronze and gilt, were put on board the steamer San Jacinto, at New York, the other day, being a portion of the presents from our government to the Emperor of Japan. —— Rev. Jesse Lee, an early apostle of Methodism in Maine, speaks in his journal of being hospitably entertained by a Mr. Trapton, and being ferried by him over the Penobscot, in two canoes. Rev. Mr. Trapton, of Westfield, Mass., is his grandson, and explains the use of the two canoes by the fact that the canoes were tied together, and the fore feet of the minister's horse placed in one and his hind feet in another, and minister and horse were safely ferried across together. —— The British government has withdrawn its annual grant of a thousand pounds to the Royal Society for the Encouragement of Science, on the plea of great war expenses. —— The German Reformed Church in this country is making a rapid increase in numbers and means. It has 317 ordained ministers in its connection—viz., 124 in the synod of Ohio and adjacent States, and 193 in the synod of North America. These ministers serve 932 congregations, 403 in the western and 529 in the eastern synod. The number of communicants is 47,936, of which 17,637 belong to the synod of Ohio. —— The New York Academy of Music has contracted an engagement with Roger, a miraculous tenor, at $60,000 per annum. It is said his chest C would be cheap at double the money. —— It is a principle among the Mohammedans that the Koran must be written with a pen, as it would be impious to print the sacred name of Allah with type. —— There is a colored woman named Elvira Johnson, now living in Hartford, who was born in Colchester, Sept. 8, 1754, thus making her now in her 102d year. She has lost her eyesight, but otherwise her appearance does not indicate over seventy years. —— Cigar ashes will be found an invaluable remedy for the bite of the mosquito and other insects. Wet the ashes and rub them on the part, and the stinging sensation will be extracted almost instantly. The reason of this is, that the ashes contain alkali, which neutralizes the effect of the poison. —— The Russian minister at Washington, waited upon Lieut. Maury recently, and presented him with an autograph letter from the Grand Duke Constantine, complimenting him upon his eminent labors in the cause of scientific navigation. —— Charles Mahaffey upset a pot of melted metal in a foundery in Wheeling, and burnt off one of his feet.

VIOLATING THE RECIPROCITY TREATY.—The custom-house officers at London, C. W., lately seized one hundred boxes, on suspicion that they contained contraband goods. The boxes were opened, but only boots and shoes were found until they came to the ninety-fifth box, when instead of boot and shoe leather, they discovered a large quantity of gold and silver watches and other valuable jewelry. The prize was a grand one—the whole property, boots, shoes and jewelry being confiscated. The value of the boots and shoes is said to be $6000, and the watches and jewelry found may be valued at $40,000 or $50,000.

A VETERAN.—George Heep lately died at Olney, Ill., aged 95. He joined the frigate Constitution under Commodore Truxton, and was in the two celebrated sea-fights in 1787, off the West India Islands, with "La Vengeance" and "La Insurgent," French frigates, in both of which he stuck by his brilliant old commander. He was also in the war with Tripoli.

GOING TO LAW.—At the close of a recent trial in regard to the ownership of a cow, in which thirty-five witnesses were examined, the successful claimant was obliged to sell the cow at auction in order to raise funds to pay his lawyers.

Wayside Gatherings.

There is a steamer in San Francisco, the entire machinery of which was manufactured in California.

In New Grenada it is said that a French company are about to run a line of steamers from Aspinwall to Jamaica, via Carthagenia.

Arrangements have been made in Canada to raise, immediately, a force of two thousand eight hundred recruits for the British army.

Messrs. J. M. Beebe & Co., in Boston, have presented each of their clerks, some sixty or more, with a copy of the "Life of Amos Lawrence."

What would a Quaker say to the Emperor of Russia's assertion that his men have shown an endurance at Sebastopol worthy of the soldiers of Christ?

A "Bread League" is in course of establishment in Charlestown, Mass., by which flour and other necessaries of life may be procured at moderate prices.

Miss Harriet Martineau is in a very critical condition of health, and may die instantly at any moment. She has completed an autobiography.

The Salem Gazette, in alluding to the Rev. Edward Everett Hale, of Worcester, calls him "one of the ablest men in the State."

Saltpetre is said to exist in caves in Crawford, Franklin, Gasconade, and Osage counties, Missouri, enough to meet all the deficiency in the market.

The New York Mirror states that a gang of villains are engaged in "boring and sweating" the coin. The punishment fixed by law for an offence of this kind is very severe.

The editor of the Alexandria Gazette says he has seen, at a store in that town, a cat tenderly nursing a litter of young rats, having previously made a meal of their mother.

The Portland Advertiser says that Josiah Pierce, jr., of that city, who has been appointed secretary of legation at St. Petersburg, is a gentleman of fine attainments, who will honor the position.

The Fourierite establishment in New Jersey has broken up, and the property, which cost over a hundred thousand dollars, sold for about half that sum. The silly people who composed it have come back into the world as other people do.

A thing unparalleled in the annals of theatricals recently occurred at Sonora, California. The theatre was occupied by a political assemblage till midnight, when the performance commenced and did not conclude till daylight!

An English clipper ship, the Guiding Star, which sailed from Liverpool for Australia last January with 400 emigrants on board, was seen last off the Brazilian coast. It is supposed that she went down at sea with all her passengers and crew.

The Lafayette (Ia.) Courier says that contracts have already been made for large amounts of corn, to be delivered during the winter, and previous to the opening of the canals in spring, at *twenty cents* per bushel.

At "Walcott" village, on the line of the Mississippi and Missouri Railroad, lots are selling freely at $40 to $250, each 64 feet by 150 feet, land which, four years ago, cost $1 25 per acre. Such is the influence of railroads on real estate in the West.

A lad but seven years of age attempted to drown a little girl of three years at Utica, lately. The young rascal's head and conduct are said to furnish a complete defence of the system of phrenology, his organ of destructiveness being as immoderately developed as the propensity is ungovernable.

The Newburyport Herald says:—"Mrs. Johnson, whose late financial operations waked up our merchants and bankmen, is the same woman that Colonel Fremont's wife's sister fired the pistol at in Panama for allowing too free use of her tongue in relation to private matters."

The Frankfort Post Gazette states that the success of the allies has produced a deep impression in central Germany. "The German press," it declares, "from the Elder to Luxumburg, and from Tilsit to Trieste, looks on the victory of the western powers as the triumph of a principle, and as an evident and visible sign of Divine justice."

A Nantucket whaling vessel has discovered a new island in the South Pacific Ocean. It is situated about 250 miles south of Desolation Island, and the ship which encountered it took from it, in less than a week's time, 400 barrels of sea elephant oil. Two other ships are said to be now in course of preparation to return thither for the purpose of profiting by this valuable discovery.

A curious law question has arisen in London. A man proposed to a lady, was accepted, but not fulfilling his promise, is now prosecuted. It turns out, however, that he had a wife, and couldn't marry, although "Barkis was willin'." The question therefore arises, "what damage does a lady sustain in not being married to a married man?"

The statement that Marshal Radetzky is the oldest general in Europe is contradicted. That distinction is claimed by General Despeaux, of the French service, aged 94, who entered in the army in 1776, was appointed general of brigade in 1793, and general of divison in the following year; so that he is a general of 61 years' standing, while Marshal Radetzky, aged 89, is only of 50 years' standing.

A gentleman, recently from Europe, tells the following story:—"Mons. ———, of Paris, who is not an imperialist, had a fine but very savage dog, which he named Sevastopol. On being asked the reason for giving his dog such a singular name, replied, 'Because it can't be taken.' Whereupon the owner of the dog was promptly arrested for his disloyal belief." This is as bad as the times of the old French regime, when *Lettres du Cachet* were in fashion.

By the last advices from the Sandwich Islands we learn that the legislature has reduced the duty on French brandies, thus clearing the way for a re-arrangement of the treaty with France, and that a treaty, establishing reciprocal free trade in all products of the Sandwich Islands and the United States, has just been concluded. The island of New Caledonia, in the Pacific, has been formally declared part of the colonial domain of the French empire.

A shoemaker of Middleton, England, lately undertook, for a small wager, to wheel a barrow to the West Pits Colliery, a distance of eleven miles, and back again, with a weight of not less than two cwt. of coals, which feat he accomplished in twelve hours. He started at five in the morning, and returned about four or half past four in the afternoon, having travelled twenty-two miles of hilly road, one-half of which he was wheeling a weight of seventeen and a half stone. He seemed to accomplish his task with great ease.

Foreign Items.

There have recently been placed in the Paris exhibition live fish, salmon, eels and trout, which are the result of artificial fecundation.

The Moniteur estimates the French killed and wounded in the final assault upon Sebastopol at 7000, while military men at Paris count it 10,000 at least.

M. Poitevin, the æronaut, recently made an ascent at Marseilles in the presence of 200,000 persons. His wife made a descent in a parachute very successfully.

Racing in old England is growing out of date among the respectable classes, and the nobility are now patronizing regattas, boat rowing, etc.

Messrs. Longman make the following announcements:—Mr. Macaulay's continuation of the "History of England" is in the printer's hands, and will be published before Christmas.

During Queen Victoria's stay in Paris, the jewellers admit they sold more than during the whole year 1854. It is estimated that the seven hundred thousand visitors spent at least three millions of dollars in ten days.

The Emperor of Austria has congratulated Queen Victoria and Louis Napoleon on the success of the allies, and in all probability, to carry out his attempt to sit on three stools, will offer his sympathy to the Russian emperor.

A letter from Florence in a London paper gives terrible accounts of the ravages of the cholera. It is asserted that *eleven thousand* persons were carried off by the disease during the month of August. The population of the city, which usually averages one hundred thousand, was thinned down to sixty thousand.

Nesselrode asserts, over his own signature, that the Turks have lost in the present war 160,000 men, the French 40,000, and the English 30,000. A Russian official statement some time since admitted their own loss at 200,000, and five hundred thousand will not probably cover the total.

Leonard Maelzel, inventor of the metronome, automaton chess player, and panharmonica (composed of forty-two automaton musicians, which executed all the great musical scores, especially Mozart's Don Giovanni, Gluck's Iphigenie en Aulide, and Spontini's Vestale), died on the 7th September, in Vienna, aged 79. He was born in Ratisbon, in 1776.

Sands of Gold.

.... He who submits to follow, is not made to precede.—*Fuseli.*

.... There will be no more great statesmen; there will be only men more or less linked to events.—*Balzac.*

.... Things came to Raffaelle and Shakspeare; Michael Angelo and Milton came to things.—*Fuseli.*

.... Bid that welcome which comes to punish us, and we punish it, seeming to bear it lightly.—*Shakspeare.*

.. Shakspeare is to Sophocles what the incessant flashes of a tempestuous night are to daylight.—*Fuseli.*

.... If, under all circumstances, a man does not go round facts or ideas, to examine them under their various aspects, this man is incomplete, feeble, and in danger of perishing.—*Balzac.*

.... For the credit of virtue it must be admitted that the greatest evils which befall mankind are caused by their crimes.—*La Rochefoucauld.*

.... Oft, what seems a trifle, a mere nothing, by itself, in some nice situations, turns the scale of fate, and rules the most important actions.—*Thomson.*

.... Deference often shrinks and withers as much upon the approach of intimacy, as the sensitive plant does upon the touch of one's finger.—*Shenstone.*

.... The thing in the world I am most afraid of is fear; and with good reason, that passion alone, in the trouble of it, exceeding all other accidents.—*Montaigne.*

.... The sadness engendered by the overthrow of all our hopes is a malady, and often causes death. It will not be one of the slightest occupations of our present physiology to seek by what ways and means a thought succeeds in producing the same disorganization as a poison.—*Balzac.*

.... By the disposition of a stupendous wisdom, moulding together the great mysterious incorporation of the human race, the whole, at one time, is never old, or middle-aged, or young; but in a condition of unchangeable constancy, moves on through the varied tenor of perpetual decay, fall, renovation, and progression. —*Burke.*

Joker's Budget.

A wag thus eulogizes his musical attainments:—"I know two tunes, the one is Auld Lang Syne, and the other isn't—I always sing the latter."

A man advertises for "competent persons to undertake the sale of a new medicine," and adds that it will be profitable for the *undertaker.*

Wendell Holmes, being told of an immense land slide, said he doubted the truth of the announcement, because there was no *ground* for the report.

A young thief, who was charged with picking pockets, demurred to the indictment, because he had never 'zactly picked them, he always took them as they came.

"They say you are rather fond of a glass of wine occasionally," said Neal Dow, to a jolly acquaintance. "That's slanderous and unjust," was the reply; "they should say a bottle."

Man, says the anatomist, changes entirely every seven years; "therefore," says Jones, "my tailor should not ask me for the bill I contracted in 1848—I am not the same person—hence I owe him nothing."

Cause and Effect.—Two gentlemen happening to meet, the one observed: "So our friend ———, the attorney, is dead." "Yes, and I hear he left very few *effects.*" "It could not be otherwise; he had very few *causes.*"

An imaginative Irishman gave utterance to this lamentation: "I returned to the halls of my fathers by night, and I found them in ruins! I cried aloud, 'My fathers, where are they?' and echo responded, 'Is that you, Pathrick McGlathery?'"

A gentleman of the bar in Ireland, walking one day with a friend, who was extremely precise in pronunciation, the latter hearing a person near him say "curosity" for "curiosity," exclaimed: "How that feller *murders* the English language!" "It isn't murder it is mayhem," said the other; "he has only knocked an *I* out."

NOTICE TO ADVERTISERS.—*One page only of this paper is devoted to advertisements.* The immense circulation of the PICTORIAL (being *over one hundred thousand copies weekly*) forms a vehicle of advertisement that is rarely offered to the public. Another fact which greatly enhances the value of the PICTORIAL as an advertising medium is, that it is *preserved*, and not destroyed after being read, being regularly bound up every six months, so that each advertisement (all being placed on the *inside* of the paper) becomes a *permanent card of the advertiser's business for years to come.*

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THE undersigned, having made arrangements with the Publishers, offer to furnish any two of the following publications for $3, being a discount of *twenty-five per cent.* from the price per single copy:

BOSTON—The American Union, the Olive Branch, the Weekly Traveller, the Weekly Telegraph, the True Flag, the Star Spangled Banner, the Yankee Privateer, American Patriot, Ladies' Enterprise, the Weekly Journal, and the American Weekly Bee.

NEW YORK—The Scientific American, Journal, and the Weekly Tribune.

ROCHESTER, New York—Moore's Rural New Yorker.

PHILADELPHIA—Saturday Evening Post, McMakin's Weekly Courier, Peterson's Ladies' National Magazine, and Arthur's Home Magazine.

Also, either of the above, and one copy of either of the following $3 Magazines for $3 50.

PHILADELPHIA—Godey's Lady's Book, Graham's Magazine.

NEW YORK—Harper's New Monthly.

Any two of the $3 Monthlies for $4.

Any one of the Monthlies and two of the Weeklies for $5.

Any two of the Monthlies and one of the Weeklies for $5 50.

Any one of the Weeklies and either of the following $1 publications—Forrester's Boys' and Girls' Magazine, the (Monthly) Schoolmate, the Phrenological Journal, the Water Cure Journal—for $2 25.

Also, Ballou's Weekly Pictorial Drawing-Room Companion, and either of the $2 Weeklies for $3 75, or the Pictorial and one of the Monthlies for $4 25.

Publications will be sent to different addresses, and to different post-offices, if desired by those getting up the clubs, and additions to clubs of single subscriptions will be taken at club rates, viz., $2 for the Monthlies, $1 50 for the Weeklies.

Single subscriptions received for the Magazines at $3—and for the papers at $2 per annum—$1 for six months.

We warrant the reception regularly of all publications subscribed for to us.

N. B. All publications will be forwarded from the different offices of publication.

Terms—Cash in advance.

Postage Stamps may be sent for fractional parts of a dollar.

Specimen copies of any of the papers on our list sent, if requested

All publications discontinued at the expiration of the time paid for.

Postmasters and others are respectfully requested to act as Agents. Address

E. A. NORRIS & Co.,
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—THE—

PIONEER CLOTHING HOUSE,

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GENTLEMEN'S, YOUTH'S, AND LITTLE CHILDREN'S

CLOTHING, FURNISHING GOODS,

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This House, which fully sustains its enviable position, is daily receiving large supplies of recently manufactured

SEASONABLE CLOTHING.

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Parents are reminded that the spacious rotunda is devoted to the sale of

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Nos. 28, 30, 32, 34, 36 and 38 NORTH STREET,
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LYON'S KATHAIRON.

THE Ladies have proclaimed this article to be, by far, the cleanest and most delightful preparation ever used; and from their verdict in such matters there is no appeal. Their decision is certainly well grounded, for its wonderful efficacy in restoring, preserving and beautifying the hair; cleansing it from dandruff and all other impurities; curing nervous headache, etc.; together with its delightful perfume, and its perfect cleanness and delicacy (the results of the great care taken in its preparation), have made it the most universally popular article of the kind in the world. Still sold by all respectable dealers for only 25 cents. Be sure and ask for LYON'S KATHAIRON, to avoid valueless imitations.

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PRINTERS, LITHOGRAPHERS, ENGRAVERS,

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Work, from either TYPE, STONE, or COPPER PLATE, executed at the shortest notice, and on reasonable terms, and in a style unsurpassed. Manufacturers will find this the best place to obtain PLAIN and FANCY LABELS. COPPER PLATE CARDS engraved and printed in a superb manner. They would call particular attention at this season to the new style of FANCY BALL PAPER and CARDS, imported expressly for them, which they will be happy to print in their superior styles, or sell to the trade. 4t nov 3

IF you want employment, send at once for Mr. SEARS' CIRCULAR TO BOOK AGENTS. Our publications are considered among the most saleable. Address ROBERT SEARS, Publisher, 181 William St., New York. 4t n 3

WANTED!

THE subscriber wishes to employ an agent in each town and city of the Union, to engage in a very profitable business. Only $5 capital required, and anything like an efficient agent can make from $3 to $10 per day. All information will be given by addressing

oct 27 4t H. E. GRAVES, Westboro', Mass.

DUSSELDORF GALLERY, 497 BROADWAY, NEW YORK. The BEST gallery of Paintings now on exhibition on this continent. Open Daily—single admission 25 cents; season tickets, 50 cents. 2t nov 10

HOLLOWAY'S OINTMENT is invaluable for the cure of bad legs, bad breasts, sores and wounds even of thirty years' standing; cases that have been long considered as past all cure readily yield to its wonderful efficiency. nov 10

FIRST PREMIUM MELODEONS.

THE VERY BEST NOW MANUFACTURED.

S. D. & H. W. SMITH

RESPECTFULLY call the attention of the public to their IMPROVED MELODEONS, constantly on exhibition at their Warerooms,

No. 417 WASHINGTON STREET.

By means of a new method of *voicing*, known only to themselves, they have succeeded in removing the harsh and buzzing sound which formerly characterized the instrument, and rendering the tones full, clear and organ-like. The action is prompt and reliable, enabling the performer to execute the most rapid music without *blurring* the tones. The swell is arranged to give great expression.

The manufacturers received the First Premium over all competitors, at the Fair of the Massachusetts Charitable Mechanic Association; also, at the Metropolitan Mechanics' Fair, held at Washington, D. C.

For the Parlor, Instruments are furnished at prices varying from $45 to $150.

Larger Instruments, with two banks of keys, for small churches and chapels, $200.

This last instrument, known as the ORGAN HARMONIUM, has been essentially improved by Messrs. Smith, and they have secured a patent therefor.

Persons who wish to hire Melodeons with a view of purchasing at the end of the year, can have the rent credited as part payment of the purchase money. tf sept 29

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IMPORTERS and Wholesale and Retail Dealers in Watches, Jewelry, Military and Fancy Goods, offer for sale to the Trade, and at retail, a large and extensive assortment of goods, consisting in part of the following: Fine London and Geneva Watches and Clocks, Sheffield, and Birmingham Fine Plated Wares, Bronzes, Parian Ware, Fancy Goods and curiosities. Also, a great variety of Rich Silver Goods and Fine Jewelry. *Sign of the Golden Eagle.* e 8

[ESTABLISHED IN 1780.]

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W. BAKER & Co.'s

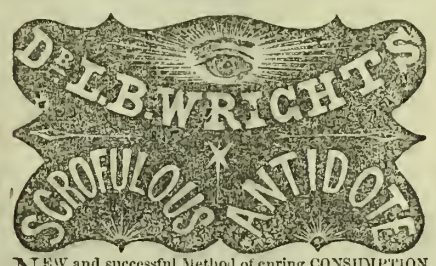
Leaf, Flower and Fruit of the Cocoa, with a pod opened.

American, French, Homœopathic and Vanilla Chocolate; Prepared Cocoa; Broma; Cocoa Paste; Cocoa Sticks; Soluble, Homœopathic and Dietetic Cocoa; Cocoa Shells; Cracked Cocoa, etc., etc.

These articles are an excellent diet for children, invalids and persons in health. They allay rather than induce the nervous excitement attendant upon the use of tea or coffee, and are recommended by Drs. Warren, Jackson, Hayward, Ware and Adams, of Boston, and by other eminent physicians elsewhere.

For sale by all the principal Grocers in the United States, and by their agents, D. C. Murray, New York, Grant & Twells, Philadelphia, T. V. Brundige, Baltimore, Kennett & Dudley, Cincinnati.

oct 6 tf WALTER BAKER & Co., DORCHESTER, MASS.



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DR. H. E. MORRILL, a skilful physician of New York city, in his remarks on Dyspepsia, says—The most effectual medicine to improve the tone and energy of the stomach, is that prepared by Dr. GEO. B GREEN, and called the OXYGENATED BITTERS.

I would publish the recipe for preparing this valuable medicine, if I knew what it was, but as I do not, I can only recommend its use.

Its astonishing success in obstinate cases of DYSPEPSIA, ASTHMA, and GENERAL DEBILITY OF THE SYSTEM, places it among the most wonderful discoveries in medical science, and has given it a reputation far beyond any remedy known for these complaints, in all their various forms.

The OXYGENATED BITTERS contain nothing which can intoxicate; and the medicine has no similarity whatever to the various alcoholic mixtures, disguised as "Bitters," being purely a medicinal compound, in which are combined the most valuable remedial agents, and a peculiar oxygenated property hitherto unknown. It is a mild and agreeable tonic, removing all disagreeable symptoms, and assisting nature in her efforts to restore the impaired powers of the system. Numerous letters are in possession of the proprietors, from those who have been cured or greatly benefited by this medicine.

SETH W. FOWLE & Co., 138 Washington St., Boston, Proprietors. Sold by their agents everywhere. 6t oct 13

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A DOMESTIC STORY.

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M. M. BALLOU, { CORNER OF TREMONT AND BROMFIELD STS. BOSTON, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 17, 1855. $3,00 PER ANNUM. 6 CENTS SINGLE. } VOL. IX., No. 20.—WHOLE No. 228.

STATE OF TEXAS.

The fine picture on this page was drawn expressly for us by Billings, and exhibits the usual grace and felicity of his pencil. The device of the State arms is a "lone star." On one side of the picture is seen an Indian on horseback shooting a buffalo, and on the other a train of settlers, both characteristic of the State. The original inhabitants of this region were among the fiercest and most warlike tribes encountered by the Spanish adventurers. Prior to 1690, there was a small French colony here, but they were driven out by the Spaniards. In 1810, the North American provinces of Mexico revolted against the Spanish crown. The settlers of Texas, a large majority of whom were from the United States, weary of the constant revolutions of Mexico, asserted their independence, and finally achieved it by the battle of San Jacinto in 1836, in which a handful of Texan riflemen defeated a vastly superior force, commanded by General Santa Anna, the "Napoleon of the southwest." In 1845, Texas was annexed to the United States, and admitted into the Union. The State is of irregular form, and embraces an area of about 237,320 square miles. The existing constitution of the State is wise and liberal. A constitutional provision provides for the support of public schools, and Texas has many respectable educational institutions. The revenues of the State are estimated at $110,000, and the average annual expenditures at $100,000. The surface varies greatly, being very mountainous in the west, and sloping down towards the seacoast. A large part of the area is exceedingly fertile and productive. The prairie region is, perhaps, the richest. The State is well wooded throughout, its sylva embracing oak, hickory, elm, walnut, sycamore, cedar, pine, etc. Fruits, including some of the choicest fruits of the tropics, and every variety of vegetable, are easily raised. The great staple is cotton. Grain crops thrive well. Rice and tobacco are cultivated, as well as the sugar cane. Indigo, vanilla and various medicinal shrubs are among the natural productions. The noblest river of the State is the Rio Grande, 1800 miles long. The Roman Catholic religion prevails among the descendants of the earlier settlers, but the Catholics are largely outnumbered by other denominations of Christians. The population at the last census was 212,592. The climate is said to be remarkably healthy. The wet and dry seasons constitute the winter and summer; the former lasts from December to March, and the latter comprehending spring, summer and autumn.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE VISCONTI:

—OR,—

BARBARIGO THE STRANGER.

A TALE OF MILAN DURING THE MIDDLE AGES.

BY AUSTIN C. BURDICK.

CHAPTER I.

THE FIRST SHADOW.

TOWARDS the middle of the fourteenth century, Milan stood at the head of the cities of Northern Italy. It had become the centre, or capital, of Lombardy, and held sway over sixteen cities which had before been independent republics. For many years there had been strife and discord in Milan over the ducal throne, and this had been mostly confined to two houses—the Visconti and the Della Torra; but the Visconti now ruled, and the power of that house was so firmly established that the rest of the nobles, save the Della Torra, gave in their allegiance. Barnabas Visconti wore the ducal crown, and his power was gradually extending on all hands, his house having planted its rulers even upon the confines of Tuscany. He laughed to scorn now all opposition, and stood proudly up among the great ones of earth, respected by many, and feared by the rest.

The last rays of the setting sun were gilding the domes and spires of Milan, and an hundred golden crosses were flashing back the dazzling beams, when within one of the chambers of the ducal palace stood a man with whom we have much to do. He was a tall, stout man, broad and muscular in his build, and with a head such as could only belong to a remarkable man. His hair was thick, and would have curled, had the straggling locks been gathered up, but now they twisted about his brow and temples, not unlike bent and crumpled quills. The hair was mostly black, though here and there a line of silver was perceptible. The beard, which was unshaved, curled closely about the cheeks and chin, while the moustache was the only thing that seemed to be arranged with any sort of regard to neatness and taste. His brow was broad and heavy, his eyes black and deep, his cheek bones prominent, his nose large and full, and his lips, though somewhat thick, were yet so closely compressed that they seemed hard and thin.

The man's dress consisted of a pair of hose of buff velvet, a short doublet of purple, and over this was a broad mantle of the most gaudy crimson. About the neck he wore a chain of gold so massive that it seemed almost a burden, and upon the end of this chain depended a broad, heavy seal, bearing the arms of the old kings of Lombardy. This regal seal he generally carried in his hand when engaged in thought or perplexing conjecture. His sword, which hung by a wide band of gold from a belt of crimson stuff, was long and heavy, with a hilt of jewelled gold.

Such was Barnabas Visconti, the Duke of Milan. By hereditary right, he was a prince, and though no duchy had been formally established, yet the proud and victorious noble claimed the title, and had it recognized.

The chamber wherein the duke stood was broad and lofty, and sumptuously furnished. He had been walking up and down the apartment, but he at length stopped and laid his hand upon the heavy crimson arras which hung upon one end of the place, and beyond which there had been the hum of female voices.

[SEE ENGRAVING.]

The duke's face wore a dark frown, and his hand clutched the broad seal with more than usual force and expression. He listened a few moments more, and then he raised the arras and passed through to the apartment beyond, where sat two females. The eldest of these was Silvia Visconti, the wife of the duke. She was a noble-looking woman, somewhere about eight-and-forty years of age, and still beautiful and lovely. Her hair was still black and glossy, her eyes still bright and full, and her face still fresh and fair. Age had only served to give tone and character to a countenance which must in early youth have been an index to a light, joyous and thoughtless soul. She was all gentleness and goodness, and generally meek and forbearing with those she loved. But she could be roused, for she possessed a firm will, and a good degree of courage. Silvia was a widow when the duke made her his wife, her first husband having been a prince of Verona.

The second female was not over twenty years of age, and the striking likeness she bore to the duchess would at once point her out as a child of Silvia. And so she was, though the duke was not her father. She was the daughter of the first husband. She was tall—taller than most girls of her age,—but yet so admirably proportioned that the artist could not have given in the tenth part of an inch of her stature for fear of spoiling a bust which was now perfect. She was in truth a noble-looking woman, and as beautiful as she was noble. Her raven hair, which grew in gentle waves, was only confined behind by a wreath of flowers, and her dress, which was of white silk, was without ornament, save the broad, crimson girdle which encircled her waist. There was pride in her handsome face, but nothing of haughtiness. Love and truth beamed there, and affection had set its seal upon her. She lived for those who loved her, and found joy only while all whom she loved were happy. The duke loved her as though she were his own child, and made her bear his own name. Yet that love was not such as makes a gentle heart bound with joyousness, for it was formal and exacting. It came from a bosom of iron, which only the most deep emotions could move. The duke could love as deeply as any man, but love had no power to soften his wrath when once aroused.

Both the duchess and her child started when they saw the duke enter, and an expression of fear stood upon their faces. Visconti gazed upon them a few moments in silence with a look of doubt, and when he spoke his tone was one of anxious inquiry.

"Signora," he said to his wife, "I have not been playing the eavesdropper, but yet I heard a few words just now which have filled me with apprehension. You were speaking to Julia of Francesco Della Torre, were you not?"

"I was, signor," replied the duchess, revealing her effort to appear calm.

"And what were you saying?"

"Surely, signor, you would not pry into all our private conversation."

"Not such as is safe to remain private; but concerning a child of the house of Della Torre, there can be no privacy between you and me. I came into yonder room on my way to the hall, and there I stopped to think a while upon this matter which has just turned up from the interference of the Pope of Rome in my affairs. I heard your voice, and I heard Julia's in answer—or her voice, and yours in answer—and the words were strange. They fell with a startling jar upon my ear. But I may have misunderstood. You spoke of the young marquis, Francesco Della Torre. What was't you said?"

"Let Julia retire, signor, and I will tell you all."

"Not so, signora; Julia is interested—so she shall remain. Now what was't you said?"

BARNABAS VISCONTI, DUKE OF MILAN.

It was some moments before the duchess answered. She gazed into Julia's face, and found the tears already gathering in her eyes, and she felt her own heart beating tumultuously; but she strove to gather her composure, and at length, in tremulous accents, she said:

"You know, my lord, how truly and fondly Francesca loves our gentle Julia."

"Ay. Go on," uttered the duke, while the cloud upon his brow deepened.

"And you know how fondly Julia loves him in return. They have been intimate from childhood. Even while Julia was but a prattling babe, Francesco, then a stout boy, used to laugh and play with her, and as years passed on, and their understanding grew, they learned to love with a love more fervent and deep. A few years ago, before you took me from my home in Verona, the youthful marquis was our constant companion, and he and Julia lived in each other's love. He asked me then if he might have my child for his own wife. I knew that he was noble and virtuous, true and generous, and that his love was as pure as heaven itself. I knew, too, that my child loved him with the whole ardor and strength of her virgin soul, and I told him that when a few more years should have passed away—when Julia should have become more firm in physical and mental life—he should ask me again and I would not say to him nay, if both their loves were still the same. Those years have passed—the maiden has grown to be a noble woman—and Francesco Della Torre has asked me if I remembered my promise."

"Has he been here?" asked the duke, sternly.

"He has. He came yesterday."

"While I was away?"

"Yes—you chanced to be away; but he knew it not when he came."

"And he asked you for your daughter's hand the second time?"

"He did."

"And your answer?"

"I told him that he had my consent fully and freely."

"Did he ask concerning me?" the duke asked, in a low, hoarse whisper.

"He did."

"And what said you?"

"He feared you would not give your consent; but I told him that I did not think you would claim such power over the heart of my child as to plunge her into wo and agony."

"Ha!—you did?"

And as the duke thus uttered, he started across the room with long, quick strides. The right hand clutched the regal seal convulsively, while the left rested with a nervous grasp upon his sword-hilt. His brow was black as night, and his lips were compressed more tightly than was their wont.

The duchess and Julia gazed upon him with fearful looks, for they saw the storm that was gathering. They knew his proud spirit, and they had some idea of the hatred which he bore the house of Della Torre. At length he stopped in front of his wife, and gazed sternly into her face. His voice was low and deep, and carried the most deadly hatred in its tones.

"Signora," he said, "that you should have admitted the marquis to your house ere you became my wife, is no wonder, for he is smooth of speech, and a brave cavalier, I must admit. But that you should have done so now surprises me. Do you not know that the Della Torra have ever been the enemies of our house? Ever since the first dawn of earth's light beamed upon my vision, the Della Torra have been trying to crush our family; but God has given us the victory. Between the Visconti and that house there is a hatred so deep and deadly that even imps would not dare to cross it. And now you would have me give one of the things I love best on earth to a scion of that house! By the most holy powers of heaven, before I would do that thing I would see everything on earth that ever bare love for me laid low and cold in the grave! You understand me now."

"But, my lord," gasped the duchess, "the young marquis has never engaged in any of these broils, and I know he favors your house."

"Favors my house?" uttered the duke, ironically.

"Yes—I know he does."

"And he has reason," resumed Visconti, casting a meaning glance upon Julia.

"You mistake, my lord. Even before you took me to your home, Francesco told me that his sympathies were all with the Visconti. You had gained the ducal power, and he said it belonged to you."

"And yet his own father aspired to the coronet."

"I know he did, signor; but Francesco never hoped to see him win it."

"Why so?"

"Because he said his father was in no way fit for the office."

"By my soul, the youth spoke the truth then; but that matters not. He is a Della Torre, and that is enough. My clown's dog is a noble fellow, and cringes at my feet, and has even been taught to bark and growl at the Della Torra; but he is, nevertheless, a dog. No, signora,—Francesco Della Torre shall die by my own hand ere he weds with a member of my family! I am not wont to be harsh with those I love, but—but—when one of my most deadly enemies comes for my jewels, he must see me dead ere he takes them away. Julia, I will find you a husband more worthy of your hand. A dozen of our most wealthy nobles have already asked me for your sweet person. Santa Marie! what a thing to put before the world! A Della Torre carrying off our daughter, while a score of my own true nobles are asking for the boon! Let me hear no more of it."

"One word, my lord," urged the duchess, clasping her hands beseechingly together, and raising them towards him. "Will you see the marquis once, alone? Will you probe him, and judge of him without preconceived enmity or offence? Would you but do this—"

"Stop, signora. You ask me to do that which would not only be useless, but which might lead to worse consequences. I know already, and have even so admitted, that the marquis is brave and generous; but that is nothing to me. Yesterday I saw a black man—as black as the surface of my boot. He may have had a heart as brave and true as my own; but do you think I would have *probed* him for a mate to my child. Out upon the thought of such an alliance! Let me have no more of it."

"Then farewell life!" burst faintly from Julia's lips, as she sank forward upon her mother's bosom.

"No, no," returned the duke. "We have plenty of brave nobles who shall bring you joy."

"I want—"

Julia would have spoken further, but a quick, fearful motion from her mother prevented her.

"What think you of the noble Count of Monza, Marco Loredano?" continued Visconti. "Where will you find a truer man, or more brave and noble?"

Again Julia would have spoken hastily, but her mother silently

forbade her, and without another word, the duke left the' partment. He considered that he had said enough, and that he was fully understood; and he did not dream that there could be a thought of disobedience to his mandates beneath his own roof.

It was sometime after the duke had left before either of the females spoke a word. Julia seemed much troubled, and yet there was an expression of firm determination upon her face, which stood out above all fear. The truth was, she did not fully realize how much power the duke had over her, nor could she yet fully comprehend the nature of that deadly hatred which existed between the Visconti and the Della Torra. She did not know how deep a proud man's hate could be, nor did she dream how roughly that hate could ride over the affections of the soul.

"Mother," she said, "the duke spoke of Marco Loredano. Do you think he would like to have me marry with that man?"

"Very likely," the duchess replied, without looking up. "He seems determined that you shall not wed with Francesco."

"But I *shall* wed with Francesco," the maiden returned, with firmness and decision.

Donna Silvia started as she heard this remark, and she fixed upon her daughter a look of more than ordinary anxiety.

"Ah, Julia," she uttered, with a dubious shake of the head, "I fear you do not fully realize the duke's power."

"But what power can he have over me? He is your husband, I know, but he is not my father."

"By law he is, my child."

"But he has no right to—"

"Stop, Julia. You forget that he is ruler here in Milan. I fear he can do as he pleases."

"Do you mean that he can prevent me from marrying with Francesco?"

"He can, most assuredly, if he pleases; for he has all the power. But let us hope that he may relent."

"Let him relent or not, as he pleases. He shall find me one who is not easily to be forced into my own misery. My word to Francesco is given, and I will not recall it. By my hopes of heaven, I will never submit to have my soul bartered away at the will of mere hate and revenge—never!"

The duchess saw how earnest her daughter was, and she said no more. Yet she dreaded the consequences of Julia's resistance to the duke's will, for she knew how terrible that will could be.

CHAPTER II.

PLOTTING FOR A LIFE.

Barnabas Visconti was not a man who would have willingly played the spy upon those in his own dwelling, but he could not well avoid hearing some of the remarks which Julia made after he left her. His first movement, after having gone from the apartment where the duchess and her child sat, was to proceed to his library, where he deposited some papers which he had with him, and after this he turned his steps again towards the hall, in doing which he passed through the same apartment where we first found him. He heard Julia's voice, firm and distinct, and he stopped to listen. "But I *shall* wed with Francesco," he heard her say. His first impulse was to confront her, but he restrained his passion, and remained still. Again Julia spoke, and her words were still firm and defiant. The duke heard her through, and then he went to one of his own private rooms.

"By the saints!" he muttered to himself, after he had gained the apartment, where he sometimes received his private messengers, and where none intruded without his bidding, "this thing may prove more troublesome than I was willing to think. The girl is stubborn—too stubborn by all means. By my soul, but this will never do. I can handle men with ease, but to take in hand a beautiful maiden like her is more than I wish to undertake if I can avoid it. And yet she shall not wed with a Della Torre. Both she and I shall bite the dust first!"

After this the duke walked up and down his apartment for some minutes in a nervous, anxious mood. At length he stopped and touched a cord which hung near him, and in a few moments more a boy entered. He was a small, black-eyed, intelligent-looking fellow, not over fourteen years of age, and as beautiful as a girl.

"Lorenzo," spoke the duke, "is Marco Loredano in the palace?"

"I'll go and see, signor."

"Do so; and if you find him send him up to me."

The boy withdrew, and the duke went on talking with himself:

"I must have help in this matter," he muttered; "and it must be attended to at once." His hands were clasped, and his brow was black as night. He went on muttering, but his words were only half uttered and incoherent, without connection or sequence.

Ere long the boy returned, and announced that Loredano was not in the palace.

"Then send Father Andrea up."

Again the boy withdrew, and shortly afterwards the door of the apartment was opened, and a Franciscan friar made his appearance. He was a strange looking man, at least, for one to be familiar with the duke. He was short—very short—and very fat, with a greasy, oily look, which was repulsive to a sensitive person who beheld him for the first time. In years, he was not far from fifty, though his face gave no clue to his age, for that face was mere blubber in substance, and either the skin was of a most strange color, or else there was a goodly quantity of dirt upon it. At the jaws was the greatest breadth, as though all the fat of the cheeks hung down there, as jelly hangs in a half-empty bag; while from them upward his head arose in a sort of conic form, the brow sloping backward, and all forming a peak at the point where phrenologists have located firmness. His eyes were of a reddish gray, small and deep set, and his hair a crisp, coarse, mottled brown. His dress was of the usual coarse brown stuff, belonging to his order, and filthy in the extreme.

Such was Father Andrea, and if the reader wonders why the Duke of Milan should be intimate with such a thing, we can only reply, that the Franciscan was a wily, shrewd person, reckless of consequence, hampered by no conscience, intimate with all the affairs of the church and state, a handy spy, a willing tool when money was promised, a proficient in the use of the dagger or the more secret course of subtle poison; and, in short, just such a man as would do work which an ambitious prince among enemies might have to do, and which no decent man would descend to. Few persons knew so much of Visconti's private affairs as the friar.

"Father Andrea," commenced the duke, as soon as the monk was seated; for the fellow would not stand when he could help it, "I have a matter of moment on my hands, and I may want your assistance."

"You know I am on hand, signor," replied the monk; "only don't put any hard work on me now."

"It is not hard; and there may be nothing for you to do."

"And what is it?"

"You know Francesco Della Torre?"

"Perfectly, signor."

"And you know my wife's pretty daughter, Julia?"

"I have seen her."

"Well, it seems that before I married Donna Silvia, the hand of the girl was pledged to this young marquis of the Della Torra; and now the maiden swears she will marry him."

MARCO LOREDANO, COUNT OF MONZA.

"What!" uttered the friar, in real surprise, "a member of the house of the Visconti marry with a Della Torre! By my faith, when that comes to pass then shall the wolf come calmly to the sheep-fold, and mate honestly with the young yew! But the girl is not in her senses."

"No—she's in love."

"Ha, ha, ha! and so the wit's out," laughed the friar, coarsely. "But," he added, seriously, "do you mean that the girl would really do this thing? Does she not know of the deadly feud that exists between the two houses? Does she not know that—that—Why, the thing is too absurd, even, for supposition. A Visconti wed with a Della Torre! Impossible! Why, the very thing would shake the duchy to atoms."

"But you must remember one thing, father. Just remember that the girl has no sympathy in this hatred. Brought up in a distant city, by a careful, peace-loving mother, she has known but little of the outer world about her. She was acquainted with Francesco even in childhood, and their love is a thing of life-long growth. When I told her that she could not marry with him, she was first puzzled, then astonished, then pained; and finally she grew angry, and after I had gone she swore she would marry with him whether I willed it or not. Of course I can prevent such a thing by exercising my authority over the girl, but I don't like the work, for I know 'twill only produce a bone of discord that must make misery, and misery only, between me and mine. I love my wife too well to willingly let in such trouble, if I can avoid it. I know the firm will of Julia, and how hard it would be to conquer her. But—" the duke started back as he spoke, and drew his sword, and his whole frame was convulsed by the emotion of that moment—"sooner than take a cub of the Della Torra to my relationship I'd let out the pure blood of the lovely being with my own hand!"

The friar had seen the duke too often enraged to be much moved by what he now saw, though he could plainly see that there was work of some kind to be done.

"Surely, signor," he said, in a frank tone—or, at least, as frankly as he could speak—for he knew too much to show any of his usual hypocrisy to one who knew him as thoroughly as did Barnabas Visconti, "this thing must be stopped. It seems hardly possible that it can be among the possible things of earth; but yet strange things do sometimes happen. And now, what do you propose?"

"Why," returned the duke, boldly, "since I would not work upon the maiden, I must upon the man. If Francesco Della Torre is removed, the work is accomplished."

"Go on, signor."

"You must help me, sir, in this."

"What will you have done?"

"Let him be given to the Holy Inquisition! You can furnish a complaint easily. Once within those walls, and the world sees him no more."

There was a shade of doubt upon the monk's face.

"Ah, my lord," he said, "the pope already fears your power, and you may find it difficult to do as you could wish with the holy office."

"But 'tis not I who am to do it. You must do it. By the powers of darkness, let Urban send his bulls to me if he dare! I know how he has spoken of the Visconti—and how he would favor our enemies; but enough of that. You can get the marquis under arrest."

"I can, if I try."

"And you must."

"I will help you in some way, signor. Most surely I can have Francesco Della Torre condemned—nothing can be more easy; but there may be an after-clap. Should the thing leak out—and among the numerous friends which the Della Torra have among the priesthood, such an event is highly probable—there might be trouble."

"How so?"

"From the pope."

"That for the pope!" cried the duke, snapping his finger. "I tell you I fear him not. If there are consequences, let them be on my own head. Now hold yourself in readiness, for the thing may need to be done, though it is not settled yet. At any rate, you can be plotting up a complaint, and have the proofs all made out; and then if I find I must use this engine, why, you will be all prepared. Do you not see the force of this?"

"I see it all. You will have this kept in reserve as a last resort."

"Exactly, father; and I would have you ready so that the resort may be of use if needed. I have other tools at hand, but none so secret and sure as this; but hold. Ha, Andrea, how with the branch at St. Donato? By the apostle, our friends are there—*all* are our friends at St. Donato!"

The monk started, and a look of great relief overspread his face.

"As I'm a Christian, I did forget St. Donato," he said. "Ay, they are all safe and sound there. Give me but a complaint from your own hand, and I'll have the marquis incarcerated there as soon as you please. And—let him once be there, and the world sees him no more. 'Tis most strange I should have forgotten St. Donato—and so close at hand, too,—only an hour's ride from here. Why, Bernardo Torquedo is chief inquisitor there—one of your own house."

"Ay, and this thing is settled. To St. Donato the marquis goes as soon as I find it necessary. 'Tis but the lopping off of one poisonous branch to save the honor of my house. You will be at hand, for I know not when this thing may be done."

"I will not fail you." And with these words the Franciscan retired.

Barnabas Visconti was once more alone, and the only feeling that moved him deeply was one of thankfulness at the ready method he had arrived at in disposing of Francesco Della Torre. For many years he had looked upon that house as only a thing in his way, and which he had the right to remove when and how he could. Open, rank war existed between them, for peace had never been made, and at the present moment the Della Torra, with Jacopo at their head, looked upon the ducal crown of Milan as their own by right when they could get it. Visconti knew this, and hence he had no compunctions at removing the dangerous rival.

It was dark now—even well advanced into the evening—and the duke retired to his own cabinet, or library, shortly after the monk had gone, and there he commenced to write. He wrote in the Latin tongue, and the name of Francesco Della Torre appeared upon the instrument.

CHAPTER III.

A PORTENTOUS BEGINNING.

On the morning following the interview between the duke and the monk there was an early visitor at the palace. He found the duke not yet stirring, and having removed his cloak and hat, he

walked out upon one of the broad piazzas which overlooked the garden. He was a well-built man, of medium stature, and dressed neatly and yet gaudily, for his raiment was of the most costly fabric, and wrought deeply with gold and precious stones. His hair was black and curling, his beard of the same color, and neatly trimmed, and his face one of much beauty. So it appeared at first sight; for the features were perfect and regular, and the large dark eyes brilliant and expressive. But yet, upon a closer scrutiny, the careful physiognomist would have detected lines and expressions which at once detracted from the manly beauty of the face. The nose was too long for the upper lip, and the chin had a false prominence given by the neatly arranged beard. The brow, though full and bold, was marble-like and cold, and the whole face had a sort of bloodless expression, as though the blood were cold in his heart, and sent only an icy stream through its life-channels.

Here we have Marco Loredano, the Count of Monza. In years he was not far from five-and-thirty, and he surely presented the appearance of a brave man; though that bravery was more the result of a reckless disregard of personal danger than of any noble conceptions of chivalric duty.

The count had paced up and down the piazza several times, when his attention was arrested by the sound of something moving in the shrubbery near him, and with a natural curiosity he bent forward to see what it was. He quickly saw the drapery of a female dress, but he could see no more, for the thick foliage hid it. Yet his ears soon discovered what his eyes could not. He heard a low voice—he knew 'twas Julia Visconti's. Then he heard an answer—and he started with a quick, overpowering emotion; for he recognized the deep, full tones of Francesco Della Torre!

[SEE ENGRAVING.]

His first impulse was to spring forward and arrest the intruder; for what could a Della Torre have to do honestly in that place? But upon second thought he restrained himself, for he wished not to appear to disadvantage before Julia. His second impulse was carried out, and that was to hurry away after some of the palace guard and have the marquis arrested.

In the meantime let us follow Julia and her lover. During the night the maiden had contrived to send a trusty messenger to Francesco, and the same messenger had contrived to admit him through one of the private gates this morning. They had taken their way to a bower of vines near the centre of the garden, and here they had seated themselves.

Francesco Della Torre was a tall, well-made young man, and eminently handsome. His hair was very dark, but not black, and his eyes of a deep, bright hazel. His beard was trimmed quite short, so that the outlines of his features could be plainly distinguished. To a mere casual observer, Marco Loredano would have appeared the better looking man, for Francesco's face was pale, and somewhat thin, from study and trouble; but his expression—the soul, the life, of his face, was saintly, compared with the count's. His look was mild, but yet bold and manly, and all the emotions of the heart were written there; and then in physical proportions he was a perfect man. His chest was broad and full, his shoulders square and heavy, and his limbs handsomely rounded and perfectly formed. His garb was plain and substantial, and his only weapon was a sword of curious workmanship, quite long and heavy. It was a true Damascus blade, with a hilt of later make.

"And so evil must still pursue me!" the young marquis said, in a low, sad tone, after Julia had told him of the decision of the duke. "I know not why it is, but misfortune seems to have marked me for her own. Between my father and myself there is no longer any love. He has forbidden me from ever speaking to you again, and I told him at once that I could not obey him. O, why was I born under the roof, and from the loins, of a Della Torre?"

"Say, rather, why was I ever connected with the Visconti?" quickly returned the maiden. "But," she added, resting her head upon her lover's shoulder, "let this all pass, for no power on earth can tear me from you. I will be yours."

"But you will only bind yourself to misery, for how shall we ever live in peace here?"

"We need not live here, Francesco. Let us seek some home where we can live in peace and joy. Let me go where I will, my mother's blessing will go with me."

"Blessed being!" uttered the marquis, pressing the maiden to his bosom; "you will make me hope in spite of all the clouds of earth. Give me only a mountain cave, and a shepherd's crook, and give me yourself and you holy love, and I could ask for no more; but in Milan we cannot live. I know the duke too well to think he would ever let us be in peace here. And yet I cannot blame him, for my father has been ever his enemy, and has even descended to mean and petty annoyances to trouble him."

"Since you have spoken thus, I will say that I have thought the duke a noble, generous man; but he is proud, ambitious, and remorseless. I cannot respect nor love such. We will leave Milan, Francesco; and we need not seek the mountain cave, either. Frederic of Austria is my cousin, and he will shelter us, I know; and with the emperor on our side, what shall we fear. Take courage, my beloved, for I will not desert you now."

Once more the young noble drew the beautiful maiden to his bosom, and while the big tears gathered in his eyes, he said:

"Surely, I should be thankless indeed did I not forget every misfortune in the presence of such a blessing as God has given me in your love. We will leave Milan, and while we joy in being freed from the dangers which here surround us, we will gather from our own love the balm which shall heal all wounds of separation from what in this city we love. When shall we go?"

"When you can make ready?"

"That I can do in a single day."

"Then— Hark! Did you hear that, Francesco?"

"Yes," returned the young man, starting. "It is the sound of feet, and the clang of arms!"

"Jesu have mercy!" articulated the maiden, springing to her feet. "We are detected, most surely. I thought I saw a man upon the piazza as we came along, but I did not— Ha!—'tis the palace guard; and they are coming this way! Follow me—quickly! If they take you here—"

She spoke no more, but with a quick step darted off by a narrow path which led away towards the wall among a group of fig-trees. The marquis followed her, and ere long they were met by a young girl who came hurrying up, with terror and anxiety plainly depicted upon her face. It was Lucetta—Julia's faithful maid—a girl who had lived with Donna Silvia from childhood. She was not over nineteen, and her face at once betrayed a quick, keen wit which even her terror could not hide.

"You have seen them," were her first words, spoken breathlessly, and in a whisper.

"Yes," returned Julia.

"But all is not lost yet," returned Lucetta, gaining assurance now that she saw her loved mistress and the marquis so far safe. "I have the key to the little wicket by the great postern, and there my lord can make his escape. I saw the guard when they came from their quarters, and I heard the duke bid them take the marquis, dead or alive!"

"Ha! Would they then kill me for being here?" uttered Francesco, drawing his trusty sword. "By my soul, I am prepared! But hasten, good Lucetta, for I would have no broil here!"

The faithful maid hurried on; but in order to reach the postern they had to cross one of the main paths, and here they saw, towards the palace, and not many yards distant, four of the duke's guards. The soldiers uttered a quick shout as they saw the marquis, and darted forward.

"In God's name, mercy!" ejaculated Julia, grasping her lover by the arm, and fairly hurrying him on; for he had lagged while calculating the force thus at his heels.

"They cannot capture me," he uttered, confidently, at the same time grasping his sword-hilt with a firmer grip.

In a moment more, Lucetta was at the postern, and the key was in the lock of the wicket.

"Turn the key, and then flee," cried the marquis, "for I must not be taken. The duke fears me, and if I fall into his power now, I am surely lost. I feel it—I know it! There; God bless you both! Now flee. Stop not here!"

"But you—"

"Stop not, Julia. I beg of you—I implore! O, listen to me now!"

Lucetta threw open the wicket, and then catching her mistress by the arm, she hastened away into a narrower path that led up towards the piazza.

"Come," she hurriedly cried. "We can help him no more, but may only prove an impediment in his way."

The noble maid saw that the soldiers were close at hand, and before her mistress could see the same she had dragged her into the path.

Francesco was already at the wicket; but it had closed again, and before he could re-open it, he heard the whizzing of a sword-blade close behind him.

"Stop! stop!" cried a stern voice.

The marquis turned, and found two of the soldiers upon him.

"Back!" he uttered. "I am here for no harm. I came at the call of one who has a right to call. I came peaceably, and now in peace let me go."

"You go not out from here alive, signor. Such is our order. Put up your sword, for you are our prisoner."

"Never!" said the marquis; and as he spoke he drew the small gate partly open behind him. "Beware!" he added, as one of the soldiers darted towards him. "I must go out of this place, and if you attempt to detain me, you do it at your peril!"

But those soldiers were not the men to cower, even before a powerful foe, and they sprang forward. Francesco saw that the other two were coming up, and his resolution was quickly made. With one mighty stroke he felled the foremost man, and then, quick as thought, placed himself on the guard to receive the other, and at the second stroke he dealt the guardsman a blow upon the sword-arm that disabled him at once. Then he threw the wicket open, and darted out just as the other two came up. He felt sure that he had killed one of the fellows, but he could not help it, nor could he stop to assure himself. He ran across the street to a point where a narrow passage opened around the church of St. John, and into this he plunged, with his sword still in his hand. When he came out upon the next street he found himself alone, and slackened his pace. His course towards his father's palace was now direct, and he reached it in safety, and when once there he had a hundred stout men at his will; so he at least had opportunity to reflect upon what had happened, and take breath.

The events of the morning had surely been summary, but they were, nevertheless, strange and important.

CHAPTER IV.

A SEPARATION.

THERE was consternation all through the ducal palace when a dead man was exposed in the great hall, and 'twas known that a Della Torre had done the deed. It was an officer who had been slain—an esquire of the duke's—and hence the subject was rendered more impressive and startling.

"This is sad work," said Father Andrea, speaking lowly to the duke.

"*Sad?*" repeated Visconti, with a deeply burning eye. "By the holy host, 'tis a most glorious thing! What better could I have asked? Had the villain been taken, as we meant, we should have had but little against him; but now his life is forfeited on holy grounds."

"Surely, signor," returned the friar, with a wicked leer, "I should know that as well as you. You cannot see through the covering of a word this morning."

"Ah—you spoke ironically."

"Surely. But now to the point. You have the start now, but beware that you do not trust to your own tribunal; for in this the marquis has in no way been guilty. He came at the call of one who had the right to call, and he slew your esquire in self-defence. And again, should you bring him to trial openly, your daughter would come before the judges in spite of you."

"But I'll sentence him myself, good father. By the saints, I'm ruler here."

"Ay—and though you may condemn the common people, yet you cannot do thus by the nobles of the land. Do not trust your own power in this. Bernardo Torquedo can do it best; for in his holy office no fools are admitted to impede the progress of his will; be wary in this."

"I'll take your word, good Andrea; and now how soon can the marquis be lodged at the office of St. Donato?"

"To-morrow, if I am not mistaken. I'll go to St. Donato to-day, and if Torquedo is there, he shall send his familiars to-morrow night."

"That will answer well; but yet you may take the road at once, and maybe the familiars will do their work this coming night. That would be better."

"You shall be pleased, signor; and I'll away at once."

With these words the friar turned away, and the duke sought his own chamber, where he held communion with himself alone. In the meantime, Julia and her mother were alone in the apartment adjoining the one where we first found them. The duchess was upon a sitting-couch, and Julia was upon her knees at her feet.

"O, mother," the fair girl said, in tones strong and firm, "'tis hard to part with thee; and even now will I be governed by your own wish in this matter."

"I could wish to have thee ever near me, sweet child," the mother replied, winding her arms about the maiden's neck; "but I must not be selfish. Could I even hope that happiness would ever be yours here, I would not give thee up. But such is not the case. I can have no such hope. If you stay here the duke will force upon you one whom you cannot love, and then your life is gone. No! I will not speak the word which my own wish, freed from reason, would dictate. Go—and peace be with you."

"But you shall hear from me often, my mother. I shall be with our noble cousin, and in his despatches, or by his messenger, I will send you word from your child. I would fain spend another week—another day—with you; but you know Francesco cannot be safe here longer. God grant that you may be happy, and in my prayers to that end shall I find much of my own peace."

The duchess turned away her head as her child thus spoke, for she knew that her husband would be angry with her when he found Julia gone, and she felt sure that his vengeance would be wreaked out upon her. Julia did not dream of this. She knew her mother only as a noble, independent woman, and she thought not that any one would dare to do her harm.

"Ah, mother, you are sad now at the thought of separation."

"I am thoughtful, my child."

"But you will not weep when I am gone."

"Only for relief."

Julia sank upon her mother's bosom, and there she remained for some minutes. Then she arose and started slowly across the room. She was thinking deeply, and both her small, white hands were pressed hard upon her brow.

"Mother," she said, at length, stopping before the duchess, and speaking abruptly, "if you love me, speak to me from your heart. Tell me the wish that rests nearest your pure and loving soul. Let me know the thought which your affection gives birth to. You know how fondly I love Francesco. That love was the germ of my earliest childhood—it has grown with my growth, and strengthened with my strength, for I know its object is worthy. "But," and the fair girl threw her arms about her mother's neck, as she added, "there is one who has a prior claim—one who taught me the first lesson of love, and who has been all of love to me from my natal hour to the present. Speak but the word, and my heart shall forget all other loves but its first and its holiest. Francesco shall be only remembered, while my mother—"

"Speak no more, my child," interrupted the duchess, straining the noble girl to her bosom. "Not for the world would I have you leave Francesco now, for he has my promise as well as your own. Go with him, and be to him all you can; and may God's blessing be upon you always."

"You speak truly now?"

"From my heart, my child. Where would be my happiness if you were miserable?—and misery alone waits you here. I know the marquis can be safe no more in Milan, and you should depart together. I have spoken."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

It may be remarked for the comfort of honest poverty, that avarice reigns most in those who have but few good qualities to recommend them. This is a weed that will grow in a barren soil. —*Hughes.*

IRON WORKS,
PEMBROKE, ME.

We present herewith an engraving from an accurate drawing made on the spot for us of these celebrated works. The Pembroke Iron Works are situated on the Pennamagon River, in Washington county, State of Maine, eleven miles from Eastport. Vessels of the largest class can go within half a mile of the works. The reputation of the Pembroke iron stands very high among the machinists and workers of iron, not only in New England, but in other parts of the country where they require and understand the value of good iron. The works are capable of turning out 5000 tons of bar iron of all the different sizes wanted for the market, and 3000 tons nail plate and other plate iron. They also turn out a large quantity of nails, boiler rivets and ship spikes. The rolling mill building is 174 feet front, 240 feet deep, containing ten puddling furnaces and six heating furnaces. The shears (five pair) are located very conveniently, and will cut iron from 1-4 inch round to 2 1-4 inches; all sizes above 2 1-4 inches are sawed off. The works are located where wood is very plenty, and by mixing wood with coal in the puddling furnace, a better quality of iron can be obtained than by any process where coal is used. It is the determination of the managers of these works to sustain the high reputation of the Pembroke iron. Wm. E. Coffin, & Co., 105 State Street, Boston, are the selling agents for the bar iron, nails, rivets, ship spikes and all other articles manufactured by the company. The American manufactures will be able to compete with the English without any further increase of duty, provided we use the same care and economy in looking after the manufacture as they do on the other side of the water.

IRON WORKS AT PEMBROKE, MAINE.

SING SING PRISON, NEW YORK.

The engraving shows the interior of the prison-yard at Sing Sing, New York, with the convicts marching to supper in lock-step. After the abandonment of the solitary system of imprisonment at Auburn, the prison at Sing Sing was erected, under authority of an act of the legislature passed in March, 1824. The work of building was commenced May 14, 1826, and the prison was completed in 1829, with 800 cells. The increase of convicts rendered an addition necessary, and this was completed in 1831. A large building for female convicts was erected to the east of the main prison in 1837. The Mount Pleasant prison at Sing Sing is 33 miles from the city of New York. It is built on the eastern shore of the Hudson, and stands 10 or 12 feet above high water mark. The grounds of the prison comprise 130 acres. The main prison for males is 480 feet long, and 44 wide. The building is 5 stories high, and contains 100 cells in each story. The cells are each 7 feet long, 7 feet high, and 3 1-2 feet wide, well lighted, warmed and ventilated. The space in front of the cells forms a perfect whispering gallery, so that a guard in the area can hear the slightest noise in the remotest cell. Two buildings two stories high and forty feet wide, used as workshops, enclose the western yard, which runs to the water's edge. There are five workshop buildings, and another building which comprises the kitchen, mess-room, chapel and hospital. There are several coopers' shops, and shops attached to the lime-kiln north of the main building. The guard-house is on the height at the east side of the prison and west of the female prison, about 170 feet above the level of the yard. The Hudson River Railroad runs through an arch in the east yard, 60 feet from the main building.

STATE PRISON, AT SING SING, NEW YORK.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

OBLIVION'S TREASURES.

BY FREDERICK J. KEYES.

Oblivion! cease from thy hold awhile,
On the treasures of the past,
If only from them to glean one smile,
Like a beam on life's river cast.
If but from them I might gather a flower,
That from childhood's fingers fell,
When the pleasant dream of a golden hour
Threw around me its magic spell.

Or that further along on life's track,
I might woo a single day,
Or a single hour from its journey back,
In its beauty to charm my way.
From the flight of years—from the chain of time,
From the spell of memory—
From the lonely realms of a silent clime,
To woo it again to me.

To bid it come with the echoes sweet,
That floated once from its song;
And waken a pulse that has stilled its beat
In my youthful heart so long.
But that hour has fled, and its song is hushed,
And its scenes have passed away;
Its melodious lips that are sealed in dust,
Can awake no song to-day.

The flowers that bloomed, and the smiles that shone
Like gems on the spirit's wave—
Are far from the reach of the memory thrown
In oblivion's silent cave.
In vain we wander along the shore,
By its soundless billows washed;
For memory ne'er a pearl shall restore,
From the dead sea of the lost.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

MAKING A VISITOR USEFUL.

BY MRS. CAROLINE ORNE.

"This is too bad," said Julia Ellison. "The heat is absolutely suffocating, and if a breath of air springs up, it brings with it a cloud of dust. I wish I were at Aunt Sheldon's."

"You imagine that you would there find a place exempt from all the discomforts of city life, do you not?" said Julia's mother.

"I should think I might; for, according to the description I have heard given of it, it is a terrestrial paradise. The house, which is elegant, spacious and airy, is surrounded by highly cultivated grounds, while a fifteen minutes' walk will carry you into the midst of a wilderness, where the solitude is unbroken, except by those rural sounds in harmony with the scene. If you will only consent for me to go and spend a month or six weeks there."

"I can think of no particular reason why you should not go, though I don't think your expectations will be fully realized."

"Why? Don't you think it a pleasant place?"

"Yes; I have seen few places which nature and art have done more to render charming. Marks of my late brother's fine taste are everywhere visible."

"I can think of nothing to prevent me from enjoying myself, then. The last time aunt was here, she urged me to make her a good long visit. She always comes and stays with us while she does her year's shopping, which commonly takes her a week, and I don't think it is anything more than fair that we should return some of her visits. I will take some of my drawing materials with me, and you will see what a quantity of sketches I shall make of the fine scenery."

"That is, if you find time," said Mrs. Ellison, with a smile.

"I shall have plenty of time, for I don't intend to take a stitch of sewing with me. You know that you have taught me to keep my wardrobe in such nice order that I can be ready to start on a journey at an hour's warning; so I may as well go in the morning as to wait a week."

Julia forgot the heat of the weather and her own languor in the prospect of so pleasant an excursion, and without delay, commenced packing a large travelling trunk.

"Now if father should put his veto on my going," said she, as the time drew near for Mr. Ellison to come home to supper.

"I don't think that he will offer any objection," said her mother; "but that may soon be decided, for I hear him coming."

"And so you think you can enjoy yourself better with your Aunt Sheldon than with your mother and me," said her father, when Julia had made known to him her wish.

"O, no indeed! but then 'twill be so delightful to be away from the noise, and heat, and dust of the city."

"Well, I will warn you of one thing, and that is, your aunt is one of those thrifty women that don't like to see any one idle. Her husband, when he was alive, took only one newspaper, and it was not often that he could get a chance to read that, for she was sure to hide it away, if she could lay hands on it before he did. 'Twas a dreadful waste of time, she said, to read newspapers."

"But I shall be a visitor, and she wont expect me to work. If she does, I hardly think I shall."

As previously arranged, Julia commenced her journey early in the morning. It was about four o'clock, when she stepped from the cars into a coach, which was to convey her to her Aunt Sheldon's. The distance was about four miles, and when, after a pleasant drive, she saw a large, elegant mansion, situated so far from the road as to be beyond the reach of dust, and surrounded by stately oaks, intermingled with forest trees of almost every species, she knew by the description she had heard given of it that it was the residence of her aunt.

Instead of driving to the head of the avenue which led to the front entrance, the coach stopped at a narrow gravel path which appeared to lead to the back part of the house.

"The woman that lives here keeps the front part of her house locked up," said the coachman, as he deposited her trunk on one side of the path; "but if you go straight ahead a piece, and then turn to your right, you'll find a door you can get in at, I guess."

"But my trunk—wont you carry it to the house for me?"

"Can't stop. You'll find somebody about that you can send for it."

Julia, as directed, went "straight ahead," and as soon as she came to where the path turned, she saw her aunt sitting in the shade of an apple-tree, almost buried amid a heap of something, which, on a nearer approach, she found to be corn husks.

"If here isn't my niece Julia," said she, holding out her hand to her without rising from the low chair in which she was seated, so that Julia was obliged to walk into the pile of husks before she could reach the offered hand. "I am sorting some husks for a mattress—I've been told they make first rate mattresses,—so I thought I would do 'em out here to save littering the house. Did you leave your father and mother well?"

"Quite well, I thank you."

"Doreas," said Mrs. Sheldon, raising her voice, "bring a chair out here, and one of my blue aprons."

The order was promptly obeyed.

"Take the chair and sit down, Julia. Husks are clean dirt, you know, and I've got so near through I may as well finish, for I hate to have anything hanging by the eyelids, as 'twere. Doreas has been helping me, but I sent her in, a few minutes ago, to get supper. I pick out all the soft and pliable husks, and as it's rather dull music to work alone, if your eye should fall on any that you think will do, you can just throw 'em into the pile on my right hand. But you'd better pull your gloves off; maybe that stripping the husks apart will kind o' fray the ends of the fingers if you don't."

"I care more about my hands than my gloves, so I'll keep them on, aunt."

"Well, just tie that apron on; it's a good large one, and will keep the dust off of your clothes."

Julia could not help feeling amused at finding herself so unceremoniously set to work the very minute of her arrival; but seeing that her aunt had planted herself on the spot, not to be beguiled thence, till all the soft and pliant husks were placed at her right hand, she went diligently to work, the more so as, not having dined, her appetite, after a journey of more than a hundred miles, began to be somewhat keen.

"How handy you do work!" said her aunt. "I minded when I was at your house, last fall, that you seemed to understand how to do anything and everything."

"What a beautiful place this is!" said Julia, who had been so engaged in observing a fine view, seen in the distance through a natural vista, that she had not noticed her aunt's remark.

"Yes, it's called pleasant, and I don't believe there's a place within a dozen miles that yields better crops of corn and potatoes, and all kinds of grain, than this. And then I always take care to have plenty of early vegetables to send to market, which are always sure to bring a high price. Your uncle, when he was alive, must needs have a flower-border; but I would give more to see a good lot of beets, and carrots, and turnips growing than all the flowers in the world, except roses. Roses I like better; there's some profit in them. I make rose water of the leaves, and always find a ready sale for it. There's Doreas poking her head out at the door. What do you want, Doreas?"

"Nothing, only to tell you that supper is ready."

"Well, there isn't more'n a minute's work to do now; we'll finish and come right in."

"I should think there was nearer five minutes' work than one," said Doreas, and her estimate proved to be much more correct than Mrs. Sheldon's.

When, at last, Mrs. Sheldon conducted her niece into the kitchen, she cast a keen look at the table, which Doreas had placed in the coolest corner she could find.

"I don't see what that great dish of strawberries is on the table for," said she, when she had finished her inspection. "When they fetch the high price they do now, I should almost as soon think of eating gold dust."

Doreas closed her lips very firmly, to keep herself, as she afterward said, from telling Mrs. Sheldon right to her head that she thought it was real mean to speak out so before company. It was the same as saying that she didn't wish Miss Ellison to eat any of the strawberries.

"Come, Julia, take a seat at the table," said her aunt. "I tell Doreas to always set the table in the kitchen when anybody comes to see me that I am well acquainted with; for I don't think it worth while to make strangers of 'em. I should think, Doreas, that you imagined you were providing for half a dozen ploughmen, instead of two or three women, and one of 'em a city lady."

"I don't suppose city ladies can live on air any more than country ladies," said Doreas, tartly.

"I don't for one," said Julia, laughing, and helping herself pretty liberally to the butter which Doreas passed her, "and as I have not tasted anything since six o'clock this morning, except a small piece of cake, you may be certain that I shall do your warm biscuit and nice butter good justice. I never saw finer butter in my life."

"Yes," said her aunt, "it's first rate, and thinking of the high price every ounce of it would fetch in market, takes away all my comfort in eating it."

Some young ladies might have abstained from eating what was deemed so precious; but Julia, when she remembered that her aunt was never at all abstemious in the article of butter when a guest at the plentifully furnished board in her father's house, concluded that she would take no notice of the uncourteous remark.

"Now, aunt," said Julia, when they had risen from the table, "will you be so kind as to show me to my room?"

"Yes, child; follow me up these stairs, and when the hired men come from their work, I'll get one of 'em to carry your trunk up. There," said she, throwing open a door at the head of the stairs, "this is a pretty, snug little room as ever was. I always think a large room seems kind of lonely. It's rather warm now, because the sun shines in the latter part of the day; but I'll open the window, and it will soon grow cool."

"While it is cooling, I think I'll return to the kitchen," said Julia.

In the morning, after a restless night in her small, close room, Julia rose early, and prepared herself for a walk.

"Why, Julia, are you going out now before the dew is off?" said her aunt, whom she met at the kitchen door.

"I'm not going into the grass—only along those smooth gravel paths."

"Well, I don't know as it would make you take cold to walk there; but I didn't quite finish one of the seams of the mattress tick, and if you'll do it, so that it will be ready for the husks as soon as breakfast is over, you can't think what a help 'twill be to me."

Julia found that the seam, instead of being not quite finished, was only just begun, and as the cloth was coarse and stiff, it proved to be very hard, slow work. As yet, she had been inside of no room, except the kitchen and the one where she had slept. All the rest, as far as she had had ocular proof to the contrary, were as carefully closed as if a ghost had been laid in every one of them. She, therefore, to avoid the heat of the kitchen fire, went and sat under the apple-tree, where she had assisted her aunt to prepare the husks. By the time she had finished the seam, breakfast was ready, so that her walk was obliged to be again postponed.

"Come, Doreas," said Mrs. Sheldon, the moment they had risen from the table, "I want you to do the dairy work as quick as you can, and Julia will wash the breakfast dishes, I guess, while I go and twist that stocking-yarn, and then, all three of us will be ready to go to work on the mattress."

"If I were in your place," said Doreas, after Mrs. Sheldon had gone to an out-house where she kept her spinning-wheel, "I would go and walk in the garden, and wouldn't touch a dish."

"It wont take me but a few minutes," said Julia. "I shall get done long before she finishes her yarn."

"If she thought so, she'd be back to lay out more work for you; so I advise you to be off the minute you get through."

"O, there *is* another room in the house!" said Julia, who, having finished her dishes, passed a door partly open, through which she saw Doreas standing at a large table, skimming milk. "I thought there must be by the looks of the house outside."

"Yes, there are lots of 'em," replied Doreas, "but they're of no use to any living person, that I could ever find out."

Julia had just made good her retreat, when her aunt came and inquired for her.

"I meant," said she, "to have told her that if she went to walk in the garden, she might take a basket with her and pick the leaves off of the roses, whenever she came across a bush. It's high time to begin to gather 'em, and I shouldn't wonder if some of 'em had shed now."

Mrs. Sheldon returned to her wheel and finished twisting her yarn, and Doreas had finished her dairy work, but Julia was still missing.

"I cannot imagine what the girl is about," said Mrs. Sheldon. "She knows that I depend on her helping me about the mattress."

"Well, I wouldn't help, if I were in her place," said Doreas. "What comfort can she take of her visit, if she has to work all the time, as if she were on a wager? I *will* speak and free my mind once in a while."

Doreas knew that her services were too valuable to be readily dispensed with, or she might not have availed herself of the privilege of freeing her mind. Mrs. Sheldon very wisely took no notice of what she said.

"There, she's coming," said Doreas, "and now I hope your mind will be relieved," she added, though in so low a voice that Mrs. Sheldon did not hear her.

The mattress proved to be a more difficult and laborious job than was anticipated. It was nearly time for tea, when completed, and Mrs. Sheldon told Julia, as there was not time to set themselves about anything that would turn to much account, that, while supper was in preparation, she would show her the inside of her house.

Julia found that the apartments, which, as Doreas had said, were of no use to any living person, were handsomely finished and furnished, and so large and airy as to be perfectly comfortable, though the heat in her bed-room was almost stifling. Mrs. Sheldon lifted the corners of the brown linen covers, spread over sofas, lounges and carpets, to give Julia a glimpse of the rich fabrics beneath; but she saw nothing that particularly interested her, except in one of the rooms, where there were a few old family portraits and a large book-case, through the glass doors of which she saw the titles of a number of books which she thought she should like very much to read.

"May I look at some of these books?" she eagerly asked.

"The book-case is locked," said her aunt, shaking her head, solemnly.

"But there is a key that will unlock it—is there not?"

"Yes; but it is getting late now, and it wont be worth while

for you to waste your time reading, and spoil your eyes into the bargain. I twisted that yarn, this morning, on purpose, so that you might have some knitting work. I've got behind hand with my knitting, and 'twill be pretty and careless kind of work for you between daylight and dark."

"Well, I can knit and read at the same time. Is the key in your pocket, aunt?"

Mrs. Sheldon reluctantly acknowledged that it was, and by some means—'twas kind of witchwork, Mrs. Sheldon said she believed—the key was allured from its capacious receptacle, and the book case was unlocked. Julia selected "Froissart," but finding that she could not knit and read at the same time as well as she expected, and her aunt being in an uncommonly chatty mood, she was soon obliged to lay her book aside. It so happened, or it might have been done intentionally, that, when Julia rose to go to her chamber, Dorcas, instead of handing her one of the lamps so prepared as to burn exactly fifteen minutes by the clock, gave her one that was sufficiently well replenished to burn till midnight. This gave Julia, who took her book with her, several hours to read. But such an unwonted waste of lamp oil could not escape the vigilance of so careful a housewife as Mrs. Sheldon, and the next night she took care for Julia to have one of the fifteen minute lamps.

The day following, Mrs. Sheldon brought forward a purple silk dress, much faded, which she said she had for a good while been trying to find time to turn, and that now, as Julia had come, she thought she would get her to assist her. As Mrs. Sheldon and her niece were busily engaged in ripping it, the former mentioned so many pieces of work she intended to have done during Julia's visit—among others, fifty yards of linen to be made into sheets and pillow-cases,—that it would take three months instead of six weeks—the time she had thought of remaining—to get through with them. The prospect before her was anything but pleasant, and she determined to start for home the next Monday morning. With the assistance of Dorcas, a man was engaged to take her to the station-house in season for the cars. Sunday evening, previously to retiring, she told her aunt that she had concluded to return home the following day.

"Why, I'd no thought of your going so soon," said her aunt. "I expected you would stay a number of weeks. I am sure you'd be as welcome as a queen. Well, it's lucky I've got my purple silk turned; but I don't know when I shall find time to make that fifty yards of linen up. I meant to have the pillow-cases ruffled, but I guess I shall make 'em up plain now. I really think that you had better conclude to remain a few weeks longer."

But Julia was inexorable. She had imagined, when she left her father's door, she was going to a rural paradise; and it might have proved so had she not unhappily found the gates closed. She was now fully convinced that "there's no place like home."

"And yet," said she, when speaking to her father and mother respecting her Aunt Sheldon's place, "if you could only have the management of it, it would be one of the most delightful places in the world. All the elements of enjoyment are there, which, by a most provoking transmutation, become sources of trouble and anxiety. When the rooms are closed, visions of moths disturb my aunt's quiet, while at the same time she imagines that the brightness and gloss of her carpets and sofas, though so carefully protected by their brown linen covers, is silently departing. As for any pleasure she derives from the beautiful scenery, she might as well live in the midst of a barren heath."

A BATTLE FIELD.

Rev. S. G. Osborne says the grouping of falling men and horses, the many heaped-up masses of dead moved strangely by the living maimed among them, showing the points where the deadly strife had been most severe; the commingling of uniforms of friends and foes, as both lie scattered on the ground on which they fell; the groups surrounding this and that individual sufferer, hearing his last words, giving to him the last drops of water which will ever moisten his lips upon earth; the stretchers borne from various points, each carrying some officer or private soldier, who has now the startling feeling forced upon him: "It has come to this, and yet there may be hope of life;" his excited but overworn spirit, half-fainting as it is, yet dreaming a mixed feverish dream of the charge in which he met his wound, and the thoughts of home that flashed upon the heart as it seemed to commit that heart to a moment's oblivion of all else. Then comes the first dawn of the hope that life may be spared; the view of horrid objects passed, seen with a dimmed eye; hope of life growing stronger, but with it now a dread of some operation to be undergone; the sound of guns still heard, begetting a feverish, impatient desire to know the result of the battle. Again, a partial waking up at the voice of the surgeon; he and his attendants seen as through a mist; the deafened feelings of utter weakness causing all to seem as though they spoke in whispers; the still further rousing of the mind as the cordial administered begins to take effect; the voice of a comrade or friend lying close by, himself wounded, yet speaking to cheer; the operation borne bravely, and felt the less as it gives promise of a life just now seemingly lost to hope; through it all fresh news ever arriving from amidst the din of the strife yet raging; all this has a life and motion and spirit in it which mocks the real grave horror of the scene.

A WARNING TO COQUETTES.

In Mrs. Bray's letters on Devonshire, an interesting work, published some years ago in England, an anecdote is preserved of a lady in the reign of Charles the First, who, in some fit of caprice, behaved so toward a suitor whom in her heart she loved, that, believing himself utterly discarded, he joined the king's army, and was killed at the battle of Newbury. In obedience to her father, she afterward married an officer in the army; but, on the marriage day, feeling too surely that her heart was broken, she wrote a letter expressing that conviction and relating the causes, and requesting that she might be buried near her first and only love. These words were written on the envelope, beneath a black seal:

"When I am dead and cold.
Then let the truth be told."

According to her own presentiments, she died, and on her death-bed pointed to the cabinet, where the paper would be found, in which the cause of her secret grief was disclosed.—*Court Gazette.*

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

MAN TRAPS.

BY JOHN THORNBERRY.

In the house of Mrs. George, all the boarders were sitting together, after tea, in the pleasant parlor, discussing the news of the closing day. Some lolled lazily on the sofas; some were slily whistling over the music that lay spread out on the piano; others were laughing and talking in groups by themselves, and others still quietly running over the city gossip and advertisements to be found in the evening papers.

Presently, Mr. Shannon called aloud: "Here is something worthy of your attention, all!" and he held up his paper to read the intelligence that was to promise such a general interest. The following was the announcement he then made public:

"Matrimonial.—The advertiser, a gentleman of about forty years, good looking, well educated, and well-to do in the world, not wishing to go through the chances and formalities of making a personal acquaintance, takes this method to propose marriage with any amiable, good-looking, healthy and well-educated lady, about thirty years old, in case the acquaintance that may happen to grow out of this advertisement should prove mutually satisfactory and agreeable. This announcement is made in good faith, and its author will treat all sincere communications with confidence and respect. Address "*Willing,*" through the general post-office."

"There's a chance for somebody, now!" exclaimed Mr. Shannon, laying down his paper in his lap and surveying the party. "Come now, Miss Bounce, why wont you reply to it, just for the *fun* of the thing, you know? All communications treated with confidence and respect, you perceive. *Come,* Miss Bounce."

"Yes—*yes,* Miss Bounce!" cried out all the rest beside. "Just for the joke of the thing, you know. Yes, and the letters on both sides shall be read before us all. What nice fun we will have every evening, if you will!"

One pleaded after another, and all finally joined in together again. Miss Bounce smiled, protested faintly, laughed at the very thought of it, and was all but ready to give in. "Nobody out of the house shall ever know of it," they assured her. And, willing to gratify them with the little good humor it would bring, she at length acceded to their wish, and received the tribute therefor of a hearty clapping of hands from the whole room.

By the next evening, she had ready a copy of the letter she had that day addressed the matrimonial advertiser, and produced it for the entertainment of the eager circle who gathered around to hear it read. As it happened, too, Mr. Shannon was made reader, by virtue, possibly, of having been the one who had opened this new vein of humor.

Miss Bounce was a woman of great spirit and vivacity, and in the letter she had drawn up she betrayed it more than she ordinarily allowed herself to do. The epistle was a slightly satirical performance,—at least, to any one who could readily perceive satire, which an impetuous wife-hunter very likely could not; and yet, nowhere did she allow herself to appear rude, or even to seem to treat with disrespect the advertiser's better feelings. It was exactly calculated to lead him on, step by step, and still not to offer him any encouragement beyond just what was necessary to cheer him in the pursuit.

The reading of the letter produced a great deal of approbation, which was betrayed with shouts of laughter and applause. Mr. Shannon was a good reader, and knew how to set such a thing off to advantage.

On the very next night came a reply from "Willing." Of course it was deputed to Mr. Shannon to read it again. It was more laughable than ever, because all the hearers felt the fun of so cruelly making him their dupe. The letter first proceeded to throw its writer entirely upon the mercy of his fair correspondent. Then it spoke, shiveringly and sadly, of his life hitherto—a bachelor, and with plenty, but yet not quite happy and contented. Next it touched very tenderly on the secret affairs of that strange thing—the human heart, confessing to emotions, on the part of the writer, which, he was frank to say, he had never experienced before in his life. Then it thanked his unknown correspondent for her kindness and promptness in replying to him, and hoped that she would find in him some of those traits which were so desirable in persons about to form matrimonial engagements. And lastly, it begged beseechingly for an interview at an early day, just as early as it could be brought about, promising instant compliance for the suitor with any and all her suggestions.

Miss Bounce laughed at the very effective reading of Mr. Shannon, till the big tears filled her eyes. She enjoyed it more than the whole of them, keenly as they seemed to relish it. She was publicly voted a generous benefactor, to consent to be the means of bringing so much fun to their door. And the laughing, and the chatting, and the pell-mell of tumultuous and noisy discussion did not cease for a long time after Mr. Shannon had got through, but filled the spacious parlors of the boarding-house of Mrs. George, and even forced their echoes out through the windows into the street.

Miss Bounce certainly was expected to reply, which she did in a vastly more captivating and vivacious letter than the other, and which was, of course, read to the parlor full of boarders as soon as it was prepared to be despatched. There was not one who failed to commend the happy tact of our friend Miss Bounce, or to speak in terms of rapturous admiration of her talent for carrying on an intrigue. Mr. Shannon still kept his post as public reader, and took care to do full justice to all the marked points of the correspondence on both sides. It was fine fun all round.

To the second letter of Miss Bounce succeeded a reply, ardent, passionate and imploring. The writer began to show signs of impatience, and hoped that an interview now was not far off. Then Miss Bounce wrote again, putting him off a little while longer. And the dexterity of her phrases, as Mr. Shannon read them to the party, elicited repeated bursts of laughter.

Then the suitor suddenly became importunate and exacting. He thought he had a *right* to a personal interview by this time, for he had proved himself both patient and sincere. Unless that favor were granted very soon, he could not avoid the unwelcome suspicion that his most sacred feelings had been tampered with.

Things thus promised to bring about some sort of a crisis. Miss Bounce began to open her eyes, and to see the danger to which she was exposing herself. So she said to the party of friends, as soon as this last letter had been read aloud to them:

"There! I have gone far enough. I shall now write a final letter, politely declining to oblige him with the interview he asks."

"No! no! no!" cried several voices at once. "O *no,* Miss Bounce! Let's fix a place and a time for a meeting, and have the whole thing out."

"Yes," added others; "you can easily disguise your face and person."

"And we will all be on hand to overhear the conversation, and, if need be, to protect you from all harm," said Mr. Shannon, enthusiastically.

"I don't know," replied Miss Bounce, taking time to consider. "It's rather *risky,* I'm thinking."

"No; but disguise yourself, and he never will know who has duped him. All we want is, to see the poor fellow go through the ceremony of declaring his affection;" and they laughed well at the thought of it.

"I'll see," said Miss Bounce.

But they would not be satisfied with that. They persisted till she found she was to get no peace short of compliance. They suggested that the gentleman should be received in the front parlor of the house, while they themselves kept secreted in the room in the rear. This plan was the happy device of Mr. Shannon, who, perhaps, had taken as much interest as any of them in the matter, from the beginning.

Well, and finally Miss Bounce consented. It was arranged that the gentleman was to permit himself to be blindfolded by one of the lady's friends, and then conducted to the door of the house in which he would find his partner. The guide he would find on the corner of the street, and he would be known by wearing his handkerchief tied in his button-hole.

The momentous evening came. All the party were in an ecstacy of triumph at the thought of finally carrying out their design. It would furnish them with talk for the winter. Only two or three of the gentlemen absented themselves from the house after tea, and Mr. Shannon among them; but they all promised Miss Bounce to be back in time to witness the interview through a crack in the door.

Miss Bounce sat alone in the front parlor, drumming her little foot rather excitedly upon the soft carpet, and wondering like whom or what her ardent lover was going to look. She wore a cap, with an old-fashioned high crown, on her head, and had put on a *frisette* with curls, and a pair of spectacles, the better to carry out her facetious purpose of deceit in the matter of age. It was a moment of suspense. One of the gentlemen had gone down to the street corner to take the enterprising advertiser in tow, and to blind his eyes against the possibility of knowing the number of the house he was to enter.

Presently the parlor door opened, and in stepped the sanguine wife-hunter. He at once removed his bandage from his eyes, and gazed about the spacious room as if lost in astonishment. Then he espied the lady sitting near the sofa, and walked composedly nearer her.

"Miss Bounce?" he saluted her, rather interrogatively.

That lady turned paler than ashes, and bounced up to her feet, unable to speak.

"I am happy to see you again, Miss Bounce," said the gentleman, extending his hand. "My name is *Mr. Shannon!* Under my present disguises, you are perfectly excusable for not knowing me." And he threw off an awful old red wig and false whiskers, and stood before the lady, her ardent admirer.

The back doors opened simultaneously, and all the party burst in with a loud peal of laughter. They had heard and seen it all. The two loving correspondents stood dumb. And Mr. Shannon had himself concocted this very pleasant scheme, and quietly carried it forward to completion. *He* was the snarer instead of the ensnared, and turned the laugh quite the other way by the clever adroitness of his secret operations. And to think that he was the author of the advertisement, and had drawn up all the letters to Miss Bounce, and had publicly read to them all her own in reply! —why, it was the greatest piece of fun that was ever thought of.

But long after they had all had their laugh out of it, and when the winter evenings began to grow longer, and more and more cozy, there *was* a sort of whisper that Mr. Shannon had not quite penned and paid for his matrimonial advertisement for nothing; and furthermore, that Miss Bounce would probably never be compelled to write her letters over a second time, for that the first time promised to prove effective. But we do not pretend to know all we might about that; we are content to let the reader settle such a delicate matter in his own mind, and make and unmake such matches as his own fancy proposes for his credulity.

Self-Examination.—Let not sleep fall upon thy eyes till thou hast thrice reviewed the transactions of the past day. Where have I turned aside from rectitude? What have I been doing? What have I left undone which I ought to have done? Begin thus from the first act, and proceed; and, in conclusion, at the ill which thou hast done, be troubled, and rejoice for the good.—*Pythagoras.*

A JAPANESE FUNERAL.

ROUND THE WORLD.

On this and the following page, and on page 316, we present our readers with a series of highly interesting pictures, embracing views and characters in Japan, China, Borneo, Cape Town, the Sandwich Islands, etc., drawn expressly for us by an officer of the United States steam frigate Powhatan. Though not the work of a professional artist, these designs have the rare merit of fidelity, and an air of great naturalness and spirit. They present some of the most striking incidents of a voyage round the world. Many of them delineate scenes in Japan; and of this country we shall first speak, not only from its intrinsic importance, but because it attracts great attention from the recent treaty, which, it is hoped, will lead to a permanent and profitable increase of our commercial facilities. The settlement of California, the trade from thence to China, and the idea of steam communication with the Pacific, involving the necessity of supplies of coal, together with the increase of the whale fishery in the Japanese seas, produced a desire on the part of this country to establish commercial intercourse with that great eastern empire, the ports of which had formerly been open to European trade, but of late had been jealously closed by an exclusive policy characteristic of its government. Previous attempts at intercourse, and previous difficulties, having given our government an insight into the character of the Japanese, it was resolved to send a strong squadron to Japan in order that its appearance might command the respect which would not be accorded to an inferior force. The commander selected for the expedition was Commodore Matthew Calbraith Perry, a gentleman in every way fitted for responsibility and success. The objects of the expedition were defined in a letter from the Secretary of State to the Secretary of the Navy, as follows:—1. "To effect some permanent arrangement for the protection of American seamen or property wrecked on these islands, or driven into their ports by stress of weather (shipwrecked mariners having been habitually treated with great barbarity by the Japanese). 2. The permission to American vessels to enter one or more of their ports, in order to obtain supplies of provisions, water, fuel, etc., or, in case of disasters, to refit so as to enable them to prosecute their voyage. It is very desirable to have permission to establish a depot for coal, if not on one of the principal islands, at least on some small, uninhabited one, of which it is said there are several in the vicinity. 3. The permission to our vessels to enter one or more of their ports for the purpose of disposing of their cargoes by sale or barter." A letter to the emperor of Japan, to be signed by the president of the United States, was prepared by Daniel Webster. The expedition did not sail, however, until after Mr. Webster's death; when another letter was prepared, and signed by Mr. Fillmore, the president, and Edward Everett, Secretary of State, Nov. 13, 1852. The letter was splendidly engrossed, and enclosed in a gold box of the value of a thousand dollars. Commodore Perry sailed from the United States, in the steam frigate Mississippi, towards the close of the year 1852, touched at Madeira and the Cape of Good Hope, reached Hong Kong in April, 1853, and thence sailed for Japan. After uniting all the vessels of the squadron, Perry, leading the fleet in the flag-ship Susquehanna (steam frigate), made Cape Idsu on the 8th of July. Their first anchorage and intercourse with the natives was near the town of Uragawa. On the 14th, the Prince Iwami gave Commodore Perry a formal reception on shore, and took charge of the president's letter to the emperor. On the 17th, after surveying and sounding the bay and coasts, the squadron took its departure and spent the remainder of the year on the China coast. On the 12th of February, 1854, Commodore Perry re-appeared in the Bay of Jeddo, with three steam frigates, four sloops-of-war, and two store-ships. They anchored at the American anchorage. Some time was spent in settling upon a place of meeting with the Imperial commissioners and the village of Yokahama, containing about 10,000 persons, and just opposite the anchorage, was finally assigned. The fleet accordingly drew in shore, and moored in a line five miles in length, with their broadsides bearing on the shore. During the whole course of the negociations, Commodore Perry had conducted himself with prudence and dignity. He had protested against being subjected to the ordinary system of espionage adopted towards foreigners by the Japanese, had disregarded their orders to suspend his soundings and surveyings, and while insisting upon nothing unreasonable, plainly declared, like General Jackson, that he would submit to nothing wrong. "On the 8th of March," says an officer of the Vandalia, writing to the New York Journal of Commerce, "the day appointed for the first meeting, about nine hundred officers, seamen and marines, armed to the teeth, landed, and with drums beating and colors flying, were drawn upon the beach, ready to receive the commodore. As soon as he stepped on shore, the bands struck up, salutes were fired, and, followed by a long escort of officers, he marched up between the lines and entered the house erected by the Japanese expressly for the occasion. Thousands of Japanese soldiers crowded the shore and neighboring heights, looking on with a good deal of curiosity and interest. The house was nothing but a plain frame building, hastily put up, containing one large room—the audience hall—and several smaller ones for the convenience of attendants, etc. The floor was covered with mats, and very pretty painted screens adorned the sides. Long tables and benches, covered with red woollen stuff, placed parallel to each other, three handsome braziers, filled with burning charcoal, on the floor between them, and a few violet-colored crape hangings suspended from the ceiling, completed the furniture of the room. As we entered, we took our seats at one of the tables. The Japanese commissioners soon came in and placed themselves opposite to us at the other table; while behind us both, seated on the floor on their knees (their usual position, for they do not use chairs), was a crowd of Japanese officers, forming the train of the commissioners. The business was carried on in the Dutch language, through interpreters, of whom they have several who speak very well, and two or three who speak a little English; they were on their knees, between the commissioners and the commodore. Our interpreter was seated by the side of the latter. It was curious to see the intolerable ceremony observed by them—quite humiliating to a democratic republican. A question proposed had to pass first through the interpreters, and then through several officers ascending in rank, before it could reach the commissioners, every one bowing his forehead to the floor before he addressed his superior. Refreshments were served in elegantly lacquered dishes—first of all, tea, which, as in China, is the constant beverage; then different kinds of candy and sponge cake (they are excellent confectioners and very fond of sugar); lastly, oranges and a palatable liquor, distilled from rice, called by the Japanese saki. A flimsy banquet like this was not very agreeable to such hungry individuals as we, and we were the more disappointed, for the Japanese using only chopsticks, we had, previously to coming ashore, taken the precaution, as we shrewdly thought, to provide ourselves with knives and forks. Imagine, then, our chagrin, when finding nothing substantial on which to employ them. What was left on our plates was wrapped in paper, and given to us to carry away, according to the usual custom in Japan. The commissioners were intelligent looking men, richly dressed in gay, silk petticoat pantaloons, and upper garments resembling in shape ladies' short gowns. Dark colored stockings, and two elegant swords, pushed through a twisted silk girdle, finished the costume. Straw sandals are worn, but are always slipped off on entering a house. They do not cover the head, the top and front part of which is shaved, and the back and side hair, being brought up, is tied so as to form a tail, three or four inches long, that extends forward upon the bald pate, terminating about half way between the apex and the forehead. It is a very comfortable fashion, and, were it not for the quantity of grease used in dressing it, would be a very cleanly one. Two audiences a week were held, at which the same programme was performed as related above, except that we fared more luxuriously. Becoming better acquainted with our taste, they feasted us with a broth made of fish, boiled shrimps, and boiled eggs, and very good raw oysters. At one of the interviews (March 13), the presents from our government were delivered. They consisted of cloths, agricultural implements, fire-arms, etc., and a beautiful locomotive, tender, and passenger car, one fourth the ordinary size, which we put in motion on a circular track, at the rate of twenty miles an hour. A mile of magnetic telegraph was also erected on shore, and put in operation. The Japanese were more interested in it than anything else, but never manifested any wonder. So capable are they of concealing and controlling their feelings, that they would

A JAPANESE PALANQUIN.

DINNER OF JAPANESE OFFICERS ON BOARD U. S. SHIP POWHATAN.

examine the guns, machinery, etc., of the steamers, without expressing the slightest astonishment. They are a much finer-looking race than the Chinese—intelligent, polite, and hospitable, but proud, licentious, unforgiving and revengeful." At length, after much diplomacy on the part of the Japanese, the treaty was signed—three copies in Japanese being delivered to Commodore Perry, and three copies in English, signed by himself, with Dutch and Chinese translations, being delivered to the imperial commissioners. Article first of the treaty establishes peace and amity between the United States and Japan; article second assigns the ports of Simoda, in the principality of Idzu, and of Hakodade, in the principality of Matsmai, for the reception of American ships where they can receive wood, water, provisions and coal—payment to be made in gold and silver; articles third, fourth and fifth provide for the good treatment, security of property, etc., to American vessels and crews shipwrecked on the coast; article seventh we quote entire, as it has recently been a subject of dispute: "It is agreed that ships of the United States resorting to the ports open to them, shall be permitted to exchange gold and silver coin, and articles of goods, for other articles of goods, under such regulations as shall be temporarily established by the Japanese government for that purpose. It is stipulated, however, that the ships of the United States shall be permitted to carry away whatever articles they are willing to exchange." The above are the most important articles of the treaty. It was signed March 31, 1854. Our first illustration represents a Japanese funeral at Simoda. Simoda is situated near Cape Fogu, sixty miles from Point Sagami, at the entrance of the bay of Yedo. It has an excellent harbor, well sheltered by high hills. The town contains about a thousand houses, built on the banks of a beautiful stream at the northwestern end of the harbor. Excellent water for ship's use is abundantly supplied by numerous brooks. The Japanese vessels generally anchor at Kakizaki, a small village opposite Simoda. The town contains eight large temples, and a vast number of small chapels. The scenery is described as bold and romantic, swelling inland till it reaches a range of barren mountains, about three thousand feet high. The officers of the expedition were freely allowed to wander about on shore for a circuit of ten miles, though at first they were watched with that suspicion which characterizes the Japanese in their treatment of foreigners. They received the unwelcome escort of squads of native soldiers, while the traders closed their shops, and husbands and fathers concealed their women at the approach of the outside barbarians. By degrees, however, this distrust and care were abandoned. It was found that the American officers were not in the least inclined to plunder the shopkeepers, or insult the women, and the former could display their wares, and the latter their faces with impunity. Some of the girls of Simoda are very pretty, and heighten their natural attraction by the skilful use of pearl powder and rouge, while the married ladies certainly do not improve their appearance by staining their teeth jet black. An officer of the expedition writes: "The streets are wide and straight, and the better class of houses two stories high, plastered and roofed with elegant tiles. The interior is kept very clean and neat, and the rooms, covered with mats, are separated from each other by sliding screens that are closed or removed at pleasure. There are no chimneys in Japan. A charcoal fire is built in a little sand-pit in the middle of the floor, and the Japanese are usually found sitting on their knees drinking tea, and smoking their pipes. Not a chair or any other piece of furniture can be seen. Tubs of water are kept in front of each house, as well as on the roofs, in readiness against any fire, for conflagrations are so frequent and extensive that whole towns are sometimes burnt down. The temples, chiefly Buddhist, are beautifully situated in the suburbs. The entrance to them leads generally through elegant trees and wild camelias. They are large, plain structures, with high peaked roofs, resembling the houses pictured on Chinese porcelain. In the space immediately in front is a large bell for summoning the faithful, a stone reservoir of holy water, and several roughly-hewn stone idols. The doorway is ornamented with curious dragons and other animals, carved in wood. Upon entering, there is nothing special about the building worth noting, the walled sides and exposed rafters having a gloomy appearance. The altar is the only object that attracts attention. It so much resembles the Roman Catholic that I need not describe it. Some of the idols on these altars are so similar to those I have seen in the churches of Italy that if they were mutually translated I doubt whether either set of worshippers would discover the change. The priests count beads, shave their heads, and wear analogous robes, and the service is attended by the ringing of bells, the lighting of candles, and the burning of incense. In fact, except that the cross is nowhere to be seen, one could easily imagine himself with n a Roman Catholic place of worship." Such is a sketch of Simoda, where the officer, who furnished us with the drawings, witnessed the funeral which forms the subject of our first picture. The body of the deceased, as he states, is placed in a neatly finished tub, surmounted by a wooden rooster. The body is in a sitting position, and the singular coffin is placed on a bier supported on the shoulders of the bearers, who wear a hat resembling an inverted willow basket. The procession is preceded by a priest chanting and beating a drum, and another reciting a prayer. Following the bier are the relatives of the deceased, dressed in a sort of nun-like costume, each being accompanied by a friend, holding a tray of fruits, confectionary, etc. The rear of the procession is brought up by friends and acquaintances. We find in Richard Hildreth's admirable work, entitled "Japan as it Was and Is," published by Phillips, Sampson & Co., and which embraces everything which the general reader can desire to learn respecting this singular country, a sketch of the funeral ceremonies at Nagasaki, quoted from Titsingh. They differ somewhat from those witnessed by our artist. The body, after being carefully washed by a favorite servant, and the head shaved, is clothed according to the state of the weather, and (if a female, in her best apparel) exactly as in life, except that the sash is tied, not in a bow, but strongly fastened with two knots, to indicate that it is never more to be loosed. The body is then covered with a piece of linen, folded in a peculiar manner, and is placed on a mat in the middle of the hall, the head to the north. Food is offered to it, and all the family lament. After being kept for forty-eight hours, the body is placed on its knees in a tub, enclosed in a square, oblong box or bier, the top of which is roof-shaped, called *quan*. Two *ifays* are also prepared—wooden tablets of a peculiar shape and fashion, containing inscriptions commemorative of the deceased, and time of his decease, and the name given to him since that event. The ifays and quan, followed by the eldest son and the family, servants, friends and acquaintances, are borne in a procession with flags, lanterns, etc., to one of the neighboring temples, whence, after certain ceremonies, in which the priests take a leading part, they are carried, by the relatives, only, to the grave, where a priest, while waiting their arrival, repeats certain hymns. The moment they are come, the tub, containing the body, is taken out of the quan, and deposited in the grave, which is then filled with earth, and covered with a flat stone, which is again covered with earth, and over the whole is placed the quan and one of the ifays, which is removed at the end of seven weeks, to make room for the *sisek*, or grave-stone. If the deceased had preferred to be burnt, the quan is taken to the summit of one of two neighboring mountains, on the top of each of which is a sort of furnace, prepared for this purpose, enclosed in a small hut. The coffin is then taken from the quan, and being placed in a furnace, a great fire is kindled. The eldest son is provided with an earthern urn, in which first the bones and then the ashes are put, after which the mouth of the urn is sealed up. While the body is burning, a priest recites hymns. The urn is then carried to the grave, and deposited in it, and, the grave being filled up, the quan is placed over it. The eldest son and his brothers are dressed in white, in garments of undyed hempen stuff, as are the bearers, and all females attending the funeral, whether relatives or not; the others wear their usual dresses. The females are carried in *norimons* (close litters), behind the male part of the procession, which proceeds on foot, the nearest relative coming first. The eldest daughter takes precedence of the wife; the eldest son and heir, whether by blood or adoption, who is the chief mourner, wears also a broad-brimmed hat, and in this attire does not recognize or salute anybody. [*See page* 316.

CHINESE TANKA BOAT.

JUGGLERS AT SINGAPORE.

DANCING GIRLS OF OAHU, SANDWICH ISLANDS.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

SOUL-LOVE.

BY ESTHER B. STRATTON.

"There can be nought more holy and satisfying than a really congenial connection."

A mind that tunes its magic bells in unison with thine,
And vibrates with the slightest touch of love's electric line,
Twining with the holy essence that rises from the soul,
This mystic, tender flow of thought, that blends within its fold,
The power that sways the mighty world, the strongly woven band,
That binds us to the seraph throng, the loves of spirit land.

A heart whose tablets ever pure receive the quivering press
Of lights or shades, or aught that comes, to sadden or to bless,
Guides wisely all life's happy light, that its too blissful ray
Quench not the tiny tides of grief, whose murmuring ripples play
So strangely, yet such lessons teach, as we have need to know,
And wakes that trust, that holy faith, that makes the soul o'erflow.

Oft-times an inner impulse comes, as if some spirit-wing
Fanned the immortal lyre, and willed the magic wires to fling
Entrancing notes, to flood the soul, and make it long to burst
This earthly cage, and find the bliss for which it ever thirsts.
O, is it not a blessed boon, a soul that thrills as thine,
And shares this rapture, this deep sense of holiness divine!

If shadows play amid the joy our guardian angels bring,
And grief throw o'er our saddened hearts its cold tear-burdened wing,
What bliss to feel the holy spell of soul pervading soul,
To know the misty veil of life is gathered fold by fold,
By magic charm away, and pure, in perfect, guileless glow,
Trust fills the heart, and makes our earth seem paradise below.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

KATHARINE.

BY WINNIE WOODFERN.

With a party of travellers whom I had met on one of my numerous journeys during the summer, I went to visit the madhouse in B——. A painful interest always attaches itself to such places in my mind, when I remember the taint of insanity darkening the blood that flows in my own veins, and as we approached the stately door of the beautiful building, a heavy sense of depression was weighing down my usually buoyant spirit, which neither the rallying mirth of those around me, nor the delicate, unobtrusive attentions of the gentleman on whose arm I leaned, could dispel. As we passed through the large pleasant rooms where the more harmless of these unfortunates were occupied in their different vocations, while the cheerful voice and look of the keeper drew forth many a polite and pleasant greeting for him and us, the feeling in a measure disappeared, and I listened with a new degree of interest to his explanation of the different cases, and the various modes of treatment adopted for their care.

My party, though a little sobered by the thoughts which must necessarily arise in reflecting minds in such a situation, were by no means gloomy, and my companion, by his apt and beautiful remarks, gradually won me from the contemplation of my own dreaded fate, and turned my thoughts more particularly on the subject of his own attractions.

Having been always accustomed to study and admire the different styles of beauty that came before me, I gazed intently upon him while he was speaking, admiring the exquisite contour of his features, the marble-like pallor and repose of his countenance, the large and soft brown eyes, and the thickly waving brown hair and moustache that gave tone and color to the agreeable picture. His figure was stately and graceful; his motions characteristic in their still dignity; his voice low, soft and persuasive. He was agreeable to look at; it was pleasant to hear him talk as he did then; and in the charm of his manner, and certain recollections he awoke within me, I lost all remembrance of the fears that had so haunted me.

Only once before had I seen his counterpart. He who bore those self-same eyes and dreamless lips had been very dear, and—alas! that I should say it—very false to me. I had shed many tears over his treachery; I had spent some of the brightest and best hours of my life in mourning for his eternal loss, and now, as I had learned to forget him, his ghost seemed to rise up before me, and reproach me with faithlessness to my sorrow!

As I gazed, the likeness grew upon me to a painful degree. I could scarcely realize that it was a stranger who was beside me. Seeing my agitation, and it may be divining its cause by some mesmeric faculty he possessed, he soothed me as tenderly as a brother could have done. He asked no questions, but his eyes shot powerful glances into my own, and in a strange confidence I told him all.

We were alone in one of the long galleries that wound throughout the building, for our party had gone on in advance of us. He heard me through, asked me the name of him I had loved so well, and then, laying his hand lightly upon my arm, told me that he himself was his twin brother!

I sat in silence for a moment after the unexpected declaration, and then overwhelmed him with questions in regard to the fate of my idol, for, for two years I had lost all traces of him. Those years I heard had wrought important changes in his life; he was a husband and father! Certainly they had also wrought a greater change in my own heart than I had before been aware of, for, though the news came so suddenly upon me, I heard it with a calmness both mental and physical that astonished me.

Philip made no comment when he had finished his tale, but sat looking at me with a calm aspect, and in reply to my questioning glance, he said, "It is often thus. His image in your heart was already half obliterated. Arthur was wholly unworthy of you! Happy are you that you can forget! Could I do so, I too should be happy." He grasped my hand in both his, saying, "You have confided in me, and why should I withhold anything from you?" He then poured into my ears a tale of horror, revenge and harrowing grief, before which my sorrow shrank away in shame. The burning language he used, the thrilling scenes through which he conducted me, the anguish apparent in every feature of his face, now no longer tranquil, and in every tone of his voice, growing lower and deeper each moment, thrilled me with a deadly fear, and caused me to sit gasping before him, as I heard each circumstance down to the closing horrible catastrophe.

Philip relinquished his grasp on my hands as he concluded, and covered his face with his own, while through the long gallery resounded a shriek so piercing and full of despair, that I shuddered and turned still paler, while I crouched beside him for protection.

How strange it seemed the moment after, to hear the familiar voices of our party calling us to join them in the upper hall! How strange to look upward through the rails of the spiral staircase and see their gay faces laughing down upon us. With something of his usual manner, Philip arose and gave me his arm, and I believe a feeling of shame came over me at the laughter of our companions, and the recollection of our mutual position when we were discovered. Yet the old feeling of uncertainty came again so strongly upon me, that I gazed around at the different cells we passed with a vague consciousness that one of them belonged to me, and that I should be occupying it instead of going up beside my fellow-madman to meet that gaily dressed and happy party, who knew nothing of the terrible secret we concealed from them.

I shrunk from the keeper's eye as we joined our friends, and when, a moment after, he pointed out to me some improvements recently made for ventilating the cells, I started as if he had struck me. He looked keenly at me as I did so, nor did the rest of the party fail to remark my agitation. But, in all likelihood they believed I had received the offer of my attendant's hand and heart, while loitering below with him. I know this was the case, by the smiles of the gentlemen, who thought they saw a formidable rival scenred, and the envious looks of the ladies, who grudged me the happiness they supposed I must feel in securing the best match, as to wealth and beauty, in our circle of acquaintance.

I walked along in silence, caring little for their meaning looks, but giving my whole attention to my companion, whose increasing pallor alarmed me, and striving by low words and mute signs to show the sympathy I felt for him, when that fearful shriek rang again through the gallery. I turned faint and sat down. The keeper hastened up to me, and said, kindly, "Don't be frightened! It is only a patient who is incurable. We are going to see her; but she is chained—she cannot hurt you. Will you come?"

Some strange instinct led me to connect the prisoner with the fearful story I had just heard, and when I glanced at my companion, I saw the same thought in his gleaming eyes. He grew more and more excited as we passed through the gallery, and finally halted before a padlocked door, trembling from head to foot, and throwing appealing glances towards me. I stood firmly by his side, with my hand resting upon his, to calm and soothe him by my touch, if possible. The keeper, who was a little behind us, came up and unlocked the door, with a look of surprise to see us halt there without any previous intimation on his part, and then, motioning us all back, said softly:

"Gentlemen and ladies, keep back for a moment, if you please, till I see if you can enter. Sometimes the sight of company makes her much worse, and to day she seems to be in one of her savage moods. Don't attempt to enter till I see that all is safe."

He entered and closed the door behind him. For a moment all was silent, then we heard him say, in a soothing, though deferential tone:

"Will the lady receive a few visitors, who have done themselves the honor of calling upon her?"

A deep rich voice replied, "They may enter. But have I ever seen them in the cold, heartless world? If so, they shall never enter within these doors. It would drive me mad to see those who wronged me so!"

"No, lady, you know nothing of them," was the cautious reply; and the next moment the iron door swung on its grating hinges, and we all entered together.

Philip had sprung convulsively towards the door when he heard the first tone of that sad, sweet voice, and now, when in the dim light of the room we saw a queenly woman, beautiful, with large, scornful black eyes, and a head around which heavy braids of jet black hair were disposed in the form of a coronet, I knew by the stifled groan he uttered, and the sudden gesture with which he shrunk behind me, and covered his face with his hand so that she might not see him, that this was the majestic Katharine who had been the heroine of that story of fear and guilt, who, deserted by her lover as I by mine, reigned in solitary state over the imaginary denizens of her disordered world. She sat upon a stool fashioned like a throne, carved and gilded with considerable taste. She had been allowed to retain her elegant apparel and her jewels in her last sad home, so that she sat erect and haughty before us, clothed in a dress of black velvet and lace, with diamonds flashing from her hair, and arms, and neck, and lending a new lustre to the magnificent beauty, which even three long years of close confinement and suffering had been unable to destroy.

For a time none of us spoke. We stood around her, and she, with her head drooping and only her profile turned towards us, was busied in examining a small but valuable diamond ring she had just taken from her finger. Suddenly she raised her head and looked at us all intently. She tried to glance behind me and see the face that was hidden, resting almost on my shoulder, but after a few vain efforts she desisted, and held the ring up before us.

"A pretty bauble, is it not, fair ladies? And yet, is it hardly worth a human soul, or human happiness? And yet, for that and these," she continued, touching the diamonds, as she spoke, on her neck and arms, "I sold myself; I bartered away my own happiness and that of another, as if it had been so much dust. Would you like to hear the tale, fair ladies?"

The keeper intimated that this was one of her sane moments, and that we might be amused by the story she had to tell; so, encouraged by his presence and permission, all drew nearer him and her save me—and I lingered behind only that I might screen him from her gaze, the sound of whose suppressed weeping broke ever and anon upon my ear.

"It is a simple story, and one which will always be told while parents have fair daughters to sell, and rich old men have wealth to buy them," said she, sadly.

"My home was a quiet and happy one for many years, for I was an only child, and the petted darling and heiress of my doting parents. Till my fifteenth year it was still the same; but then, my father losing his wealth, became deeply indebted to a rich old miser, who had been struck with my appearance, and took this means to get me into his power, knowing that he could never obtain me in any other way. At that time I loved most devotedly a noble youth, some three years my senior, who had already sought and obtained the gift of my heart, and the promise of my hand when I was free to bestow it upon him. But Philip was an orphan, and though the estate left him by his father was large, it was to be shared with his twin brother, and his portion, though it was freely offered, could not enable my father to discharge the claim of his creditor.

"For a long time I refused to listen to the solicitations of my aged purchaser, but one dreadful night, when I saw my father about to be turned in his old age from his own home, and saw my mother, who had been so delicately reared and accustomed to the services of trained attendants, putting up with her own hands a few necessaries for our departure, choosing rather penury and a lingering death than that her only child should be unhappy, my pride, my love gave way, and on condition that he should restore my parents to their former affluence, I became his bride.

"I gave up my young lover and my own happiness, that I might see my parents happy, and hoped to find contentment, at least, in the faithful performance of my duty to them. My husband did all and more than he had promised. Not only did he restore all their wealth, but he indulged me in every fancy, procured whatever I expressed the slightest wish for, and surrounded me with an atmosphere of love and kindness. I endeavored to return all his kindnesses, and though I could neither forget my young lover, nor give him the place in my heart he had occupied, yet I learned to love and respect him as a father. Thus the years passed swiftly on, and my beloved parents, believing they had secured my happiness, died, blessing us both on their death-beds.

"But my evil genius sent that early love once more to prove a stumbling block in my path. At a party, which my husband insisted on my attending, though a slight indisposition kept him at home, I was introduced to a gentleman, whom I should never have recognized in any other way, as Philip, the lover of my girlhood. He was still more beautiful and fascinating than ever; and in that one short evening the work of years of love and kindness were utterly undone. The first tones of his voice sent the blood leaping to my heart, and awoke the old feeling that had always slumbered there. That evening he never left my side. The next morning he was announced. My husband, who had never known of our childish betrothal, greeted him cordially as one of my old playmates, and left us together through the long forenoon." She paused, a blush stole over her cheek and forehead. Then, with a deprecating gesture, proud in its humility, she went on rapidly:

"I must confess all. That day I fell—that day I deceived my good husband, and gave myself to my lover. I was happy during the day; but when the night came, O, how fearfully I was punished! For that lover left me, telling me with a fiendish smile, that for long years he had sought the revenge he had just found; and, as I had left him in spite of his agony and prayers, even so would he leave me now, conscious that he had not loved me, and that he had tempted me only that he might gain that revenge! And so he went, without one parting look or kiss."

Her frenzy was now returning.

"O, bring him back to me, dear ladies, if you have hid him!" she prayed, with clasped hands and streaming eyes; "let me show him how long I have waited for him!—I know he will forgive me! Tell him I shall die or go mad, if I cannot see him once more! O, do bring him back to me!"

There was not a dry eye in that room when she begged so earnestly for her false lover. The sobs behind me ceased, and Philip Hamilton passed by me and by the wondering company, and went and knelt humbly at her feet. But the frenzy had come on, and she did not recognize him. To all his entreaties she answered wildly, "Call Philip back to me!"—and Hamilton turned away in despair. One last effort he would make, however. He rose to his feet, opened his arms, and assuming as much as possible the look and manner of his boyhood, said:

"Katharine!"

She paused in her rapid walk, started violently, and looked earnestly upon him. He repeated the name with the same look and tone. Then her beautiful countenance lighted up with a sudden fire, and bounding forward, she clasped him in her arms, and showered countless kisses upon him; then uttering a low cry of joy, lay motionless in his arms. The keen joy of the moment was too much for her enfeebled system, and Katharine was no more!

For a time we stood motionless, struck dumb by the rapid tragedy that had been acted before us. Then one by one we stole out gently into the long gallery, and left the united lovers together—the beautiful living with his beautiful dead!

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

NIGHT AT LAKE DUNMORE.*

We reap the senseless crop to-day, with which the earth is strewed.
We build the pier, and rear the frame, that bears the harvest load,
Busy while the grateful land is weary with our toil.
We cast abroad for help and space to gather in our spoil;
We know the day is not enough to fill the grasp of man,
We ask some twilight of the night, and scatter as we can.

We think not how the ardent sun comes up at morning-tide,
And every cliff, from hill to hill, beholds it upward glide;
How cheerly, from the caverned sky, it brightly pours at noon,
And casts, with gentle, awful force, its eastward shadows soon:
And, as they stretch, our life is spent, and eventide is here,
Resplendent in its last display, and silent, soft and drear.

But *he* can witness it, who stood this moment at my side—
His wife no longer young as once, his daughter as a bride,
His mind all free and full of power, his form all gay with health,
His hopes unfilled, but all sustained for fame, and age, or wealth,—
And in the turning of a shade, the changing of a wave,
The night upon his shadowed life, and all the joy it gave.

O, green the mountain-side in after age shall be,
And dark with cheery light, and bright the lake to see,
And music's voice upon its steep at eventide shall call,
Or lunar-beams, or evening's mist, shall arching rise and fall;
But from its side its master soul in love shall pass no more,
He came and built, and now is cast forever from its shore.

It stretches sweetly in the scene that met his sister's eye,
The gem-stone of the mountain-wave, its chalice from the sky;
An echo to the heart, when the bosom asks a place,
Pure and cool and exquisite, the goal of life's dull race;
The vision where no hope is false, but where in beauty swells
The placid wave, with each its shade, and only beauty tells.

They twinkle over it that mingle star-beams with the dew,
That hold the keys of night above earth's slumber new;
And tears, as soft as heaven's, fall on his sleeping bed,
Where death but now conceals the sweet peace of the dead:
And day, which prayers unlock, in a fairer heaven is set,
Whose hopes with morning's beams and tears of joy are wet.

A. B.

* The name of EDWARD DOWNING BARBER will hereafter be associated with this lake, as one who, having admired it in early life, in the maturity of his years made it the scene of an enterprise at once liberal and peculiar, as a pleasure resort, and here ended a career, brilliant both in political and social life, in the midst of his years, with tokens of success still brightening about him. A beautiful picture, alluded to in the lines, painted by a sister gifted like himself, and herself deceased, is a memorial of their sympathy in the scene, and with touching eloquence indicates now the absence of those thus identified with it. See an engraving from it, in the Pictorial for July 14.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE CAPTOR CAPTIVE.

A TALE OF TEXAN TRIUMPH.

BY BEN: PERLEY POORE.

"Lift, lift the star-gemmed banner high,
And bid it flutter in the gale;
Bid time's remotest hour reply,
While children's children tell the tale:
How Texas from the tyrant's yoke
Her chains of cruel bondage broke,
The 'lone-star' rising clear and bright,
To deck Columbia's flag of light."

"EXPELLED?" Yes, Horace Morgan was sent away from West Point in disgrace, instead of remaining to graduate at the head of his class, as had been predicted. Although reared among the temptations of New York city, the young man had entered the Military Academy with an enviable scholastic reputation for good behaviour and diligent attention to study, with a natural fondness for martial exercises. Indeed, his uncle guardian (for Horace was an orphan) would fain have received him into his counting-room, but the lad was bent on becoming a soldier. In this predilection he was somewhat encouraged by an old friend of his father's, who had political influence enough to procure for him an "appointment," consoling his uncle by an assurance that the cadets found their pay sufficient for all necessary expenses. So Horace entered the academy, nor had he been long at West Point ere he gained the affection of his comrades and the approbation of his professors; winning respect by his mental superiority, and retaining it by his gentleman-like deportment. Nor was his fine personal appearance without its share in rendering him thus popular. A compact form, classical features, clustering brown hair and dark blue eyes, made Horace Morgan, in his well fitting gray uniform, the very beau-ideal of a cadet.

A year passed by, and Horace, profiting by his furlough, visited his uncle, where he naturally fell desperately in love with his cousin Katrina. He had left her a mere girl—he found her a noble-hearted woman, in the sunlight of whose smiles he basked with delight. Yet it was not merely the marvellous radiance of her lustrous eyes, or the fascinating smile that swept over her cheeks, that thrilled through his very soul as he gazed upon her with delight. He flattered himself that his ardent affection was reciprocated, although he never confessed his passion, and at the expiration of his furlough, he returned to West Point, inspired by a chivalrous desire to prove himself worthy of his cousin's love. Fervent were his dreams of love and fame in the short hours of feverish repose which he enjoyed between the extinguishing of his lamp and the morning drum.

Months passed on, during which the young cadet added to his reputation, and again he obtained leave of absence. Need we say that he went to New York by the first boat, and that, on his arrival in that bustling metropolis, he at once repaired to the residence of his uncle, in Bleecker Street, then a fashionable quarter? He was kindly received by his aunt—a lady who wished to be considered aristocratic, but who was decidedly partial to uniforms or titles.

"Your cousin Katrina is out," she soon remarked. "We are having her portrait painted."

"Her portrait! Who can do her justice?"

"Why, Horace, how complimentary you are growing! though I have always heard officers were so. Frothingham is painting your cousin, and is getting an excellent likeness. It will be such a comfort to us when she is gone."

"Gone?" falteringly inquired the astonished cadet.

"Dear me, have you not heard the news?"

"No," replied Horace, with unfeigned surprise.

"Dear me, how remiss your uncle is! Katrina is engaged to Don Francisco de los Naranjos, a grandee of Spain, who is at present an aid de-camp to General Santa Anna, of Mexico. O, he's such a handsome man, Horace! And he's so wealthy, for he owns two silver mines, and ever so many ranches. Then—but this is a secret, Horace,—the general means to drive the squatters out of Texas, and the don is to be governor. Isn't it a match for Katrina Mason?"

Horace mechanically replied in the affirmative, for he felt as if molten lead had been poured into his every vein. His brain rang with a confused sound, as of a thousand waterfalls, and it was lucky for him that the announcement of a visitor afforded him an opportunity of escape from the house. He did not dare meet his cousin, and left by the afternoon's boat for West Point, in hopeless misery. A few hours before, with the bright star of love beaming before him, he had rejoiced in the promise of a radiant future; now he was plunged into the seclusion of his own dark thoughts. Visions of his childhood passed through his throbbing brain—tones unheeded at the time—words which had waited until that hour for their meaning—looks which he now interpreted—and Katrina's form was in all. An unquenchable feeling, like the thirst of one who dies in the desert, parched his lips; dark shadows clouded the future, and ere he was again in his tent, his blighted heart had experienced all that revulsion of feeling which is deemed the work of years of sorrow.

From that day, the academical career of Horace was retrograde. A sneering smile and sarcastic words soon estranged his friends, while the lava-tide of despair, as it swept over his every feeling, rendered him indifferent to his once esteemed professors. As for his studies, he neglected them entirely; for the stake for which he had played was gone, ambition was driven from his soul, and despair revelled in the violated sanctuary of his affections.

It was the morning after the battle of San Jacinto, and General Houston, the hero of that glorious struggle, lay beneath a wide-spreading oak, with his saddle for a pillow. A painful wound in one of his ankles rendered it impossible for him to move, but his eyes, that had blazed on the battle-field like beacon lights in a raging tempest, showed the joy of his heart. His small army, suddenly called from peaceful pursuits, had routed a powerful Mexican force, and the braggart Santa Anna, when last heard from, was flying for his life.

An officer approached the recumbent chief—it was Horace Morgan, but how two years had changed his appearance! His hunter's costume was soiled and dirty; his dull eyes were sunk deep into his emaciated features, and a mingled expression of sorrow and of scorn played over his countenance. Leaving West Point, he had found his way to the Mississippi, and so down to New Orleans. Here he toiled as a laborer, at times, to procure sustenance, but though in this world was not of it. The heavy wave of trouble, breaking over his bark of life, had carried away all its ornaments, and left but the strained hull, which heavily drifted along, regardless of its destination. Yet when the news came that Santa Anna had invaded Texas, that Crockett and his brave comrades had been slaughtered in the Alamo, and that the gallant command of Fannin had been massacred like dogs, he awoke to new life. Perhaps the thought that it was a Mexican who had snatched his idol from its heart-shrine had some influence, but certain it was that he enlisted as a private. But his military education soon developed itself, and, ere the struggle of San Jacinto, he had been appointed by General Houston adjutant of the artillery.

"Well, my paladin," said Houston, as Horace approached, "have you returned weary from the chase?"

"One never wearies in well-doing, general; but we have found some rare game—an officer, who insists on seeing the general in command."

"Ah! Well, usher him into our august presence"

Horace beckoned to a group not far distant, which immediately approached. In their midst was a small, bright-eyed man, whose clothes were in tatters, and who had evidently passed the night in a muddy swamp. No sooner did he ascertain that he was before General Houston, than he advanced, and, with a theatrical air, exclaimed:

"Soy Antonio Lopez de Santa Anna, Presidente de la Republica Mexicana, y general en gese del ejercito de operaciones!"*

"Why, Morgan," said General Houston, "you are the captor of Santa Anna. Sit down, Mr. President, and take some refreshment."

The news soon spread throughout the camp, and Horace was greeted as the "captor of Santa Anna." Indeed, the *soubriquet* followed him to Galveston, where he was sent with despatches, and stationed in command of a small fort, which he was ordered to put in order for defence. The mental and bodily employment soothed his troubled spirit, and he was actually persuaded to attend a ball, given by the residents of Galveston, on Christmas evening. What was his surprise when, on taking his place in the dance, he discovered that his vis-a-vis was Cousin Katrina!

Yes! It was his cousin—in the full glory of her dazzling beauty, and he felt a long unknown thrill of joy throughout his whole frame as she rushed across to meet him, holding out both hands, and exclaiming: "Dear—dear Cousin Horace! Why, we have almost mourned you as dead!"

"And you—are you—"

His voice faltered, but Katrina divined what he would have asked, and she replied:

"Did you really think I could marry him?"

Blessed words! Did he hear them aright? As the divine harp of the inspired David stilled the evil spirit in Saul's breast, so did that one short phrase quiet the waves of passion, that, for two long years, had made the heart of Horace a chaos of tumultuous thoughts. Leaving the dance, the cousins went out upon a balcony. There, the past was soon forgotten; explanations were given and received; nor did the star-lit waves that rolled upon the sandy beach near by move more gently than did the feelings of these now pledged lovers.

Katrina had also experienced vicissitudes. Before Horace had left West Point, the house of Morgan & Wykoff had stopped payment, and this proud uncle was actually dependent upon the charity of friends for support. It was a severe blow to him and to his worldly-minded wife, but their daughter passed through the furnace of trouble, like gold through the crucible, brighter and purer. Gifted with superior musical talents, she soon found pupils, and was now the principal of an academy at Galveston, where her father acted as agent for the New York insurance companies.

"What became of Katrina's Mexican admirer, aunt?" haughtily inquired Horace, the next morning, as he sat chatting with his chastened yet happy relatives.

"O, colonel," (the old lady retained her passion for titles), "we found him unworthy of Katrina, and—"

"Pshaw!" interrupted her husband. "'Tisn't so, nephew. When he heard that our house had smashed, he cut Katrina dead, and married the widow Hodskins. Poor dame, she soon found that he was a swindler, whose only occupation in Mexico had been the selling of oranges on the wharf of Vera Cruz. To think how he used to talk of his silver mines and his ranches!"

Why prolong this narrative by a description of the marriage of the cousins, or of the fine ranche on which they settled, after it was voted to Horace by the legislature of Texas, when they distributed the confiscated public domain of their former Mexican oppressors? Loved and beloved by all around them, the happy couple still live there in quiet retirement, enjoying all that the heart can wish of happiness.

"So you wont serve on the Board of Examiners at West Point this year, if I get the President to appoint you?" said Senator Houston, a few months ago, while he was making his annual visit to Colonel Mason.

"I will answer for him no!" replied Katrina, now a buxom matron. "He must be here at the wedding of our oldest daughter, and my father is too infirm to have the care of this large establishment."

"You see, general," added Horace, "I am under orders."

"Yes—yes!" remarked Houston, with a smile. "The captor of Santa Anna is himself a captive!"

* "I am Antonio Lopez de Santa Anna, President of the Mexican Republic, and general in chief of the army of operations."

NOTICES OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

INSIDE VIEW OF SLAVERY: or, *A Tour among the Planters*. By C. G. PARSONS, M D. Boston: John P. Jewett & Co. 1855. 12mo. pp. 318.

This is a northern view of slavery, calculated to sell well in the high latitudes, and chaperoned by Mrs H. B. Stowe.

THE OLD HOMESTEAD. By MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS. New York: Bunce & Brother. 1855. 12mo. pp. 435.

A deeply interesting plot, spirited dramatic dialogue, plenty of incident, and a happy denouement, will ensure this book welcome and popularity It is written in a fluent, facile style, which only long practice can ensure It is a far better book than "Fashion and Famine," by the same writer. For sale by W. V. Spencer.

THE PHYSIOLOGY OF MARRIAGE. By an old Physician. Boston: John P. Jewett & Co. 18mo. 1855. pp. 255.

The title of this work indicates the nature of its contents. It is written with great chasteness, and undoubtedly from the purest motives.

A BASKET OF CHIPS. By JOHN BROUGHAM. New York: Bunce & Brother. 1855. 12mo. pp 408.

We hail with delight this brilliant, gay, witty, humorous melange of poetry and prose, sentiment and sense, romance and reality. Instead of being, as the name modestly purports, a "basket of chips," it is a casket of brilliants. How could it be otherwise, when heaped by the hands of a gentleman, who, in the universality of his genius, appears like several single gentlemen rolled into one. Mr. Brougham is a scholar, a dramatist, a wit, a poet, an artist, and a very agreeable actor. Whatever he undertakes he does well, and some things better than any one else. We most cordially wish this pleasant volume the success its great merit should command. It is very well illustrated by McLenan. For sale by W. V. Spencer.

HARPER'S CLASSICAL LIBRARY—VIRGIL. 1 vol., 12mo. SMART'S HORACE. 1 vol., 12mo. 1855.

Messrs. Harper & Brothers deserve great credit for the beautiful style in which they have got out these literal English translations of the works of the two greatest Roman poets. They will be an aid to those students of the classics who are making their way without a teacher, while they will be welcome to the libraries of readers unacquainted with the original tongue. For sale by Redding & Co.

THE NEW ODEON. New York: Mason Brothers. 1855.

This is a fine collection of popular secular melodies arranged for four voices, and intended for singing schools and private parties. The prefatory part consists of valuable lessons in singing by Lowell Mason. For sale by Oliver Ditson.

THE LAKE SHORE: or, *The Slave, the Serf, and the Apprentice*. By EMILE SOUVESTRE. Boston: Crosby, Nichols & Co.

Emile Souvestre, whose death, two or three years since, was deeply lamented by the world of letters, was one of the purest of modern French writers. All of his stories have a healthy moral. He reminds us much of Hawthorne, but he has none of the deep sadness of our great American romance writer. The present series of stories illustrates the progress of humanity from the white slavery of the Romans, through the serfdom of feudalism, to the present condition of the laboring classes in Europe. It is a truly fascinating book. We have frequently enriched our columns with translations from Souvestre's works from the pen of Miss Anne T. Wilbur, and we know of no one better fitted to prepare English versions of those works of his which have never been translated, than this lady. We advise some enterprising publisher to improve upon this hint.

TWICE MARRIED. A Story of Connecticut Life. New York: Dix & Edwards 1855 18mo. pp. 264.

The readers of Putnam's Magazine are already familiar with this charming book, as it appeared, serially, in that publication. The author says modestly, "My story pretends to be nothing more than a plain and homely sketch of rustic Yankee life and character" Now this is exactly what we want, and this simple and natural book is an oasis in the desert of exaggerated romances that the power press has spread around us. We like it all the better because it was not written with a particular aim. We hate to have an author poking his moral at us like a gun, and endeavoring to bring us down by a dead shot. For sale by Redding & Co.

The laboring classes are not required to go into mourning; yet some of them do for two, three or four days. With them the burial takes place after twenty-four hours; with the upper class, the mourning is fixed at fifty days. It used to be twice that time, but is said to have been cut down by Jesi Jas (founder of the reigning dynasty), that the business of the public functionaries might suffer the less interruption. Persons in mourning stay at home, abstain from animal food of any description and saki, and neither cut their nails nor shave their heads. One of the ifays is left, as has been mentioned, at the grave; the other, during the period of mourning, is set up in the best apartment of the house of the deceased. Sweetmeats, fruit and tea, are placed before it, and morning, noon and night, food is offered to it, served up as to a living person. Two candles, fixed in candlesticks, burn by it, night and day, and a lighted lantern is hung up on either side. The whole household, of both sexes, servants included, pray before it morning and evening. This is kept up for seven weeks, and during each week from the day of the death, a priest attends and reads hymns for an hour before the ifay. He is each time supplied with ornaments, and paid a fee of five or six mas. During these seven weeks the son goes every day, be the weather what it may, and says a prayer by the grave. He wears his rush hat, through which he can see without being seen, speaks to nobody, and is dressed in white. With this exception, and a ceremonious visit in the third, fourth or fifth week to the relatives and friends, he remains in his house with the door fastened. It is customary to erect a small hut near the grave, in which a servant watches, noting down the names of all who come to visit it. When the seven weeks are over, the mourner shaves and dresses, opens his doors, and goes, if an officer, to inform the governor that his days of mourning are over. He next pays a complimentary visit to all who have attended the funeral, or have visited the grave, sending them also a complimentary present. In case of persons holding office, who died suddenly without having previously resigned in favor of their heirs, it is not unusual to bury them the night after their death, in a private manner; the death, though whispered about, is not officially announced. The heir, who dresses and acts as usual, notifies the authorities that his father is sick and wishes to resign. Having obtained the succession, he soon after announces his father's death, and the formal funeral and mourning then take place. The honors paid to deceased parents do not terminate with the mourning. Every month, on the day of the ancestor's decease, for fifty, and even for a hundred days, food, sweetmeats and fruit are set before the ifay. These funeral ceremonies are certainly among the most singular rites of the Japanese, and much more than we have given might be detailed respecting them. The second engraving of our series shows the mode of conveyance generally in use, that is the palanquin, supported on the shoulders of two stalwart fellows. These vehicles are finished in a very tasteful manner, being handsomely lacquered, gilded and ornamented. In Simoda, they take the place of horses, the latter being used only under the saddle. The third engraving represents the dinner given on board the Powhatan, in honor of the commissioners appointed by the emperor to conduct negociations. Commodore Perry invited the officers of the squadron to meet the Japanese officials, of whom there were about seventy. A very excellent dinner was served up, to which the guests did ample justice. Toasts to the emperor and president were drank with all the honors, and the company did not disperse until a very late hour. Our next picture shows a Chinese tanka boat. The tanka boats are counted by thousands in the rivers and bays of China. They are often employed by our national vessels as conveyances to and from shore, thereby saving the health of the sailors, who would be otherwise subjected to pulling long distances under a hot sun, with a liability of contracting some fatal disease peculiar to China, and thus introducing infection in a crowded crew. On her voyage, the Powhatan touched at Singapore, the capital of a small island at the southern extremity of Malacca. The town stands on a point of land near a bay, affording a safe anchorage at all seasons, and commanding the navigation of the Straits of Malacca. While the Powhatan lay at anchor here, the captain permitted two jugglers to come on board to gratify the wishes of the sailors, by exhibiting their skill in legerdemain, which art they profess in a wonderful degree of perfection. The feat of swallowing a sword was performed, as exhibited in our fifth engraving. But as the weapon belonged to the juggler, the men suspected it was prepared for the purpose, and that the blade consisted of running slides, which, by the pressure of the tongue to the point, would be forced into the hilt. The Malay, however, was determined to confound the doubters, and taking up a piece of rough cast iron from the armorer's forge, swallowed it with as much ease and facility as he did the sword. The performances ended with a lively dance executed by two cobras to the accompaniment of harsh sounds from a trumpet played by an assistant. From Singapore let us pass to the Sandwich Islands, those gems of the Pacific. The arrival at the Sandwich Islands is always a welcome event in a cruise—the delicious climate, the abundance of fruits, the romantic scenery, the gentle manners of the inhabitants, render this portion of the globe peculiarly attractive. Our sixth engraving represents a group of Sandwich Island girls dancing the hula-hula to the intense delight of a group of Jack tars, who probably experience as much satisfaction at the exhibition, as was ever experienced by the refined Parisians at the efforts of Taglioni, Cerito, or Fanny Elsler. The hula-hula was formerly a favorite dance among the Sandwich Islanders, but has now become nearly extinct through the influence of the missionaries. There are still, however, a few Kanakas, who are addicted to their old amusement. The dance does not admit of much grace, each female going through her gyrations with the mechanical stiffness of an automaton. The next port we shall touch at, pleading the privilege of a roving commission, is Cape Town, the capital of the Cape of Good Hope, the well-known British colony at the southern extremity of Africa. This point early attracted the attention of the Dutch, who saw that it was of the first importance as a watering-place for their ships. They accordingly established a colony there about the middle of the 17th century. They treated the native inhabitants, the Hottentots, with great severity, driving most of them beyond the mountains, and reducing the remainder to slavery. In 1795, it was captured by the English, but restored by the peace of Amiens, in 1802. In 1806, it was again captured by the English, and has remained in their undisputed possession ever since. The colony extends about 230 miles from north to south, and 550 from east to west. On the west and south it is washed by the ocean, and on the north it is bounded by a range of lofty mountains. The principal bays on the coast are Saldanha, Table, Plattenburg and Algoa Bays. The country is divided into successive terraces by several ranges of mountains, which run nearly parallel to the southern coast. Much of the territory is very barren and unyielding, but yet there are a great many belts of highly productive land. Cape Town is quite pleasantly situated at the head of Table Bay, in a valley between the Table and Lion Mountains, and about thirty miles from the Cape of Good Hope. It is defended by a castle of considerable strength, and contains many fine public buildings. The harbor is tolerably secure from September to May, during the prevalence of the southeast winds; but during the rest of the year, when the winds blow from the north and northwest, vessels are obliged to resort to False Bay, on the other side of the peninsula. Our seventh engraving presents a sketch of a group of marketmen at Cape Town. We here see the native fish dealers and purchasers. A young negro in the foreground is feeding a pelican with a small fish which he has purloined from the bench. The principal market of Cape Town is not very attractive externally, but it is noted for the abundance and excellence of its fish, flesh and fowl, which supply the inhabitants and the ships touching at the port. The sales are conducted much after the manner of this country. The salesmen are representatives of all quarters of the globe, and include specimens of the native Hottentot and the genuine Yankee, who is to be found everywhere where money is to be made. The eighth engraving is a view of the natives and their huts at St. Augustine's Bay, Madagascar. The inhabitants of this remarkably fertile island are composed of two distinct classes—the Arabs, or descendants of foreign colonists, and the Negroes, or original inhabitants of the island. The character of the inhabitants differs much in the different parts of the island, and the accounts of writers vary greatly on this subject. The island is off the eastern coast of Africa, separated from the continent by the Mozambique channel, and is about 900 miles long and 200 broad. Its surface is greatly diversified, and its mountain scenery is exceedingly grand. The name and position of this island were first made known to Europeans by Marco Polo, in the 13th century, though the Arabs had been acquainted with it for several centuries. It was visited by the Portuguese in the beginning of the 16th century. The French made several attempts to found colonies there in the middle of the 17th century, but abandoned them after ineffectual struggles with the natives. In 1745, they renewed their efforts with but little better success. In 1814, it was claimed by England as a dependency of Mauritius, which had been ceded to her by France, and some settlements were established. One of the native kings of the interior, who had shown himself eager to procure a knowledge of European arts for his subjects, consented, in 1820, to relinquish the slave trade on condition that ten Madagascees should be sent to England, and ten to Mauritius, for education. Those sent to England were placed under the care of the London Missionary Society, who sent missionaries and mechanics to Madagascar. In 1826, seventeen hundred children were taught in the missionary schools, and the Scriptures have since been translated into the native language. Our last view was drawn at Bruni, in the island of Borneo, and shows the Sultan's palace. Previously to the Powhatan's joining the Japanese expedition, and while on her way, her duties compelled her to touch at the island of Borneo for the purpose of ratifying a treaty which was negociated some fifteen years since, and which requires renewal every five years. Its objects are the protection and preservation of such of our men and ships as have the misfortune to be wrecked upon these shores. The steamer anchored at the mouth of the principal river, and the following day a sufficient number of officers and men, in six barges, and fully armed, proceeded on their mission to Bruni, the capital, situated about thirty miles from the coast. The meeting was held at the palace of the Sultan (the house in the centre of the picture), and the negociation was concluded in a manner satisfactory to both parties. After an exchange of presents of trifling value between our officers and the natives, and a night passed on his majesty's mats, the party embarked for the ships, the band playing the national airs, with a national salute from two howitzers. The result of such expeditions has been to make our flag known and respected in the remotest quarters of the globe.

MARKET SCENE AT CAPE TOWN.

ST. AUGUSTINE'S BAY, MADAGASCAR.

BRUNI, ISLE OF BORNEO, SULTAN'S PALACE.

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL.
THE CHEAPEST WEEKLY PAPER IN THE WORLD.

MATURIN M. BALLOU, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.
FRANCIS A. DURIVAGE, ASSISTANT EDITOR.

A NOBLE ANSWER.

When Louis Napoleon, before he had violated his oath of fidelity to the French republic, reviewed the troops encamped at Sartory, Horace Vernet, the great military painter of France, was commissioned to paint the scene, and did so, introducing General Lamoricière, Cavaignac and other distinguished republican generals who were on the field. After he had overthrown the republic, Master Louis sent for Vernet, one day, and pointing to the portraits of the noble republicans, said, peremptorily, "Remove these men." "Sire," replied the noble artist, "I am a painter of *history*, and I *cannot do it!*" Of course, after this bold speech, Vernet fell into *disgrace!* But he was too great a man to be sent to Cayenne, or driven into exile, and after a lapse of time, the emperor sent for him, and treated him with the respect which his greatness of soul deserved. "Flaneur," the brilliant correspondent of the Boston Post, relates the above anecdote and also the following:—"One morning, in crossing the Rue de la Dauphine, driving a spirited horse in a tilbury, Vernet ran against a cart laden with stones, and broke the shaft of his vehicle. A sign painter, engaged close by in painting some sausages on a butcher's shop, recognizing the renowned artist, rushed to aid in mending the broken shaft. The master of the tilbury slipped a piece of gold into the painter's hand. 'What! Vernet, from a brother artist?' said the man, reproachfully. 'Pardon. How then can I show my gratitude?' 'Give me a stroke of your pencil—I shall be too well paid,' said the man of signs, pointing to his ladder and scaffold. 'Willingly,' observed Horace, and scrambling up the ladder, he soon finished the most tempting string in the world, and to this day, as during the last fifty years, they are said to attract all passers-by."

MUSQUITOES.—It seems that these destroyers of domestic comfort have heretofore been unknown in England. Latterly, when some of the little rascals presented their bills to a gentleman of Birkenhead, he was perfectly astonished. The press took the matter up in alarm. They were supposed to have been imported by a Yankee sailor, who took this method of revenging a grudge against some of the people at Birkenhead. The mayor had offered a reward of fifty pounds for the discovery of the villain who introduced this pest.

OUR PAPER.—Our paper may always be found at the periodical depots throughout the country, for sale at six cents each. But the best way to secure it regularly, and at the earliest moment after publication, in a *neat, clean form*, is to enclose a year's subscription direct to the office of publication.

A FINE STORY.—We have just commenced in The Flag of our Union an admirable novelette from the pen of SYLVANUS COBB, Jr., entitled "The Maniac's Secret: or, The Privateer of Massachusetts Bay—a Tale of the Revolution."

SPLINTERS.

.... Dr. Kane, of the exploring expedition, is a man of small stature, whose delicate appearance does not seem fitted for heroism.

.... Sir E. W. Head, the new governor-general of British North America, is very popular with the Canadians.

.... The paper and printing of the British House of Commons costs nearly a million dollars annually. Talk of the dear *people!*

.... The crop of cranberries in Indiana was very great this year. They are easily raised, and always command a high price.

.... Rev. G. H. Doane, son of Bishop Doane, of New Jersey, has gone to Paris to study for the Roman Catholic priesthood.

.... The harvest in France is a failure, and the United States are looked to, to save her from starvation. We'll try.

.... Miss Hensler lately divided the honors with Lagrange at the Italian opera. She is a charming vocalist.

.... John Chaplin, lately a lieutenant in the navy, killed his brother-in-law, Dr. Kirk, near Savannah, in a duel, lately.

.... William Sullivan, who stole a suit of clothes in this city, was detected while changing his dress in the street.

.... Gibson, the English sculptor, has recently colored two marble statues of Venus and Cupid, it is said, with effect.

.... The King of Sardinia, the ally of France and England, has been placed under the ban of excommunication by the pope.

.... They send such things as live lizards through the English post-offices, duly stamped and addressed.

.... One of the most distinguished young officers in the Crimea was Captain Peel, son of the late statesman, Sir Robert Peel.

.... Since the gold discovery of California in 1848, $300,000,000 worth of gold have been brought to the Atlantic States.

.... The only way to pronounce a Russian name is to sneeze and then say *ski;* but Sebastopol was not to be sneezed at.

.... One of the London papers heads its police reports, "Our civilization." There is a spice of satire in that.

.... Thackeray was complimented by a dinner given by his brother writers of England, just before sailing for this country.

.... The officers of the Baltic fleet amuse themselves by playing cricket on shore. Better play ball with the Russians.

.... They have now got a Jew for lord mayor of London. It is a triumph of the liberals of the city over sectarianism.

.... A State Agricultural College for Ohio has been organized at Cleveland, with five capable professors.

ARCTIC EXPEDITIONS.

We read of the return of the members of the Arctic expedition under Dr. Kane, through the agency of the Relief expedition under Lieut. Hartstein, both fitted out from New York, with unmingled feelings of gratification. Though an event of some weeks' standing, it is still the topic of general conversation and of general congratulation. The hardships encountered and overcome, the perils dared and escaped, the sufferings and privations of the gallant men engaged in both these adventures, possess all the interest of romance, heightened by the force of truth, and we are never weary of reading their recital.

Yet we may be permitted to express the hope—perhaps an individual one—that this may be the last of these expeditions to the far, far north. There now remain no promptings for philanthropic exertion. Sir John Franklin must be given up. The heroic efforts to discover his whereabouts have been unavailing, and the certainty of his having perished is now carried home to the bosom of that noble woman who has hoped beyond hope, who has struggled against conviction until it could no longer be held at arm's length, and who feels that her gallant husband must be numbered with the lost.

There is no probability that these Arctic expeditions can produce any practical results. Science has something to hope from them, indeed, but what can that be, weighed against the certain peril and probable loss of those who might be induced to wage a warfare against the pitiless elements for a doubtful good? We are told that there is a possibility of reaching the north pole, and of planting there the stars and stripes of our country. We confess that there is something inspiring and glorious in the very thought. To go where no keel has ever penetrated, to stand where no human foot has ever stood,—the idea is enough to enlist the fortunes and lives of numbers of fearless and high-spirited men. But suppose the feat accomplished—it would be but a barren triumph. It is not surely necessary to assert and vindicate the daring of humanity. The history of the race is full of deeds of heroism and self-sacrifice. Men have suffered enough for the truth, have undergone privation, and toil and torture enough, to render unnecessary any fresh proof of heroism and abnegation. The spirit of enterprise and daring which so abounds among us had better be devoted to some purpose, the practicability of which does not require demonstration. There are wildernesses to be subdued, forests to be felled, lands to be reclaimed, rivers to be rendered navigable, nearer home. We need not go into sunless latitudes and hyperborean regions for fields of exertion.

If our views be correct, we know already quite enough of the Arctic regions. We know that far to the north of us lie vast realms of ice and semi-annual night; that there vegetation ceases to exist; that there are no productions to tempt the cupidity or enhance the comforts of our race; that there vicissitudes must be encountered which utterly preclude the idea of permanent settlement or periodical traffic. Let us rest satisfied with this amount of knowledge.

Nothing that we have written is intended to express the slightest disparagement of the motives which prompted the two expeditions to which we referred at the commencement of this article. Noble and philanthropic movements, they were conducted with the highest ability, and have been comparatively fortunate in their issue. But now, as it appears to us, there remains no higher motive than that of the gratification of scientific curiosity in pursuing these researches to a greater extent. Let us rest contented with the possibility of planting our flag on the northernmost apex of the globe, without hazarding any more valuable lives in bringing the problem to the proof.

THE WAR.

This is still the topic in almost every circle. We cannot be indifferent to its continuance. Whatever affects prices and the money market abroad is felt here sensibly. It is said now that only the military men in Russia are in favor of a prolongation of the sanguinary conflict, and it is certain that the French and English at home are keenly sensible of the ruinous expense. Western Europe, indeed, seems to be on the eve of a great commercial crisis; and when the pockets of the people begin to be affected, it is dangerous for governments to continue the pressure too long. As for the love of glory—that sort of glory that is earned by cutting throats—we believe the age is too enlightened to be much influenced by it. The desire of the world is for peace, and its interests are certainly in favor of it.

BINDING.—In no year, since our illustrated journal commenced, have we bound up so many of the volumes for our subscribers as we have done in the last twelve months. We can still supply any and all back numbers desired to complete sets, or to replace soiled and missing numbers. Charge for binding in full gilt, illumined title-page and index, and illumined cover, *one dollar.*

ANOTHER VETERAN.—Either old men are very prevalent, or else more pains are taken in chronicling their existence than formerly. Two or three weeks since, General Stryker, of Brunswick, New Jersey, 93 years of age, took command of a body of troops, and manœuvred with the skill of a young man. Of him it cannot be said:

"Superfluous lags the veteran on the stage."

ART.—Everything is artistic now-a-days. A series of lectures was recently delivered, in this city, on the "art of health." It used to be a blessing—now it is an accomplishment.

THE WAR IN THE EAST.—The French, who have been far ahead of the English during the whole war, are preparing to eclipse their former glories in the Crimea.

THE STEAM FRIGATE POWHATAN.

In this week's paper will be found a number of interesting drawings made for us by an officer of this fine national vessel, which formed a part of the exploring expedition. Her officers and men have lately distinguished themselves, and upheld the honor of our flag, in a desperate engagement with a piratical fleet, near Hong Kong. Capt. Fellows, commanding H. B. M. steam sloop Rattler, chased a large fleet of piratical war junks into shallow water, and then steamed for Hong Kong to ask assistance from Capt. McClancy of the Powhatan. It was promptly afforded, and an attack was made in boats from the Powhatan and Rattler, the whole under the command of Capt. Fellows. The junks fought at anchor with great ferocity and resolution, and several of our men and officers were wounded in the affair. Ten large war junks were destroyed, mounting, on an average, from sixteen to eighteen guns, of from six to sixty-eight pounds calibre. The enemy waited till the attacking party were within an hundred yards, and then opened a tremendous fire of cannister. Lieut. H. Rolando, of the Powhatan, was the first to board a twenty-gun junk, which he took. Each boat then singled out a junk and attacked it, the latter fighting with great desperation indeed, and in one case blowing up a twenty-gun junk, engaged hand to hand with the Rattler's (British) gig; Lieut. Rolando's boat was aiding that of the Rattler at the time, and both Capt. Fellows and Lieut. R. were blown overboard, as well as many of the Powhatan's men. Most of the casualties mentioned below occurred in that affair. Private Adamson of the marines greatly distinguished himself; the British and Americans vied with each other, and the enemy fought with desperation. Six junks and lorches, prizes to the pirates, were re-taken; sixteen smaller junks escaped, one of which subsequently getting aground was burned. It is thought that between five and six hundred of the pirates were killed, wounded and drowned during the engagement. Lieut. Pegram immediately commanded the Americans. Our loss, as reported to the Navy Department, was as follows: Killed—Joseph A. Hulsey and Isaac Col, landsmen. Wounded—Lieut. R. B. Pegram, and Lieut. H. Rolando, both in the hand; John Pepper, seaman, mortally; Benj. Adamson, dangerously; Jere. Pendergrast, landsman, fracture of a limb; Sam'l Mullard, marine; Fred. Hommell, do., P. Walter Schmidt, do., Wm. Carnes, ordinary seaman, Joshua Lewis, seaman, Wm. A. Taylor, captain after guard—all seriously; Chas. Tingworth, seaman.

THE END OF THE WORLD.—Wiseacres in Europe are predicting the end of the world "about this time," as the almanacs say. Some of the German quidnuncs declare that the world will perish before long, "because, deserting the paths of the ideal, it has declared for the objective against the subjective, for the not me against the me, for the finite against the infinite." Clear as mud! We fancy the old world will continue to trundle on its axis for half a dozen billions of centuries yet.

ADULTERATION.—At a late meeting of the British Association, Dr. Pearson, in the chemical section, asserted that there were only two articles manufactured for food which were not adulterated—common salt and refined lump sugar. He challenged any gentleman present to add another article to the list.

EUROPEAN QUIET.—Kossuth, writing in the London Atlas, says:—"The condition of Europe is evidently such as to render an almost universal revolution inevitable. To ignore this is blindness—to deny it, madness."

ART EXHIBITION.—St. Petersburg journals announce that an exhibition of fine arts will be held in that capital this year, in spite of the war.

MARRIAGES.

In this city, by Rev. Bishop Southgate, Mr. George B. Gordon to Miss Ellena McMullen, both of Cambridge; by Rev. Mr. Miles, Mr. S. Lawrence French to Miss Sarah B. Luke; by Rev. Mr. Coolidge, Mr. David C. Allyn, of Chelsea, to Miss Sophia J. Burnham; Mr. John M. Burnham to Miss Ann Maria Patterson; by Rev. Dr. Caldicott, Rev. Allen E. Battelle, of Rockport, Me., to Miss Marcia J. Baker, of Marshfield, Mass.; by Rev. Dr. Putnam, of Roxbury, Mr. Alexander Murray Smith to Miss Mary C. Lovering.—At Chelsea, Capt. Elijah Crosby to Miss Roena Taylor, both of Chatham.—At Melrose, by Rev. Mr. Sessions, Mr. Augustus Towne, of Boston, to Miss Anna S. Armstrong.—At Brighton, by Rev. Mr. Whitney, Mr. Washington C. Allen to Miss Mary Norcross Warren, of Boston.—At Newton Corner, by Rev. Dr. Caldicott, Mr. Horace Wentworth, of New York, to Miss Lucretia W. Hewes.—At Salem, by Rev. Mr. Clapp, Capt. John W. Strout to Miss Lydia L. Townsend.—At North Andover, by Rev. Mr. Robinson, Mr. George W. Berrian, Jr., of New York, to Miss Ruth Elizabeth Weed—At Newburyport, by Rev. Mr. Campbell, Mr. Richard P. Pettengell to Miss Georgiana Bragdon.—At New Bedford, by Rev. Mr. How, Mr. Edward Griscom to Miss Jerusha R. Holmes, both of New York.—At Springfield, by Rev. Mr. Seeley, Mr. Henry W. Remington, of this city, to Miss Lizzie E. Pease.—At Augusta, Me., by Rev. Mr. Drew, Prof William P. Drew, of Somerville College, Mass., to Miss Livonia P. Rust.—At Baltimore, Mr. Frank Beal, of Boston, to Miss Carrie E. Streeter.

DEATHS.

In this city, Mrs. Mary R. S. Harod, 32; Widow Mary Denison, 79; Mrs. Abigail, wife of Mr. Lemuel Tompkins, Jr., 37; Mr. William S. Lincoln, 51; Widow Charlotte Wiesenthal; Miss Jane H. Goodwin, 51; Mrs. Abby Truesdell, 33; Miss Rebecca T. White, 27.—At Roxbury, Mrs. Caroline Kimball, 42.—At Charlestown, Mrs. Sarah Kimball, 32; Mrs. Abigail Edmands, 49; Widow Prudence Hobart, 45.—At Somerville, Mrs. Lucinda H., wife of Mr. Samuel S. Shorer, 41.—At East Cambridge, Mr. A. Matthewson, 51.—At Watertown, Dr. Walter Hunnewell, 86.—At Lynn, Mrs. Sarah, wife of Mr. B. P. Ravel, 52.—At West Lynn, Mr. Luther Nourse, 19.—At Beverly, Mrs. Susannah Standley, 93.—At East Bridgewater, Mrs. Maria, wife of Hon. Judge Aaron Hobart, 67.—At Newburyport, Mr. Richard Davis, 76; Miss Abigail G. Atwood, 46; Mrs. Sarah Huggett, 85.—At Newbury, Mr. Daniel Davis Floyd, 26.—At Scituate, Mrs. Sally, widow of Ensign Merritt, 72.—At Tyngsboro', Augustus F. Pierce, M. D., 28.—At Townsend, Miss Abby A. Lewis, 18.—At Worcester, Mr Nathan Rogers, 77.—At Nantucket, Capt. Zimri Collin, 72; Mrs. Deborah Hodges, 79; Mrs. Azenith Ferris, 84.—At Pittsfield, Theodore Hincsdale, Esq., 83; Widow Olive Hulbert, 85.—At Tivertou, Mrs. Lucinda, wife of Mr. Adoniram Brown, 52.—At Portsmouth, N. H., Mr. Thomas W Miller, junior publisher of the Chronicle, 23.—At Kennebunkport, Me., Mrs. Sarah L., widow of the Hon. B. F. Mason, 55.—At New York, Hon. Peter Harmony Graham, 34.—At Santiago, Tuolumne Co., Cal., Mr. Robert Reed, formerly of Springfield, Mass, 29.—At Honolulu, Sandwich Islands, Mrs. Kinoole, wife of Benjamin Pitman, Esq., of Boston, 30.

EDITORIAL MELANGE.

Among the articles exhibited at the fair of the American Institute, New York, is an ingenious invention of a gas-engine by Dr. Alfred Drake of Philadelphia. —— During the late agricultural fair at Haverhill, a place was wanted for the trial of horses, and a man named Lee offered the committee and spectators free admission to his grounds for the purpose. The crowd rushed in, but when the sport was over, it cost them "a quarter each" *to get out!* The shrewd Yankee made a good thing out of it. —— Rev. William Arthur, a distinguished Irish preacher, has arrived in this country, for the purpose of raising money to aid in the spread and education of Protestantism in Ireland. —— Two men got into a fight in Columbus, Ohio, a few days since, when a large dog rushed out of a house near by, and made a furious demonstration towards the combatants, who immediately separated, and decamped in opposite directions. One of the men being closely followed by the dog, was obliged to take refuge in a shed; and although he succeeded in closing the door against the animal, he was compelled to remain there until its owner came to his relief. —— Previous to 1840, nearly all the copper used in the world came from the mines of Cornwall, England. Hereafter, all the copper used in the world will come from the United States. —— One of the pastors in Lowell, Mass., recently preached a strong sermon against the costliness of religious privileges. He condemned the paying of high salaries to clergymen, as pews were often made to rent at such high prices that poor people could not afford to hire them. He urged that a church had no moral right to pay $700 a year of its worshippers' money for a choir, nor anything like it. —— The "medicinal inhalation for the cure of consumption" is not a new process, as claimed by some. It has been known and practised for many years. —— There is a curiosity in Bangor, Me., in the form of a bed-cord made from the sinews of a whale. It was brought into the country in 1640, and has been in possession of Uncle Tim Colby, of Bangor, forty-seven years, in constant use, and never was broken. It is as good as ever, and has been in the possession of the Colby family for two hundred years. —— In Siam, the penalty for lying is to have the mouth sewed up. Suppose such a law were in force here, what a number of mutes we should have. —— Among the strangers in our city (says the Hartford Times) is Dr. Hamel, of the Imperial Academy of St. Petersburgh, a gentleman of high intelligence and distinction, who is on a visit to examine the scientific, industrial, and educational institutions of the United States. —— Calvin was opposed, as were indeed Luther and other great reformers of that day, to the strict views entertained by John Knox respecting the Sabbath; and yet Knox himself was far behind some of the present day religious professors, if a tradition at Geneva be true—that when John Knox visited Calvin on a Sunday, he found his austere coadjutor bowling on a green. At this day, and in the same place, says D'Israeli, a Calvinist preacher after his sermon will take his seat at the card-table. —— The city of Manchester has not money enough in the treasury to pay its firemen. It owes Niagara Company No. 2 about $1400, besides sums due other companies. Some hardship to the firemen is the result. —— M. Roby, of Paris, deposited in the Great Exhibition of Paris, on the 22d August, where it was inspected by the Queen and Prince Albert, a timepiece made entirely of clay. All the works, plates, cogs and wheels are made of aluminum, and M. Roby believes that it is much better for these purposes than the metals generally employed. It is much lighter, does not require so much power to conduct the wheels, and therefore, with a heavy balance, will obtain a better result in regularity. It is very hard and smooth when hammered, and the friction will be reduced to almost nothing.

VALUABLE DISCOVERY.—The Leeds Mercury, an English paper, says that Colonel Rawlinson has just discovered among the ruins of ancient Babylon an extensive library—not indeed printed on paper, but impressed on baked bricks—containing many and voluminous treatises on astronomy, mathematics, ethnology, and several other most important branches of knowledge. These treatises contain facts and arguments which, in his opinion, will have no small operation on the study of the sciences to which they relate, and indeed on almost every branch of learning, and which throw great light on Biblical history and criticism, and the history of our race.

IN MEMORIAM.—The family of Margaret Fuller Ossoli has erected a marble monument to her memory and that of her husband and child, in Mount Auburn Cemetery, in Massachusetts. It was designed and executed by Mr. Thomas Carew, an artist of this city. It is upright in form, and on its side, facing the avenue, is cut in the marble a medallion the size of life, and said to be an excellent likeness of Madame Ossoli, surrounded by an exquisitely carved oak wreath. There are various other significant devices on the monument.

HEAVY LOAN.—The New York commissioners of the canal fund for the enlargement of the Erie Canal, have issued proposals for a new loan of $1,250,000. Two sums of $2,250,000 have already been raised, and the new loan will make the whole amount $5,570,000.

LARGE BUSINESS.—Envelopes and stamps to the large sum of ten thousand dollars a month are sold at the Boston post-office. A room has been fitted up for this especial purpose, and a number of clerks give their whole time to this branch of the business of the office.

HUMANE.—Mr. Nelson, of Connecticut, has patented lately an awning for horses, which is attached to the dray so as to completely cover the horse from the rays of the sun. This, we should think, is a good invention, it is certainly a humane one.

Wayside Gatherings.

In Maine, where capital punishment has been abolished, crime has *not* increased.

A pawnbroker in Philadelphia the other day bought and paid for a pair of table covers which a rogue purloined from his own house.

The N. E. Spiritualist had a "communication" last June, stating that Dr. Kane had recently passed from earth, his ships had been broken to pieces, etc. The "sperits" must rap again.

The growth of the Boston North Association of Baptist Churches has been very rapid during the last fifteen years. Previous to 1840, only 13 of its 31 churches were in existence.

Gen. Peter Sarpy, for many years a trader among the Omaha Indians in Nebraska territory, has just concluded an important treaty with the Indian Bureau at Washington.

A committee of citizens in Maine are collecting money to enable them to purchase a ship of 600 tons for the conveyance of emigrants, stores, etc. to Liberia. The amount which they propose to raise is $30,000.

The Freeman's Journal, a Roman Catholic paper, looks upon the conversion of the Rev. Mr. Doane (son of Bishop Doane, of New Jersey), as the first fruit of an abundant harvest of the second generation of Puseyite Episcopalians.

Rev. Andreas Wiberg, a native of Sweden, and a graduate at the University at Upsala, has been commissioned by the "Baptist Publication Society," to return to his native land and establish there a system of colportage.

Dr. Mauran, of St. Augustine, Fa., is soon to publish a succinct diary, kept by himself, of the atmospheric phenomenon of the past season at St. Augustine, intended as a guide to phthisical invalids desirous of resorting thither to enjoy the prophylactic and thermal influence of its climate.

A few of the Cayuga Indians, residing on the Cattaraugus Reservation, have revolted, deposed the old chiefs and declared new ones in their places. They allege in their public manifesto, that the chiefs have been plundering the people of their annuities, etc. Among the leaders, we are told, were Casher Darkness and Smith Wheelbarrow!

General Bosquet's order to the soldiers before the attack on the Malakoff is greatly eulogized, it is so admirably calculated to inspire confidence. It concludes as follows: "This is a general assault, army against army. It is an immense victory with which the young eagles of France are this day to be crowned. Forward, then, *enfans!* Malakoff and Sebastopol for us, and *Vive l'Empereur!*"

The editor of the Dubuque Tribune indulges in the following rhapsody over a certain dancing girl in that village, named Sallie St. Clair: "Her voluptuous form is the fittest setting for her diamond soul. Inspiration quivers down her snow-white arms, and trembles on her finger ends; passion wrestles in her shivering knees, and shudders through her fainting limbs. Her soul flickers in every accent, and looms up in every pantomime."

Lady Franklin has written the inscription for the tablet to be placed on Beechy Island. The following is the closing paragraph: "It commemorates the grief of their admiring countrymen and friends, and the anguish, subdued by faith, of her who has lost, in the heroic leader of the expedition, the most devoted and affectionate of husbands. 'And so He bringeth them unto the haven where they would be.' 1855."

Kendall, of the New Orleans Picayune, writes home, that the ladies in waiting upon Victoria, at Paris, were a "distressing homely set," nor does the profane republican treat royalty any better. Listen to his description of the Princess Royal of England: "She is a fat, chubby, and coarse specimen of a girl, a homely likeness of her mother, who has never set up any pretensions to beauty that I am aware of."

An Indian hunter on the Castor River, Canada, had a tussle with a black bear that weighed seven hundred pounds, and had the satisfaction of killing the monster. He first wounded the animal by a shot, when the latter closed in with him for a fraternal hug. In the desperate struggle that ensued, the Indian managed to plunge his knife into the bear's heart, although he had an arm broken at the time.

Dr. John Ware, a distinguished Boston physician, who has lately returned from a tour in Europe, has published his views on the comparative skill and proficiency of the medical profession in Europe and this country. He thinks that in the scholastic perfection of our education, America is far in arrear; but in that sort of discipline which prepares for the emergencies of real life, and consequently for the qualification necessary to the actual management of disease, we are second to none.

Rev. Thomas Hill, of Waltham, in an article on church music, in the last Christian Examiner, says: "Sometimes an attempt is made to alter a secular air by changing the cadence to a religious form. We have recently heard tunes of this character from some new collection of sacred (?) music—popular Irish and negro melodies being cut off in the last measure, and a chord of the subdominant introduced, as it were to sanctify them. The result is, that the tunes are spoiled for whistling on a week day, without being fit to sing on a Sunday."

The late three days' fete of the Assumption in Vienna was celebrated with a luxury and pomp never witnessed at Rome itself. The doctrine of the "immaculate conception" was announced, as it were, by the throne of Austria, with imposing honors. The imperial family were daily in procession in the streets, attending the service of the cathedral, richly decorated for the occasion, and illuminated every night, marching around an old column erected to the Virgin in a public square some two centuries ago, under the lead of the Pope's nuncio, chanting, etc.

The illumination in Paris and the surrounding villages for the fall of Sebastopol was by order of government, and not a voluntary popular demonstration. In the villages, a drummer paraded the streets at ten o'clock in the morning, and after having collected a crowd, directed all the inhabitants of the village to illuminate their windows on a certain evening, by order of the local authorities, under a penalty of a fine of seven and a half francs for every window not illuminated. Everything, even to demonstrations of joy for a victory, is regulated in France by the government.

In some parts of India there exists a miasma in the atmosphere, which, notwithstanding its fever-generating nature, people who are constantly exposed to it become inured to it, and enjoy comparatively good health. A moist atmosphere is most favorable for the action of the miasma, and a person may sleep in a marsh with comparative impunity, if he sleeps beside a large watch-fire. The miasma may be conveyed by the winds to a considerable distance, so that a ship may anchor a mile to the windward of an unhealthy island, and remain unvisited by disease; while, if it should anchor the same distance to leeward, its crew would in all probability be attacked.

Foreign Items.

Fergus O'Connor is to have a monument erected to his memory in Scotland. The movement was commenced in Glasgow. The working classes are to be called upon to assist in the undertaking.

A tubular bridge is about being constructed across the Darmetra branch of the Nile, thirty five miles from Cairo. The carriages are to run upon the outside of the bridge, and not, as is the case with the Menai bridge, upon the inside.

The Austrian minister has notified the Department of State "that passports *dated more than three years ago* are not considered valid in Austria, and the bearers of such passports are not admitted to Austria."

A letter dated Malaga, 19th ult., says that raisins were dearer than they had been for fifteen years, and in consequence many American vessels that had waited sometime for the crop, were leaving in ballast. Those that had sailed for the United States only took enough for ballast.

The London Illustrated News says: "Benedetto Pistrucci is no more. Who has not heard of Pistrucci? It was Pistrucci who made (with the exception of the shillings and sixpences) all the coins of King George III. since the peace of 1815, and the six principal coins of King George IV."

It has been ascertained that in Birmingham, England, not less than one thousand ounces of fine gold are used weekly, equivalent to some $900,000 annually; and that the consumption of gold leaf in eight manufacturing towns is equal to five hundred and eighty-four ounces weekly.

The statue of the Duke of Wellington, executed by Mr. Matthew Noble for the East India Company, has just been placed in its niche in the general court-room at the India House. It is of white marble rather beyond life-size, and represents the duke in military undress uniform, having in his hand a telescope.

A letter from St. Petersburg says: "Three iron sloops, 80 feet long, were launched here. The greatest activity prevails in the naval workshops in order to complete the screw vessels without delay. It was from the want of such vessels that the Russian fleet was obliged to remain inactive in presence of the allies."

Sands of Gold.

.... Expression alone can invest beauty with supreme and lasting command over the eye.—*Fuseli.*

.... The greatest fault that can be committed in life is to quarrel with a superior man.—*Balzac.*

.... Reject with indignant scorn all self-congratulation of conscious villany, though they be uttered by Richard or Iago.—*Fuseli.*

.... If a cause be good, the most violent attack of its enemies will not injure it so much as an injudicious defence of it by its friends.—*Colton.*

.... Sympathy and disgust are the lines that separate terror from horror: though we shudder at, we scarcely pity what we abominate.—*Fuseli.*

.... The wise and active conquer difficulties, by daring to attempt them: sloth and folly shiver and shrink at sight of toil and hazard, and make the impossibility they fear.—*Rowe.*

.... Consult your friend on all things, especially on those which respect yourself. His counsel may then be useful, where your own self-love might impair your judgment.—*Seneca.*

.... Great is the power of eloquence; but never is it so great as when it pleads along with nature, and the culprit is a child strayed from his duty, and returned to it again with tears.—*Sterne.*

.... There are words which, like the trumpets, cymbals and base drums of mountebanks, attract the public. The words "beauty," "glory," "poetry," have witcheries that seduce the grossest minds.—*Balzac.*

.... Evasions are the common shelter of the hard-hearted, the false, and impotent, when called upon to assist; the real great alone plan instantaneous help, even when their looks or words presage difficulties.—*Lavater.*

.... We seize upon the world with hearts thirsting for love; then, when our wealth has passed into the crucible, when we are mixed up with men and with events, everything dwindles insensibly; we find little gold, and much ashes. Such is life—life as it is—great pretensions, little realities!—*Balzac.*

Joker's Budget.

A lady last week had her likeness taken by a photographist, and he executed it so well that her husband prefers it to the original.

A correspondent of a Memphis paper misquotes in the following shocking manner:

> "Where their cannonized bones
> Will never again burst their casements."

The London Diogenes thinks the most difficult achievement in domestic geometry, consists in "keeping the circle of our acquaintances square."

A friend fleeling funily figurative, furnishes the flollowing: "4ty 4tunate 4esters 4tuitously 4tifying 4lorn 4tresses, 4cibly 4bade 4ty 4midable 4eigners 4ming 4aging 4ees."

The Paris Exposition has produced some wonderful things says the Journal pour Rire. Among others an elixir for preserving the teeth, stringed beans, peas, the dreams of youth, and woman's loveliness.

"The little darling, he didn't strike Mrs. Smith's baby a purpose, did he? It was a mere accident, wan't it, dear?" "Yes, ma, to be sure it was, and if he don't behave himself, I'll crack him again."

"I have lost my appetite," said a gigantic Irish gentleman, and an eminent performer on the *trencher*, to Mark Supple. "I hope," said Supple, "no poor man has found it, for it would ruin him in a week."

Catching it in the Crimea.—When the Russians first seized on the Crimea, they captured a great many of the inhabitants, but amongst all of these they never got hold of such a native as the Tartar they have now caught at Sebastopol.—*Punch.*

There is a gentleman residing in this city who is unusually scrupulous in regard to having his door-plate polished every morning, being determined to "leave an untarnished name behind him"—when he goes to the counting-room.

When it was told to the late Rev. Sydney Smith that it was intended to pave St. Paul's churchyard with blocks, his answer was, that he thought there would be no difficulty in the matter, if the "Dean and Chapter would put their heads together."

NOTICE TO ADVERTISERS.—*One page only of this paper is devoted to advertisements.* The immense circulation of the PICTORIAL (being *over one hundred thousand copies weekly*) forms a vehicle of advertisement that is rarely offered to the public. Another fact which greatly enhances the value of the PICTORIAL as an advertising medium is, that it is *preserved*, and not destroyed after being read, being regularly bound up every six months, so that each advertisement (all being placed on the *inside* of the paper) becomes a *permanent card of the advertiser's business for years to come.*

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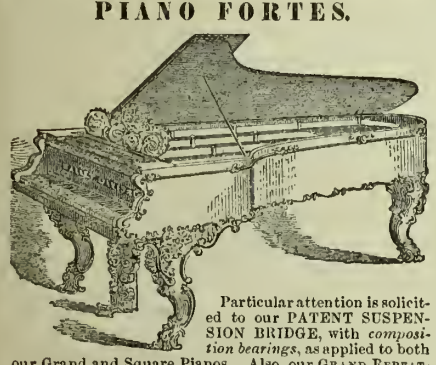

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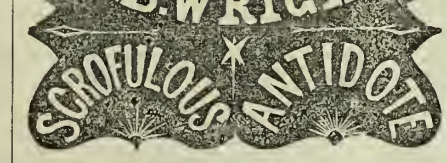

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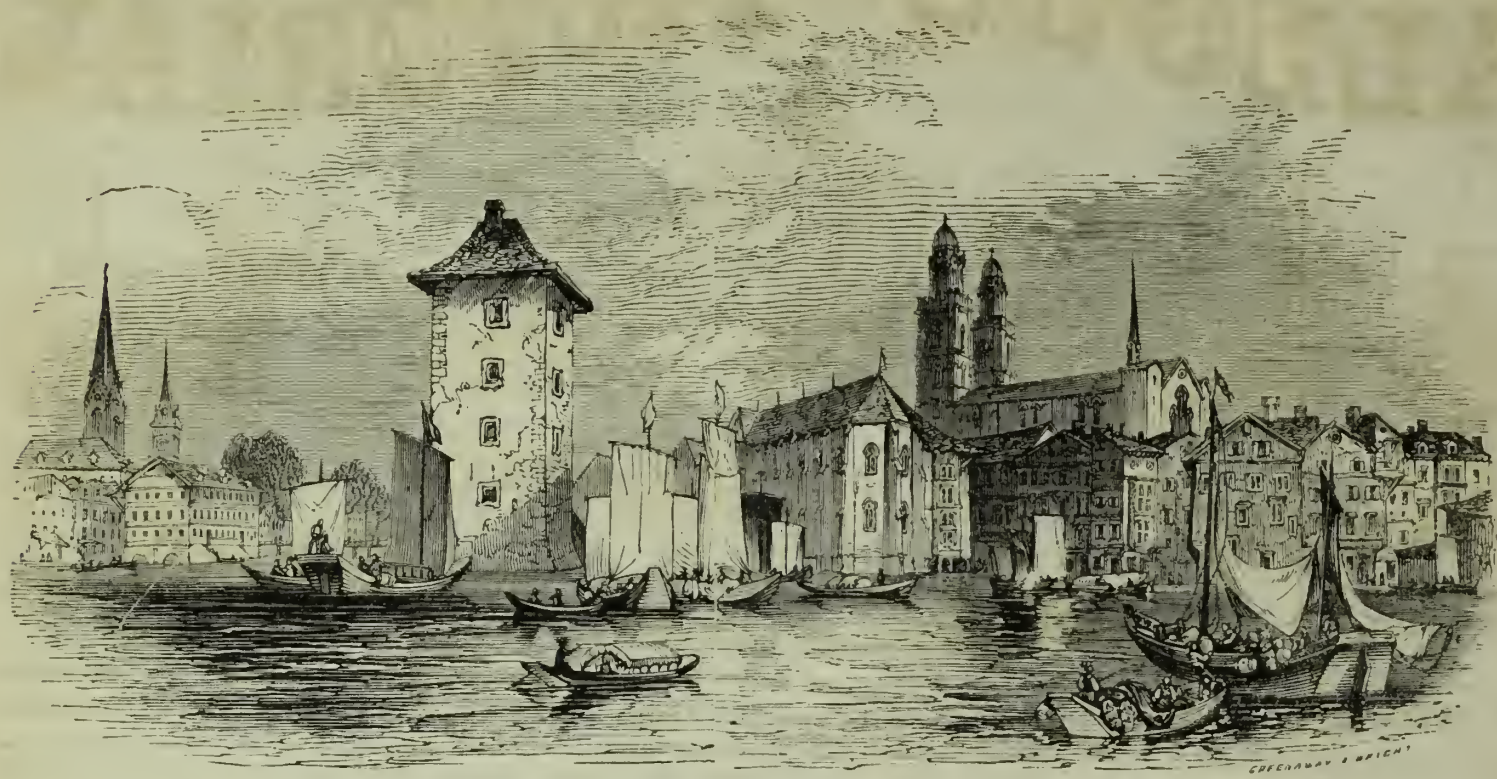


ZURICH, SWITZERLAND.

ZURICH, SWITZERLAND.

The view of this quaint old place is authentic, and possesses the interest attached to all the towns and cities of that glorious little European republic which achieved its independence at an early period, and has maintained it for centuries, though surrounded by despotisms. The canton of Zurich embraces an area of only 950 square miles, with a population of about 185,000 souls. Though the land is rough, it is highly cultivated, and, like some of our New England agricultural districts of much the same character, yields ample returns to persevering industry. Zurich, the capital of the canton, stands on the river Limmat, at the northern extremity of the Lake of Zurich, in a narrow valley enclosed by high hills. Dr. Beattie, in his work on Switzerland, gives a lively picture of the place. He says:—"The descent upon Zurich, as the road winds gently towards the river, is particularly fine; and the prominent objects brought successively into view, seem to vary their relative positions as we advance. Of these, the commanding feature is the cathedral, whose twin towers, overlooking the city, are the first to greet the traveller on his approach. Here the Limmat, gushing from the lake in a broad and impetuous stream, is bridged over by a wide and commodious platform, where the buyers and sellers meet in friendly intercourse, and the various merchandize attests the number of purchasers and activity of the market. The scarlet boddice, laced and trimmed with black; the full white sleeves, high dress to the neck, short particolored petticoat, and black coiffure, with an orange or crimson band across the crown, announce the peasant maids of Zurich; while the huge hempen culottes, coarse homespun doublets, and broad brimmed hats, proclaim their rustic lords. Here the front of the Hotel de l'Epee bears evidence to the great influx of strangers who every season commence the tour of Switzerland at this point. There stand several English carriages—two just arrived, others on the road,—and each fitted up with all the luxury and convenience that can possibly wait upon locomotive lords, and encourage an easy slumber after the fatigue of sight-seeing. There, a party sally forth to make the circuit of curiosity, and another return, greatly delighted with the prospect of—dinner. Here, lazily seated upon the bench, in their half minstrel, half marauder uniform, a *posse* of Swabian students keep up a cloud of smoke from pipes, almost as long as the spears of their forefathers. Artists, seated, or standing by the water's edge, are busily occupied in the service of their portfolios, and seem to look upon the donjon-tower in the centre of the stream, with its fleet of barges, as a favorite point. Couriers, too, arrive and depart in such 'hot haste,' as if the balance of Europe sat upon their spurs. Here and there, also, straggling pilgrims, waiting for some boat to waft them to the other extremity of the lake, on their pious errand to Einsiedeln, contrast well with the mere pleasure-hunting groups among whom they stand; with their 'scalloped hat and sandal shoon,' they look like the beings of another sphere. Among the smokers, the wine of Zurich begins at length to circulate freely, and to loosen those cords of speech which the solemn pipe had previously held in subjection; and now the volubility is truly extraordinary—some talking—others vociferating a favorite air." It is impossible for any one, possessing a taste for the beauties of nature, to enter Zurich or its environs without feelings of admiration. From whatever point we arrive in this delicious region, the beauty, though varying in degree, is always positive—always striking and picturesque. Built at the northern extremity of the lake—divided by the limpid waters of the Limmat—encircled by hills and acclivities—here mantled with vines, and there massy with forests, sprinkled with "campagnes," and enriched with thriving villages, the scene is full of animation, and, on further acquaintance, keeps to the mind the promise it made to the eye. Did our space suffer us to particularize, Zurich and its environs would certainly afford an apology for digression; for, in addition to the beauty of its existing scenery, there is a peculiar pleasure resulting from associations connected with its history. When the torch of religious persecution spread consternation through the distracted states of Europe—when the sacred name of home was no longer a word that implied security—when the weak, and the innocent, and the helpless, and the timid, escaped as "brands from the burning," Zurich, with a courage and humanity which have crowned her with glory, threw open her gates for their reception, clothed, comforted and cherished them with a sister's love, and embraced, as her adopted citizens, those whom the violence of party had stripped of all but their integrity. Here in particular—when the word was, "Believe that I have spoken to the angel Gabriel, or I will kill thee!" and when, during the troubles of England, so many, for "conscience sake," were driven to the miserable alternatives of voluntary exile, the sword, or the stake,—the non-conformists of England and Scotland found shelter, succor and citizenship; and in the enlightened and liberal society of Zurich, all that could console them for the loss of their own. This is a fact which can never be lost sight of by their descendants. Zurich abounds in scientific, literary and charitable institutions. The library and museum, both under one roof, are respectively rich and various in their contents.

THE TUILERIES—THE LOUVRE.

Our engraving presents a view of the famous palace of the Tuileries and the long gallery of the Louvre at Paris, on the right bank of the Seine. The name of the palace is derived from the word *tuile* (tile), and it is built on the spot formerly occupied by a tile manufactory. It was commenced by Catherine de Medici, in 1564, and was enlarged and extended by subsequent monarchs at an enormous cost. Louis XIV., in 1654, completed the great gallery which connects the Tuileries with the Louvre on the side towards the Seine. On the west of the palace lie the gardens of the Tuileries, forming a quadrangle of the width of the palace, and 1800 feet in length. They are enclosed by long terraces on two sides—that on the Seine commanding a beautiful prospect, and are ornamented with trees, shrubs, flowers, fountains, vases and statues, forming an agreeable resort, and thronged at all hours of the day by citizens and strangers. The adjoining palace of the Louvre was founded by Philip Augustus in 1204, and a chateau at once, fortress, palace and prison. The name comes from an old Saxon word *louvear*, which signifies castle. Charles V., in 1373, made great additions to the palace. It was the residence of Charles IX., Henry III., Henry IV. and Louis XIII. In these reigns, nothing remained of the old chateau built by Philip Augustus. Louis XIV. and Louis XV. made great additions to the Louvre. From this time the works were abandoned till 1804, when they were resumed by order of Napoleon I. with great activity. Abandoned again in 1815, they remained in suspense during the reigns of Louis XVIII., Charles X. and Louis Philippe. They were resumed and actively carried on during the present reign, and are now nearly if not quite completed. Its fine art gallery is the most renowned in the world, and will comprise the following departments:—1, the antiques; 2, pictures of the Italian, Flemish and French schools; 3, English museum; 4, Egyptian museum; 5, museum of the renaissance; 6, Spanish museum; 7, naval museum; 8, museum of designs; 9, museum of Mexican antiquities; 10, museum of Assyrian antiquities; 11, imperial and royal museum, destined to receive objects which have authentically belonged to the sovereigns who have reigned over France. In the department of painting, the Louvre gallery was richest under the reign of the first Napoleon; for it was then filled with master-pieces from the principal galleries of Italy and Germany, the spoils of conquest and the treasures of art. On the restoration of the Bourbons, most of these works were restored to the different public galleries from which they had been taken. Still the gallery is a splendid one, and to visit it is alone worth a journey to Paris. The contemplation of the marvellous architecture of Paris is, however, dashed by the reflection that the almost countless wealth required for its production was wrung directly or indirectly from the people by a government not elected by the popular voice. In building Versailles, that costly fancy of Louis XIV., men were sacrificed by hundreds to the malaria arising from the unhealthy lowlands. Soldiers were taken out of the ranks and forced to work there, and the occupation was as fatal as a campaign in time of war.

EXTERIOR OF THE TUILERIES, WITH THE LOUVRE.

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL

M. M. BALLOU, { CORNER OF TREMONT AND BROMFIELD STS. BOSTON, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 24, 1855. $3,00 PER ANNUM. 6 CENTS SINGLE. } VOL. IX., No. 21.—WHOLE No. 229.

PREPARING FOR THANKSGIVING.

Mr. Champney has here given us a genuine New England scene, one that any one who has stepped aside out of the beaten tracks by which innovation and fashion march even into country homesteads, will recognize as truthful and characteristic. The scene lies in a large, old-fashioned room, at once, perhaps, kitchen and sitting-room, and here those preparations for the genial anniversary are being made, which cannot fail to result in complete success. The "armorers accomplishing the knights" on the eve of Bosworth field worked not half so hard and heartily as the gallant volunteers before us, male and female, in furnishing forth the feast which is to gladden a joyous group, not of epicures or gourmands but of men, women and children, who sit down to the table with a healthy appetite, requiring no artificial stimulus to improve it. On the right side of the picture, we see a huge fire-place, which a sturdy yeoman is filling with stout cord wood sticks—a fire large enough to roast a sheep at, and consuming an amount of fuel which would make a city housekeeper shudder. Hard by is a table, whereon that most delicious of New England delicacies—and, alas! the most indigestible,—mince-pie is being prepared by a neat-handed Phillis. Nor, we may be sure, is the generous pumpkin pie forgotten. In fact, we see piles of this corpulent rubicund fruit lying on the floor, ready to be transformed into tempting pies. There has been sad havoc in the poultry-yard, we fear, for there is a strong representation of the juvenile force of the family engaged in plucking certain bipeds of their feathers, that have crowed their last notes, flapped their ultimate defiance, quacked their last quack, or laid their final eggs. The pullet will figure in a pie, to the shortness of whose crust her own eggs have contributed. Conspicuous in the centre of the picture is the presiding goddess of the feast, or, rather, the culinary priestess of its mysteries, vested with high authority, using the brief, peremptory words of command that ensure the execution of her bidding. This picture will remind many of our city readers of the days of auld lang syne, and revive the dear home scenes of happy youth, to which no after-scenes will ever compare.

PREPARING FOR THANKSGIVING.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE VISCONTI:

—OR,—

BARBARIGO THE STRANGER.

A TALE OF MILAN DURING THE MIDDLE AGES.

BY AUSTIN C. BUEDICK.

[CONTINUED.]

CHAPTER IV.—[CONTINUED.]

Julia asked no more, and she had just turned to go to her own apartments when a rap was heard at the door, and in a moment more the duke entered. His brow was dark and lowering, and his whole face was wrought upon by the most intense emotion. He surveyed the female a moment with a sort of withering gaze, and then he said, addressing the maiden:

"We have had a stir in the palace this morning, signora. Were you aware of it?"

Julia reflected a moment, and she resolved that she would speak nothing hastily.

"I was well aware, sir, that a noise had been made," she replied, with perfect calmness.

"Ay, and so was I. Perhaps you know the cause?"

"I do," answered the maiden, whose dark eye flashed beneath the sarcastic gleam of the duke. "A maiden who has ever been taught to look upon wrong as a crime, and upon right as the true path, sent for one whom she loves to come and see her. He came, and the evil eye of an enemy fell upon him, and but for his good sword he would have been cast into a felon's dungeon."

"Ah!—your sight is keen."

"It should be, sir, at such times."

"But you may find it dangerous to see too much."

"It would not cause me wonder, sir, since I find there is danger even in right."

The duke bit his lip; but his passion did not all show itself.

"You use your tongue glibly," he said, after a few moments' pause; "but I have come to bid you use your judgment henceforth. You do not seem to realize your position, or you would not so soon have disobeyed me. Now we must have no more of this. My word is law here, and wo be unto you if you dare to disobey me again. You have even now made a matter of scandal for the whole court. Beware that you do not the like again. I have not spoken to you before, for I knew not your inclinations. For the present fault I shall only say, I like it not. Obey me for the future, and all may be well; but cross my authority but once again, and the weight of a retribution you will not covet shall fall upon you. I hope I am understood."

Julia made no reply, and the duke then turned to his wife.

"Did you know of this?" he asked, sternly.

The rich blood mounted to Donna Silvia's face, and her eyes flashed proudly.

"My lord," she said, calmly, and with noble dignity, "remember where, when, and what you speak. I am more than a subject, and my child is less. Press me not, therefore, now."

The duke was startled for the moment, and his countenance betrayed another emotion than anger as he looked into his wife's calm face. He found there a spirit which he could not but respect, and he dared not attempt to break it.

"I shall see you anon," he said; and without another word he left the room.

As soon as he was gone, the mother and daughter turned towards their private apartments, and there they found Lucetta engaged in arranging the things of her young mistress. It was now settled that Julia should go, and arrangements were forthwith set on foot to that end. It was hard for the duchess to part with her child, but she knew that 'twould be for her benefit. She had seen enough of her husband's court to know that such was not the place for Julia, unless she could have her choice in a husband. And to see her sweet child bound down to a life of misery was more than she was prepared to do. And yet she had not so much blame for the duke. She knew the ancient hate that existed between the Visconti and the Della Torra, and though she loved some of the scions of the latter, yet she loved the head of the former more. She made all allowance for the enmity of the two houses, and then she asked herself if she could offer her own child a victim to it. She answered—no. She was prepared to meet her husband's wrath, but she was not prepared to see her child suffer.

There was but little to do, for the travellers would need but little on their journey. The most needful of all was money, and of this the duchess was enabled to furnish three hundred golden pistoles, and also a draft upon Frederic of Austria for five thousand double ducats.

The day passed slowly away, and towards evening Donna Silvia's porter left the palace, with a large bundle of clothing. He had a pass from her, and he was allowed to depart. When it was fairly dark, the duchess stood near a small gate which opened at the foot of her own private staircase, and with her were two persons, habited in the garbs of monks; they were Julia and Lucetta.

"Lucetta," spoke the duchess, "to you I entrust much of my child's happiness. Do not—"

"Stop, signora," uttered the faithful girl, seizing the hand of the duchess, and pressing it to her lips, "my life is yours, and all my soul. In the hour of need I shall not falter."

Then the mother turned to her child. She wound her arms about her, and drew her upon her bosom. One warm kiss she imprinted upon the fair brow, and then she murmured:

"Remember me always, my child, and I shall be happy. I wish you to go."

"You shall hear from me."

"Let it be often."

"It shall. God bless you—"

"Come," said Lucetta, taking Julia by the arm, and drawing her away, "let us be on our way."

"Yes, yes, my child," added the duchess; "for there is no time to lose."

There was one more embrace—one more kiss—and then Julia turned away. She took a few steps, and then she turned convulsively back; but her mother had gone.

"Come," whispered Lucetta. "It is best as it is." And with one low sob, Julia followed her maid out into the dark street.

CHAPTER V.

FLIGHT.

In the western part of the city, and near the banks of the Olona, stood the palace of the Count Jacopa Della Torre. He was Count of Milan, and a representative of one of the oldest houses in Northern Italy. Close by the palace, and upon a narrow passage, was a guard house, and in one of the front apartments of this stood Francesco. He had a light mantle thrown over his shoulder, and his plumed cap he carried in his hand. It was evening, but a heavy hanging lamp threw a soft light around, and the young marquis was the only living thing upon which it

FRANCESCO DELLA TORRE, MARQUIS OF LODI.

shone. He was somewhat tremulous in frame, and his face wore an anxious, eager look. He paced the stone floor slowly and thoughtfully, and ever and anon he would stop near the door and listen attentively.

[SEE ENGRAVING.]

At length the sound of a light footfall came upon his ear, and he hastened to the door. The pattering feet stopped, and a low rap followed. The young man knew the signal, and he threw the door open. It was Lucetta who had thus demanded admittance.

"Is Julia near?" the marquis asked.

"Close at hand."

"Then bring her at once. All is safe."

Lucetta turned back a few steps, and presently she returned, leading her young mistress by the hand. They entered the guard-house, and then the door was closed and locked, and in a moment more Julia was resting upon her lover's bosom. She forgot her sorrow for the while; for she now rested with one in whom her fullest confidence found rest. He was to her as an ark of refuge.

"Are you all ready?" the marquis asked, holding Julia off and looking into her face, as though he would see if there was any doubt there.

"I am," she replied. "Are you?"

"I shall be in one hour. I have sent Pietro after the horses, and when he returns all will be prepared."

"And your father; does he know of this?"

"Only that I am going, and of that he approves, though he cares but little either way. He is kind enough to inform me that had I been captured this morning, he would not have saved me from the block if he could."

"And is that the feeling of a parent?"

"Ah, the old count is not like most parents. He is angry because I allowed myself to be seen near the palace of the Visconti, and for that, and other causes full as simple, would he throw away all his paternal affection, if—he ever had any. But come, we will not remain here."

"And are you sure you can get safely out of the city?" asked Julia, somewhat anxiously.

"O, yes; that will be the least part of my trouble. But then I apprehend no trouble at all. I have sent all our luggage on ahead to Locate, and thither we will follow it."

"To Locate!" repeated Julia, in surprise. "Why, that is to the southward."

"Certainly; but from that point we can cross the rivers the most readily. We will be in Cresna before morning, and if our strength fails not, we may reach Verona before we sleep another night. Fear not, loved one; but follow me, and hope in God. Come."

Francesco led the way towards the back part of the building through several apartments, until he came out into a narrow court which connected with the main court of the palace by means of a gateway, which had a portcullis attached; but instead of passing through into the main court, he turned to the left, and entered a small chapel, and when he had reached this point, he stopped and turned towards his two followers.

"Before we go any further I must obtain from you both a solemn promise," the marquis said, with a light smile. "You will not think I fear to trust you; but this is only a custom which even I must not break over. None, at present, out of our house, know of the way by which I shall now lead you. All I ask is, that never shall a word drop from your lips concerning the way we are now to take, after we shall have passed through it."

"Must we never speak of it, even to you?" asked Lucetta.

"Never a word to a living soul. So runs our bond."

"I swear, by all the holy angels," said Lucetta.

"And I do the same," added Julia. "I will never mention it."

"Thank you," returned Francesco; and thus speaking he passed on to an inner door, which he opened by means of a secret spring, and this admitted the trio to a small cell-like apartment, where was a stone crucifix, and an image of the virgin; and also a small lantern, which the marquis took.

One of the arms of the virgin was moved in a swinging manner several times, and at each movement a low, grating sound was heard beneath the pavement, which had the appearance of solid blocks of marble. After this, the marquis put his foot upon one of the pavements, and a section, comprising some dozen blocks, gradually revolved upon its pivots, until it stood perpendicular. These pivots were upon either side, and near the centre, so that half of the curious door was now below the floor, and half above it. A flight of stone steps was presented, and Francesco bade the girls descend first. Lucetta at once went down, and without the least hesitation Julia followed. In a few moments the marquis joined them, having first been careful to see the trap secure behind him.

The steps were only twenty in number, and when the girls reached the bottom, they found themselves upon a foundation of rock, and by the dim rays of their guide's lantern, they could see that the walls were of solid masonry.

"Now our path is straight," said Francesco; "and here we may fear no spies."

"But where will this lead us?" asked Julia.

"You shall see when you come out. This place, as near as we can learn, was built by one of the old Lombard kings, as early as the tenth century. My father's palace was built upon the ruins of one of the ancient citadels, and my mother was the first to discover this secret passage. Shall I tell you how?"

"Certainly; by all means," cried Lucetta.

"Yes," said Julia, as she found her lover's eyes fixed inquiringly upon her.

The party had now entered the main passage, which was about ten feet wide, and about the same in height to the centre of the arch. The walls were of a very large, dark, hard brick, and laid in flinty cement, while the floor was of broad stone flags.

"My mother," commenced the marquis, "came one afternoon in the little chapel alone, and while there she noticed a peculiarity in the right arm of the marble virgin. It not only had the appearance of being pointed at the shoulder, but it seemed to be loose. She took hold of it, and as she moved the arm forward, she was startled by a dull, grating sound beneath her feet. She moved the arm again, and the same sound was repeated. This she did again, and again; and at the fifth movement she felt a peculiar sensation at her feet, and on looking down she found that the part of the floor upon which her heels were resting had sunk some inches. She started out of the way, and as soon as she could collect sense enough she returned and pressed one foot upon that part of the section which was sinking, and the result was the same as you witnessed when I opened the trap. She hastened to my father with the strange secret, and he came and examined the premises. He explored the place, and when he found of how much service it might be, he had the virgin's arm so fixed that nothing could be discovered there; and in one of his strange and unaccountable fits of love for me, he revealed to me the whole

thing. That was five years ago, and I do not think that since that hour he has felt a moment's real affection for me. He is a strange man."

"But how does the moving of the marble arm operate upon the trap-door?" asked Lucetta, who was not yet satisfied.

"It is very simple," said Francesco, with a smile. "The arm works as a lever, with the fulcrum at the shoulder, and the arm beyond turns towards the back at a right angle. To the end of this inner arm is attached a wire, which leads down through the body beneath the floor, where it meets another right-angled lever. At the end of this second lever is a second wire, which connects with a bolt, upon the end of which the edge of the trap-door rests; or, I should say, the wire connects with a little lever which works upon the bolt by means of little teeth. The bolt is inclined outward by a spiral spring. Now when I swing the virgin's arm forward, the little lever beneath the floor works against the teeth of the bolt, and moves it back, and the weight of the door is just sufficient to keep it there; then the next swing moves it further, and so on, until the bolt is wholly withdrawn, and then a little pall snaps in and holds it there while the door is open; but when the door is shut the edge just touches a spring which throws this pall out, and the bolt flies back. It is very simple, isn't it?"

"It is to me, now. Perhaps you don't believe me?"

"O, I never doubt a lady."

Lucetta laughed; but she did understand the whole mechanism of the trap, and to convince her guide of that fact, she went on and explained it all, illustrating as she went with her fingers and hands.

The trio had already been over half an hour in the subterranean passage, and just as Julia was upon the point of asking how much further they had to go, she saw a flight of steps directly ahead. These were ascended, and they led to a small chamber, from which a second flight led still higher up. At the head of this second range, the marquis came to a trap-door, which he opened precisely the same as he had opened the one at the other end; or, at least, as he would have opened that had he performed the feat upon the inside.

And when Julia had passed up through the opening thus made, she found herself in a small apartment, and close by her side stood the statue of a gladiator. This was also a chapel, but the building to which it had belonged was an old convent, and had now gone to decay and ruin. When Julia reached the door she smelt the fresh air, and found herself once more upon the earth's surface. Before her she could see a stream of water, and she asked her lover what it was.

"The Olona," he said.

"The Olona?" repeated Julia, in surprise, at the same time looking behind her. "But where is the city?"

"Look yonder," replied the marquis, pointing across the stream. "Do you not see the towers lifting themselves up against the sky?"

Julia looked in amazement.

"What!" she uttered, "have we crossed the river?"

"We have *come under it!*"

"Under it?"

"Yes; and are now safe beyond the walls of the city. This is why we must go first to Locate. Hark! There is the sound of horses' feet; Pietro is coming."

While they waited for the coming of the man, Francesco showed to his companions such things about them as they could see through the gloom. But only one thing fastened Julia's attention, and that was the ruins of the old convent close at hand. They were on a gentle eminence, and stood plainly revealed against the starry sky. Huge masses of dark rock lifted their craggy lines up into the gloom, and here and there a spared turret stood up more high, sentinel-like, over the decaying mass beneath. An owl screamed from one of the vine-clad towers, and the shrill, dread notes struck upon Julia's soul with a terrible force.

"Long years agone," murmured the maiden to herself, as she broke for the while from her lover, "living men and women trod those now desolate places, and where nought but the night-bird and the gloom now brood, there beat hearts high with hopes. And for what did they hope? Alas! how fleeting, how transient! Our hopes rest within our souls until every thread of life is strained to hold them; and yet what are they? Only decay and ruin! All our cares are but joys that can last but a span!"

"Ay," whispered a voice at her side, "and so all the fears that make men so miserable might end with the night that sees the light of life go out. Look on both sides, my love. It is dark now, and you are in the midst of ruin. Remember, you shall anon be in the broad light, where life abounds."

It was the marquis who spoke, and Julia would have answered, but at that moment Pietro rode up with the horses. He had four in all, good, strong beasts, and kind.

"Is all safe?" asked Francesco.

"Ay—safe as a monk under the table, my master—good for this time. I met the old porter of the duchess down by the canal, and he had all the things, and here they be. I can carry half of 'em with ease, and you must carry the other half."

"And you saw nothing new—nor heard nothing?"

"Nothing alarming, good master; only I was sorely tempted. By the red nose of the pope, I came nigh throwing a man into the canal; and I would, only I knew I might run the risk of detaining you."

"Ah," said the marquis, with a smile, "who was that?"

"Do you remember that old Capuchin—that black Franciscan—Father Andrea?"

"Yes—very well."

"Well, 'twas him. I met him just outside of the wall, going into the city on the St. Donato road; but I let him go."

"And why should you wish harm to him, Pietro?"

"Why? By the blessed lady, I'd like to know why I should not. A snake isn't more creeping, and a wolf can't be more sneaking. And don't he hate your house, and all in it?"

"I understand, Pietro; but let us to horse now. One hour will take us to Locate, and three more to Cresna. We'll sleep there. It wont be far from midnight when we reach there."

Julia and Lucetta were assisted to their saddles, and in a few moments more the party set off. The marquis and Julia rode side by side, and this left Pietro and Lucetta to follow suit. The man and maid had never seen each other before, and even now it was not light enough to distinguish countenances plainly; but Lucetta liked the sound of her companion's voice, and she soon fell into quite an animated conversation with him.

"We are fast leaving the city behind us, love," said the marquis, as they came upon a level path by the river's side.

"Yes, Francesco."

"And we are leaving our danger with it."

"I hope so."

"But we surely are. O, there's nothing ahead but joy, Julia!"

Why was it that this sentiment found no ready response in the maiden's bosom? She wondered if 'twould be so, and she tried to hope that it might; but that dark thought would rest with her, that howl of the night bird would clang in her ears, and the dismal ruins of the decayed convent arose before her so that she could not shut them out.

"You do not fear to trust me?"

"Ah, no," quickly replied the maiden; and in order to convince her lover of her truth she tried to be more cheerful.

CHAPTER VI.

ON THE TRAIL.

On the morning following these events, Marco Loredano was early at the ducal palace, and demanded an audience with the duke. Of course it was at once granted.

"Now, signor duke," spoke the count, after the usual salutations had been passed, "I ask of you the hand of Donna Julia in marriage."

"And by my dukedom, you shall have it! What ho, there!—Send the duchess to me."

"Is the duchess moving so early, signor?" asked Marco, after the messenger had gone.

"Ho, yes; and let me tell you, you'll find the daughter an early bird. They both like the morning dew, and fear not a wet foot."

"Now I like that, for it smacks of sense. By my faith, but she'll prove a blessing to me."

"So she will, count—if she can be made to love you."

"Love me! Ah, signor duke, few girls could withstand my power to please. If she becomes my wife, I'll warrant ye she shall love me."

The count drew himself up proudly as he spoke, and instinctively cast his eyes towards the polished mirror that hung near him. He was in truth a handsome-looking man, and he knew that none in the city had a better reputation in all that concerned true knighthood. Could his face have but once been flushed with warm blood, and his eye burned with a genial fire, he would have looked noble. But that face could not look warm, and the eye could only gleam and glisten like an ice-ball in the moonlight.

The messenger returned and announced that the duchess would be with them in a few moments. And shortly she came. She looked pale and sad, and the dull, heavy appearance of the eyes showed that she had not slept during the night. She greeted the gentlemen respectfully, and then moved nearer to her husband.

"Signora," spoke the duke, in a tone half of authority and half of persuasion, "I wish you to know our friend here more particularly than you now do. He is a proper descendant of the old Monzan kings of Italy, and is now the highest representative of that regal house. Not one of our nobles stands firmer in rank, in wealth, in power, or in all that becomes the true knight. He has asked me for the hand of our child, and I have promised it to him."

The duchess started at this announcement, and a paler shade rested upon her still beautiful features.

"My lord," she said, tremulously, and yet with firmness of purpose, "you know that there is a prior claim upon Julia's hand. Ere I knew you I had pledged her hand to the noble Marquis of Lodi."

Loredano saw the frown upon the duke's face, and fearing that his words would be hot and hasty, he spoke first.

"Signora," he said, in a tone so cool and polite that it seemed rather the charm-note of a serpent than the voice of a lover, "you did right then, for the marquis is a well-looking man; but when you gave your hand to our noble duke, you surely pledged yourself before God and man not to bring shame and trouble upon him; and, moreover, God would not have blessed a union into which the wife could, of her own purpose, bring enmity and discord."

The duchess gazed hard into the face of the speaker, for his words were terribly distinct, and fell strangely upon her ear. They were opening to her mind a light for the present subject which she had not before seen.

"When you became the wife of our noble duke," resumed the count, "you gave your child into his keeping, and before his God and yourself he became responsible for that child's life and peace. Whatever may have been your former connexions, you severed them all when you entered into this union. You knew that the Della Torra were the most rank and bitter enemies of this house. You knew that they would go to any length could they at once and forever annihilate the Visconti. You knew all this, signora."

"Yes, signor," returned the duchess, mechanically.

"And when you took that solemn oath to love, honor and obey your husband through life, you surely did not mean that your very next movement should be to connect yourself by a most sacred tie—an indissoluble bond—with his most deadly enemy."

The duke cast upon the speaker a look of deep gratitude, for he would never have thought of this powerful argument. Then he turned to his wife, and calmly said:

"The count speaks truly, signora. Do you not think so?"

The duchess bowed her head; and her thoughts were painful. She remembered that her husband had thus far been kind and generous to her, that he had been true and faithful, caring for and loving her with his whole soul, and even anticipating her every want. She began to realize the duty she owed him. The marriage of Julia with a Della Torre would bring pain and confusion upon him, and she would have to own the blame. She had before only looked upon her right to protect her child's happiness; but now she began to see that something was due to the happiness of her husband.

"Signor duke," she said, at length, in a low tone, "let the count withdraw, for I would speak with you alone."

Loredano at once left the room without further bidding.

"Now, Silvia," said the duke, stepping forward and taking his wife's hand, "what have you to say?"

The poor duchess gathered all her strength, and with much calmness replied:

"Julia is gone."

"*Gone!*" gasped the duke. "What mean you? Gone where?"

"Gone from Milan. Gone to—to Austria."

"And with whom?"

"With the marquis."

Barnabas Visconti held the woman off at arm's length, and gazed into her face. His eyes burned with a fierce fire, and his brow was dark and contracted.

"Silvia, did you know of this?"

"I did, signor."

"And could you not have stopped it?"

"Had I thought—"

"I asked not your thoughts. I asked your power. Could you have stopped it?"

"Hear me, my lord, ere you condemn. I saw my child ready to fall with pain and sorrow, and I thought only of my mother's love for her. I looked upon Francesco Della Torre, and I only saw one in whom my child had reposed her soul's best love, and who had always been among my best and warmest friends. I was hasty and anxious. My love led me—my love for my child—and I allowed her to go."

The duke flung his wife away from him, and started across the room, and when he came back, he stopped and gazed into her face. His features were tortured with passion, and his broad hands were clutched till the arm-cords swelled like ropes. The duchess was frightened for the moment, for she had lost part of the ground upon which she had hoped to stand. In her soul she now felt that she had not done wholly right; she had not paid that deference to her husband's happiness, and to the honor of his house, which was justly due from her. Of course she felt that all this enmity between the two houses was wrong and wicked, but that was nothing to her. She had sworn to cleave unto her husband, and now she had stricken the first blow upon their bond of union. Yet she could not feel that she had been wholly wrong; for only her love had prompted her in what she had done.

"Signora," spoke the duke, in a tone like the low rumbling of the coming earthquake, "at what time did they leave?"

"Last evening, my lord."

"And what road did they take?"

"I do not know."

"Speak the truth!"

"I never speak otherwise, signor."

"O! wert thou a man thy head should roll upon this very floor! But all is not lost yet. Henceforth we know each other well. Thou shalt see thy child ere long, for every road in the country shall be scoured; and when she is once found, by the saints, she's mine! Go to your room now, and when I feel in the mood, I'll see thee again."

"My lord," cried the duchess, sinking down upon her knees, "O, spare them! Do not let your wrath fall upon innocent heads. Francesco is—"

"Hold, woman! By my soul, I'll have none of that! Let me not hear a word more of that hated name. Julia I'll care for. Ay—and so I will for her secret lover. Stop!—not another word. I'll hear no more now, for I have neither the time nor the inclination. Leave me now, for I have business on hand."

The woman saw the meaning of her husband's eye, and without another syllable she left the room, and no sooner had she gone than the duke rushed out to find the count. He found him in one of the ante-rooms. "By heavens, Loredano! you must be in your saddle. The maiden is off!"

"Ha! Off? How mean you?"

"The Marquis of Lodi went away with her last night. They have fled towards Austria. The emperor is a cousin to my wife, and he will give them refuge if they reach his capital. Hasten—find them—slay the servile lover; and Julia is yours! You are a match for him with the sword."

"I hope so, signor. By the saints, if I were not, I'd snap my blade in twain, and never wear one more!"

"Then find them, and let not the villain come back alive. He knew you loved the girl, and that I meant her for you, and hence his flight with her. O, find them!"

"But which road did they take?"

"I know not; but you may be sure they will pass by the way of Verona, and must of course cross the Mincio at Peschiera. To horse at once, now—take only your own men, or man, for I want not this thing made too public. Take the high road; change horses at Chiari; and you may be in Peschiera by dark. It's only five-and-seventy miles. If they have crossed the bridge there, then take fresh horses and keep on to Verona, only fifteen miles further. Will you do it?"

"Ay, my lord duke—that I will; and right gladly, too."

"Then prepare at once. But hold. If you do not slay the marquis—if he will not cross swords with you—you must have some other power. Let me write. Go order your horse—your best—brought here, and have your companions sent for."

"I shall only take my esquire."

"Good. Send for him, then, and have him bring your horse. What ho, there!"

A servant put his head in at the door at this summons.

"Attend the count," ordered the duke. "Loredano, give him your orders, and they will be quickly obeyed. I will be with you in a moment."

Thus speaking, the duke left the apartment and hastened to his cabinet, where he sat down to his desk, while the count sent off to his dwelling after his man and horse. In ten minutes the two were together again.

"Here," said the duke, presenting a paper, "is an order to the governor of Verona, that he shall arrest Francesco Della Torre, and hold him to your order. It is all sealed and signed, and will be obeyed. Use it if you must, but I would rather the fellow should be despatched at once. You understand."

"I do, signor; and surely I have just ground for a quarrel. If he refuses to meet me, I shall spurn him. But I think he'll fight."

"But beware that you do not let him conquer. If you think him your superior at the—"

"—sh, my good duke. Upon my soul, you'll make me ashamed of myself. A Della Torre my superior with the sword! But say no more."

"I'd only have you wary, that's all, count. But now off."

They went down into the court, and in a short time a stout esquire, named Rodolpho Stento, rode up, leading a richly caparisoned horse by the bridle. He dismounted, and assisted his master to his saddle, and then resumed his seat upon his own animal.

"All right, signor," said the count, as he gathered up his reins.

"Then speed thee with open eyes and ears."

Marco Loredano waved his hand in reply, and in a moment more he had galloped from the court.

CHAPTER VII.

BARBARIGO THE STRANGER.

SHORTLY after the count had gone, Visconti sat down to his breakfast, but he could not eat much. His morning's excitement had taken away his appetite. Yet he managed to dispose of some dried fruit, and drink a little warm spiced wine, and then he arose and went out into the garden, where he walked to and fro in the fresh morning air.

"I wish this had not happened," he said to himself, in an anxious, nervous tone. "The duchess should have known better. But I think she is repentant; she is sorry. If the girl comes safely back, and the marquis is slain, and she will marry at my will, I will forget it all—I will. I will overlook it all; for I cannot remain long angry with my wife. O, she is a good woman; and if she ever thwarts me, 'tis for my good; but in this case she acted only from will. But she had a reason of her own. By my soul, I love that woman! and I know she loves me." He spoke on for some time in this strain, and the conclusion to which he came was, that if the marquis were put out of the way there would be peace once more in his house.

As he ceased speaking, he came to a rough stone bench, which seemed to have been originally set up for a horse-block, and upon this he sat down. He had sat thus some moments, engaged in a wild, rambling train of thought, when he felt a hand upon his shoulder. He turned, and beheld a stranger standing by him. He was not only a stranger, but he was a strange looking man. He was tall and stoutly built, though age had given a slight stoop to his shoulders. His hair was of an iron gray, and his beard, which was long and curling, was nearly black. His face was thin, but his features were bold and prominent; his brow was massive and heavy; his eyes large, black and deep-set; his nose large, with prominent cheek bones. His garb was unlike any other the duke had ever seen, the whole form being mostly enveloped in a sort of robe-like gown of brown velvet, beneath which was visible a doublet of untanned chamois skin. Attached to the gown was a small cowl; but it was now thrown back, and the head was bare.

[SEE ENGRAVING.]

"Ha!" uttered the duke, starting back in surprise; "who are you?"

"One who means you well, Barnabas Visconti; so fear me not."

"By the mass, sir stranger, you are familiar with my name."

"Ay; I know it well."

"Not the whole of it, it would seem."

"Ah; and what part have I forgotten?"

"I am Duke of Milan."

"I knew that; but I have nothing to do with the duke now; 'tis with the *man*."

"But how gained you admittance here?"

"How? Why, there are gates and doors in abundance."

"But they should be guarded. However, let that pass. What is your business?"

"You have sought the life of Francesco Della Torra," said the stranger, in a low, calm tone.

"Ha! and would you mix up in that matter?" cried the duke, starting to his feet. "What would ye concerning him?"

"I would that you should let him alone."

The duke did not answer at once, for since he had arisen to his feet, he had noticed some things about the face before him that appeared familiar.

"Who are ye?" he asked.

"Men call me Barbarigo."

"Barbarigo!" murmured Visconti, still gazing into the man's face. "I have heard mention made of BARBARIGO THE STRANGER."

"Then I suppose I am the one, for men call me a stranger, too; and in truth I am."

"But I would know more than this. Your face is familiar. I have seen you somewhere ere this. Where was it?"

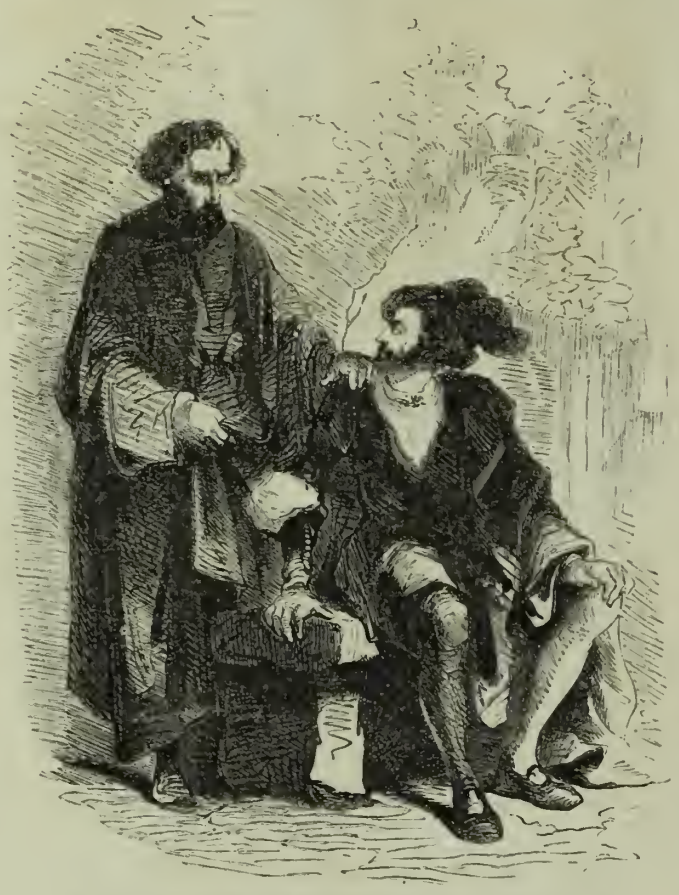
"If you do not recollect, how should I?" replied the stranger, with something like a smile upon his face.

"That is not answering my question," said the duke, somewhat sternly. "Where have we met?"

"Perhaps in Milan."

"Ay; but when, and how, and where?"

"Oho, you ask too much. Surely I cannot answer you."



BARBARIGO THE STRANGER APPEARS TO THE DUKE.

"You mean you will not."

"As you please about that."

"Beware, Signor Barbarigo!"

"Of what?"

"Of my wrath!"

"Ah, Visconti, 'tis you who had better beware of that; for let me tell you, that next to your ambition your wrath may be your ruin. But I ask you to let the young Marquis of Lodi be; harm him not."

"Will you be so kind as to tell me why I must not harm him?" said the duke, sarcastically.

"Simply because if harm comes to him, a worse harm shall come to you."

"Ha! Would ye threaten?"

"No, Barnabas Visconti, I have come only to warn you."

For some moments the duke gazed upon the strong man in silence. He was puzzled as well as provoked, and the spirit of wonder worked within him.

"Hark ye," he said; "I know you not, nor have I reason to put faith in you. Then why should I listen to your words?"

"Listen to them only, signor, so far as they have the support of reason. I came here for your good, and for yours alone—unless, indeed, the good of the youthful marquis may have been upon my mind. But your destiny is not wholly separate from Francesco's. Let harm come to that man through your means, and your peace is lost forever."

"Prater!"

"No prating, I assure you."

"But look ye," cried the duke, starting with a new thought, "how knew you that harm was meant to the youngster—Della Torre?"

"I learned it as I learn much other matter, through a channel that is shut up to you."

"By heavens, you are becoming impudent, and I'll have none of it! Give me reason to put some faith in what you say, or leave this place at once."

"Be not angry, Visconti, for I mean you well; and I doubt if within the whole range of your power, you can find a subject of your own who would be more ready to help you than would I. Now listen to me: Raise not your hand against Francesco. You know him not. The hour that sees him fall by your means shall be the hour of your own downfall. Believe me!"

"Suppose I were to convince you of my power to withstand all downfall, by casting you into prison first, and chopping off your head next?"

A faint smile passed over Barbarigo's face, as he replied:

"There are other powers on earth beside yours, Barnabas Visconti. Should you wish it, I could easily convince you that I have power as well as speech. I think I could bring you upon your knees."

There was something so calm, and yet so assured, about this that the duke seemed troubled. A few moments he gazed into the stranger's face, and then he started back and clapped his hands with all his might.

"What ho, there!" he shouted. "Guards, come hither! What ho!"

In a few moments a dozen soldiers came rushing to the spot, and the duke pointed to the stranger.

"Seize that man!" he cried, "and bind him."

The old man made no resistance, but suffered himself to be bound, and then he turned towards his captor; but Visconti was the first to speak.

"Now what think ye!" he said.

"That you are amusing yourself with dangerous playthings, my good man. But go on, for I should like to know how far you would carry this thing."

"Now tell me who and what you are, and where we have met before, and you shall go free."

"I have nothing to tell, only to repeat my warning. Beware, Visconti! You are in power now, but one strain too much upon the glittering cord that binds on your crown might break it!"

"Now, by all the powers of earth, old man, I'll have your secret or your life! You found me in a wrong time for jesting. Off with him, and confine him in one of the dungeons beneath the citadel; and mind that he does not escape."

"Beware, Barnabas Visconti!"

"Off with him, for by heavens, he is a prater for the Della Torra!"

With this the old man was led away, and conducted through the palace hall to the great court, and from thence to the citadel, which was a small fortress made to defend the place. From the centre of this fortress he was led down a long flight of stone steps, and after landing upon the solid rock at the bottom, he was conducted to an iron door, which was thrown open, revealing a low, dark dungeon beyond, the only light to which came through a grated aperture at the top. Into this the old man was thrust, and then the door was locked upon him; after which the men went back and reported to the duke.

Visconti still remained in the garden, and he received the report with becoming gratitude, but did not feel wholly easy with what he had done. There was something in the appearance of the old man which created within him a feeling of awe, and he began to wish that he had let him go about his business, when he saw the obese form of Father Andrea approaching.

"Now, good father, you are just the man I most do need," said the duke, after the greeting had passed. "I have sent an old man to the dungeon for insolence, and I would have you go and see him. Find out who he is, and what he is; for that is the most I want. But you may know him. At any rate go and see him, and if the thing is within your power, bring me the information I ask."

"What sort of man was he?"

"An old man, from sixty to seventy years in life, with a huge brow, dark gray hair, beard almost black, and black eyes."

"And his dress?" asked the monk, nervously.

"He wore a long robe of brown velvet, and underneath that was a doublet of chamois skin."

The monk turned away his head to hide his emotions, for he could not repress the startled expression that came to his face; but he soon became calm, and then replied:

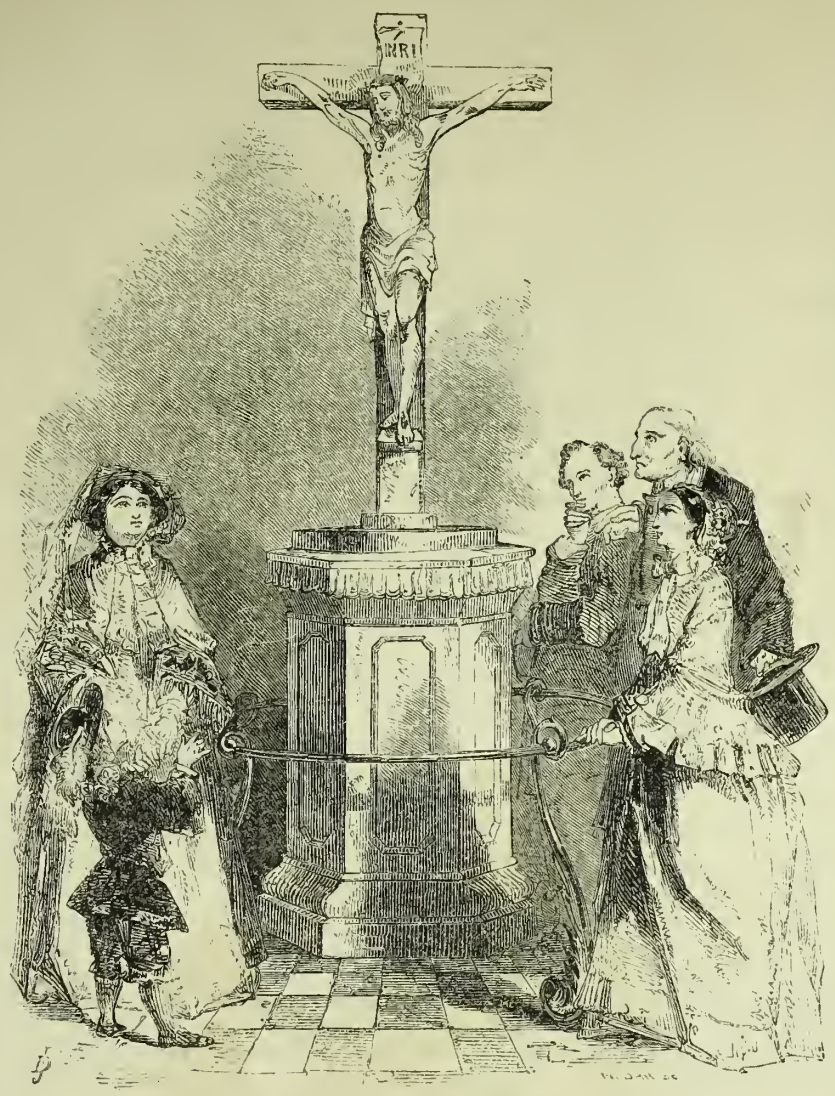
"I will go and see him, and if I make any discoveries you shall have the benefit of them."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

WIT.—What a dull, plodding, trampling, clanking world the ordinary intercourse of society would be without wit to enliven and brighten it! When two men meet, they seem to be kept at bay through the estranging effects of absence, until some sportive sally opens their heart to each other. Nor does anything spread cheerfulness so rapidly over a whole party or an assemblage of people, however large. Reason expands the soul of the philosopher; imagination glorifies the poet, and breathes a breath of spring through the young and genial; but if we take into account the numberless glances and gleams whereby wit lightens our everyday, hardly any power ministers so bountifully to the innocent pleasures of mankind.—*Lamont.*

GEMS OF ART.

We present on this page three very fine engravings of works of art, which are offered, among many other prizes, for distribution by the Cosmopolitan Art Association, now in its second year, the conditions, purposes and organization of which are set forth in the programme published in our advertising columns. The works we have selected for illustration, as presenting peculiarly interesting features, were (with the exception of the crucifix) executed expressly for the association, and are to be, with the others, distributed in January next. Those desirous of obtaining further information may procure, gratuitously, illustrated descriptive catalogues, by addressing C. L. Derby, the actuary, at 348 Broadway, New York, or 166 Water Street, Sandusky, Ohio. We have more than once alluded to these art unions, with their prize systems, as effective means of diffusing a popular taste for art, in terms of commendation, and we have seen no reason to change our opinions with regard to them. The London Art Union has now been in operation several years: it has been fairly managed, has sent forth beautiful engravings to subscribers, and hundreds on hundreds of fine paintings and sculptures, which have gone into families heretofore ignorant of the wealth of art, creating and diffusing a love for the beautiful and refined, and elevating the character of those thus initiated into the higher pleasures of civilization. Agencies of the London Art Union have been established in this country, and its Cis-Atlantic subscribers may be reckoned by thousands. The success of the London Art Union led the attention of the friends of art and artists in this country to make an effort to establish a similar scheme here for the benefit of American artists and the American people, and the New York Art Union was the result. It was believed by its founders that the system of prizes was not violative of the laws against lotteries and gambling, inasmuch as each subscriber received the full value of his subscription in an engraving, and the chance of a prize was merely a stimulus to patronize a worthy object. The managers were enabled to accomplish this seeming paradox by making no profit on their engravings and pictures—and it is well known that the profits on works of art disposed of in the regular course of trade are enormous. But a local war was waged against the New York Art Union, and it went down before the storm. The Cosmopolitan Art Association has, however, encountered no such opposition, and has commenced a brilliant career of success. With these preliminary remarks, we propose to notice the works we have illustrated. The first is entitled the "Genoa Crucifix," and considered merely in the point of its intrinsic merit, is a work of a high order. But it derives an additional interest from the circumstances of its production. It is contended that it is a work of genuine inspiration. Fra Carlo Antonio Pesenti, a brother of the convent of St. Nicholas, Genoa, believed himself to be inspired and bound, as an act of devotion, to produce an image of the Redeemer, and accordingly with infinite patience and labor, carved this figure of "Him crucified" out of an immense block of ivory. He devoted four years to his task. Some of the most noted artists and sculptors of Florence examined it and praised it highly. The anatomists of London praised its accuracy, and the critics its sentiment and beauty. We may suppose that the sculptor possessed a natural aptitude for art, that, surrounded by the best models, his eye was insensibly trained to proportion, and that finally, a deep religious enthusiasm suddenly developed his dormant faculties. In whatever point of view we consider his performance, it is certainly extraordinary. The next engraving delineates Hiram Powers's celebrated bust of Washington, carved out of a block of Serravezza and rather larger than life. Powers adopted Houdon's model, but he has infused a character and expression into the features which even his fine model did not contain. Only an American artist can do full justice to the "father of his country." In his busts Powers stands without a rival. His supremacy in this line has never been challenged. His ability is further illustrated in his noble bust of Franklin, shown in the third engraving. Houdon has again been followed as a model, and the result is said to be one of the most faithful likenesses of the sturdy old philosopher, patriot and statesman extant. Among the many other prizes offered is Kiss's Amazon, reduced in size from the original in the Crystal Palace, New York, executed by the great sculptor of Berlin. This work is perhaps as popularly known as any production of the chisel. It represents an Amazon on horseback, receding from the charge of a tiger that has fastened on her charger's neck, and preparing to transfix him with her spear. The association we have referred to conducts its operations on a grand scale, and we see no reason to doubt that it will be a permanent art-institution. In reviewing the progress that art and a taste for art have made in this country, a progress indicated by the very fact of the establishment of the Cosmopolitan Art Association, we cannot fail to perceive the most favorable augury of future advancement. When we glance at the long list of American painters and sculptors, we can confidently say, that, considering the age of the country, Art has very rapidly developed itself among us. The American colonists had before them a gigantic labor to perform in clearing and settling a vast wilderness, in meeting the claims of education and religion, and in organizing society on a new political basis. Crowding a work that might have occupied many centuries into little more than two hundred years, it is only surprising that our countrymen have not been compelled to neglect entirely the culture of the highest manifestations of civilization. Again, too, we labored under the lack of art models, and we know that nature alone is insufficient to form artists. But in the teeth of these circumstances, of absorbing duties, of our great distance from art-centres, we have already hailed the rise of many artists, such as West, Allston, and others, who command the widest reputation.



THE "GENOA CRUCIFIX.

STATUE OF WASHINGTON.

STATUE OF FRANKLIN.

THE LAST OF THE RANDOLPHS.

A southern correspondent sends us the following interesting sketch:—"During the summer of 1854, I had some business transactions which called me to the county of Charlotte, Lower Virginia. A mild and lovely Sabbath morning found me seated in one of the comfortably-cushioned pews of the village church, at the Court House. As it wanted a few minutes to the hour of service, my eye wandered over the large and respectful-looking audience assembled, and was finally attracted by a very eccentric individual, who was just entering—a rather aged man, tall, of dark complexion, long white hair waving plentifully over his shoulders, and an equally venerable beard flowing on his breast. His step was active and graceful, his form erect and manly. But his peculiar actions were in striking contrast to his dignified appearance. At first, I thought him only eccentric, but a few moments of farther observation proved to me that he was insane. Immediately on entering his pew, he knelt towards the wall, crossed himself, and apparently repeated a prayer. He then sat down, drew a white cambric handkerchief, delicately perfumed, wiped his brow, removed his gloves, stroked his hair and beard, took up his Bible, kissed it and read, examined his cane, used his handkerchief again—and all the time keeping himself in constant motion. I say, all the time, but occasionally he was passive for a few minutes—his attention apparently aroused by some truths from the minister; but these times were rare. His countenance assumed all kinds of expressions. Contempt, alarm, pleasure, earnestness, sorrow and anger flitted across it in rapid succession. It reminded me more of what children call "making faces," than anything else. After the services were over, I ascertained that this gentleman was no other than the nephew of John Randolph, of Roanoke. He calls himself Sir John St. George Randolph, and is sole heir to his celebrated uncle. Randolph himself remarked with bitterness, during his last days, that their blood flowed in the veins of but one single scion, and he was *deaf, dumb and insane.* So much for human greatness. The subject of this sketch (although physically, and now, mentally defective), had a mind cultivated in the highest degree. In his youth he was sent to Paris, where, under the protection of a celebrated abbé, he received a thorough education. Having the capacity to receive, and the wealth to command, no pains were spared in the improvement of his intellectual faculties. But it was labor lost; for, on returning to his home in Virginia, he met with and loved a young lady, whom he addressed, but was refused on account of his physical defects. On becoming aware of the truth, he was plunged in the most profound grief, from which he was at last aroused, but—insane. He has considerable wealth, which is managed by his friends; and, being harmless, he comes and goes as he pleases, and is gratified in all his whims. Wrecked, as his mind is, he still commands respect; and his peculiar manners do not attract the attention of his acquaintances, or excite merriment, as one would suppose."—*Home Journal.*

THE GENTLEMAN.—It is no uncommon thing in the world to meet with men of probity; men of courage, men of sense, and men of letters are frequent; but a true gentleman is what one seldom sees. He is properly a compound of the various good qualities that embellish mankind. As the great poet animates all the different parts of learning by the force of his genius, and irradiates all the compass of his knowledge by the lustre and brightness of his imagination, so the great and solid perfections of life appear in the finished gentleman; everything he says or does is accompanied with a manner, or rather a charm, that draws the admiration and good will of every beholder.—*Steele.*

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

TO MY MOTHER.

BY MIRA L. DONELSON.

Does home seem lonely now, mother,
Without my presence there?
And dost thou often think of me,
When thou seest my vacant chair?
Dost thou yet miss the merry laugh
That erst rang free and wild?
Or listen for the footstep light
Of thy long absent child?

I've counted, one by one, mother,
The bright months that have passed
Like bubbles on time's changeful stream,
Since the morn I saw the last;
I've counted every waning moon,
Slow fading from the sky,
And sighed to see the sands of time
So swiftly gliding by.

The sweet spring died in giving birth
To summer's floral reign—
Now summer lies asleep beneath
The autumn's golden train;
The winds are wailing sad and wild
Upon her fading track,
Yet bring not to the ingle-nook
Thine absent darling back!

O I'm not happy now, mother,
My heart has lost its glee,
And bitter tears my eyes have wept,
Since last they gazed on thee;
I've grown so weary of the strife
Upon life's desert wild—
O, mother, pray sweet peace may come
To bless thy youngest child!

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE SHINDLEY FAMILY.

BY F. CLINTON BARRINGTON.

About forty-three years ago, a ragamuffin, freckled face urchin of fifteen years was seated on the top of a gatepost opposite his paternal hovel, to see the "York stage" go by. Usually, when the mail reached the top of the little "rise" on which Sam Shindley's cabin stood, the driver took his long tin horn from the top of the coach, and played a long, and loud, and stirring charge, to let the old postmaster of a village in sight under the hill know that he was a-coming.

On the morning of our story, Sam Shindley's eldest boy Dick, or "Dickens," as he was better known in the neighborhood, had a cow's horn in his hand, and, as the stage-coachman sounded his usual alarm, Dick commenced a discordant and horrible imitation from the top of the gatepost, greatly to the ire of the coachman and the amusement of the passengers within.

"That little imp will come to no good end," said the driver to a gentleman passenger who sat alongside of him. "See the rogue running to climb up behind! There, he is on, and knows my whip is not long enough to give him a cut. Off there, you blackguard!"

But Dick only peered his freckled visage round the trunks, and touched the side of his nose in the most impudent manner conceivable by a virtuous man. Dick had his ride down the long hill, and sprung off about twenty yards before the coach drew up at the post-office.

The passenger who had been on the box alighted while the mail was changing, and, walking towards Dick, who was shy of his approach and backed as he advanced, said to him:

"Come here, my little chap. I wish to speak with you."

"No you don't!"

"But I do. I will not hurt you. I want a boy like you in town to be in my office. Would you like to go into New York?"

"I was there once on Jim Fickley's market cart. I would rather be there than out here."

"So I thought. What does your father do?"

"He? Nothin' much, I reckon. He loafs about, gets a day's work when he can, goes chores for the quality, and sometimes makes gardens and tends horses. But he drinks like a fish, and never has no money."

"Then you would do well to come with me."

"What will you give me?" asked Dick, drawing near with more confidence.

"Your board and clothing and a quarter of a dollar a week."

"Agreed!" answered the boy, boldly and unreservedly.

"It is fifteen miles to town. You can get on top the stage."

"The old fellow with the horn wont let me."

"O yes—I'll see to that. You have no baggage?"

"What is that?"

"You have no other clothes?"

"What do I want o' more than these, boss! I can't wear two pair o' breeches at onct."

"You'll do."

The driver objected to taking this new passenger. But finally yielded, saying:

"He can climb on top and hold on with his eye-teeth. I shall be glad to see him no more a-top o' that post. So let him go!"

Two hours afterwards, our hero got down from the stage at an inn in the Bowery, and followed his employer to a dingy office in Nassau Street. The man was a quack and pill vender. He needed an impudent varlet to vend his wares, and Dick struck him as the very boy that he could make serviceable.

In a few days, Dick Shindley was fairly initiated into the mystery of peddling pills about the city. He was shrewd, humorous, saucy, witty and knowing. He was marvellously successful. He let no one escape whom he addressed. He sees a stout gentleman before him:

"Buy a box of Doctor Hum's celebrayted roomattuc pills?"

"No, boy."

"Cure the toothache and make hair grow on the soles of your feet!"

"Don't want any."

"Cure roomatism, and no mistake!"

"Haven't any rheumatism. Go off!"

"But you will have it, old 'un! Better buy. Only twenty-five cents. What's a quarter to a rich great hunks like you! Cure the consumption, headache, and every other ache, 'specially corns."

"*There!* give me a box. Take that; now be gone!"

But Doctor Hum, one day, was indicted for forgery of some other Doctor Hum's signature, and Dick was cast upon the world with only two ninepences, an old hat, a new pair of breeches and his five months' experience as a pill-pedler, in which vocation he had become perfectly familiar with every street in Gotham, and had picked up a good many acquaintances, such as they were. He had a particular friend—a hackney coachman—who took him in on shares to drive and rub down the horses.

Behold Mr. Dickens Shindley now rising in the world! He now began to make money, and the love of gain developed itself in his soul. He bought less and less gingerbread and soda-water, and began to hoard up the cents and fourpence ha'pennies. He made a money-box of a cigar-box, and hid it in the stable loft, and into it put all his gains. He found that he could live cheaper by buying bread and cheese when he was hungry, and sleeping in the hackney-coach, than by boarding; and so he lived along in this economical vagabond way for several months, when the hackman took sick and died, and Dick was elevated to his place as full driver. In this sphere of usefulness he continued until he was eighteen, by which time he had saved up, by hook and by crook, the large sum of two hundred and eighty-four dollars.

In those days there were no savings banks for small gains. Dick kept his treasure in the stable concealed from every eye. At length, the soul of our young hero began to expand with conscious emotions. When he saw the handsome carriages of the rich roll past, he envied the liveried splendor of the coachmen, and resolved to rise in the world by applying for the first vacant "box" that should offer in a gentleman's family. The opportunity for gratifying his wishes soon arrived, and Dick, in a new suit and nicely-combed hair, applied for the place and was accepted. His employer was a wealthy merchant, who lived in the lower part of Broadway at that day, and whose family led the fashion. It was a nice, old-fashioned aristocratic house, and the air of wealth and splendor which surrounded everything quite dazzled the new coachman.

Dickens was a young man who had his eyes always about him. He seemed to consider that every position he occupied was only to give him a lift to something better. He had no intention of driving horses all his life. In the secret of his heart, he hoped one day to own horses and have a driver of his own. But these were dim outlines in the future, and did not seem likely ever to be filled out. He continued to drive the coach of Mr. Robert Rowley, the millionaire merchant; and when he could give his attention to it, he endeavored to learn the secret whereby his master grew rich.

It so happened that, one day, when the family were in the country and the carriage not in use, that the man of heavy work in the store was taken ill, and Mr. Rowley sent up for Dickens to take his place for a few days. No message was ever more welcome. To be in the store where all the money was made was the carriage-driver's ambition. He had got tired driving out a fat old lady and the young ladies, and obeying their whims, and, besides, he found he could not make any money beyond his wages—that he could not speculate.

He went down to the store with alacrity. He made himself so willing, and was so intelligent and useful, that when, after a week, the "heavy man" returned, Mr. Rowley said:

"Richard, how would you like to remain here? I will give you lighter work—to pack and unpack goods, and open and shut up. I can easily get another coachman; but I know you, and believe you to be honest."

The engagement was soon made. Richard, as he was now called at the end of the year, had so completely mastered all the details of the work that his wages were increased, and he was promoted one step higher. In the meanwhile, he spent his evenings in learning to write and read, and attended regularly for a year a night school, where he was inducted into mathematics, grammar, geography, and other branches. He also learned book-keeping by double and single entry, and became so familiar with a clerk's duties that upon an occasion when the eldest clerk of the five left to set up for himself, and there was a change made all round, he was made fifth clerk. Slowly he rose until, when he was twenty-one years of age, he was second book-keeper and the confidential clerk; for Mr. Rowley always went to him to know about any details of the business.

At twenty-five, Mr. Richard Shindley was taken into the firm as junior partner, the announcement being made in the following card in the morning paper:

"Partnership Notice.—Mr. Richard Shindley is a partner in our house from and after this date. Robert Rowley & Co."

The tide of time was now fairly carrying our hero on to fortune. Yet with his elevation, there still remained a good deal of "Dick Shindley," the freckled face varlet. Prosperous and money-making he had become, but he was still vulgar. He was an ignorant man. He knew but little beyond what he acquired at his night-schools. He still seemed to fancy that one dress was as much as a man could "wear at a time," and appeared from its meanness to have only one suit, which, when he was in the street, made him look like a man not worth five shillings, while he was partner in a house that did an annual business of five hundred thousand dollars. Everybody said Shindley will one day be richer than Rowley himself, for he spends nothing.

At twenty-seven, Mr. Shindley took to himself a wife. She was not of the aristocracy; but she was a poor young woman whom he "sparked" when he was coachman. She earned a subsistence by making shirts and trowsers, and being saving, affable, pretty and good-natured, she quite won Dickens's heart, and he engaged himself to her to be married when he was rich enough. To do him justice, he did not break off the engagement when he began to rise in the world. She sewed on his buttons for him, and was the pleasantest female company he knew; for Mr. Shindley, though a partner in a rich house, never felt himself at home with refined and elegant ladies of the "upper ten." It was not congenial with his tastes. He could not feel at home there. But he always felt at home in Williams Street, in the little back room, where Sally Sawyer always welcomed him Sunday nights with a smile and a cup of tea and doughnuts, for which Mr. Shindley, junior partner, always had a weakness.

Mr. Shindley did not, as other men would have done, look upon his elevation to a partnership in this large business house, as a lift into "society," nor did he have a thought of making use of it to get into the circle of the fashionable world; but regarded it only as a means of acquiring riches and gratifying his passion for money. Though recognized on 'change by bows from the first merchants, he no more thought of making acquaintances with their families than as if he had been still Dick the coachman. Socially, in feelings and sympathies, he was really only the equal of Miss Sawyer. Therefore, he led Miss Sawyer "to the altar." We beg pardon—when one is *led to the altar*, it is supposed they are married in a church. Mr. Richard Shindley had, in the first place, put off his marriage several weeks before he could make up his mind to go to the expense of a new wedding suit. And when he had got his consent to this extravagance, he delayed a week until he could make the proper inquiries as to whether it would be more expensive to be married by a minister than by a justice of the peace. The result was that he decided to be married by a justice, as the fee was but one dollar and a half, license and all, while a minister would expect five dollars, or, at the least, three dollars. Moreover, carriage hire would be saved, as Justice Tytheknot lived very next door to the humble room occupied by the bride elect.

So they were married; but, instead of a new coat, Sally saw that it was the old coat renovated, his heart having failed him when he went to the tailor's to be measured. He had got a good though humble wife, and he knew it. She had saved up twelve hundred dollars, and he knew it; for he had had it at interest for her for two years past. She would be a saving and trustable wife, he was well aware, and "not run me into debt, like Mr. Rowley's, with Cashmere shawls and velvet dresses. She will help me grow rich, for she will save all and spend nothing, and we can keep house where she has lived."

Sally was pleased and Richard was satisfied, and what more can be asked? No one knew of his marriage—not even his partner! Sally still lived where she did, and made shirts and supported the expenses of the house. Mr. Shindley grew rich apace. At length, a little scan. mag. rendered it necessary he should make known his marriage to his partner, which he had kept secret lest he should have to move into a more costly house, and furnish it and live up to his income, which, the last year, was twenty-three thousand dollars clear, all safely invested in the bank.

Mr. Shindley's far-sightedness did him credit; for his senior partner no sooner learned the fact of his marriage than he said:

"Well, your wife must be seen. I will tell Mrs. Rowley to call on her, with my daughter Clara."

Mr. Shindley could not say a word in objection. In a word, he felt flattered. But he could not let them call at No. 39 1-2 Williams Street. He knew enough of the world, though he had been born in a roadside hovel, and spent his juvenility blowing a cow-horn on the top of a gatepost, he knew enough of what ought to be, that a man, in his mercantile rank, ought to live in better style. So, with much sighing at the expense, he took a bedroom—only a bedroom—at the fashionable house of Mrs. Major T——, who lived in Broadway. Mrs. Shindley was now thrown into new scenes. She had good sense, tact, judgment, and saw that it was necessary she should appear as well as the finely-dressed people about her. She had suspected her husband's wealth of late, for he had kept his prosperity from her; but somehow she got to the knowledge of his wealth. But he would not listen to her request that he should get a new coat and vest to go to dinner with, or that she should have a new silk.

Human nature is human nature, especially in woman. Mrs. Sally Shindley was not superior to her sex's ambition. She knew she was fine-looking, and had a good figure. She knew she had money at interest. So she resolved to purchase for herself a dress as became her rustic beauty and her husband's wealth. In boarding-houses, people do not ask where people come from, nor care where they go to, even if they go to the—old boy! The question that arises in that arena is simply one of present moment. "Are they rich? Are they *very* respectable?" Of course, this being answered in the affirmative, when framed in relation to the new boarders, they had no difficulty in being well received and having due deference extended to them.

The result was that Mrs. Shindley got to be a very dressy body, and that Mr. Shindley was induced to dress like a gentleman, and to get quite into the way of playing "great man," and seeing his wife thought of as a rich and distinguished person. Women, raised from a low position, act their part in the more elevated one far better than men. A woman, if she is pretty and speaks good English, and has money behind her, can pass off for a lady where her husband will still show the cloven foot of vulgar breeding.

Mrs. Shindley was so happy as to form, at the boarding-house, some dashing acquaintance, in the wives of once opulent men, reduced by their extravagance aided by their own speculations. Under the tutelage of such instructors, the wife of the junior partner soon learned all the ways of fashionable life, and what money was for, and, ere long, Mr. Richard Shindley was compelled to write the advertisement following for one of the city papers:

House Wanted.—In a fashionable part of the city, either on Broadway or about St. John's Park, a handsome three story residence, for which a fair cash price will be paid. Inquire of Richard Shindley, house of Rowley, Shindley & Co.

This advertisement is one of the proofs of womanly ways and means, over the ways and means of man. Mr. Shindley purchased a handsome mansion in Broadway near Niblo's Garden, and paid thirty nine thousand dollars for it. He also gave his handsome wife a check for ten thousand dollars more to furnish it, and with the aid of her two fashionable broken-down friends, she soon had the rooms filled with rich garniture *a-la mode*. It now became necessary to hire servants.

"Not less than four will do, Dick," said the "fast" Mrs. Shindley; "a cook, a house-girl, a chamber-maid, and a coachman."

"A coachman!" exclaimed Mr. Shindley, with some rising crimson in his cheeks.

"Yes; we must keep a carriage, of course, Dick. You know it is not hott tong not to keep equipage. You are rich enough to afford it."

"But it is all a dead outlay. It brings in nothing."

But Mrs. Shindley, as all wives will, did have her way. The carriage was purchased, the coachman hired, and all the servants engaged. The next step was a party. The party was given. It was a superb affair. Mrs. Shindley's dear broken down friend from the boarding house, Mrs. Colonel De Swift, superintended everything, and "everything" was "recherehy" and "komma eel fox," as Mrs. Sally Shindley, the rich junior partner's fast wife, whose French education had been neglected, *said*.

The Rowleys were at the party. They forgot that Mr. Shindley had, eight years before, been their coachman. In New York, money is aristocracy. People never ask rich folks if even they had fathers, taking it for granted that they never had any. *Viva* "now" and *abas* "yesterday" is the motto of Parvenudom. Ask not who people *were*, but what they *are*. So the former coachman was hidden under the hammer-cloth of the present rich junior partner.

Mrs. Shindley was now fairly launched on the fashionable tide of upper tendom life and expenditure. Her first son was christened Frederick Mortimer Courtney de Lisle Shindley! In course of time, an infant daughter was baptized Eleanor Julia Louise Shindley. So Mr. Shindley, as years rolled on, begat sons and daughters, and increased in wealth. His senior partner at length retired "rich enough," and left the house, with all its commercial resources, solely in the junior partner's hand.

Mr. Shindley grew richer, and began to grow gray. His sons and daughters grew up like olive plants about his table. Mrs. Shindley was fully imbued with all the elements of ton-dom. Her sons had French, and dancing, and fencing, and boxing masters; and her daughters all but the boxing and fencing. The young gentlemen were educated to understand and feel that pa was rich, and that they must keep up the honor of the house. The daughters were not behind the sons one whit. And even Mr. Shindley began to lessen the mania of getting money, to see how aristocratically his wife and children spent it. He felt that he was every year growing richer, and that they could not run him dry, and so he began to enter into the high-life up in Broadway, and even to give dinners. Mr. Shindley was but a man. He was human nature. He was only flesh and blood; indeed, we may say that he was dust, and, therefore, frail. Mr. Shindley, therefore, sent his two sons to college at four thousand dollars a year, including tutors' fees, postage and cigars, to say nothing of the college bills for tuition and board, which were extra. He sent his two daughters to Troy, at one thousand dollars a year, including tuition and "lights."

At length the head of Mr. Shindley grew gray. Mrs. Shindley had become portly, and rouged, and wore false front pieces. Frederick Mortimer was the lion *des beaux* of Broadway, and Clarence Lahagette, his brother, drove the fastest nags on Third Avenue, and kept a mistress, and his father gave him the whole of one story of four rooms for him to live in and entertain his friends, like an English noble. Miss Eleanor Julia was a belle, a fortune in prospective and a toast. Miss Isabel Cornelia de Courcey Shindley, her younger sister, was a superb singer, piano player and flirt. They were all four so well educated that they quite saw through the old fogies' (pa's and ma's) ignorance and primitive vulgarity, and ceased to obey or respect them. Mr. Shindley felt quite his original inferiority in the presence of his fashionable daughters, and was afraid they should know he had once blowed a cowhorn on his daddy's gatepost; while Mrs. Shindley felt nervous lest her superb and lordly-looking sons, with their fine coats, patent leathers, mustaches and great airs, should suspect she had once made breeches at two shillings a pair in Williams Street. Young America ruled the great rich house in Broadway, while old America supplied the funds to keep up the style in which they had brought up young America to live.

One day the two young men, now of twenty-two and twenty-four years respectively, proposed to their father that their name, as it was, was exceedingly "low," and that it should be restored to its original purity.

"And what is that, Mortimer, my son?"

"Chandleur! This is, no doubt, the original spelling. It has been corrupted. For my part, I mean to sink the Shindley and write Chandleur. I have no question but we are French. *I* have been taken for a Frenchman. Doubtless, we come of a noble family."

Now Mr. Mortimer Courtney had no knowledge of the gatepost and cowhorn, nor of the pill-boxes and hackney-coach. Children often happily, wicked and malicious as the world is, remain in ignorance of paternal histories. Frederick Mortimer considered his family aristocratic; for he had been born in affluence, and raised with all the surroundings of wealth, and the shadow of the gatepost and cowhorn had never crossed his rosy path.

At length, Richard Shindley, Esq. (we beg pardon—Richard Chandleur, Esq.) was gathered to his fathers, and in due time his wife followed, and sumptuous monuments of white marble reared above their mouldering heads, tell where they rest.

The young men knew nothing of business. Their mother would not have them educated other than as "gentlemen"—that is useless drones, literally "know nothings" without speaking politically. So they could not carry on the business, and could only "gather where they had not strowed." The patrimony, which proved to be only two hundred and twenty thousand dollars (for much had been expended), was divided by four, giving each about fifty-five thousand dollars.

The girls soon married fast men, and one of them, now separated from her husband, teaches music at six hundred dollars a year in the South; and Eleanor, as a widow, penniless, keeps a boarding-house in San Francisco.

Mr. Frederick Mortimer Courtney de Lisle Chandleur (vice Shindley) in three years run through his fifty-five thousand dollars; for New York is a great city, and easily swallows up little sums like this as a crocodile a swarm of small flies. The gradations from money all gone to want of money and can't get it, is but a step; and thence loaferism and hanging on at old haunts for a drink so long as clothes are decent, and then a descent to lower and lower levels as the garments become more and more wretched, and, finally, a bed on the Battery, a night in the lock-up, and a coroner's inquest: "Found dead, or found drowned!"

The former appellation was attached to the announcement of "an unknown young man found dead in Fulton Market." That unknown young man was Frederick Shindley. He had run his career, and found a grave in the potter's field, where they "bury strangers."

The next brother became a gamester. He lost his whole patrimony in eight months, and enlisted as a soldier to keep from starving. He ran away from Pensacola after serving nine months, and now drives a cab in New Orleans.

The above is no fiction. It is a history that has had its parallel in the career of numerous American families. Wealth easily acquired is soon squandered; and more than once, when rich Richard Shindley rolled along in his costly coach to church by the side of his wife, he sighed for the happiness that he felt in his first ride on Jim Fickley's market-cart when he was a boy, and happy to sit all day long on a gatepost blowing a cow's horn.

And "Dickens" left brothers and sisters behind in the cabin on the roadside. They grew up, and went to farming or trades, and are now happy grandparents in middle life, surrounded with virtuous children, and content with an independence; for "to make haste to be rich" is, in the end, not without peril to that real happiness which is far oftener found in humble life than in the halls of opulence and fashion.

THE WATER WORKS AT VERSAILLES.

Says an English writer: The water works at Versailles are divided into the Grand Eaux and the Petites Eaux. The latter are played on the first Sunday of every month during the summer; the former only on *fête* days, or grand festive occasions. Each of the Grandes Eaux, or principal water works, may be considered as an illustration in a fanciful way of some mythological or legendary history or event, the sculptor and the professor of hydraulics having united in the production of the piece. The sculptures are executed in marble and lead; they are mostly of colossal proportions, and their number is wonderful. Some of them are just beneath the surface of the water, in which they appear to dive or swim; others are half submerged, and rise like monsters from the deep; and others, again, erect above the flood, rear their tall forms aloft with an imposing air. The grandest display of water works is to be seen in the Bassin de Neptune, where the sea-god rides triumphantly on the waves, surrounded by the whole train assigned him by ancient mythology. The water, thrown aloft in high columns and descending in spray and mist—turned over in graceful arches which cross and intersect each other—or spread in thin gauze like sheets—forms an ethereal kind of medium through which the groups of dark figures, indistinctly seen, assume an unsubstantial shape, in which one half expects to see them vanish away.

THE MAGNITUDE OF THE EARTH.

According to a recent authority, the circumference of the globe is twenty-five thousand and twenty miles. It is not so easy to comprehend so stupendous a circle as to put down its extent in figures. It becomes more palpable, perhaps, by comparison, such as this: A railway train travelling incessantly night and day, at the rate of twenty-five miles an hour, would require six weeks to go around it. The cubical bulk of the earth is two hundred and sixty thousand millions of cubic miles! Dr. Lardner says, if the materials which form the globe were built up in the form of a column, having a pedestal of the magnitude of England and Wales, the height of the column would be nearly four and a half millions of miles. A tunnel through the earth, from England to New Zealand, would be nearly eight thousand miles long.—*Home Journal.*

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

JULIA—A LAMENT.

IN SYMPATHY INSCRIBED TO THOSE WHO "LINGER STILL."

BY WILLIE E. PABOR.

Weep! it is meet to weep;
For all the hopes that nestled in her eyes
Were shattered, when the sleep
We all must sleep, came with September skies.

Death's seal is on her brow,
And silence where the heart once beat in pride;
Closed lips and eyelids now,
Blend with the memory of one who died.

She faded with the flowers;
Wrapt in the white robe of her spotless hours,
She left this world of ours,
On angel pinions, for Elysian bowers.

Could mortals fold aside
The veil that hides the seen from the unseen,
Before their eyes would glide
The land of glory, bathed in living green.

While those who in it stand,
Were once, like us, sojourners here below;
Yet pilgrims to the land
Where sorrow enters not, nor pain, nor wo.

And Julia, gone from earth,
Has only passed to realms of fairer bloom;
The portal of whose birth
Has been, and is, and still will be, the tomb.

The ear shall listen long,
To catch one tone of her familiar strain,—
One murmur of her song,—
And still its listening shall be in vain.

The eye shall sadly rest
On objects linked with memories of the child,
Who, on her Saviour's breast,
Now lies secure, the "dear one" undefiled.

O, fold about the heart,
Ye weepers for the one who has gone hence,
The comfort faith imparts,
And question not this act of Providence.

The requiem of the good
Blends joy with sorrow, mingles smiles with tears;
And to the soul is food—
Hope's manna in the wilderness of years.

Ye "linger still;" but when
The current of eternity shall meet,
And hide time's tide, O then
May ye your Julia with glad rapture greet.

ASSYRIAN ANTIQUITIES.

Byron complained of our scant knowledge of Assyrian life. His gorgeous drama of "Sardanapalus"—the conception of the hero, and the moral setting of the play—rose out of the poet's mind rather than from known materials. The scene was a creation. Thirty-five years have passed, and, thanks to Rawlinson and Layard, the English Court is with that of Egypt. Our knowledge, too, is daily deepening. Among the many curious illustrations of Assyrian life brought home by Col. Rawlinson from the East, and now on view at the British Museum—where they have been visited during the week by the Majesty of England—are, an alabaster vase, containing some remains of sweetmeats, various objects in gold and ivory, part of the throne of Sardanapalus, many inscriptions relating to the deeds of men celebrated in secular and sacred history—such as Nebuchadnezzar, Sardanapalus and Tiglath-Pileser—gems and other personal ornaments; together with a series of drawings, made by artists on the spot, from slabs impossible to bring away from their ancient resting-places, representing the more heroic forms of antique relaxation—lion hunts, banquets, and the like. How strange to think of these spoils of the proud dynasty of Semiramis, after three thousand years, being visited in a London Museum by a lady who reigns in all feminine gentleness over a mightier empire than obeyed the "ancient beldame"—who from the ends of the earth stretches a benignant sceptre over that very India from which the successor of Ninus returned baffled and discomfited.—*London Athenæum.*

POWER OF GENTLENESS.

No bad man is ever brought to repentance by angry words; by bitter scornful reproaches. He fortifies himself against reproof, and hurls back foul charges in the face of his accuser. Yet guilty and hardened as he seems, he has a heart in his bosom, and may be melted to tears by a gentle voice. Whoso, therefore, can restrain his disposition to blame and find fault, and can bring himself down to a fallen brother, will soon find a way to better feelings within. Pity and patience are the two keys which unlock the human heart. They who have been most successful laborers among the poor and vicious, have been the most forbearing. Said the celebrated St. Vincent de Paul, "If it has pleased God to employ the most miserable of men for the conversion of some souls, they have themselves confessed that it was by the patience and sympathy which he had for them. Even the convicts, among whom I have lived, can be gained in no other way. *When I have kissed their chains*, and showed compassion for their distress, and keen sensibility for their disgrace—*then* have they listened to me, then have they given glory to God, and placed themselves in the way of salvation."—*New York Evangelist.*

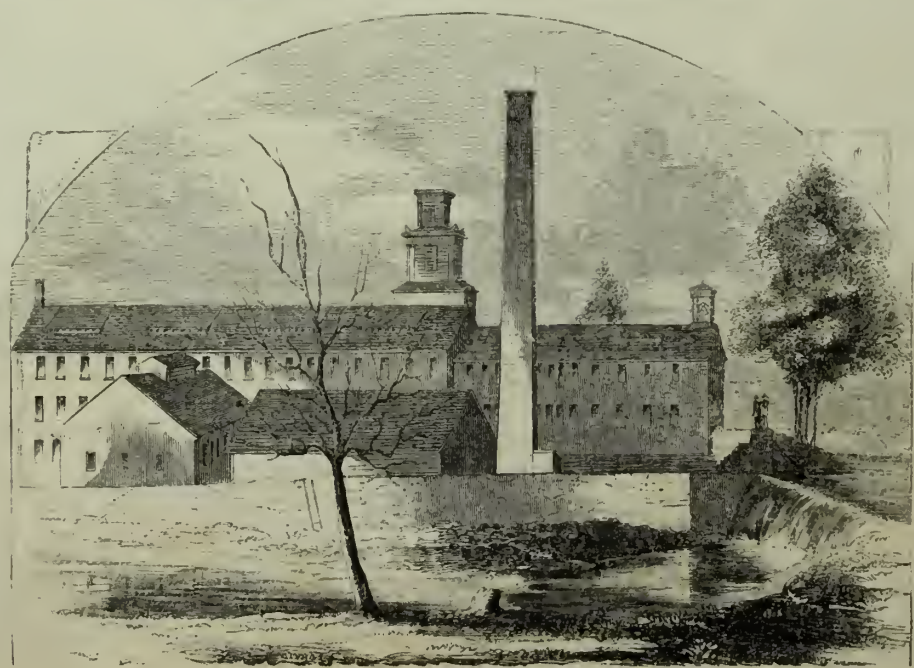
Immensity of the Universe.—As a proof of what a vast book the visible heavens are, and also of the diligence of the student, man, in turning over its leaves, Dr. Nichol, in his work describing the magnitude of Lord Rosse's telescope, says that Lord Rosse has looked into space a distance so inconceivable, that light, which travels at the rate of 200,000 miles in one second, would require a period of 250,000,000 of solar years, each year containing about 32,000,000 of seconds, to pass the intervening gulf between this earth and the remotest point to which this telescope has reached. How utterly unable is the mind to grasp even a fraction of this immense period. To conceive the passing events of a hundred thousand years only, is an impossibility, to say nothing of millions and hundreds of millions of years.

NORWALK, CONNECTICUT.

M. M. Ballou, Esq.—Dear Sir:—My "first appearance" in Norwalk, Ct., was on the sixth day of April last past, which was "Fast Day," and the church-going bells were ringing out their delightful music as I left the cars at the depot and took a carriage for the town, which is a mile or a mile and a half therefrom. Inquiring of the driver which was the best hotel in the place, I was informed that "the Norwalk was a first rate hotel, and so was the Connecticut; he didn't know which was the best, but reckoned there wasn't much difference." The Connecticut being "over ther bridge," in his vernacular, I chose it for my head-quarters, and was driven there accordingly. The Connecticut Hotel is situated on the corner of State and Main Streets, in the centre of the business portion of the place. I have given two views of this section of the town; one taken opposite the hotel, looking north up Main Street, and showing many of the prominent stores, etc., with a part of the hotel on the right; the other, taken from near the same point of view, looking south or southwest, and showing the Norwalk Hotel, kept by D. E. Stephenson, the Fairfield County Bank (a few doors beyond), and the Fairfield County Savings Association, etc. Norwalk, like many other New England villages, is made up of a comparatively few buildings, scattered over a large space of ground, and a stranger in the place finds it somewhat difficult to tell where Norwalk is, and where it is not. The nucleus, or more compact portion, is at the head of the Norwalk River, which empties its waters into the Sound about two miles from the bridge. From here, as from a common centre, it diverges in every direction, until the neat white cottages with their green blinds, neat and beautiful door yards, and gardens in the rear, lose themselves in the more plain and substantial farm houses, surrounded by orchards, fields and meadows, filled with cattle, grain and fruit, and showing evidence of that thrift and application which are proverbial with the Yankee farmer. The larger portion of the town is built in and along the valley of the river, and a view from any of the surrounding hills is beautiful in the extreme. The diversity of scene presented to the eye in a drive through the length and breadth of the borough, is very attractive and highly pleasing. It is a place of considerable activity, and the New Haven Railroad, which passes through it, has been the means of attracting to its neighborhood many persons doing business in New York, who are enabled through its means to be at their offices and stores at an early hour in the morning, and at home in time for tea and a stroll in the garden or pleasure grounds, which many of them have tastefully laid out around their residences. It is the commercial depot for the northern part of the county, and a considerable portion of the staple products of the farmers is brought here for sale, and for transportation to the city. According to the census of 1850, Norwalk contains a population of 4651. A short walk from the hotel brings us to the Green, represented on this page. No sketch, however, which lacks color, can give any idea of the romance of this charming spot. One longs to dwell among the quiet beauties of such a scene, and the tired dweller in cities feels that here he could content himself to live, surrounded by all the pleasures of rural life; near enough to the attractions and delights of metropolitan existence, yet far removed from its whirl and excitement. But, alas! the stern requirements of *business*, and the iron rule of that god—demon, rather—mammon, whose devotees we all are, compel us to forego even the longing contemplation of such scenes, and hasten back to our task, which has for its aim, perhaps, the fruition of hopes like these, and, like a dog in a wheel, we go round and round, ever hoping, never realizing, until we pass from the stage, and our places are filled by others, who follow our steps, pursue our tasks, dream our dreams, and pass away, to be succeeded again by others. When I made the sketch of this beautiful spot, the Congregational Church on the left, the Episcopalian in the centre, and the Baptist on the right, were severally pouring out their living tides, and the various distances of the picture were dotted with moving groups, which added life and activity to the scene; but soon, passing to their various homes, they left it in its quiet, every-day dress, which I chose rather to depict. A nearer view of the churches by no means destroys the charm of their attractiveness, and I was so well pleased with the neatness and chaste beauty of the Episcopalian, that I have given an enlarged view of it on this page. A few hundred yards south of the Green, is a mound-like elevation, called Grummon's or Drummond's Hill. Let us ascend its steep sides, and here, under the shade of these five Lombardy poplars which rise from its crest like plumes in the head dress of an Indian chief, contemplate the picture which nature has spread at our feet. Turning southward, the horizon is bounded by the waters of Long Island Sound, on whose placid waters innumerable craft expand their wing like sails to the breeze, while occasionally a long sinuous smoky line betokens the transit of a steamer, bearing its living freight to or from the metropolis. Nearer the eye, the river, which flows peacefully before us, empties its waters into the Sound amid numerous islands, which look like gems in a setting of silver. Following up the opposite bank of the river, we see the village of Old Well, which is the port of Norwalk, although vessels of light draught can come up to the bridge at high water. Here the railroad trains stop, and here the steamboat, which formerly made tri-weekly trips to the city, had its landing-place. At times it is a busy spot, but as the passing train is lost to view, it relapses into quietness, and a line of carriages may be seen pursuing their tortuous way toward the upper town, now hid by the intervening buildings or the inequalities of the ground, now seen in some open space, until lost in the streets of the more compact portion which lies at our feet. The horizon round about us is cut up by hills and distant mountains, and the intervening space is adorned by beautiful "bits of landscape," with here and there a spire peering among the trees to betoken the ever-present temple of God on earth. Altogether it is a beautiful view, and well worthy some little exertion to see. The spot on which we stand has, however, another strong attraction to the student of history. Where we stand, Governor Tryon, of infamous memory, sat, seventy-four years ago, in a rocking-chair, the plunderer of a neighboring house, and witnessed the conflagration of the flourishing village which lay in the valley below. A brute in disposition, a lacquey by nature, mortified and chagrined at the treatment he had received at the hands of the Virginians, and disappointed at the turn affairs had taken in New York, which, he had hoped, would have remained loyal to his king and master, he had lent himself as a ready tool in the hands of British commanders, when any dirty work was to be done, like that in which he was now engaged. Having laid the thriving village of Fairfield in ashes, and driven its inhabitants out into the storm which raged at the time, homeless and destitute, he retired with his motley forces of tories and Hessian hirelings to Huntington Bay, on the north side of Long Island, and on the 16th of July, re-crossed to the main for the purpose of destroying Norwalk. He landed with his forces, consisting of Hessians and refugee Americans, on the night of the 11th, on the plain which lies at the east side of the river, and about eight or nine o'clock on the following morning, he marched toward the ill-fated town. No opposition of any account was offered. Captain Betts, with about fifty militia-men,

EPISCOPAL CHURCH, NORWALK, CONN.

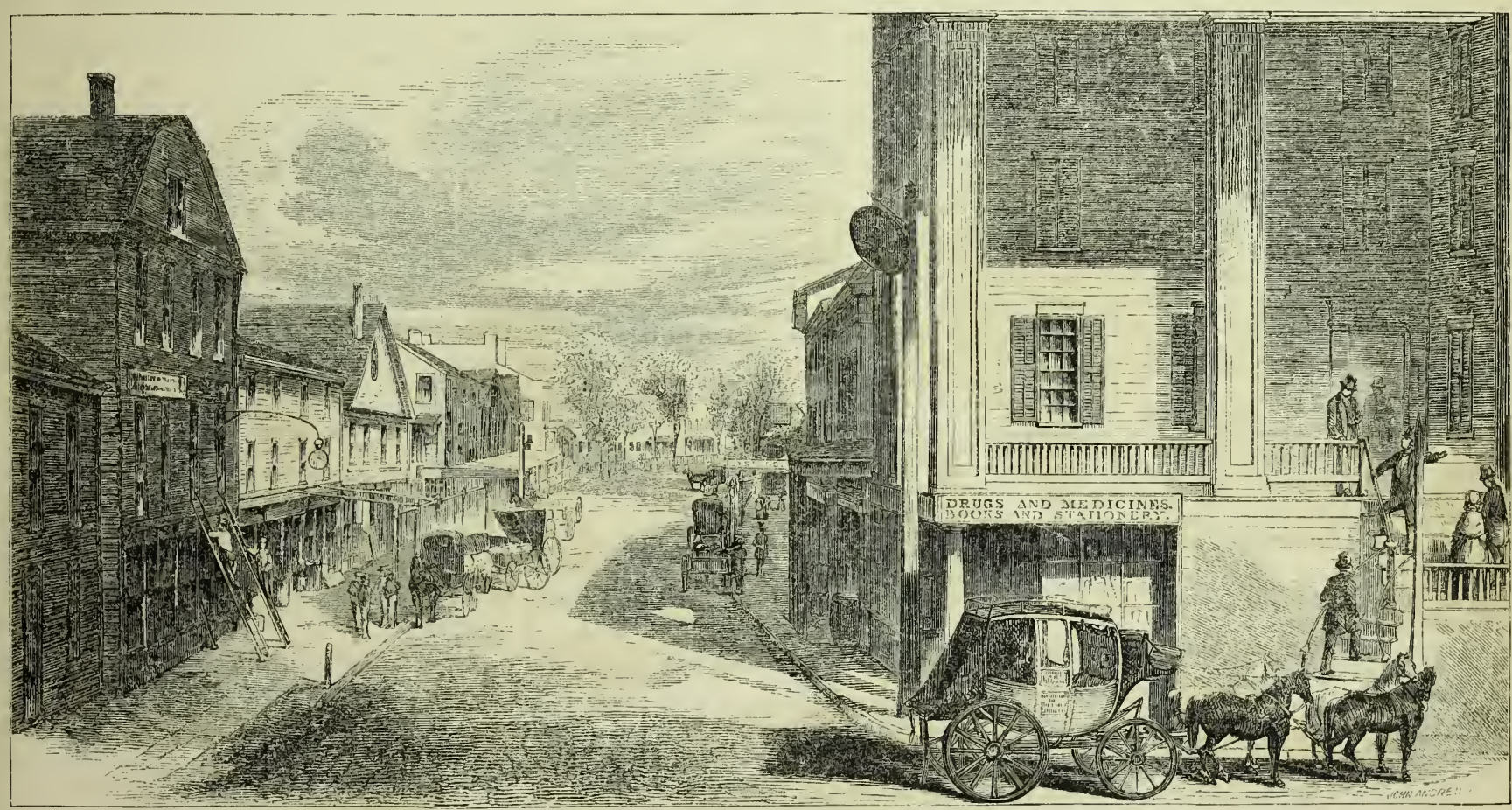
GENERAL VIEW OF THE GREEN, NORWALK, CONN.



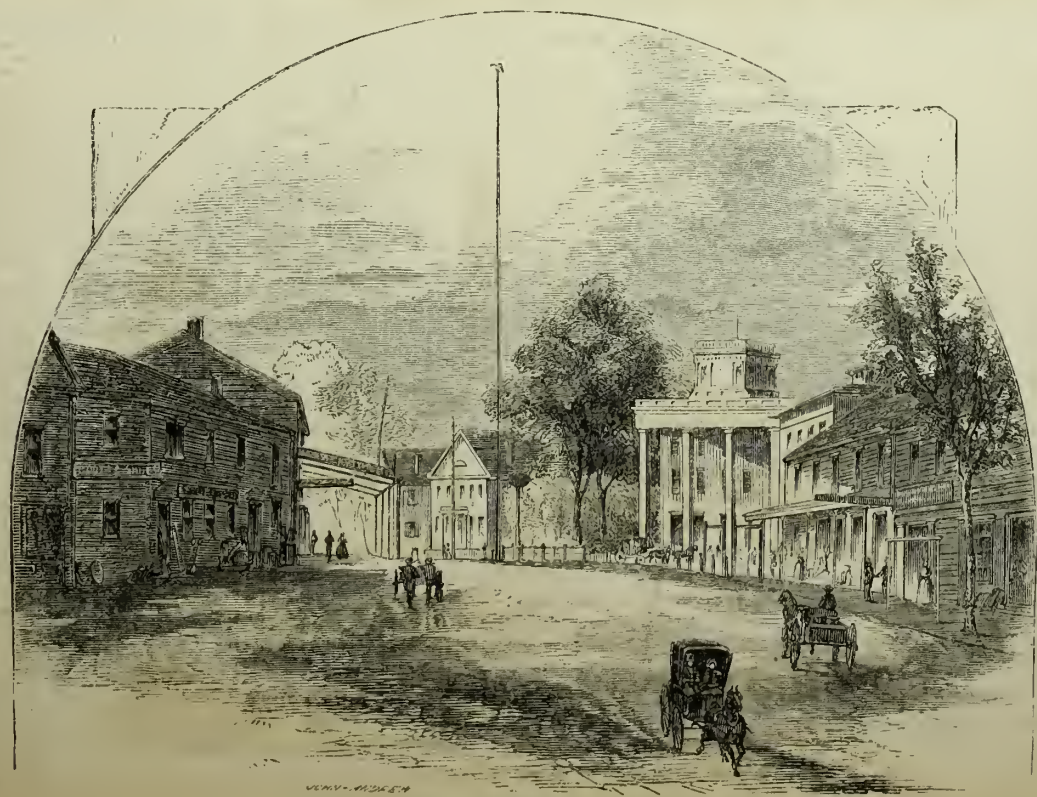
UNION MANUFACTORY, NORWALK, CONN.

harassed him as much as possible, and endeavored to make a stand, but the enemy were in such overwhelming numbers that he was obliged to fall back, with the loss of four killed and one cannon captured by the enemy. Tryon made his head-quarters on Grummon's Hill, and from this elevated spot he directed the movements of his marauding band. The inhabitants had generally fled from their homes at the first alarm, knowing the treatment which they had to expect from the hands of such friends from the experience of their neighbors of Fairfield, who had been driven from their homes in the midst of a pitiless storm, and many of the females *ravished in open day*. The first house burnt was on the west side of the river, near where the steamboat wharf was afterwards constructed. Every house and building of whatever kind in the place was consumed, with the exception of six. These were probably the residences of friends to the king. One of these was saved by the efforts of a maiden lady, who applied to Tryon personally, and informed him that its owner was a friend to his majesty, king George. Eighty dwellings, two churches, eighty-seven barns, seventeen shops, four mills and five vessels were committed to the flames, and at noon Norwalk was a vast ruin. "After many salt pans were destroyed, whaleboats carried on board the fleet, and magazines, stores and vessels set in flames, the advanced corps were drawn back, and the troops retired in two columns to the place of our first debarkation, and, unassaulted, took ship and returned to Huntington Bay." The loss of the enemy was twenty killed, ninety-six wounded, and thirty-two missing. The day is waning, and we will descend to the town. On our return, we pass the dilapidated town house of brick which stands on a high bank overlooking the river. It stands on the site of the old one which was pulled down in 1835. It had long been in a ruinous state, and had become an eye-sore to the inhabitants. Finally, a party of "regulators" determined to force the town authorities to move in the matter *nolens volens*, took advantage of a dark night to pull it down, and pile up the remains by the side of the road. In the morning, I was introduced to Mr. George G. Bishop, of the Union Manufacturing Company and, in company with him, went over their establishment for the manufacture of felt cloth, and I have seldom spent a couple of hours in a more entertaining manner. As the process of manufacturing this cloth is comparatively new and certainly novel, I will encroach upon your space sufficient to give an extract from one of our city papers, wherein it is partially described:—"Suppose a wool carder, nine feet wide, delivering a thin layer of carded wool upon an endless sheet or apron of the same width. It is made nine feet wide, that, when fulled up, it may still measure a yard and a half, or the same as common broadcloth. The sheet or apron which runs up on a drum like an endless belt, receives additional layers of wool, until the proper thickness is reached, when the whole is matted together into cloth. This was the old process; but it was soon found that the wool being laid on only lengthwise, there was nothing to blind it like the *filling* in woven fabrics, and also that, when made into garments, wherever it was stretched, as at the elbow of a coat, it left the mark of the indentation, there being no mechanical cohesion in its parts answering to the threads in ordinary fabrics, by which its original shape might be recovered. This was remedied by a new invention. While the carder is delivering the layer of wool upon the sheet, as above described, two carders, four feet wide, placed at right angles with the one first mentioned, spread a thin layer of wool across the sheet as it passes in its revolution, so that for every layer lengthwise, answering to the warp, there is a layer crosswise, answering to filling of woven fabrics. This process is repeated until a number—say sixteen—of these thin layers of wool have been spread upon one sheet. The whole is then taken off and drawn over a table, a section of which is covered with a perforated plate lying upon a steam box, through which, as it is two minutes passing, the wool becomes thoroughly enlivened by the hot vapor. It then passes under a platten of great weight, and, by a peculiar motion, it is compressed, interlaced and converted into flannel, and then fulled in the ordinary way of fulling cloth. It is now passed over the gig, where cylinders, covered with teazles, create a long nap on one surface. It is then colored, and finished like an ordinary cloth. Improvements have been made, and patents obtained, and the whole process is now in successful operation at the Union Company's factory. The patents now belong to this company, and they obtained a fourteen year's extension of their privileges at a recent session of Congress. By the improved method, a handsome, durable fabric for over-coats is made at a moderate expense. The goods are produced in a great variety of colors, at from one dollar to two dollars and a half per yard. The bulk of the production are sold below one dollar and a half. The business of the Union Company now amounts to about six hundred thousand dollars per annum; their profits have been diminished by occasional competition with inferior or worthless goods; but the enterprise has still been successful, and attended with profit and satisfaction." In the report of the judges of the first exhibition of the Metropolitan Mechanics' Institute, held in the east wing of the Patent Office, Washington, February, 1853, speaking of the cloths manufactured by the Union Company, they say:—"The Committee are of the opinion that the cloths of the Union Manufacturing Company, numbered 1154, deserve the highest premium, as they are superior to any cloths of the kind which have come under their notice. These goods are made by the process of felting, as distinguished from weaving, and their peculiar excellence is due to the fact that the bat or nap of carded wool, of which the cloth is formed, is made up of a series of thin sheets or layers of carded wool, whose fibres are laid alternately crosswise and lengthwise, so that, in the subsequent process of condensing the *bat* into cloth, the thorough interlacing of the fibres is inserted. This method of felting is an American invention, and is deserving of the highest encouragement." The buildings of the company are situated something over half a mile from the hotel, and a visit to them will amply repay the slight fatigue and time spent. On my return, I passed the new Union School House, shown on this page, and on being introduced to Mr. F. B. Brigham, the principal, he with marked urbanity, showed me every attention, and furnished me with valuable information regarding the institution. It has cost much and untiring exertion on the part of its friends, but the success which has attended it, under its present admirable management, the interest taken in its welfare both by parents and pupils, the very struggles and sacrifices which it has cost, have all conspired to attach strongly the people of the district to the institution. It has become an object of cherished regard and just pride. It has raised the standard of education higher than the best friends of schools had reason to expect it would, and too, permanently. The time to which I had limited myself having nearly expired, and having bid adieu to the many polite friends who had made my short visit so agreeable, I took my seat in the coach and was driven to the depot, and after a trip unworthy of note or comment, arrived at my pleasant little home in Jersey, glad to spend the Sabbath with my family, from whom I had been separated some little time. I am, dear sir, very respectfully, your artist, NEUTRAL TINT.

UNION SCHOOL, NORWALK, CONN.



PART OF MAIN STREET, NORWALK, CONN.



VIEW IN STATE STREET, NORWALK, CONN.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

"WHEN I WOULD DIE."

BY G. W. B. HASSINGER.

I would not die in winter,
When the breath of life is chilled,
When mother earth, in fetters bound,
With sorrow deep seems filled.
When icy blasts sweep through the air,
And hearts beat sad with fear;
O, I would not die in winter, then,
When all is cold and drear.

I would not die in spring-time,
Midst opening buds and flowers,
When all is dressed in verdure green,
And roses deck the bowers;
When nature is rejoicing,
Dressed in her gay attire—
O, I would not die in spring-time, then,
When fragrance fills the air.

I would not die in summer,
When all is gay and bright,
When ripening fruits and waving fields
With beauty fill the sight;
When nature yields, of bounteous stores,
A full and rich increase—
I would not die in spring-time, then,
When all is joy and peace.

But in the mellow autumn, when
These beauties flee away,
When faded flower and withered bough
Tell premature decay;
When dying leaves are falling,
And thickly strew the way—
I'd like to die at close of eve,
And gently pass away.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE OLD HOUSE WITH THE BOW-WINDOW.

BY MAURICE SILINGSBY.

Light that makes things seen makes some things invisible.
SIR THOMAS BROWNE.

IN a pleasant, retired quarter of the town is Our Street. Not that I mean to convey the idea by this that our street, unlike all other streets, is the exclusive property and promenade ground of such only as claim to that high privilege by virtue of their denizenship. Certainly not! I cannot mean that, for our street has always been, and is now, I hope, as public a thoroughfare as any other.

In our street everybody bows to everybody as they pass each other; an idea, it is true, which partakes somewhat largely of the old primitive custom, so much in vogue and so very highly esteemed, also, by our wise Puritan ancestors. But in the great noisy street, on the contrary, no such boorish idea prevails. It is true, if you could be lifted from the noisy tumult of the one, and set safely and quietly down in the other, you would be forcibly struck with the contrast.

Indeed I think you would be astonished at the monotonous humdrum, almost countrified aspect of things. In such places, life, like still water, seems to stagnate, or at best to move like a sluggish river, and everything coming within its influence seems suddenly to become assimilated—we can hardly tell why. Our Street, I am well assured, is only a matter of five minutes' walk from Faneuil Hall; and yet isolated as we may seem, we can hear the great surges of life—almost feel its pulsations as it whirls through its legitimate channels. But as I have already said, it is remarkably quiet and countrified when you have once reached it.

I do not mean by this to convey the idea that the great pulses of life, here, are so deadened by extraneous influences as you will find them in most country places, because in our street there is some considerable show of business—more particularly at the lower extremity—the upper portion of the street being mostly composed of private residences, some of the occupants of which, I am sorry to say, entertain very patrician notions, considering the very plebeian stock from whence they spring. Indeed everybody here maintains a certain air of respectability!

For instance, the A——s are respectable (you will stand a chance of hearing a very similar remark to this every day), or the B——'s, or peradventure the C——'s, and so on to the end of the chapter. I fancy it is one of those peculiar notions inherited from our ancestry of the old world, a feeling which it seems to take a long time to rid one's self of, in spite of our republican notions of equality. Yes, indeed, everybody is respectable in Our Street, at least in their own opinion (and let me tell you it would be unwarrantable fool-hardiness in any one to contradict the assumption), from the great Mr. Alderman Maggot, who occupies the first brick house on the corner, with the iron paling and the seven smooth granite steps leading up to the door, which boasts of a door-knob, said to be of silver,—I am hardly competent to judge of its genuineness, having never ventured nearer it than the sidewalk—and a plate of the same valuable material (both modern luxuries), upon which the owner's name (*George Washington Maggot*) is inscribed in beautiful italics—down to Dennis Flaherty, who occupies the two basement rooms under the sail-loft of Mr. Abraham Squizzles—the side of said building having the honor of facing on Our Street.

As the natural result of such a state of things, the laborer here, though hardly aware of it, loses caste among the "ton;" but some how, to make amends for this, he catches the infection of his neighbors, and imagines himself more respectable than Bill, or Jo, or somebody else of a less favored locality, believing as he sincerely does, that merely a change of air is required to render even the most contemptible of mortals fit objects of respect.

I have said thus much, in order to acquaint the reader somewhat concerning the peculiarities and prevailing notions of Our Street. There is one house in particular in Our Street, to which I am anxious to call the attention of the curious. It is an old wood-colored house with a bow-window in front. It was the same old house as long as I can remember, with the exception that in my boyhood I remember having seen an old pump just under the elm-tree in front. About this time I was sent into the country, and when I returned three years afterwards, the elm-tree and the pump were both removed, and hydrants had been placed along the street at a convenient distance from each other—one occupying the very site of the old pump. But the house still remained, and its antique bow-window looked the same as formerly, with the exception that the sun was at liberty to shine in now, cheering the hearts of its two solitary occupants.

This house, long known as the Crumples Mansion, was at present the abode of Obadiah and Deborah Crumples, grandchildren to Master Jonathan Crumples, who had the honor, as I am told, of first conceiving the plan, and finally erecting it after his own peculiar model.

The original proprietor had amassed quite a fortune during his lifetime, which, at his decease, descended to his son, who possessed none of the father's faculty of acquiring money. On the contrary, he was endowed with a somewhat prodigal turn of mind, and marrying quite late in life, after having exhausted more than half his patrimony, he became the father of three children, who in turn inherited only a moiety of what he possessed at the period of his marriage.

The eldest son, Stephen, partaking more of the nature of his grandfather, while the remaining two were of a more secluded and solitary cast, differing in this respect even from their own parent, had gone out more than eighteen years before to push his fortunes in Cuba. Little had been heard of him since, further than that he was in a very prosperous way, and in all likelihood would eventually amass a fortune. Obadiah and Deborah continued to remain in the old house up to the present time, nursing their family pride, and gradually growing poorer every day of their lives. The neighbors all knew this, and knew also the overweening pride of family experienced by at least Miss Deborah,—of late years Obadiah had suffered from a species of monomania, which precluded him in a great measure from sharing this feeling in common with his sister.

At the period to which we refer, Miss Deborah was forty-eight, while her brother was only three years her senior. Miss Deborah in the springtide of life was reported to have been exceedingly good-looking, and to have declined, with a martyr-like firmness, several advantageous offers of marriage from such persons as she considered, in point of family, infinitely beneath her notice; but if such was the case, she had probably long since repented in secret of her folly, as she had observed her beauty slowly fading "into the sere and yellow leaf," and herself fast sinking in point of wealth and worldly consequence.

Ten years ago Obadiah Crumples had conceived a most bold and daring speculation, that of inventing perpetual motion; and since then,—though always defeated, just on the eve of perfecting it, by some unforeseen difficulty,—he had steadily pursued his absurd undertaking up to the present moment.

One bright spring morning as I was passing by the old house, my attention was attracted by the sound of a carpenter's saw in close proximity to the bow-window. I looked up and beheld quite an opening already made through its sombre front, and wondered what in the world this sudden enterprise could mean. At first I conjectured that it might be the intention of Miss Deborah to have the bow-window removed, and this portion of the house squared, like many of its more modern neighbors, but on returning sometime afterwards, I found I had been mistaken in my surmises, for a commodious passage way had now been cleared, and the carpenter was busied in fitting in door-casings. Then there was to be a door leading in from the outer world just on the left of the bow-window!

For two or three days following this external alteration in the old house, there was a great deal of planing and hammering inside of the bow-window, but no one could conjecture why all these marvellous improvements were going on. Some said that Aunt Debby was getting proud in her old age, as though, forsooth, she had ever been otherwise; but there were others who surmised that there was to be a grand division made of the house, and that some fortunate tenant would soon have the privilege of walking in at the Crumples Mansion from the front way near the bow-window, and the honor of claiming the gaunt Miss Deborah for a landlady. But surmises and speculations were alike in vain; for shortly after this the quiet denizens of Our Street were surprised one morning by a grand display of knick-knacks, stationed in the bow-window, without the smallest regard to arrangement or effect.

As our family had always been on a footing of equality with the Crumples as far back as I could remember, and our tide of fortune had been gradually ebbing out with their's, since, I could not resist an inclination to be the first to venture in by the bow-window, and show poor Miss Deborah that there was at least one person who could sympathize with her in her extreme strait and mortification.

When I entered, I discovered Obadiah at the farther end of the room, and partially concealed from view by the end of the counter, laboring diligently over a new and enlarged model of perpetual motion. "My life-long labors are nearly completed!" said Obadiah, looking up from his work and gazing into my face with the utmost seriousness. "I have a model here that will astonish the world; in a word, sir, I have my fortune in my own hands. Yes sir, when that is accomplished, when that bright vision is once realized, which it will be, sir, shortly—very shortly indeed, sir: then, sir, will your wise men hide their diminished heads, and the princes of the earth will fall down and worship me!"

I assured Obadiah that when that time came I should feel but too proud to be suffered to serve him in the capacity of a footman. I next turned to Deborah, who had just entered from an adjoining room, and took her left hand, which she extended to me, and pressed it with unusual earnestness. It was nearest her heart, poor woman, and she burst into tears. It was the first time I had ever seen tears in her eyes, and it melted me almost to a woman the moment I beheld them starting.

"Perhaps it is all foolishness to think as I do!" she at length said, wiping her eyes, "but I cannot help it. I have not been behind there yet," she went on, pointing at the little counter. "I tried to make up my mind to do it, but I couldn't, and so Obadiah and the carpenter arranged the things as you see. It cost me a terrible pain to do what I have done, and nothing but the helpless condition of my poor brother should have induced me to do it!"

I looked into her face searchingly. There was a sadden flash of insanity in her eye just then.

"Yes!" said she, observing my look of alarm, and pointing to her breast, "I had a demon to struggle against, it is true, but I have triumphed this time; it is hard to say whether I may, or not, again!" And without saying more, she drew a vial of laudanum from the folds of her dress, and handing it to me, requested me to keep it, and say nothing, as there would be little danger now, the temptation having almost subsided, and the means being beyond her reach.

Just then we were aroused by the postman's rap at the door, and the next moment we heard him inquire for Obadiah Crumples. Obadiah who had just arisen after a careful examination of his great model, and hearing his name called, ambled to the door. In a moment he returned, holding up a letter. "I think it must be from the Czar of Russia, or some unfortunate prince in exile!" said Obadiah, handing the letter to Deborah with a great flourish. It was sealed with black wax, and Deborah opened it with a trembling hand. She gave it a quick, painful perusal, and then handing the letter to me, turned to her brother and said, "Obadiah, your brother Stephen is dead! You remember—you cannot have forgotten Stephen?" she said, noticing his vacant look, while a bewildered shadow crept over her own face.

"O, I remember now!" said Obadiah, looking up innocently into her face from his low stool near his favorite model; "he went out to the Ottoman Empire to act as prime minister! I remember; yes, yes! I suppose he has made me an emperor and you a countess. He couldn't confer quite all his honors, you know; it isn't the fashion; besides he must leave a principality each to his four sons; or hasn't he got any, did you say?"

I was busily engaged with the letter, and did not notice Deborah's reply, if she made any, but I dare say she did not.

The letter was dated at Havana, and came from her brother's executor. It merely announced the date of his death, and stated that by his will he had bequeathed them the sum of ten thousand dollars each, which might be immediately remitted to them on making out and sending to his attorney the necessary credentials.

I endeavored to make Obadiah comprehend that he had become suddenly rich, but he insisted in the most peremptory manner that he had always been so, only that his exchequer had sometimes run a little low, which, with an heir to his brother's dukedom, was only a trifling affair after all.

After a little while, I assisted Deborah to remove the knick-knacks from the bow window; and in three days afterwards the door was boarded up, the little counter and shelves knocked to pieces for kindling wood, and the old room soon grew to be as sombre and deserted as ever.

NOTICES OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

EARLY RELIGIOUS EDUCATION. By WM. G. ELIOT, Pastor of the Church of the Messiah, St. Louis. Boston: Crosby, Nichols & Co. 1855. 18mo. pp. 128.

The author of this essay treats of the "Religious Education of the Young, as the divinely appointed means of Christian Regeneration." It is written in an earnest spirit, and is the production of a clear and vigorous mind.

A NEW AND COMPREHENSIVE FRENCH INSTRUCTOR, ETC. By STEPHEN PEARL ANDREWS and GEORGE BATCHELDER. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1855. 12mo.

We have carefully and critically examined this work, and are satisfied that it completely meets the wants of a conscientious student, giving him, when mastered, a competent knowledge of the French language, now so nearly universal, that to be ignorant of it is quite inexcusable. We recommend this work with hearty good will. Boston: Ticknor & Co.

MORTIMER'S COLLEGE LIFE. By E. J. MAY. Illustrated. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1855. 18mo. pp. 344.

A deeply interesting story, a vivid delineation of character, and sound moral lessons, should give this book an extensive circulation. It is a sterling production. For sale by Redding & Co.

HOARY HEAD AND MCDONNER. By JACOB ABBOTT. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1855. 12mo. pp. 402.

One of the author's "Young Christian Series"—a fact sufficient to command the widest circulation. Though written for young persons, it is so truthful, so interesting, and so sound in sentiment, that it will prove acceptable to readers of any age. For sale by Redding & Co.

SALLUST, FLORUS AND VELLERIUS PATERCULUS. Literally Translated. By Rev. JOHN SELBY WATSON, M. A. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1855. 12mo.

To those unfamiliar with the Latin tongue, this volume will open a rich mine of historical lore. The translation is executed with remarkable fidelity, and the notes are intrinsically and relatively valuable. For sale by Redding & Co.

CHRISTIAN THEISM. By ROBERT A. THOMPSON. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1855. 12mo. pp. 477.

This is a reprint of the work which won the Aberdeen prize. It is an able argument in favor of the existence, greatness and goodness of God, from considerations independent of written Revelation, and from Revelation itself. It is calculated to make a deep impression. For sale by Redding & Co.

THE WORKS OF JOHN C. CALHOUN. Edited by RICHARD K. CRALLE. Vols. V. and VI. 8vo. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1855.

The two volumes before us contain reports and public letters from the pen of the great Southern statesman. They illustrate his learning, his ability, his sincerity and steadfastness of purpose. Never was a man more self-sustained and independent in action than John C. Calhoun. His unwavering firmness extorted admiration from his bitterest political opponents. His career was pure and spotless, and when he died, the nation felt that it had lost one of its brightest ornaments. His works are a precious legacy. For sale by Redding & Co.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

NOT ALL FOR FAME.

BY FREDERICK J. KEYES.

Believe me—'tis not all for fame
The poet weaves his rhyme,
Cut, though he may, a deathless name
Upon the arch of time.
A tear will touch his tender soul—
A smile will thrill its strings,
And wake a song with their control,
Which not to fame he sings.

O, judge him not—thou ne'er canst know
How many human tears,
Since he has sung, have ceased their flow
Along earth's vale of years.
How many spirits he has soothed
In the last hour's farewell—
How many pathways he has smoothed
Angels alone shall tell.

Many there are whose songs in vain
Seem from their sweet harps given;
Who, when this life is o'er, shall gain
A fadeless crown in heaven.
O, never may they feel the gales
That fan ambition's flame;
Or court the wo of him who sails
Along the tide of fame.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

MY FIRST TEMPTATION.

THE STORY OF A CLASSMATE.

BY HORACE B. STANIFORD.

At an early age I lost my father, and as he left us with but little of this world's goods, it soon became necessary that I should find some employment. I was then thirteen years of age, and not very stout or strong, but yet with a will to do anything that could he found for me to do. At length my mother made an arrangement with a carpenter by the name of Morris, and I was taken into his shop as an apprentice. With him I remained two years, but at the end of that time I became so worn down by the hard work imposed upon me, that my mother resolved I should remain there no longer. My sister Lucy, who was two years older than myself, had long detected my failing strength—and it was mainly through her efforts that I was removed from the place, for I should never have complained.

I was now fifteen—tall, slim and pale, and I knew that I could not stand any sort of work which taxed my physical strength to any great extent. But fortune favored me. A Mr. Joseph Evered, who kept a dry goods store near by, was in want of a salesman, and through my sister's influence I obtained the place. Mr. Evered had a daughter Julia, just about my own age, who was very intimate with Lucy, and it was by her intercessions with her father that Lucy gained her point.

I was duly installed into my place, and I was soon happy and contented, for my employer was kind, and an intimacy sprang up between myself and Julia, which afforded me a purer bliss than I had ever before experienced. Thus matters passed on for a year, and at the end of that time my health was restored, and I had so far gained upon the confidence of Mr. Evered that he now trusted me with some of his most particular business. Only one thing troubled me. I was not receiving such wages as I fancied my services entitled me to. In fact, I was in debt. I had purchased a suit of clothes of a tailor in the neighborhood, and was owing for them. The tailor wanted his money, and I had promised him he should have it at a certain time; but that time came and passed, and I could not pay him. He threatened, and I promised anew. O, how many times I wished that I had never bought those clothes. I *could* have got along without them, and I resolved that never again would I buy anything which I could not pay for upon the spot. But that did not help this case.

One evening I sat alone in the store. It was Saturday evening, and the day had been a busy one. We had sold a great quantity of goods, and the money-drawer was well filled. Slowly a demon arose before me, and began to advise me. He pointed to the money-drawer, and whispered, "There are the means for paying your debt!" I knew that Mr. Evered had no knowledge of the amount of money there, for he knew not how much I had sold. I could take even fifty dollars, and he might never miss it, for I had sold a great quantity of stuff which he had no account of. I had promised the tailor that he should have the money that very night, and I had planned to get Mr. Evered to advance me the necessary sum. I had not been spending money foolishly, but from my poor pittance I supported my mother, and that ate it all up.

For a long while I sat and looked upon that drawer, and all the while the tempter was persuading me. I knew that young clerks often did such things, and that sometimes necessity compelled them to it—at least, so I then thought. How could I meet my creditor again without the money? I could not, and at length I resolved that I would not. I arose and went to the drawer. I opened it, and saw the bank notes which had been fairly jammed in there. I counted out twenty dollars! My hands trembled, and my heart beat quickly. I thrust the notes into my pocket, and then hastened back to my seat, and ere long afterwards my employer entered.

"Well, Charles," he said, "I guess we'll shut up now."

I arose and went out and put up the shutters, and when I came back, I found Evered engaged in counting the money. As I approached him, he eyed me with a sharp, searching look, and I trembled like an aspen.

"What ails you?" he asked.

"Nothing, sir," I answered, trying to compose myself.

"But there must be something the matter," he resumed, "for you look as pale as a ghost."

"I am tired," I said.

"Well, well, you have worked hard to day, and you may go. I'll attend to the rest."

With a desperate endeavor to compose myself, I thanked him for his kindness, and then seized my hat and left the store. The fresh air revived me somewhat, and I hurried on to the tailor's. I paid my bill, and for a moment my heart was lighter; but it was only for the moment. When I reached the street again, the thought of what I had done came upon me with a whelming force, and I was miserable. When I reached home I professed to be sick, and retired at once. But my mother, sick and weak herself, came up to my bed and wanted to fix me some medicine. She gave me a simple preparation, drew up the clothes snugly about me, and having kissed me, she said.

"Be careful, Charles, for 'twould be painful indeed to have you sick. God keep and bless you. Good night."

O, how those last words rung in my ears. What would my mother say—how would she feel—if she knew that her son was a —*thief?* It was a long while before I could give the word shape and form, but it came at last. I could not keep it back. *Thief! thief!* rang in my soul till an agony was upon me so intense that all other conceptions of pain were as nothing. The night passed away in sleepless, phantom making restlessness; and when the morning came, I arose and walked out before my mother or sister was up. I did not return until breakfast was ready, and then I had so far overcome all outward signs of my distress, that little remark was made upon it. But the worm was gnawing at my heart.

That forenoon I went with my sister to meeting, and as I entered the little church, I met the gaze of Mr. Evered He watched me sharply, and I saw marks of pain upon his face. After the services were over, I saw him in conversation with the tailor. I noticed how earnestly they spoke—and once I saw the tailor point his finger towards me. I felt sure, then, that all was discovered!

"For mercy's sake, Charles, what is the matter?" cried Lucy, as she caught my arm.

"He's faint! he's faint!" I heard a low, tremulous voice say; and on turning, I saw Julia Evered. She was frightened—and at that moment came the conviction that she loved me. But that other thought came with it; and then I knew she would ere long despise me!

Sick and faint I hurried away, and to all the anxious inquiries of Lucy I only replied that I was not well. O, how miserable I felt, for I knew that my employer had detected the theft. His gaze at me in the church was proof enough; but his conversation with the tailor made it doubly sure. That afternoon I dared not go to church, and my mother worried over me. If she would only have let me alone, I might have been less miserable; but she clung close to me, and I had to lie to her—the first falsehood I ever spoke to that noble woman!

Another night of restless agony, and then I came to the severest part of all. I must meet my employer! It was late when I descended to the kitchen, and I found my mother as pale and deathly as death itself. For the moment I forgot my own pain, and hastened to her side. She gazed up into my face with such a look as I hope I may never see again.

"Don't ask me any questions, Charles," she said, "but go at once to the store. Mr. Evered wants you immediately."

I could not ask a question—I could not speak. Without breakfast—without waiting to see Lucy—I started from the house. People whom I met gazed at me sharply, and once I heard the word *thief* pronounced! O, Evered had told the story of my crime! How could he?—No, no, 'twas the tailor who had told it, for my employer would never have done it. Yet it was known. I stopped, and suddenly the thought of flight occurred to me. Why had I not thought of it before? Why should I stay longer where shame, and shame only, could be mine? I turned to flee, and just then my sister came rushing after me, with her hair floating wildly in the morning air, and her face pale as death.

"O, Charles," she uttered, "come with me at once! Come, come, our mother is dying!"

My sister seized my hand, and by main force dragged me away. I reached my home, I knew not how, for my reason had almost left me. Into the little bed-room Lucy dragged me, and there lay my mother stark and cold.

"O, Charles, you have killed her!" sobbed my sister, as she threw herself upon the bed. "She could not stand your disgrace!"

One moment I gazed upon that cold, pale form, and then a wild, unearthly cry broke from my lips. I plunged madly forward upon the bed—

"Charles! Charles!"

I started up. I felt a heavy hand upon my shoulder, and again my name was called.

"What is the matter? Come, rouse up. For mercy's sake, what ails you?"

It was Mr. Evered who spoke. I was still sitting upon the stool behind the counter, but my head had fallen forward upon a pile of goods that lay heaped up before me. Instinctively I cast my eyes upon the money-drawer, and slowly the truth worked its way to my mind. A cold, clammy sweat was upon my brow, a pain in my limbs, and I trembled like an aspen.

"What ails you, Charles?" Mr. Evered kindly asked.

"My soul—such a dream!" I involuntarily gasped.

"Well, well—if it's nothing worse than that I am glad. But come, I want to have a few words of conversation with you before you go."

I was fully aroused now. I looked at the money-drawer, though many times ere I could fully realize that I was safe. The tempter had come, but an angel had met and beaten him away. The doors and shutters were closed, and then my employer sat down by my side.

"Well, Charles," he commenced, "Julia has been telling me this afternoon that you wholly support your mother."

"Yes, sir," I tremblingly answered. "My sister thus far has only been able to support herself, and the rest all comes on me."

"But how do you get along? Surely, your salary here is not sufficient."

"It has been sufficient, sir, to find us in food and fuel. For—for clothing—I have—"

"Run in debt, eh?"

"Yes, sir; but I will never do it again. I will go ragged, if need be, but I will not run in debt."

"Right—right, my boy! But we will fix that all right now. I have been thinking for some time of increasing your pay, and I will do so now—not only so, but I must put it back to where I first thought of it, and that was three months ago. Let's see."

He turned to the desk, as he spoke, and made a few figures on a piece of paper.

"Three dollars a week for thirteen weeks would be thirty-nine dollars," he said. "Will that square you up?"

"O, yes, sir, and more, more, too!"

"Then you shall have that, and hereafter you shall have that amount over each quarter."

He said something more about making me his head clerk at some time, but I did not fully understand him. I received the money, paid the tailor, and when I had reached my home, I had become calm and happy. I told my mother and Lucy of my good fortune, and they wept for joy.

Yet I could not help shuddering fearfully whenever I thought of that terrible vision which came upon me while the tempter was with me. But—let me say it again—'twas an angel's visit.

Years have passed away since that time. Mr. Evered is an old man—my children are his grandchildren; and the store that was once his is now half mine. He has retired, and the other half of the extensive business belongs to Lucy's husband. My mother still lives, and, thank God, can yet bless her son that he has never yet called one drop of sorrow to her life-cup.

SHAKSPEARE AND THE BIBLE.

The following curious parallel will be found interesting:

Bible.—The apostle says: But though I be rude in speech.—2 Cor. xi. 6.

Othello.—Rude am I in speech.

Bible.—Consume thine eyes and to grieve thine heart—1 Samuel ii. 33.

Macbeth.—Show his eyes and grieve his heart.

Bible.—Thou hast brought me unto the dust of death.—Psal.

Macbeth.—Lighted fools the way to dusty death.

Bible.—Look not upon me, because I am black, because the sun hath looked upon me.—Sol. Song i. 6.

Merchant of Venice.—Mistake me not for my complexion; its shadowy livery of the burning sun.

Bible.—I smote him, I caught him by his beard and smote him, and slew him.—1 Sam. xvii. 35.

Othello.—I took him by the throat, the circumcised dog, and smote him.

Bible.—Opened Job his mouth and cursed his day; let it not be joined unto the days of the year, let it not come into the number of the months.—Job iii. 1, 6.

Macbeth.—May this accursed hour stand, ay, accursed in the calendar.

Bible.—What is man, that thou art mindful of him? For thou hast made him a little lower than the angels, thou hast crowned him with glory and honor. Thou madest him to have dominion over the works of thy hands.—Psal. viii. 4, 5, 6.

Hamlet.—What a piece of work is man! How noble in reason, how infinite in faculties! In form and moving, how express and admirable! In action, how like an angel! In apprehension, how like a God! The beauty of the world, the paragon of animals.

Bible.—Nicanor lay dead in his harness.

Macbeth.—We will die with harness on our back.

New York Day Book.

NAPLES AND ITS RULERS.

Nothing is more likely than that a stranger in Naples would at present be deceived as to the public spirit of the country. Wherever it is necessary to mention the name of the king in the presence of the Director of Police, he becomes greatly irritated, and even has recourse to blows, unless the epithet of "Assoluto ed unico Padrone" (absolute and only master) be added. As a case in point, an individual painter, by name Francesco, under the persuasion that he would be executing a work acceptable to royalty, made a drawing of the celebrated marine machine, which was illuminated on the 30th of May It had two figures, one of the Immacolata, another of Ferdinando II., each with two inscriptions. Now, it happened that on one side was inscribed "Viva Maria Immacolata, and Viva Ferdinando II.;" on the other, "Viva il nostro unico ed assoluto Padrone," etc. As the painter represented that side of the machine on which the former inscriptions were written, those only were given: whilst the latter inscriptions were omitted. The picture was then presented to his majesty, who condescended to accept it. Immediately afterwards the painter was summoned before the Director of Police, who questioned him as to the motives of his preference for the first inscriptions, and without waiting for his answer, fell upon and beat him in the offices of the ministry. He was afterwards imprisoned, and happy for him was it that he had such a Mæcanus as the Prince Sebastiano, brother-in-law of the king, through whose influence he was liberated.—*London News.*

Those who, in the common course of the world, will call themselves your friends, or whom, according to the common notions of friendship, you may probably think such, will never tell you of your faults, still less of your weaknesses. But, on the contrary, more desirous to make you their friend than to prove themselves yours, they will flatter both, and, in truth, not be sorry for either. —*Chesterfield.*

HON. JOSEPH T. BUCKINGHAM.

We present herewith a portrait of Hon. Joseph T. Buckingham, for many years in the front rank of American journalists, but now living in retirement in this vicinity, enjoying a reputation won entirely by his own exertions. Joseph T. Buckingham was born at Windham, Connecticut, in the year 1779. His father was a patriot of the revolution, and made great pecuniary sacrifices to advance the cause of national independence, so that when he died (in 1783) his family were left in destitute circumstances. The subject of this sketch was placed in the family of a respectable farmer, to which his services were engaged until the age of sixteen. He was very fond of reading, and perused with avidity all the books within his reach. He tells us in his "Personal Memoirs," that he had no doubt he had read the Bible through a dozen times before he was sixteen years old; and he says, "if I deserve a tithe of the credit which some of my too partial friends have bestowed upon some of my productions, I attribute it, in a great measure, to my early familiarity with the language, style, and phraseology of the Bible." In the year 1793, a visit to the Phenix printing-office in Windham produced such an impression on young Buckingham that he resolved to be a printer. During the period of his agricultural service, he received a little, and but very little, schooling; but a few books, which he procured with difficulty, were carefully studied and thoroughly mastered. Some of them were standard English classics, and of course laid the foundation of that pure and vigorous style which characterized even the early efforts of our journalist. On the 5th of March, 1795, he commenced his career as an apprentice, in the office of David Carlisle, at Walpole, N. H. We next find him continuing his apprenticeship in the office of Thomas Dickman, publisher of the Greenfield Gazette, at Greenfield, Massachusetts. After various vicissitudes, he made his way to Boston, arriving February 8, 1800, and immediately found employment in the office of Manning & Loring, then the principal book-printers of the town. In the beginning of the year 1806, while carrying on the printing business for Thomas & Andrews, Mr. Buckingham commenced the publication of a small monthly magazine, called the "Polyanthos." This work was continued for twenty months, then suspended, and afterward resumed. It was illustrated by the best portraits that could then be procured of the prominent characters of the day—actors, divines, statesmen, and generals. Mr. Buckingham wrote all the theatrical criticisms—some of which were severe and caustic. "Mr. Poe," he says,—"the father of the late Edgar A. Poe,—took offence at a remark on his wife's acting, and called at my house to chastise my impertinence, but went away without effecting his purpose. Both he and his wife were performers of considerable merit, but somewhat vain of their personal accomplishments." In 1809, Mr. Buckingham started a weekly paper of sixteen pages, 8vo., called the "Ordeal," Mr. Benjamin Pollard being the responsible editor; it lived only six months, however. The "Comet," in 1814, was another of Mr. Buckingham's publishing experiments. In 1817 he commenced the publication of the "New England Galaxy and Masonic Magazine." Of the difficulties he encountered in the outset we find the following notice in his "Personal Memoirs:" "A wife and six children (the eldest about eleven years old) had no other resource than my labor for their daily bread, clothing, a house for shelter, and the means of education. I had not a dollar wherewith to procure a printing apparatus, ink, paper, etc. Everything was to be got (it got at all) on credit, and of *that* I had none, except what a few friends gave me for industry and perseverance. A fount of second-hand types was bought of John Elliot, a printer, son of the Rev. Dr. Elliot; and an old press from some one (not a printer), whose name is forgotten, who took my note for one hundred dollars, payable in ninety days, and a mortgage on the press, as collateral security." Mr. Buckingham's own energy and talent, and a long list of able contributors, gave a character to the new enterprise, which commanded general attention. The paper was bold, vigorous, spicy and readable. Social abuses, immoralities, quackeries, cant, hypocrisy, and humbug of every kind, were attacked with a keenness and power of sarcasm and invective, rarely equalled. Some of the parties served up in the Galaxy threatened the publisher with personal chastisement, others manifested their resentment by addressing him anonymous letters, "the usual weapons of blockheads and cowards," as he justly remarks; but neither open nor covert threat ever induced him to swerve one hair's breadth from the course he had marked out. He was on more than one occasion sued for libel, the plaintiff relying on the common law doctrine, "the greater the truth the greater the libel," and the manner in which he stood up against his adversaries and contended for the freedom of the press, is not the least among his many laurels. In 1820, the latter part of the title of the paper was dropped, and it was continued as the "New England Galaxy," alone. Not only were the original articles in the Galaxy, editorials, paragraphs, romantic and humorous stories and sketches, and poetry excellent, but an additional attraction was given it by the choice selections made from the rich field of European periodical literature, at that time quite inaccessible to the mass. We have recently had occasion to refer to a file of the Galaxy, and on that occasion, our early impression of its sterling value was renewed. On the 2d day of March, 1824, appeared the first number of a daily paper, established by Mr. Buckingham, under the name of the "Boston Courier." It was conducted with vigor and ability, and almost immediately took high rank as one of the leading political and news-journals of the day. It continued the property of Mr. Buckingham until 1848, when he disposed of his interest in it. In 1831 he issued the first number of the "New England Magazine," a work projected by his son, the lamented Edwin Buckingham, a young gentleman of first rate ability and of the fairest promise, who died on returning from a voyage undertaken for the benefit of his health, at the early age of twenty-three. Mr. Buckingham relinquished the magazine soon after his son's death. The magazine was filled with excellent matter, contributed by some of the very best writers of the day. Mr. Buckingham became a member of the Massachusetts Charitable Mechanic Association in 1810, and has served it as secretary, trustee, vice president and president. He, also, for ten years filled the office of president of the Bunker Hill Monument Association. He was for two years president of the Middlesex Agricultural Society, and delivered the anniversary address of 1845. He has represented both Boston and Cambridge in the Massachusetts Legislature, and was senator for Middlesex for four years. The brief sketch we have given of his career shows that he has led an active and useful life; and that he has shown himself enterprising, resolute, independent and fearless.

JOSEPH T. BUCKINGHAM.

NAVAL ACADEMY, ANNAPOLIS.

The engraving below is an accurate view of the American naval academy at Annapolis, Maryland. It is located in the northeastern part of the city. The tranquil river in the foreground is the Severn. The circular building, surmounted by a flag staff, is the old military fort, now forming the gun-battery and fencing-rooms. To the right is the river front; to the left, part of the recitation hall, the captain's house, and the row of professors' houses. In the distance is seen the government-house and hospital under the trees in front of the professors' houses. Previously to 1845 the naval academy was a military post, called Fort Severn, but in the year mentioned it was transferred to the navy, and in 1850 was organized on its present footing. The intention is to render the institution as valuable to the sea service as West Point has been rendered to the land service, and to afford the midshipmen, who are there trained, a thorough professional education, combined with those accomplishments which make the gentleman and man of the world.

NAVAL ACADEMY AT ANNAPOLIS, MARYLAND.

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL.

THE CHEAPEST WEEKLY PAPER IN THE WORLD.

MATURIN M. BALLOU, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.
FRANCIS A. DURIVAGE, ASSISTANT EDITOR.

THE PLANS OF THE ALLIES.

The plans of the allied forces look to a complete occupancy of the whole peninsula. We shall probably by the time this sheet is passing through the press, learn the result of a formidable expedition known to have proceeded against Odessa, the granary of the Black Sea, and also the fate of Perekop, the key of the Crimea, equally menaced by the allied forces. If these attempts have succeeded, they would have within striking distance, Nicolaieff, with its dockyards, believed by the Russians to be another Sebastopol, and situated about thirty leagues from Odessa, and forty five from Perekop. Nicolaieff would thus be between two fires, and menaced from the north and south. Yet we need not look for thrilling news at every foreign arrival. A campaign is not made up of battles. The tiger watches, and crouches, and waits, and slowly feels his ground before he makes a spring; and an army must entrench itself, wait for the slow accumulation of trains and ammunition, and thoroughly organize its supplies, before it can accomplish brilliant feats of arms. But the allies have much work to do before them, and the experience of the past winter must teach them both caution and promptitude, sure preparation and decisive action, if they would avoid months of suffering and dreary inactivity.

TRIBUTE OF RESPECT.—The members of that brilliant corps, the Independent Company of Cadets, have subscribed the sum of six hundred dollars for the purpose of erecting a handsome monument in Mount Auburn to their lamented friend and comrade, Lieut. Amory, son of their commander. Lieut. Amory was a noble young man, and universally beloved.

THE BOSTON MUSEUM.—We unhesitatingly declare this to be a model place of amusement. Its plays are of the most interesting and unobjectionable character, and its stores of curiosities unequalled on this side of the Atlantic. Mr. Kimball richly merits the extraordinary success which has crowned his liberal management.

ENTERPRISE.—A rogue in New York lately ran away with two frame dwelling-houses from Thompson Street, and a gentleman in Harlem had most of his land stolen and carted away by rogues. Wealth does indeed "take itself wings," when houses and lands are run away with.

THE BEARD MOVEMENT.—Many of the clergy cultivate whiskers, imperials and goatees. We shall see them wearing the moustache next, in spite of brother Chapin.

SPLINTERS.

.... Sixty Scotch girls lately arrived here, imported to work in our factories. They are all tidy, bonnie lassies.

.... The New York State loan of $1,250,000 has been taken up at a premium from 15 1-2 to 19 per cent.

.... There have been recently large arrivals of immigrants at New York, but of a good class, and bringing large sums of money.

.... The whole amount of taxable property in Philadelphia is estimated by the city commissioners at $162,734,352.

.... Everybody in Iowa has been building corn cribs this year. The supply of corn is enormous—speed the plough!

.... If you love others they will love you. Few are cross-grained enough to be proof against pure good will.

.... The greatest waste of time is to attempt to display qualities you do not possess. Remember the frog and ox in Æsop.

.... Five thousand ladies in New York and Brooklyn spend ten millions a year on their dress. Vanity of vanities!

.... Dr. Kane's fortune is made as a lecturer. What a treat to hear the account of the Arctic regions from *his* lips!

.... The Cambridge Omnibus Company have sold their line of omnibuses to the Union Railroad Company.

.... The corner stone of the monument commemorative of the Pilgrims' landing will be laid at Plymouth, August 1, 1856.

.... A New York artist has discovered a way of turning plaster of Paris to marble. He will turn his marble to gold.

.... The scientific men at Paris undertake to tell the progress of the war by the barometer. Rather doubtful.

.... In Spotsylvania County, Va., land has been sold lately at thirty cents an acre. A large farm would cost thirty dollars.

.... There is an arsenic spring in California. A colony of suicides are about settling on its banks.

.... A human footprint has been found in a quarry in Maine at the depth of sixty feet in the rock.

.... The New England industrial exhibition of mechanical and decorative art, in this city, was interesting and successful.

.... Boston harbor has been lately swarmed with excellent and good-sized lobsters. Good eating.

.... Harriet Mead cut her throat, in New York, for some secret reason of her own. Aged 23 years.

.... The net profit of the U. S. Agricultural Fair at Boston will be $15,000 to the society over all expenses.

.... It is hinted at by Paris correspondents that many disaffected people and secret political societies are in existence there.

.... The English and French can't do much with Sebastopol, now that they have taken it at such enormous cost.

.... A pet dog in Lowell, Mass., bit a child there, and was then killed. It is said the child must die!

TRUE HEROISM.

What is true heroism? We must not look for it upon the field of battle. Companionship in danger, the glitter and pomp of war, the waving of plumes and banners, neighing of steeds, the maddening din of cannon and musketry, the crash of military music, the intoxicating fumes of gunpowder, the certainty of renown, the probability of immediate reward for individual prowess—all these incitements combined almost make cowards brave. A brilliant feat of arms, accomplished in a moment of excitement, is enough, as fame goes, to make a hero of the man whose entire life would not bear the test of scrutiny. Men who are fit only to be "food for powder," are good enough heroes for history and the world.

But true heroism must be sought in different scenes. The Christian martyr, clinging to his faith in the face of persecution and death—the poor self-denying woman, who feeds and brings up orphan relatives—the physician and clergyman, who brave pestilence and death, to minister to the comforts, bodily and spiritual, of the dying—the Florence Nightingales—the sisters of charity—these are the world's true heroes and heroines; they are subjects for the poet's pen, the painter's pencil, and the sculptor's chisel—the world's respect, admiration and applause.

We have been led into this train of remark, by reading an account of the reception at Mobile, Alabama, of the mortal remains of two sisters, belonging to a rich family, who died of yellow fever at Norfolk, at the ages of 22 and 34.

Rich and happy in their social relations, they abandoned family, friends and fortune, to devote their existence to suffering humanity. Night and day, for two entire months, they traversed an infected city, lavishing their attentions and their kindness upon strangers, who knew not even the names of these "ministering angels." They had accomplished, as they supposed, their self-imposed mission, and were preparing to return to their relatives and friends, when they heard of a sick family who required their services. To relinquish their preparations for departure, to fly to the relief of the stricken family, cost them not a momentary effort—not a single pang. To watch by the bed of sickness and death was their joy and their glory. They became the victims of this final act of devotion.

"Both," said a letter-writer of Mobile, "came back to the city wrapped in their white shrouds, and wept by all who had listened to the story I have rapidly narrated. After this, deny the immortality of the soul!" They have gone to receive their recompense and their places in the glorious company of saints and martyrs. Such as they are the true heroines of the battle of life.

MADEMOISELLE RACHEL.

M. Raphael Felix made a great mistake in the management of his sister's business in this city. The price charged for admission to her entertainments was much too high, and the consequence was that, on the second week of her engagement here, the attendance fell off to scarcely the nightly expenses of the company. The Boston Theatre is large enough to afford the price of admission at a low figure, and with a full house, which moderate prices will always command, a heavy nightly receipt can always be realized. High prices are not in accordance with the tastes of Bostonians, who, nevertheless, are liberal patrons of public amusements. The great tragedienne, herself, has made a life long impression among us by her exquisite perfection of detail in the representations of character, her classic and refined taste in costume, her chaste and brilliant elocution,—in a word, by her transcendant genius.

A NEW STATE.—A new star is likely soon to be added to the American constellation. The Legislature of Michigan has passed an act providing for the formation of the new State or Territory of Superior. Michigan gives part and Wisconsin another part to form the new Commonwealth, which is the seat of the great mineral wealth of the nation. Its mines of copper and iron are unsurpassed by any in the world, and it is destined to be one of the most interesting, wealthy and important portions of the Union.

NEW BOSTON HOTEL.—We would call the attention of our readers to the advertisement in another column of the *Parker House*. This splendid new hotel has lately been opened by H. D. Parker and J. F. Mills, and is one of the best in Boston. It will be remembered that we lately gave an illustration of the establishment.

EXTRAORDINRAY FEAT.—A writing master of New York, devoting thirty-one months to the task, has written the whole of the Old Testament, with the exception of the Chronicles, on a single sheet of paper. What becomes of his eyes after taxing them as he must have done?

EPIDEMICS.—Dr. Nott says that epidemics are scourges sent by the Almighty, that we have no remedies against them, and that in the face of opposite systems of treatment the percentage of death remains the same.

FOREIGN IMMIGRATION.—During the past year, 340,000 immigrants have landed in the United States, bringing with them $12,920,00.

BUCKWHEAT CAKES.—The Philadelphia Ledger asserts that genuine buckwheat cakes ought to have an admixture of oatmeal with them. We never abide oatmeal in any shape.

THE MODERN ATHENS.—It is said that Edmund Kean, the English actor, first gave Boston this title in one of his letters.

Ballou's Pictorial comes to us weekly with a rich table of contents. Its illustrations are admirable.—*Boston Post.*

GOSSIP ABOUT ART.

A recent number of the New York "Crayon," a truly valuable art journal, which compares not unfavorably with those of Europe, is very severe upon certain impositions practised by dealers in works, so called, of art, particularly bronzes. It is said that many of the statuettes offered for sale as bronzes are made only of zinc, colored and brazed by a particular process. An imposition in the material would be comparatively of little consequence, if it were not that the substitution gives imperfect casts of the models. The zinc shrinks, and that unequally, in cooling, so that we have crooked Venuses, distorted Hercules and bandy-legged Apollos. The influence upon the eyes produced by these untrue images is very bad. The eye and the taste, to be correct, require very careful training. There are painters who, from commencing with bad models, never arrive at the correct delineations of the human figure. There is no hope for a general cultivation of the fine arts, until correct models are popularized, and take the place of the trash that is everywhere imposed upon the public. In this country, there is a very general desire and willingness to encourage art. It has been asserted that money enough is spent in this country for the encouragement of art in the way of purchasing pictures, statues, casts, prints and engravings, to build a church like St. Peters every five years. This feeling only requires proper direction to render this country the chosen home of art. At the present time, much of the money honestly designed for the encouragement of art is literally wasted. Elegant drawing-rooms are filled with daubs in oil which a true connoisseur would turn away from in disgust. If the purchasers of this rubbish did but know it, a fine engraving from an ancient or modern master is worth ten times as much as a gaudy daub in oil; or, rather, the former has a certain intrinsic value, and the latter none at all. Chambers' Journal does no more than justice to the pictorial newspapers, when it ascribes to them an important influence in forming a taste for art. Spirited wood engravings from designs by good artists initiate the public into the mysteries of drawing, light and shade and effect, and those who have made such points their study, will not be likely to be imposed upon in buying pictures; for artists, who can embody these points, rarely fail of producing respectable performances.

A VETERAN.—Among the recent deaths in England, there is one deserving remark, that of General Sir George Thomas Napier, K. C. B., aged 71. He was with Sir John Moore in the Corunna campaign; was beside him in the battle, and by his bed when he died. Napier was with Wellington at Talavera; at the siege of Rodcrigo was second in command; was at the battle of Orthes, besides several other engagements. He was covered with scars, "but all in the front."

SPLENDID LITHOGRAPH.—L. N. Rosenthal, Philadelphia, has issued a magnificent lithograph, printed in colors, showing the Grand Lodge Room of the Masonic Hall, Philadelphia, an exterior view of which we lately presented in the Pictorial. It was drawn by Max Rosenthal, and is the finest thing of the kind ever got out in America. Copies may be purchased of Frederick Parker, Cornhill.

THE SPORTSMAN'S PORTFOLIO.—Those who desire a copy of this unique and pleasant pictorial gem should enclose us twenty-five cents at once, and receive it by return of mail. We have printed the last edition, and have distributed the forms, so that no more can be had after these are disposed of.

RELIGIOUS STATISTICS.—In the Christian world, there are 170,000,000 Catholics, 90,000,000 Protestants, and 60,000,000 members of the Greek church.

SEBASTOPOL.—At the Bowery Theatre, New York, they have been playing a grand show piece with this title, which is said to be pro-Russian in its tone.

MARRIAGES.

In this city, by Rev. Mr. King, Mr. James T. Eldredge to Miss Ellen S. Williams; by Rev. Dr. Stow, Mr. Ira F. Preston, of Danville, Vt., to Miss Lucretia F. Griggs, of Cambridge; Mr. John H. Wilcox to Miss Anna Chickering; by Rev. Mr. Richards, Mr. William S. Merrill, of Salem, to Miss Ellen M. Bradley; by Rev. Mr Blaikie, Mr. Samuel Wright to Miss Sarah Grey, both of North Bridgewater; by Rev. Mr. Kalloch, Mr. James H. Drew to Miss Clara Burton, of Lenox, England.—At East Boston, by Rev. Mr. Clark, Mr. Rufus Adams to Miss Eunice S Goodwin, both of Newburyport.—At Roxbury, Mr. Francis Swift to Miss Abby G. White.—At Salem, by Rev. Dr. Worcester, Ambrose Wager, Esq., of Rhinebeck, N.Y., to Miss Eliza Farless.—At Danvers, by Rev. Mr. Putnam, Mr. George W. Bell, of Beverly, to Miss Deborah B. Putnam.—At Lowell, by Rev. Mr. Dadmun, Mr. Nathan A. Abbott to Miss Artemissa J. Heath; Mr. Josiah S. Heath to Miss Anna J. Quinn.—At Newburyport, by Rev. Mr. Spalding, Mr. Henry C. Smith to Miss Caroline N. Goodale; by Rev. Mr. Lane, Mr. Samuel T. Davis to Miss Hannah J. Bartlett.—At New Bedford, by Rev. Mr Thomas, Mr. John P. Taylor to Miss Mary H. Gifford.—At Milford, Mr. Henry C. Scott to Miss L. Adelaide Hunt.—At Waterville, Me., by Rev. Dr. Pattison, N. G. H. Pulsifer, M. D., to Miss Ann C. Moor.—At Bangor, Me., Rev. Levi G Marsh, of Thomaston, to Miss Sarah P. Harlow.

DEATHS.

In this city, Mr. Samuel W. Haley, 47; Mr. Martin Paul, formerly of York, Me., 21; Elijah Willis Munro, 17.—At Roxbury, Mrs Areminta Faxon, 60.—At Cambridgeport, Dr. A. Landry.—At Cambridge, Mr. Job Spencer, 66.—At Brighton, Capt. Joseph Warren, 80.—At Salem, Mr. Martin Dunn, 23.—At Marblehead, Mr. Moses Sweet, 50.—At Lowell, Mr. Benjamin G. Boswell, of Philadelphia, 56.—At East Randolph, Mrs. Elizabeth A., wife of Mr. Jacob Henry Whitcomb 24.—At Bolton, Mrs. Abby Elizabeth, wife of Mr. Kimball Hayden, 23.—At Weston, Mr. J. Henry Blunt, 21.—At New Bedford, Mrs. Julia M., wife of Mr. James Durfee, 33.—At Southboro', Sept. 15th, Mary A., 7 years 6 months; Oct. 10th, Caleb H., 9 years 6 months—children of Mr. Henry S and Mrs. Polly Wheeler.—At Edgartown, Mrs. Betsey Vincent, widow of the late Mr. Samuel Vincent, 84.—At Lewiston, Me., Gen. John W. Smith, formerly of Portland, 75.—At Woodstock, Conn., Captain Chandler Robbins Briggs, 54.—At Scarboro', Me., Mr. Robert Hasty, 75.—At Dayton, Me., Nathaniel Dunn, Esq., 90.—At Montpelier, Vt., Deacon Alfred Pitkin.—At Great Falls, N. H., Widow Sally Briard, 83.—At Keene, N. H., Miss Lucretia Dawes, 67.—At New York, Mrs. Catherine, widow of the late Com. Chauncey, U. S. N.; Mr. Gideon Howland, formerly of New Bedford, 51.—At Washington, Mr. Elisha Woodbury formerly of Charlestown, Mass., 58.—At Alton, Ill., Mark Pierson, Esq., formerly of Ipswich, Mass., 48.

EDITORIAL MELANGE.

Canada has now three thousand four hundred miles of telegraph wire in operation. —— The workmen employed in the lime manufactory of E. C. Warner & Sons, West Troy, recently discovered a suspicious looking hole in the railroad bridge crossing the canal at West Troy, and upon examining it they drew therefrom $2000 in counterfeit money upon the Merchants' Bank, of Salem, Massachusetts. —— The Texas debt bill was defeated at the late election by 3000 majority. —— Rev. Dr. Bethune lately announced from the pulpit that his church, "The Church on the Heights," in Brooklyn, was free from debt. It has been formed only four years, and during that time there have been raised $112,000 within the congregation, or about $30,000 per annum. —— Colonel Nathan Boone, the oldest, and the only surviving son of that old pioneer, Daniel Boone, is living in Greene county, Mo. —— The returns from twenty counties in Florida show a population for 1855 of 69,374, against 53,062 in the same counties in 1850, being an increase of 10,169 whites and 6218 slaves, and a decrease of 75 in the free colored population. The total number of inhabitants in the State, in 1850, was 87,445. —— The grand jury of Utica have refused, by a vote of 13 to 4, to find any indictments under the prohibitory liquor law. —— The members of the well-known Catholic order, called "Sisters of Mercy," have recently adopted an entirely new dress. Their attire has always been black, but, at the instance of their superiors, they now wear a dark gray robe, and a white linen hood, with a long loose cap of the same material and color, which renders them quite noticeable in the streets. —— A Mr. Brooks recently made an ascension in a balloon, from Rockford, Illinois. Upon his descent, being asked what he saw beneath, during his trip, he answered, "nothing but corn." —— George Peabody, Esq., of London, has authorized Messrs. Duncan, Sherman & Co., of New York, to present $500 to the sufferers at Norfolk, Va. —— In Rouge River Valley there is great excitement at the present time amongst the Indians. Some horrible murders have been committed near Yreka, and several parties have come to this valley in search of the Indians whom they charge the crime to. Appearances indicate that the valley will shortly be plunged in a war. The people about Yreka are highly exasperated. —— Copper ore has recently been found in South Western Virginia, in the valley, a few miles south of Jeffersonville, Tazewell county. It is the greatest discovery yet made in the State. —— The orphan asylum, one of the handsomest buildings in Savannah, was lately destroyed by fire, but the inmates, though asleep, were all saved. Insured $10,000. —— The Ericsson made a passage from New York to Southampton in 13 days and 15 hours, and to Bremen in 16 days. On a former trip the Ericsson consumed only 21 1-2 tons of coal daily. —— The Presbyterian church and society in East Boston have commenced the erection of a new church edifice on the corner of Meridian and Liverpool Streets. The building is to be of wood, of the Romanesque style of architecture, 70 by 44 feet in dimensions. —— A trial for breach of marriage promise, in the Fleming court, Kentucky, resulted in an award to the plaintiff of $6000. —— Mr. Thompson of Kansas has just completed a prairie ship or wagon, to be propelled by wind, in which he proposes to make a voyage to the Rocky Mountains. Thirty passengers will embark in June next on the voyage. —— Several weeks have now elapsed since Mr. Winchester ascended in a balloon at Norwalk, Huron county, Ohio, and no tidings of his fate have been received. There cannot be much doubt of his loss. Most probably he descended in the lake and perished. His family reside in Milan, Ohio, and their anxiety may be easily imagined. —— Capt. Nye, the popular commander of the steamship Pacific, will retire from the service on his return from his present voyage, and Capt. Eldredge will succeed him. —— We learn from Washington that instructions have been sent to Mr. Belmont to postpone the action of this government in regard to the Sound dues for two years, in order that Denmark may be enabled to extricate herself from the difficulties with which she is at present surrounded. —— A down east paper has come to the sage conclusion that Jonah got "sucked in" when he suddenly found himself swallowed by a whale.

THE ART OF ARTS.

The Dutch lay claim to the credit of having first invented the art of printing. A writer, arguing her claim, says it is demonstrated on sufficient and satisfactory grounds, that Laurens Koster, and not John Guttenberg, invented the art of printing with moveable letters, about the year 1424; and that John Faust, a servant of Koster, took with him the implements for printing which he knew how to provide from his master, and fled to Mayence, in Germany. There, aided by his nephew, John Schoffer, he brought the art to greater perfection, particularly when, afterwards, he went into partnership with Guttenberg. He substituted metallic letters instead of the wooden ones before employed, and so added improvement to the art actually invented by Koster!

CASTING FROM LIFE.—The Washington Star says it is designed to use, in completing the ornamental work of the Capitol extension, bronze castings of various things in nature particularly American. A competent caster from nature has lately been found, who has made a cast of a copper-headed snake, coiled and ready to strike, said to be most perfect and life-like—every curve and scale being preserved with a striking fidelity to nature. It possesses besides artistic merit of a very high order.

BAD LUCK.—I never knew, says a popular writer, an early rising, hard-working, prudent man, honest and careful of his earnings, who complained of bad luck. Good character, good habits, good industry, seem impregnable to the assaults of ill luck.

Wayside Gatherings.

In Chicago, $56,400 have been subscribed towards constructing a tunnel under the Chicago River.

The area seen of the great polar sea by Dr. Kane, is estimated at three thousand miles. When the charts, now in course of preparation, are completed, it is thought the area will prove greater.

A man named Henry Hart was taken before Recorder Smith, of New York, and sentenced to thirty days imprisonment, and to pay a fine of $250, as a penalty for refusing to answer a question propounded by the Grand Jury.

A Russian named Pfeil, at Milwaukee, lost his wife, a Brahmin woman, and attempted to burn her body, according to her dying request. He had collected and arranged sixteen cords of wood, when the sheriff interfered and prevented the conflagration.

From what can be ascertained, nothing will be done with the Governorship of Utah until the meeting of Congress. It is the opinion of those most conversant with affairs, that it will be necessary to station a strong military force there.

The Havana correspondent of the New York Herald states that Morales, who was recently convicted at Havana of having in his possession certain revolutionary documents, has been sentenced to death by the garote, and not to the chain gang, as first reported.

The last bogus concern which Mr. Comptroller Cook, of New York, has crushed, is the "Tontine Insurance Company" of New York city. It was organized last May by the "president" and "secretary" giving John Thompson $2500 for allowing $200,000 to lie in bank to their credit for three or four days.

Prof. Emmons, the State geologist of New York, has traced in the valley of the Adirondac, for a distance of two and a half miles, a bed of rich iron ore. He says there might be procured within two feet of the surface, seven million tons of ore, which would make three million tons of superior iron.

Two new guano islands are said to have been discovered off the coast of Guayaquil, one of which is reported to contain 43,000 tons of guano, and the other, 12,000 tons. The parties who are alleged to have discovered the islands were in negotiation at Guayaquil for an American vessel to proceed to the islands.

The militia force of the United States—omitting Iowa and the territories of New Mexico, Oregon and Washington—according to the Army Register for 1854, amounted to 2,259,037 men. Of the men enrolled, New York furnishes the largest number, 289,307 men, and California the next largest number, 201,400 men.

Spurious indigo is said to be very common in the commercial markets. The test of genuineness is to rub its surface with the finger nail or any hard substance, when the genuine article will show a coppery or bronze color, varying in brightness according to the quality of the article; the spurious article is devoid of this.

The Waldenses have commenced a church in Nice, which it is expected will be completed in the spring. They have commenced one at Genoa; the one at Turin is successful. These are the beginnings of a new era, and remarkably illustrate the providence which has preserved this interesting people unconsumed in the furnace.

Alvarez, one of the successful revolutionists in Mexico, is said to be fitting out a navy at San Francisco. It is reported that he has purchased two barks and two schooners, which are being quietly fitted out, and will soon sail for the Mexican coast. An ex-post-captain in the French navy has received the appointment of admiral-in-chief.

Frederick Miller, the German who murdered Dr. Hadel and young Graf, at Cumberland, Md., returned to the doctor's office after the deed was done, and took up his lodging there on Sunday night, sleeping in the doctor's bed. A person called at the office, but the German put his head out of the window, and told the individual the doctor had gone into the country.

A letter from Sebastopol, in the Frankfort Gazette, states that the sunken Russian ships can be raised without difficulty, as the Russians closed them in every part but one, and attached hose to the hulls so that water could be pumped out when required. The letter recommends that divers should be employed to seek for the hose, in order to draw off the water, and enable the ships to rise.

The steamboat law, though deemed at first very strict and burthensome, has proved to be a valuable safeguard to the public. The United States inspectors of the St. Louis district, state that within their district no explosion has yet taken place of boilers constructed in conformity to the law; nor do they believe that any have occurred in the whole country.

The Seine is a very useful river. It supplies the city of Paris with drinking water, and enables about ten thousand washwomen to purify the dirty linen of the population. Besides that, the sewers all empty into it, men and women bathe in it, and it furnishes the *Morgue* with tenants. One day lately three dead bodies were taken out of the Seine.

Captain Throop, of the steamer Ontario (Lake Ontario), has invented a new form of buckets to the paddle-wheels of steamers, and applied them to his boat. The Oswego Palladium says that the Ontario has, with these buckets, which are made to dip the water, made better time and consumed less fuel than any other boat on the lake.

A Nantucket whaling vessel has discovered a new island in the South Pacific Ocean. It is situated about two hundred and fifty miles south of Desolation Island, and the ship which encountered it, took from it, in less than a week's time, four hundred barrels of sea elephant oil. Two other ships are said to be now in course of preparation to return thither, for the purpose of profiting by this valuable discovery.

It has been ascertained that the newly erected round-house of the Central Railroad, at Albany, possesses all the wonders of the whispering gallery in England. Standing under the dome, a whisper enunciated can be heard at any extremity of the building. The dome is traversed with thousands of iron rods, which support it, and it is said that these are a cause for the peculiarity noticeable.

The French are building six immense structures at Constantinople, which they call hospitals. They are of massive construction, and admirably arranged as hospitals, but they will, at the same time, make splendid barracks, and by no means contemptible forts, or places of defence. The Turks view them with great sorrow, if not with more indignant feelings, for they are convinced the *Giaour* never again intends to leave Stamboul.

A Baltimorean writes recently from London to a friend in his native city in the following terms:—"I leave this city for Paris on the first of September. I wish to be at home. From all that I have seen we are far in advance of England. We have more comfort, more happiness; and every one that visits England, returns more contented than ever with his own country. I am more of an American than I ever was in my life. I see every day the advantages of our free institutions."

Foreign Items.

The co-executors for the poet Campbell's monument in Westminster Abbey, have contradicted the report that the British nation had accepted the monument without fair payment.

By imperial decree, the new Boulevard de Strasbourg, with its continuation, the Boulevard de Centre, towards the left bank of the Seine, is to take the name of the Boulevard de Sebastopol.

Italy seems to be rife for revolt. The King of Naples, anticipating the coming storm, is withdrawing his capital from the Neapolitan and investing it in the Dutch and American funds.

The deaf and dumb establishment at Paris has been taken, as a national institution, under the protection of government. The empress has manifested unusual interest in their welfare.

A young soldier of the second European regiment at Madras has carried off a prize of 3500 rupees, offered by a native prince for the best translation of an English work on midwifery into the Hindustani language.

Owing to the scarcity of brandy, required for the use of the army, the Russian government has ordered its admission free of import duty to the governments of Ekaterinoslav, Kherson, Taurida and Bessarabia.

A man died at Perth, lately, from the effects of drinking six quarts of porter, which he had swallowed in the course of fourteen minutes—having laid a wager that he would do so in a quarter of an hour.

The number of Wesleyan Methodists in Great Britain is 360,888; in Ireland, 18,749; and at the foreign missionary stations, 76,071—being a total of upwards of four hundred and fifty thousand. The net decrease during the last year is 2346.

The young king of Portugal is rendering himself popular with the troops and people generally, by visiting barracks, hospitals, etc., when least expected, and not sparing his censures of unsatisfactory rations or other irregularities.

The fortune left by the late Baron Diedritch, of Vienna, to his grandson, Prince Sulkowsky, amounts to eighteen millions of florins ($9,000,000). There were found in the cellar twenty-two bags, each containing 1000 ducats in gold, and in different chests securities out of date, and lost, for a sum of 188,000 florins.

Sands of Gold.

.... The east expands, the north concentrates images.—*Fusch.*

.... The most cruel revenge is the disdain of a possible vengeance.—*Balzac.*

.... Some seek renown as the Parthians sought victory—by seeming to fly from it.—*Fusch.*

... The truly generous is the truly wise; and he who loves not others, lives unblest.—*Horne.*

.... There is some soul of goodness in things evil, would men observingly distil it out.—*Shakspeare.*

.... In proportion as we ascend the social scale, we find as much mud there as below, only it is hard and gilded.—*Balzac.*

.... The fewer the traces that appear of the means by which any work has been produced, the more it resembles the operation of nature, and the nearer it is to sublimity.—*Fusch.*

.... There are some persons who have the privilege of being among men like beneficent stars whose light irradiates souls, and whose rays warm hearts.—*Balzac.*

.... If a man does not make new acquaintance as he advances through life, he will soon find himself left alone. A man should keep his friendship in constant repair.—*Johnson.*

.... Those who have resources within themselves, who can dare to live alone, want friends the least, but, at the same time, best know how to prize them the most.—*Colton.*

... The paths of virtue are plain and straight, so that the blind, persons of the meanest capacity, shall not err. Dishonesty requires skill to conduct it, and as great art to conceal—what 'tis every one's interest to detect.—*Sterne.*

.... He that can enjoy the intimacy of the great, and on no occasion disgust them by familiarity, or disgrace himself by servility, proves that he is as perfect a gentleman by nature as his companions are by rank.—*Colton.*

.... The greatest man is he who chooses the right with invincible resolution; who resists the sorest temptations from within and without; who bears the heaviest burdens cheerfully; who is the calmest in storms, and whose reliance on truth, on virtue, on God, is the most unfaltering.—*Channing.*

Joker's Budget.

Why is the hour between ten and twelve at long odds? Because it's ten to one.

"Small thanks to you," said a plaintiff to one of his witnesses, "for what you said in this case." "Ah, sir," replied the conscious witness, "but just think of what I *didn't* say."

"They don't make as good mirrors as they used to," remarked an old maid, as she observed a sunken eye, wrinkled face, and livid complexion in a glass that she usually looked into.

An Eastern editor, in an obituary on a young lady who had recently died, closed by saying: "She had an amiable temper, and was uncommonly fond of ice cream and other delicacies."

Mike, yesterday, said he was going to move from the house he then occupied. Scaly asked him: "What for?" Mike's answer was: "I don't like the *vicinity*." Tucker then ejaculated: "Don't like the *vice in it, eh?*" Mike thought Tucker personal.

We met a fool in the forest, says Punch, who had the audacity to ask us the following conundrum: Why cannot the proprietor of this forest fell his own timber? Because no one is allowed to cut when it's his own deal.

It is rather a curious incident that when the Americans sent Dr. Franklin, a printer, as minister to France, the court of Versailles sent M. Girard, a book-binder, as minister to Congress. When Dr. Franklin heard of it—"Well," said he, "I'll *print* the Independence of America, and M. Girard will *bind* it."

The editor of the Nebraska City News, having just finished a melon weighing about thirty pounds, winds up an article upon the subject in the following manner:—"We understand that Skopendike proposes establishing a grist mill back of his patch, to be run entirely by water-melon juice."

Editorial Casuistry.—A Pennsylvania editor says:—"Somebody brought *one* bottle of soured water into our office, with the request to notice it as Lemon Beer. If Esau was green enough to sell his birthright for a mess of pottage, it does not prove that we will tell a four shilling lie for *five cents*."

NOTICE TO ADVERTISERS.—*One page only of this paper is devoted to advertisements.* The immense circulation of the PICTORIAL (being *over one hundred thousand copies weekly*) forms a vehicle of advertisement that is rarely offered to the public. Another fact which greatly enhances the value of the PICTORIAL as an advertising medium is, that it is *preserved*, and not destroyed after being read, being regularly bound up every six months, so that each advertisement (all being placed on the *inside* of the paper) becomes a *permanent card of the advertiser's business for years to come.*

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M. M. BALLOU, *Publisher and Proprietor*,
Corner of Tremont and Bromfield Sts., Boston, Mass.

COSMOPOLITAN ART ASSOCIATION.

SECOND YEAR.

ARRANGEMENTS for the Second Annual Collection of this new and popular Institution for the diffusion of Literature and Art, have been made on the most extensive scale.

Among the works already engaged, is the far-famed

"GENOA CRUCIFIX,"

which originally cost Ten Thousand Dollars.

In forming the new Collection, the diffusion of works of AMERICAN ART and the encouragement of American genius, have not been overlooked. Commissions have been issued to many of the most distinguished American Artists, who will contribute some of their finest productions. Among them are three Marble Busts, executed by the greatest living sculptor—Hiram Powers.

GEORGE WASHINGTON,
The Father of his Country.
BENJAMIN FRANKLIN,
The Philosopher.
DANIEL WEBSTER,
The Statesman.

A special agent has visited Europe and made careful and judicious selections of foreign works of Art, both in Bronze and Marble, Statuary and Choice Paintings.

The whole forming a large and valuable collection of Paintings and Statuary, to be distributed FREE among the members of the Association for the Second Year.

TERMS OF MEMBERSHIP.

The payment of three dollars constitutes any one a member of this Association, and entitles him to either one of the following Magazines for one year, and also a ticket in the distribution of the Statuary and Paintings

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Persons taking five memberships are entitled to any five of the Magazines for one year, and to *six tickets* in the distribution

The net proceeds derived from the sale of membership, are devoted to the purchase of works of Art for the ensuing year.

THE ADVANTAGES SECURED

by becoming a member of this Association, are—

1st. All persons receive the *full value of their subscriptions at the start*, in the shape of sterling Magazine literature.

2d. Each member is contributing towards purchasing choice Works of Art, which are to be distributed among themselves, and are at the same time encouraging the artists of the country, disbursing thousands of dollars through its agency.

Persons in *remitting funds* for membership, will please give their *post-office address in full*, stating the month they wish the Magazine to commence, and have the letter registered at the post-office to prevent loss; on the receipt of which, a certificate of membership, together with the Magazine desired, will be forwarded to any part of the country

Those who purchase Magazines at Bookstores, will observe that by subscribing in this Association, *they receive the Magazine and free ticket in the annual distribution*, all at the same price they now pay for the Magazine alone.

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TOWN OF BAGTCHESERAI, ONE OF THE CAPITALS OF THE CRIMEA, AND HEAD-QUARTERS OF THE RUSSIANS.

CRIMEAN SCENES

The engravings on this page represent two striking views in the Crimea. The first shows the Bagtcheserai, which is thoroughly oriental in its character; minarets and domes meet the eye in every direction. One of the former is shown conspicuously in the left hand of our engraving, with the clumsy gallery, in which stands the muezzin to proclaim the hour of prayer. The town is seen straggling and scattered up and down the sides of the steep hills. In the foreground is a group in the oriental costume, the veiled figure on horseback being a female. The principal street is nearly three quarters of a mile in length, and here the little open shop of the tailors, shoemakers, bakers, locksmiths and the kalpac-makers are seen, with their proprietors sitting cross-legged, in Eastern fashion, and working and selling at the same time. Our second view exhibits the ancient palace of the Khans, which has been occupied by Prince Menschikoff. It is a fine specimen of the old Turkish architecture. Our readers will notice the characteristic minarets, the open galleries, so pleasant a promenade in the cool of the day and on fine evenings, and the refreshing fountain on the right of the picture. The gateway, seen in the range of the buildings, divides them into two portions one story high, the windows filled with carved woodwork, and ornamented with arabesques, painted in vivid colors. Right and left on entering are ranges of apartments, which all open on a long gallery, whence there is a good view of the interior court and the groups of fantastic buildings raised irregularly around it. At the entrance of the second court on the left is the Iron Gate, leading to the principal apartments, on which is an inscription declaring it to have been built by Menghli Geray Kban, who conquered the Crimea in 1480, and was acknowledged as its sovereign by the Turks.

PRINCE MENSCHIKOFF'S PALACE, AT BAGTCHESERAI—INTERIOR COURT.

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M. M. BALLOU, { CORNER OF TREMONT AND BROMFIELD STS. BOSTON, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 1, 1855. $3,00 PER ANNUM. 6 CENTS SINGLE. } VOL IX., No. 22.—WHOLE No. 230.

THE FOUNTAIN HOUSE, MEDFORD.

It is pleasant to find here and there, scattered about the country, some tangible memorial of the olden time, and these landmarks are passing away so fast that it is well to record their features before they are lost to us forever. It was with this view that we commissioned our artist, Mr. William Wade, to sketch for us the "Fountain House," in Medford, alluded to in Rev. Charles Brooks's history of that pleasant and thriving town. It was built as early as 1725, on what was then a great thoroughfare between Boston and Salem, in the days of baggage wagons, coaches and travelling in gig and saddle. It has certainly an old world look, with its quaint narrow windows, and its immemorial trees, standing like giant sentinels before the door. These two trees had each formerly a platform in its branches, perched on which convivial parties enjoyed their glass and gossip, before other recreations were substituted in their place. The tavern licenses in the old time were issued by the court in the following form:—"A. B. of ——— is permitted to sell liquors unto such sober minded neighbors as he shall think meet, so as he sell not less than the quantity of a gallon at a time to one person, and not in smaller quantities by retail to the occasioning of drunkenness." The original sign of the Fountain House represented two men shaking hands, and called palaverers, and hence it was at first styled the Palaver Tavern. We believe a similar sign was displayed by a public house at the north end of Boston. Perhaps the sign in Boston was the identical one which had first served for the Medford tavern, and was replaced by a representation of a fountain discharging punch into a mammoth bowl, which caused a change of title to the Fountain House. Taverns in the olden time served for a variety of purposes besides affording "entertainment for man and beast." They served as places for marketing, for political caucuses, military drills, balls, exhibitions, and dancing schools in short, they were places of general resort. The change in the system of travelling has done more than anything else to undermine the prosperity of old fashioned taverns, and the country tavern is no longer what it used to be.

THE FOUNTAIN HOUSE, MEDFORD.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE VISCONTI:

—OR,—

BARBARIGO THE STRANGER.

A TALE OF MILAN DURING THE MIDDLE AGES.

BY AUSTIN C. BURDICK.

[CONTINUED.]

CHAPTER VII.—[CONTINUED.]

The fat father started away as he spoke, and shortly afterwards the duke went into his palace. It was some ten minutes after this that the monk returned. He wore a look of alarm upon his face.

"Well," was the duke's first remark, "whom did you find?"

"No one, signor," returned the monk.

"I meant for you to go to the middle dungeon beneath the citadel."

"And there I went, but no one was there."

"Are you speaking truly now?"

"In good faith I am. But here comes the captain of the guard. Perhaps he may enlighten you."

As the friar spoke, the officer entered. He was pale and agitated, and seemed stricken with fear.

"Now, Lawrence," cried the duke, addressing his officer, "what of your prisoner?"

"He's gone, my lord."

"Gone!"

"Yes, signor duke. We placed him within the dungeon, and I turned the key and threw the bolts myself. The next I knew of him, our good and holy father, here, came and demanded admittance. Of course I granted it. In a few moments the father came back and reported that the prisoner was gone. I immediately searched the place all through, but could find nothing of him."

"Blame not your guard, signor duke," said the monk. "You can retire, Lawrence."

The captain turned away, and as soon as he was gone the holy father resumed:

"Now, my royal son, let me advise you to beware of that man—the prisoner, I mean—for if I mistake not, he possesses a power for evil greater than your own. But of one thing I can assure you: if he promised you evil you will most assuredly receive it, and if he promised you well, you may depend upon safety. Trust him, but do not attempt to do him harm."

"Then you know the man."

"I am sure that he must have been Barbarigo."

"Ay—that is his name; and he is called '*the stranger.*'"

"And he is a stranger," added the monk. "No one knows whence he comes, nor whither he goes. He appears to whom he pleases, but none know him. He is a strange man, and if he has taken an interest in your affairs, 't will be well for you to follow his counsel."

"But how know you all this?" the duke asked, with a searching glance into his companion's face.

"From what I have heard of his doings. Barbarigo went once to Pietro Moreno's, and bade that nobleman set a female free whom he kept against her wishes. Moreno did not heed the warning, and he was shortly missing. And in other cases the same things have happened. However, you can do as you please."

"And so I shall," uttered the duke, proudly. "By the holy host, the Duke of Milan bows not to any man of earth!"

At this juncture a summons came from the council that the duke was wanted—and he went; but through all his deliberations of the day, the figure of Barbarigo presented itself, and the thought of that strange man gave him more fear than he was willing to own, even to himself.

CHAPTER VIII.

A STARTLING MEETING.

The deep-toned bell of the cathedral at Crema was tolling the hour of midnight just as Francesco and his party came within sight of the town. The air was damp and chilly, but Julia had a good mantle and she noticed it not—only she was somewhat worn and fatigued. At the gate by which they were obliged to enter, they found a sentinel who simply looked at them and then allowed them to pass. The marquis found an inn without difficulty, where himself and party as well as the horses could be well cared for. They were conducted to a respectable drawing-room, where they were to wait until beds could be selected and prepared.

Both Lucetta and Pietro seemed to have the same thought upon their minds, for as soon as they came to the light of the lamps they instantly recognized each other with a gaze of earnest inspection. And they both seemed satisfied, too, for surely Lucetta was a lovely girl, and Pietro was by no means devoid of manly beauty. His hair was of a light brown and curly, and his bright gray eyes sparkled with an intelligence and quickness of wit that was not to be mistaken. And, moreover, he was a powerful man, and built after the most approved style of physical manhood. There is something in the bosom of woman that leads her instinctively towards the powerful man, when goodness and nobleness give that power force. Her ideal of man is the protector and shield—something upon which she can lean for support, and upon which she can rest in the hour of trial. She can love the mere stripling, and all the love of her generous soul may be poured out upon the man who is no more powerful in physical mould than herself, but that peculiar feeling of safety—that sense of repose—that confidence of respect and reverence—must be given to the strong, athletic man.

So Lucetta felt now that she had a protector on the road—a friend who would stand by her, and in whom she could trust in time of danger; and, under this feeling, her face brightened, and when Pietro smiled she smiled in return. There was a strange power in that mutual smile. It was a question asked and answered. It was a whole colloquy performed on the instant. In that smile Pietro Caravello asked for trust, for friendship, for a mutual understanding and good faith. And Lucetta, when the bright answer beamed upon her pretty face, meant a simple affirmative to all these.

And Pietro advanced and extended his hand—and Lucetta gave him hers trustfully.

"Come," said the man, "you need rest now. Here is a seat."

"I am tired," answered the maid; and as she spoke she went and sat down by Pietro's side.

In the meantime Francesco had been attending to Julia, and they, too, had seated themselves.

"So far on our journey in safety, love," the marquis said, taking the maiden's hand, and gazing tenderly into her face.

"Yes, Francesco," returned Julia, speaking as hopefully as possible. "And we may reach our destined haven all unharmed."

"O—we shall. What can harm us now?"

"I know of nothing."

"Nor do I; and surely we will not try to conjure up danger and trouble. Let us hope for the best."

"And be prepared for the worst," added Julia.

"No—no," quickly responded the marquis; "we'll prepare for nothing of the kind, for we wont believe that any such thing can come"

Julia smiled faintly, but made no reply, and before her lover could speak again the host came in and announced that their beds were ready.

Julia and Lucetta slept together, and though they were usually very talkative when together alone, yet they spoke but little now. The maid saw that her mistress was burdened with thought, and she did not break in upon her meditations. Lucetta was soon asleep, and she slept soundly; and when she dreamed, it was of Pietro Caravello, and of the sweet smile he had given her, and of the kind words he had spoken. She was very happy in her dreams. Julia slept not so easily, and when she did at length fall into an uneasy slumber, she dreamed of those dismal ruins of the lone convent, and the screech of the night-bird startled her continually. And once she heard her mother wailing upon the jagged walls, and calling for her lost child. With a quick, sharp cry she started up and flung her arms out as though she would flee to the phantom of her dream. Lucetta awoke and asked what was the matter.

"My mother," whispered Julia, spasmodically.

"And what of her?" asked the faithful girl, placing her arm about the neck of her mistress.

Julia gazed half wildly about her, and then looked into her companion's face.

"Do you think my mother wanted me to come?" she asked, eagerly.

"Surely she did."

"Ah! I wish I was with her now, for I do not—"

She stopped, and with her hands clasped over her eyes she sank back upon her pillow. But in a moment more she sat up again, and in quick, anxious tones, she said:

"I did not mean it, Lucetta. I love Francesco, and I will go with him. But—if my mother could go with us—"

Gently Lucetta drew her mistress back upon her pillow, and in a sweet, winning tone she whispered:

"Your mother prays for you, and believes you will be happy. She has sacrificed much, but she did it cheerfully, knowing that with her your peace would never be secure. Remember how much you owe to her noble, generous self-deprivation. Sunshine and smiles are coming. It is night now, but 'twill not always be night."

Julia blessed her gentle maid, and then tried to sleep once more. The morning dawned fair and beautiful, and at an early hour Julia was up and dressed. She had not rested much during the night, but she assumed a cheerful look before she met her lover, and he was well pleased. Breakfast was eaten, and by six o'clock the party were on their way. The route was a pleasant one, and the hills and vales were all clothed in the richest verdure. They crossed the Oglio at Orzinovi, and reached the banks of the Garza at noon, where they found a small village with a single inn. At this inn, however, they found all they could wish for, and here they remained nearly two hours, to allow their horses to rest, for the middle of the day was warm, and the marquis could find no opportunity to exchange horses, a plan which he had hoped to execute here, for he wished to be on the road. However, he had to put up with the disappointment, and if he felt any uneasiness he did not show it.

"Now," he said, as the horses were brought to the door, "we are off for Verona."

"Ay," answered Pietro, "and we have got to go by the way of Peschiera, for we cannot cross the Mincio below there."

"Are you sure of this?" asked the marquis, with surprise and evident uneasiness.

"Yes. The bridge at Castiglione is gone, and every boat is washed away; and at Palezzo the same thing has happened. Of course you wouldn't go south of that."

"Never mind," cried Francesco, leaping into his saddle. "Peschiera is the best route and the nearest, so off we go."

He spoke so cheerfully that Julia took confidence, and during the afternoon she was quite cheerful and happy. It was dusk when they reached Peschiera, but the marquis did not plan to stop in the town. He made himself known to the captain of the guard, and was allowed to pass through. As soon as they had crossed the river, they entered upon the wide road leading to Verona, and put their horses into a gallop.

The stars were all out, and the way was clear. To the left the towering summits of the Tyrolese Alps lifted themselves against the starry sky, and the breeze came down fresh and cool. At nine o'clock the murmur of the swift rushing waters of the Adige could be heard, and in an hour more the turrets and spires of Verona were in sight. Even the horses seemed to know that they were near their journey's end for the day, and with glad snorts they hurried on. The marquis entered the city without difficulty, and ere long, Julia began to recognize, even in the gloom, many familiar scenes of her childhood's home. There was the old church of St. Zeno, with its time worn walls, and anon she passed St. Anastasius, with its marble columns and monuments.

At length the marquis reached the hotel where he had planned to stop, and at once saw that Julia and her maid had a private drawing-room. Then he went down and gave Pietro directions concerning the horses. After this he joined the females, whom he found free from their travelling dresses, and seated. Julia had again become sad and thoughtful, and the marquis only stopped to speak a few words of cheer, and then kissing her tenderly, he bade her good night, for he feared that it was fatigue that made her sad.

Francesco had descended to the lower hall, and was just turning into the office, when a man approached him and spoke.

"The Marquis of Lodi, is it not?" said the man.

He was a perfect stranger to Francesco, but he was dressed well and had the appearance of station and rank.

"Have you business with the marquis?" asked our hero, eyeing the stranger sharply.

"I have information for him," replied the other, coolly.

"Ah—what is its nature?"

"First—are you the marquis?"

Francesco hesitated, but he could not think of harm yet, and he resolved to be frank.

"I am the marquis," he said.

"So I thought. And you have lately come from Milan?"

"Of course. That is my home."

"So I was aware."

"And now for your business?"

"O—I simply can inform you that you have a friend here who wishes to see you much."

"Here in the house?"

"No—at the Consiglio."

"Who is it?"

"I cannot tell you. But if you will follow me, I will lead you to him."

The marquis hesitated for a long while ere he consented to this arrangement, but he finally concluded to go; first, because he had some curiosity to know who could wish to see him; and second, because he had no desire to be called upon where he was, lest Julia should be recognized by those who might make trouble.

So he followed the stranger into the street, and ere long they reached the Consiglio palace. The marquis was conducted into one of the smaller drawing-rooms, and there requested to wait a moment. Gradually a strange presentiment of evil stole over him, and he was beginning to wish that he had not come, when the door was opened. He raised his eyes, and a startling groan broke from his lips.

The Count of Monza stood before him!

CHAPTER IX.

THE CHALLENGE.

The marquis was thunderstruck. He started from his chair, and for some moments the two stood regarding each other in silence. Loredano was the first to speak.

"You didn't expect to see me here, signor marquis," he said, with an irony that he did not attempt to conceal.

Francesco resolved to wait for some good cause before he allowed himself to become angry, so he simply replied:

"I did not expect to see you."

"No—I suppose not. And I suppose, too, you would gladly escape me now."

"Escape you, signor count? Why should I escape you?"

"You should know best."

"Then I know nothing at all, for I do assure you that you are one of the last men I should think of escaping from."

"Ha! Say ye so! By my faith, signor, you know not for what I have come. I left Milan this morning."

A quick shudder stole over Francesco's frame. 'Twas not fear for himself, but something whispered to him of danger to Julia.

"And I came to seek you," the count added, casting a searching glance into the face of the other.

"And wherefore should you seek me?"

"To punish you."

"Speak plainly, signor count."

"I have so spoken. I have come to punish thee."

"Yet I am in the dark."

"Then I'll speak clearer. I have come to prove to thee that thou art not the man for Donna Julia's husband."

"Go on," pronounced Francesco, now firm as steel, for his soul was up.

"You have taken that lady away, and I have come to prove my right to her hand. The noble duke gave me that hand for my own, and I must have it."

"And I have a prior claim," cried the marquis. "Julia was my betrothed years ago, and from her own lips I received my pledge. What more would ye?"

"What is her pledge compared with her noble father's will? Do you imagine the world will ever see a Visconti and a Della Torre united? But I have no words for argument. When you brought off the fairest child of Visconti, you basely insulted the whole house, and to me you must answer. Do you understand me now?"

"You mean that I must fight with you."

"Precisely."

"I seek no quarrel, signor count, nor shall I sneak away from one."

"You cannot avoid the battle unless you are a coward."

"—sh! Do not speak so, or my sword may leap from its scabbard of its own accord. I tell you, Marco Loredano, I am not the man to refuse you battle."

"Then you give me hope, for your punishment rests with me."

"Let's say no more, count, but go at the work. You may say too much, and God knows that is not one of the traits of a brave man."

The count bit his lips with vexation, but he knew that he was wrong, and he changed the subject.

"When shall it be?" he asked.

"Let it be at midnight—in this very room," returned Francesco. "I will be here at that time."

"It shall either be here or in some handy place," added the count. "Of course you will not disappoint me."

"I shall be here when the clock strikes twelve," returned Francesco, proudly; "and I shall bring my squire with me."

"Well, signor—well. I shall be here."

And with that the marquis turned from the apartment and was soon in the street. He reached his own hotel just as the moon was rising, and he knew it was nearly eleven. He went first to his own chamber, where he found Pietro, to whom he communicated all that had passed.

"*He* fight with you, my master?" uttered the stout serving-man. "By San Marco, I look to see him bravely cured of his error. Why, he don't know you."

"I think he mistakes me, Pietro; but yet he is a good swordsman—one of the best in Milan."

"I know it; but what is he to you?"

"We cannot tell yet, my good fellow. But make everything ready. Get your own weapon, and see that mine is firm in the hilt. I must be busy. First, though, you may run down and get another lamp, for I must write a few lines."

Pietro hurried away, and the marquis opened his portmanteau and took therefrom an ink-horn, a quill, and some parchment. When his attendant returned, he was set to making preparations, while the master sat down to the table. The marquis wrote a few lines to the duchess—a few to his father, and then he wrote a simple sentence to Julia. These he folded and sealed, and handed to Pietro.

"You will see to whom they belong," he said, "and if I fall you will deliver them. You will understand how to explain all the rest."

Francesco's next work was the hardest of all. He went to Julia's door and knocked.

"Who's that?" asked Lucetta.

"The marquis," returned Francesco.

In a few moments the door was opened and the knight was admitted. Julia was already fearful, but she could detect no signs of fear upon the face of her lover. He sat down and told her all that had occurred since he last saw her. She turned pale as death and bowed her head upon her hands.

"And must you go?" she asked.

"You see it all, my love," returned the marquis, calmly.

Those were days when such conflicts were not only common, but looked upon as absolutely necessary to the well-being of society. The man who would have refused to fight a duel, would have been spurned by his best friends, at least, if there was the least ground for the quarrel. The duke sanctioned it because it saved him the trouble of countless adjudications; and the people sanctioned it because they fancied their persons and friends were more secure from insult and harm. Julia knew all this, and she dared not ask her lover to flee.

"Alas!" she murmured, "this is the end of my terrible dreams! O, why must it be? Is there not some way of escape?"

"Escape from what, dearest?"

"This battle."

"But why should I escape from it? Do you imagine that the count can harm me?"

"O! I know not. But—"

"Come, come, Julia. Let not your fears run away with you thus. There is nothing to fear yet. At all events, let your soul be turned to God until I return to you. You would not see me dishonored!"

"But where is the provocation? Where is the ground for this quarrel? There must be just reason for a duel, ere there can be dishonor in refusing to engage in it."

"Ah, the world will hold here provocation enough. You know your hand had been promised to Loredano by the duke. He professes to love you—he is of the dominant house, and is entitled to consideration. I have eloped with you clandestinely; and now the count comes and demands a settlement of the claim. Perhaps I might give you up and save the duel; but my heart's blood is of no use to me without yourself. But time presses—I shall surely come safe back. Weep not—O! for the love you bear me, let me not see you weep. One kiss. There—God bless you!"

And with these words the marquis left the room; and ere long he and Pietro were in the street.

"Who is that man?" asked the esquire, pointing to a dark figure just moving towards the hotel they had left.

"Perhaps a guard," answered the marquis, not in a mood to take much note of strange things.

"He has a sneaking movement for a guard, my master."

Francesco instinctively cast his eyes back to observe the man in question once more, but he had gone from sight, and he hurried on again.

For some time after her lover had gone, Julia remained sitting where the marquis had left her. It had not been more than ten minutes, and Lucetta was just urging her to retire again, when the door wa neeremoniously opened, and Marco Loredano entered. Julia iarted back in affright, and even Lucetta was for the moment powerless. But a dignified sense of wrong lent the maiden power, and she confronted the count.

"Signor Loredano, what means this?" she uttered, moving a step further back.

"Be not offended, signora," the count replied, smoothly. "I have come to see that you were safe."

"And what have you to do with my safety?"

"Much, signora—much. Your noble father has sent me for you."

"Sent *you?* My father? How mean you?"

"Is it not plain?"

"Not unless you act the villain. Have you not challenged the marquis to fight with you?"

JULIA'S UNEXPECTED MEETING WITH THE COUNT.

"I have."

"And did you not give him to understand that that was to settle his claim to my hand?"

"Our meeting, signora, is on our private account. Your return to your father is nothing of mine. In that I only act as his agent. But I have not time to spend now, for I must be at our place of meeting. I only came now to see that you were safe, for I much feared that Della Torre might hide you after having seen me. You will be ready to accompany me back to Milan in the morning."

"Never, sir—never!" pronounced Julia, deeply and calmly.

"But I must."

"You cannot."

"Cannot?"

"No."

"Why?"

"I have protectors here."

"And so have I," said the count, drawing his dagger as he spoke. "Such as this."

There was something in the glittering beams of the count's cold eyes as he made this movement, that struck terror to the maiden's soul. She saw in that bloodless face a spirit which not words or threats would ever quell, and she resolved to try his heart.

"O, signor count," she uttered, clasping her hands together, "spare me! O, spare me!"

"Spare thee, signora? And from what?" the noble asked, folding his arms with his gleaming dagger still in his hand.

"From this pain. Ah! it lies now in your power to save me. Spare me—spare *us!* Let us go on our way—let us pass on free from the duke—and angels and good saints shall ever bless thee."

For some moments the count regarded the beautiful maiden, as she stood before him with her hands clasped, in silence. Yet the icy expression of his countenance did not change.

[SEE ENGRAVING.]

"You ask me too much," he said, at length. "I cannot disobey your noble father; nor can I refuse the request of your weeping mother."

"My mother?"

"Ay—she would have thee back."

"Didst hear her say so?"

"I saw her *look* so."

"I'll not trust thee."

"Then I'll not ask thee; but of this be assured—you return to Milan with me in the morning."

"No—no—"

"We'll hear the rest to morrow. You need not think to escape, for you are watched; so I must bid you good night now, as *I have business on my hands!*"

So the count spoke, and then turned away from the room. Julia heard his heavy tread upon the stairs, and when she could hear it no more, she sank back into a chair. She was weak and faint, and her face was pale as death. Lucetta sprang to her assistance and helped her to the bed, but she could not speak. A sort of dull, heavy drowse came over the fair girl, and in it she saw the gory form of her noble lover stiff and cold in death. She shrieked out in her agony, and grasped her attendant's arm. She found it was but a dream, and she sank down again. But again that same terrible phantom came, and she could sleep no more. But even awake she could see that gory form still.

CHAPTER X.

THE DUEL.—TREACHERY.

THE marquis reached the palace of the Consiglio some minutes before the time, and was ushered into the room where he had before been, by his guide on the previous visit. He found no one there, but he heard voices in an adjoining apartment. His usher disappeared in the direction from whence the voices proceeded, and in a few moments more the tramp of many feet were heard.

"What means that?" asked Pietro, as he heard the sound.

"Some of the servants, perhaps," replied the marquis.

"Look ye, my master," spoke the faithful serving-man, with considerable earnestness, "you place too much confidence in the count's honor."

"How so, Pietro?"

"Why, you take him for an honorable man."

"He is a Milanese knight, Pietro."

"Yet I believe he is a villain. By the pope's heart, my master, I would not fight in this house. I'd take the open fields. There may be a trap set here."

"No, no, my good fellow, you are hasty. I appreciate your motives, but you do not know the nature of knightly vows. The count may be treacherous, but he would not so far forget his holy vows as to use treachery under a challenge."

Pietro shook his head incredulously, and while he was thus manifesting his skepticism, the usher returned.

"Ask him who all those folks were," whispere the esquire, in his master's ear.

"Signor," said the marquis, acting upon Pietro's hint, "you know me and my name. What may I call you?"

"My name is Landi Monetti. I am a captain of the governor's guard."

"Thank you. And now may I ask who were those people whom I heard in the adjoining room?"

"Certainly you may, signor marquis. They were members of the governor's household, and I had them remove from the hearing of the affair that is to come off here."

This was satisfactory to Francesco, but not so to Pietro, for he whispered again in his master's ear, and said:

"That's all false. You are in a trap. They are all villains."

But the marquis took no notice of this. He merely made his man a sign to be silent, and then turning to the captain, he said:

"I think it must be near midnight."

"It is, signor."

"And where is the count?"

"He will be here presently. He had some business to transact."

"By the holy trumpet," whispered Pietro, again bringing his lips in close proximity to his master's ear, "wasn't that him we saw sneaking along by our hotel?"

This remark might have had some effect upon the marquis, had he had time for reflection; but at that moment the door was opened, and the count entered.

"Am I late?" he asked, looking towards Monetti.

"Just about on the mark, signor."

"I meant to be, at all events. Marquis, I am at your service."

"Let me rather be at your service, Signor Loredano," returned Francesco, politely.

"As you will. We have decided to have the combat here. You see the walls are high and the footing is good. Our good captain has command here, and approves of the plan."

"One moment, signor," said the marquis, rising to his feet. "This is to be an honorable meeting. We are to be alone—we four?"

"While we fight—yes."

"And until the victory is decided?"

"Most assuredly."

"Then now, Marco Loredano, I have received your challenge, and I accept it to the death. I sought it not, and I shrink not from it. You have accused me of wrong—and you have sought to take from me the love of my soul. To all your accusations, and to all your requests—*here is my answer!*"

The marquis drew his sword as he spoke, and its bright blade flashed in the soft light of the great hanging lamp. It was an old blade—one long tried and faithful—a Damascus blade, as we have once before stated, and one that was not to be bruised or broken. And few in Milan knew so well how to use that weapon as did he who now held it. No one had practised more, and none had studied more deeply into all the arts and parts of the sword combat.

"I am ready," he pronounced, in a calm, clear tone.

"Thank you," replied the count, as he, too, drew his weapon.

And Marco's sword was of the finest steel. 'Twas of Milan make, but firm and well tried; yet it lacked that peculiar quickness of elasticity and tenacity, which none but the Damascus blades possessed. And the count knew how to handle his weapon. His skill was proverbial, for he was accounted the best swordsman in Milan.

"Ready," pronounced the count. "And thus be all our disputes put to rest, now and forever."

Pietro cast one look into his master's face as he cleared the knot of his own sword, so that it might be ready in case of need, and as he saw the calm, cool look of conscious power which rested there, he had no fears on the count's presence. If he had a fear—and the readiness of his weapon seemed to indicate that he had—it was on account of things not yet present.

"Before God and man I take no blame in this," said Francesco, as he raised his weapon.

"I absolve you with all holy unction," returned Marco, and he, too, raised his sword.

"Is all right?" asked Monetti, turning to Pietro.

"All that I can now see," answered the suspicious squire.

"Then set to."

At these words the weapons were crossed with a sharp clash. Both the combatants were as cool and calm as though they had been solving some common problem. The count gazed fixedly into the eyes of the marquis, and the marquis returned the gaze. Twice did Marco change his guard, but he was met with an case that surprised him. He had thought that the marquis might possibly break his guard, but he did not think it would be so calmly, so easily done. It seemed to be done as a sort of matter-of fact. Every thrust which Francesco parried seemed to have been anticipated, and calculated upon by him. On his part it was like a play at the theatre, where each succeeding blow, ward and thrust is made known and committed to memory beforehand.

"You guard well," the count said, in a sort of breathless tone, after he had made some of his most approved plays. In fact, he had felt sure that ere this, his sword would have been through his antagonist's body.

"And *you* play well," was Francesco's response; for up to this time the count had warded all his passes.

After a while both the combatants entered into the strife with renewed vigor. They seemed to arrive at a mutual understanding that common play was of no avail, and each knew that he had no common man to deal with. The steel now clashed loudly and rapidly, and bright sparks flew from the trenchant blades.

CHARLES WHITE, THE MINSTREL.

The count's eyes had begun to burn, and for once his face was a-glow. He made one feint at his antagonist's breast, and by a rapid movement of successive strokes he changed the play towards the neck. Then, quick as thought, he knocked Francesco's sword down, and made a thrust at the very spot where his first feint had been aimed. His point cut the cloth of the doublet and scratched the skin, but with a movement which few men could have performed, the marquis gave his body a sudden twist, and the sword passed harmlessly under his left arm. But it was a fatal movement for the count. Being sure that his weapon was going through the centre of the body, the latter had thrown his whole weight forward, wholly unable to restrain himself. Francesco had calculated nicely on this, and he was prepared for the advantage this offered. It was no chance advantage—no fall of luck; but the marquis had risked much to gain it. He had allowed his sword to be knocked down, and he had allowed his antagonist's weapon to come dangerously near his bosom. Then his lightning-like movement capped his plan. He planted his foot quickly forward upon the left side, and as the count passed him he plunged his sword forward. It entered Marco's side just below the seventh rib, and came out on the other side.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

IMAGINATION.—I believe it is only where the feelings are deeply interested, that the imagination causes such perpetual bitterness of disappointment. Do you remember St. Leon's dissatisfaction at the manner in which his daughters receive the tidings of his death? I begin to think all imaginative persons are, to a certain degree, St. Leons, and that they expect what human nature is very seldom rich enough to afford.—*Mrs. Hemans.*

CHARLIE WHITE, THE MINSTREL.

The accompanying portrait is a truthful likeness of the very popular singer whose name heads this article, and will be recognized as such by his hosts of admirers. One of the earliest pioneers in giving character and vitality to negro minstrelsy, and one of the principal workers in raising it to the dignity of an art, was the subject of this sketch, popularly known as Charlie White the minstrel. He commenced his concerts as early as 1841, at Vauxhall Garden, New York, soon after which he moved into his present location, No. 49 Bowery. Here he was the first to introduce, in addition to the usual songs and dances which characterize such places of amusement, farces and burlesques, with the accessories of scenery, costume, etc., in which he has been followed by nearly all his contemporaries in the same profession. Charlie White's organ of humor is large and active, and has shown itself in his wonderful faculty for getting off most original jokes and stories, which have given such popularity to his performances. Nearly all the new features and novelties in negro minstrelsy have been introduced by him, and by giving his audiences a constant succession of them, he has remained permanently located in one place longer than any other manager in the business. As a performer, Charlie White ranks with the highest—his conceptions of character show him to be a careful student of the great book of human nature, while his unique style and manner give a freshness to his impersonations that impresses all who see him, whether in the jolly "bootblack" or in the decrepit old "Uncle Ned." Mr. White's literary abilities are of no mean order, as hundreds of the best of our negro ballads, the product of his pen, testify, and he was the first to publish those neat song-books, containing the gems of minstrelsy, which are to be found in the hands of every one who has a relish for such music. He has also in press a volume of his original stories and jokes, which will, if its merits are properly appreciated, meet with a large sale. In every department of his profession, Mr. White has striven with laudable exertions, and he has the proud satisfaction of knowing that these exertions have made that which was originally a mere ephemeral amusement, an institution, out of which has grown and will grow, a general love for music and the development of a taste at once refining and elevating in its character. As a means to a great end, the rage for negro minstrelsy is by no means to be disparaged or lightly spoken of. It is the only kind of music we have at all national in its origin and character.

WHALE FISHERY ON THE COAST OF JAPAN.

The accompanying engraving depicts a most exciting scene in the waters of Japan. A vast expanse of sea is lighted up by the rising sun, while jagged rocks rise boldly from the surface on the horizon. In the centre of the picture a huge whale is spouting forth water and blood, for a number of harpoons have been fixed in him by the Japanese whale boats that are swarming round him. Whaling is an occupation of large numbers of the Japanese, and they are exceeding expert in it, though we will venture to say by no means to be compared with our "Long Tom Coffins" of Nantucket and New Bedford. The whale fishery particularly flourishes on the sea that washes the southern shore of the great island of Niphon, the locality shown in our engraving. The usual method of catching the whales is by harpooning in the manner of the Greenland fishermen. The boats of the Japanese, however, are much better suited to the purpose, being exceedingly small, light and sharp, as shown in our engraving, and capable of being propelled through the water with incredible velocity. The wealthier fishermen catch whales by using a net made of strong ropes about two inches thick. When a whale's head is entangled in this net, he finds the greatest difficulty in diving and swimming, and becomes a readier prey to the harpoon.

WHALING SCENE ON THE COAST OF JAPAN

THE DAY OF THE DEAD.

One day of the year is set apart in Paris, and called *Le Jour des Morts* (the Day of the Dead,—a day of sad commemoration, on which those who have lost friends visit the resting-places of their earthly remains, and decorate their graves with wreaths and garlands, the offerings of enduring love and memory. This scene is depicted in our engraving, which shows a portion of the celebrated cemetery of *Pere la Chaise* at Paris. Numerous chapels, tombs and truncated pillars are embraced in this view, intermingled with trees and shrubbery. The huge cross that rises in the centre indicates the resting-place of the poor who have been interred in the common grave, and the men, women and children who are decorating its base with wreaths of *immortelles* (everlasting) are of the humblest class. We have a few remarks to offer on the subject of this common grave, before proceeding to notice at some length the cemetery itself. No one can have visited one of the three cemeteries of Paris without pausing, seized with sadness and terror, on the brink of an ever yawning gulf, about 250 feet long and four broad, which death is incessantly laboring to fill. This is the common grave! Here the coffins of those unfortunate beings who have died in extreme poverty are placed in juxtaposition, that is, thrown, piled, heaped up, without an inch of earth between them, without any separation but a few ill-joined planks. There the old man, the child, the *roue*, and the maiden, are heaped together pell-mell. There must be spoken the final adieu to the loved one. When the bed of bodies has filled the length of the funeral trench, the earth, covering all, leaves the place undistinguished where the mourners have witnessed the disappearance of all that was dearest to them, and it is only by guesswork that a friendly hand can plant a cross of wood or a shrub on the last dwelling-place of those whom this frightful sarcophagus has swallowed up. "See," says a French writer, "what a point we have reached, after fifteen centuries of ascending civilization and Christianity! The poor man in Paris has no tomb, and our harshness renews for him the myth of the ancient obolus by realizing it; we are more pagan than the pagans themselves, who placed in the lips of the dead man at his decent funeral the drachma exacted for his final repose. Shall we now assert that the affections and griefs are less keen, the need of memorials and consolations less pressing among the poor than among the elevated classes? Ask the dealers in funeral emblems what class of wreaths they sell most of—the humble bunches of everlastings, or the garlands of gorgeous flowers. In 1850, there were 22,306 interments in three cemeteries of the east, north and south. Of this number the common grave received 15,792 bodies. Paris, which of itself contains the thirty-fifth part of the total population of the territory; Paris, which alone bears a fourteenth part of the taxes; Paris, whose population of wonderful talent and activity produces so much, and labors all its life; Paris, by a singular and iniquitous exception, is excluded, through its inhabitants, of the right to a tomb, the right to the prayers of the church, accorded to all the inhabitants, rich or poor, of our little rural communities. For it must be remembered that the occupants of the common grave are interred without any religious services, and the inconceivable barbarity of custom refuses them everything, even a priest. We are less Christian than the Mahometans, who love better to surround their cities on every side with a funeral suburb, and to live in the midst of death, than ever to trouble, even at the end of a century, the peace of the deceased by an impious exhumation; we are less so than the Jews, who, by a singular privilege, have, up to this day, avoided the common grave, and of whom each deceased member has his separate tomb in these portions of our cemeteries devoted to the Mosaic religion. To our brethren in the faith alone we decree the unjustifiable and shameful community of charnel, the deprivation of funeral rights, an outrage which antiquity punished as the greatest of crimes. If this barbarous usage is at once contrary to public health, which does not require demonstration, to the religious sentiment, to the most imprescriptible, the most common notions of human equality and fraternity, what will he said on learning that this hideous practice is not even legal, and that, not only no law authorizes it, but that a formal decree, that of the 23d Prairal (year XII), explicitly forbids it? This ignoble commonism of sepulture awoke not the surprise but the indignation and solicitude of the victor of Toulon, of Lodi, and Marengo, the author of the decree, and it ought now to be enforced. The decree of the 23d Prairal, year XII of the French republic, issued by Napoleon, when he was first consul, requires that each interment shall take place in a separate grave; it determines and fixes the exact distances between the coffins. It establishes the dimensions of the graves, and provides that, after the ceremonies, they shall be filled with earth well trodden down. It declares that no moving of the soil in the place of interment shall take place till after the lapse of five years, and consequently requires the cemeteries to have five times the extent necessary for the interments of a single year. This decree has not been and cannot be abolished. The law, no less than morality, religion and the requirements of public health, is, therefore, violated in every way; by the community of obsequies, by the contact of coffins, and by the disinterment and dispersion of remains long before the prescribed term—a threefold scandal! If legality kills, as one of the great eccentric characters of the last reign asserted, illegality buries us. Let the common grave, that sinister necropolis, be forever closed, purified and filled up: nothing opposes this measure; on the contrary, every consideration invites and impels us to it. It would be hard to convince us that the intelligent and loyal men composing the municipal commission of Paris should not seriously undertake and make it a point of honor to carry out this work. The right to a grave and the right to life are common and sacred. If, through the vices and uncertain ties of our social state, we can but effectually palliate the ravages of misery, if it is and will for a long time remain inevitable, it is, at least, easy, necessary and urgent to conquer, abolish and extinguish pauperism in death." The cemetery of Pere la Chaise is in the northwest part of Paris, not far from the Barriere des Amandiers, and comprises more than fifty acres, containing a very large number of tombs. Here repose the ashes of warriors, statesmen, philosophers, poets and heroes. Here Eloise and Abelard are united in death; here repose the ashes of Moliere, Lafontaine, Foy and Massena, mingling their illustrious dust with that of humbler men, their equals in the community of the grave. From the chapel in the burying-ground a magnificent view of Paris is obtained. A visit to this city of the dead serves to dispel the impression so common among the people of other countries, that the French, though excitable and susceptible, are too volatile to entertain deep and lasting sentiments. The traveller finds himself surrounded, not only by monuments and decorations which respect and affection have raised to the departed, but by mourners of long date who have come hither to meditate over the remains of their deceased friends, and to indulge in sad and tender recollections of associates and relatives. As you approach the entrance, you behold flower girls offering for sale beautiful crosses, crowns and wreaths of orange blossom, and amaranth, which it is the custom for mourners to suspend upon the monument. On entering the necropolis, you find yourself in a garden of an undulating surface, embracing hill and valley, bright with a thousand flowers, verdant with grass and trees, from the midst of which arise obelisks, columns and cenotaphs, in the profusion indicated in our engraving. The tomb of Eloise and Abelard is a lofty Gothic structure of great architectural elegance. The ashes of the unfortunate lovers were placed here in the year VIII of the French republic. The cemetery contains a perfect wilderness of little enclosures, almost every one profusely planted with weeping-willows, cypresses, arbor vitæ, flowering shrubs and even fruit trees. The whole grounds are kept in admirable condition. An English writer admits this, and pays a high compliment to the French people when he says:—"The whole management of the place appears to be admirably conducted: decency and good order universally prevailed; not a flower was gathered, not a monument defaced, not a stone scribbled over. It was impossible to avoid drawing painful comparisons between the state of the plainest tombs here and the most elaborate in Westminster Abbey, defaced and desecrated as many of the latter are by the empty-headed puppies of the adjoining school, and the brutal violations of the uncivilized rabble. This sacred respect for the works of art is not peculiar to the cemetery of Pere la Chaise, nor solely due to the vigilance of the police; for, in the innumerable statues and sculptures with which Paris and its neighborhood abound, many are scattered about in solitary walks and gardens at the mercy of the public. I have never observed the smallest mutilation, nor any indecorous scribbling. The lowest Frenchman has been familiar with works of art, he takes a pride in them, and to this extent, at least, has verified the old adage that such a feeling 'softens manners nor permits them to be rude.'" On the hill which is crowned by the pyramid erected to the memory of the gallant Marshal Massena, are many family vaults excavated in the hillside after the manner of the ancients, with numerous recesses for coffins, and enclosed by bronze gates of finished workmanship. Through the interstices may be seen chairs for the accommodation of those friends of the departed who may choose to come hither to meditate and pray; and not a few avail themselves of this privilege. In Pere la Chaise is the tomb of the unfortunate Labedoyere, who was the first to join the standard of Napoleon in 1815, and to pay the penalty of his life. Here, too, lie the remains of the "bravest of the brave," Marshal Ney, who had with impunity confronted death a thousand times on the field of battle, to meet it, at last, in the process of a military execution of a sentence of the Bourbon chamber of peers. Marshal Ney was the last of the rear-guard of the French army on the retreat from Russia in the disastrous campaign of 1812. Ney's opinion exerted an important influence on Napoleon at Fontainbleau, and, perhaps, was the turning weight which induced the emperor to sign his abdication. After this event, he took the oath of allegiance to the Bourbons, was made a peer of the kingdom, and received a high military command. He even marched against Napoleon on his return from Elba, with a promise to bring him a captive to the Tuileries. But the desertion of his soldiers, the conviction that the cause of the king was lost, and the sight of his old friend and master, was too much for him. He joined Napoleon, and fought at Waterloo with the gallantry habitual to his nature. His white plume, like that of Henry of Navarre, was a rallying point in the thickest of the fight. He led the charge on the enemy's centre, and, after five horses had been killed under him, remained last upon the bloody field, fighting till dark, with his uniform, shot to rags, clinging around him. He was taken in the chateau of a friend at Aurillac on the 5th of August, arraigned before a military tribunal, which declared its incompetency, and consigned him to the chamber of peers for a final trial. He was sentenced to death by a vote of 169 to 16, and shot in the garden of the Luxemburg, at nine A. M., Dec. 7, 1815. Besides Marshal Ney, thousands of other distinguished men lie buried here.

THE DAY OF THE DEAD.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

MY VILLAGE HOME.

My village home! as morning light
Comes brightly o'er the sea,
My glad'ning thoughts, with eager flight,
Return with joy to thee:
And thus with mental vision clear,
Familiar forms I view,
Remembered voices, too, I hear
The old time song renew.

My village home! thou hast a power
To call around my heart
The dreams of boyhood's happy hour,
Of life the brightest part;
Though now a wanderer, far away
From scenes so dear to me,
My fancy paints, in darkest day,
A picture bright of thee.

G. H. B.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

NELLIE STUART.

BY GRACE GARDNER.

NELLIE STUART was an industrious gleaner in the great common field. She flitted about here and there among sheaves, which, to other eyes, looked barren indeed, and found many an ephah of happiness. Sweet, bright, dashing, but not beautiful, Nellie,—no, not a feature of her face, by the utmost stretch of the imagination, could be called beautiful, except her eyes; and, it is a sad pity, but she really had red hair. Nobody in the world deserved to be beautiful more than Nellie, if beauty is the reward of merit, and yet nobody in the world could do so well without it; for she found admiring friends wherever she went. She was so sweet-tempered, so bright and cheerful, so unselfish, so ready even to sympathize with and help people out of their difficulties, making many a respectable sized mountain dwindle down to moderate-sized molehills. But Nellie was even more than all this.

Who ever said she was not beautiful? No one who knew her; yet Nellie herself knew she was not, for with her own ears she once overheard Morton Leslie, the betrothed husband of her dearest friend, Marion Millman, a few moments after his introduction to her, exclaim with good-humored raillery: "My dear Marion, is *that* your beauty? I was prepared to behold a Venus, and lo! a wide mouth and red hair—a little fright! for who was ever otherwise with red tresses?"

Nellie had never thought much about her hair, but now she stole away to her chamber and unbound it. It fell in wavy luxuriance to her feet. She opened wide the shutters, and the sunlight fell upon it. Mr. Leslie was right. There was no use in disguising the fact; it *was* red—brightly, hopelessly red. Nellie looked at it thoughtfully and regretfully some minutes, but it was a circumstance not to be helped, though she could not help wishing that, since it was such an undesirable color, she had less of it; but the scissors could remedy that any day. She concluded to take a philosophical view of the matter. She was not to blame for having red hair; neither was Mr. Leslie to blame for not liking it. She did not like it much herself; but there was no accounting for tastes; somebody might fancy it yet.

Nellie dreamed that night that everything and everybody in the whole city had turned to a most beautiful fiery red,—that Mr. Leslie's whiskers, of the same brilliant hue, reached to the ground, and that he was running frantically about, bewailing the metamorphosis.

Many a heart trembled for Nellie's future happiness, when a handsome, imperious step-mother entered the before peaceful household, prepared to dispute every step of the way with the jealous, high-spirited step-daughter she expected to meet. A step-daughter! Julia Silsby weighed her long in the balance against Mr. Stuart's fine person, agreeable manners, and high position, and the weight was even; but when she dropped in his wealth and her own poverty, the scale came down with a crash, and shortly afterwards she became Mrs. Stuart.

Mr. Stuart had told her much of Nellie's loving, amiable disposition, and she believed he spoke in all sincerity; for how was it possible she should be otherwise, paramount in her father's affection, sole mistress of an elegant mansion, and with every wish gratified! But to resign her mistress-ship, to become second where she had so long been first, to yield to the wishes of others rather than to have her own consulted, to share her father's affection with another, and that other a stranger. She was human. She would look upon her as an intruder and an enemy. Mrs. Stuart judged righteously, for she felt, that were she in Nellie's place, she should hate with her whole heart.

During their journey from her distant home, she went over in imagination the reception which awaited her. She saw her step-daughter's cold politeness, which hardly sought to disguise her inward anger and rebellion, and she unconsciously stamped her small foot as she made the determination to crush all this at the outset, at least in appearance. After these feelings and anticipations, she was hardly prepared for the warm, cordial reception Nellie gave her, and the sweet grace peculiarly her own with which she installed her in her own resigned honors. Mrs. Stuart's proud heart was half subdued. She was gratified, too—alas for woman's vanity!—to find how impossible it was for the young girl to rival herself. In time she came to love her; but Mrs. Stuart had many infirmities of temper, and Nellie, had she pleased, could have found many more ephahs of petty trials and vexations than she could easily have borne; but she resolutely closed her eyes, and would not gather them.

Nellie Stuart must either have forgotten or forgiven Mr. Leslie for his disparaging remark; for, early one bright autumnal morning, she stood at the door in a travelling dress, taking an affectionate leave of her mother, who had risen at an unusually early hour to see her before her departure to visit her friend Marion, now Mrs. Leslie. Mr. Stuart accompanied his daughter to the station, and saw her safely in the cars.

Mrs. Leslie's last invitation to Nellie to visit her was so pressing, she felt she ought not to refuse. There was a tone of sadness throughout her letter, and she feared she was in trouble; and when was Nellie unwilling to comfort and sympathize with her friends? It was a long journey, and she had leisure for thought. She recalled the day when she and Marion first met at P—— seminary; how ever after they shared each other's confidence and *bon bons;* how their friendship remained thus long after the time when school-girl friendships are usually extinguished in the ashes of forgetfulness. One beautiful summer evening, some two years before, while Marion was on a visit to her—how well she remembered it!—they both sat on the piazza, where the soft evening breeze came to them laden with the fragrance of the woodbine and jessamine. It was then and there, in low, trembling tones, Marion, with her beautiful face shaded from the tell-tale moonlight, told of her love and engagement; then her voice became firmer, and she told, in eloquent, fervent words of her lover's goodness and manliness, his intellect and genius. Then the tone grew low again, as she told how, in her heart, she idolized him, and that her future, linked with his, seemed almost too perfect happiness; that it seemed so strange he had ever come to love one so little worthy of him; but O, she would love him so much, and try so hard to make him happy; and Nellie, with two years less of experience, had listened and wondered and rejoiced with her friend. A short time after, she had stood beside her at the altar, and heard her solemnly give herself to the one she had chosen. She had not seen her since that day. Were her bright dreams of happiness realized? Nellie recalled the few letters that had since passed between them. Marion wrote not she was unhappy, but there was an unconscious tone of sadness pervading them, and Nellie feared. But every one spoke in the highest terms of Mr. Leslie. No sickness had come upon them, and, certainly, he had no lack of wealth, and Marion herself, somewhat hasty and exacting, but kind, true and affectionate.

Nellie was suddenly disturbed in these thoughts. She had arrived as far towards her destination as the cars would carry her. She found a handsome family carriage waiting to convey her to her friend's, three miles distant.

It was almost dusk when they turned up the carriage drive to a fine old mansion surrounded with noble elms. Marion was on the steps to receive her, and gave her an affectionate welcome. She accompanied her to her room, talking as fast and gaily as in school-girl times.

After changing her attire, Nellie descended with her friend to the dining-room, where she was presented to Madame Leslie, who received her formally, though kindly. Mr. Leslie greeted her very cordially.

In the course of a few days, Nellie could not help noticing, and with grief and astonishment, the great change in Marion after her first excitement of seeing her had passed away. She had lost all her former gay spirits, and she, who, formerly, was so fresh and blooming, was now thin and faded. The change was even more striking in her dress. Marion had been fastidious to excess in her dress; but she was now careless almost to slovenliness. Her luxuriant hair, which she used to wear partly in curls, was now combed plainly back in the easiest but most unbecoming manner.

Nor could Nellie long be blind to the estrangement between Marion and her husband. He was too well bred to neglect to pay her the attentions due to the position she occupied as his wife; but there was a coldness and formality in his manner of bestowing them that showed it gave him little pleasure; while Marion seldom spoke to him, save in a fretful, complaining tone.

A few mornings after Nellie's arrival, Marion came to the breakfast-table with languid looks and spiritless movements, with hair evidently uncombed, though slightly brushed in front, ill-arranged dress and soiled collar. Nellie had not thought it possible for her friend to look so little attractive; but she was shocked, and her heart sank, as she caught the half-annoyed, half-disgusted expression on Mr. Leslie's face as he looked at his wife. It was gone in a moment, but alas for a woman when this feeling arises in a husband's breast! Nor was the aspect of matters between Marion and her mother-in-law much more encouraging. There was evidently no friendly feeling between them, and each avoided the other as much as possible.

All this seemed very dreadful to Nellie. Here were three people, eminently fitted to be happy themselves, and make others happy, living together in this miserable manner!—Madame Leslie possessing a kind heart, though a proud spirit and cold manners; Mr. Leslie, noble, gentlemanly and intelligent; and Marion, young, beautiful, accomplished, with strong affections and noble impulses,—all surrounded with every outward blessing. It must be helped, thought darling Nellie, but how? and she thought and thought till her little brain ached.

Marion devoted the first two or three days entirely to her friend, but after that she gradually relapsed into old habits. With an apology to Nellie, adding, she hoped she would amuse herself in her way, she would recline on a sofa the whole day, absorbed with some new novel. This also was very unlike the bright, active Marion of other days, but it gave Nellie an insight into one cause of her languor and want of interest in what was passing around her.

"Come, Marion dear, it is so beautiful; do take a walk with me this morning," said Nellie, playfully, half withdrawing a book from Marion's hand.

"Yes, certainly, dear, if you wish it; but this book is so interesting—if you would just as soon go without me."

"You cannot think me so devoid of taste as to suppose I would *as soon* go without you," laughed Nellie. "But do come, Marion; those books are stealing away your youth and roses."

"What matter?" she replied, sadly. "No one will miss them."

"Yes, I shall. Come, dear. Here is your shawl and bonnet."

Marion prepared to accompany her, though with ill-concealed reluctance; but Nellie would not perceive it. She was well rewarded, for the fresh cold air was so invigorating, Marion became almost her own self. They bounded over the fields, paused on the bridge, and tried which could throw stones the farthest into the water, and tested the strength of their voices in the wood, as in school-girl days. Though wearied, the Marion, bright and blooming, who entered the house, looked little like the Marion who left it not two hours before.

"Why, Marion, how rosy you look!" said Nellie, as they entered the former's chamber.

Marion smiled, as she removed her bonnet, and gave two or three strokes of the brush to her disordered hair.

"Please, Marion, arrange your hair as you used to do. I do so long to see those dear old curls again."

"O dear, no, Nellie! I haven't worn it so for months. I should hardly know myself."

"Never mind. I shall know you; so, when you are in doubt, just refer to me. *Please* do, Marion."

"Well, if you wish it so much—but it is so much trouble."

Marion really felt it to be quite a task, she had exerted herself so little of late.

"How much better you do look!" cried Nellie, when it was completed. "You must never wear it in that unbecoming style again. I am sure Mr. Leslie cannot like it."

The faint smile of gratification the first part of Nellie's words called forth faded from Marion's face. She opened her lips as if to speak, then closed them again. She was going to put on the same unbecoming dress she had worn, but again Nellie interfered.

"I wish you would wear that tasteful blue dress I see in your wardrobe, dear Marion. You remember blue is my favorite color."

"I will, if you wish, but I shall feel as if I looked almost too fine. I never dress for dinner now; we seldom have company, and no one here cares how I look, and it is so much trouble!"

At dinner, Nellie noticed Mr. Leslie's eyes wander more than once to his wife. She could not read their expression, but it certainly was not that she had seen in the morning. The dinner passed off pleasantly. The knowledge that one is looking well, independent of anything else, must certainly make one feel social and at ease; for Marion talked more than usual, though principally to Nellie, and Nellie, always happy and animated, diffused an air of enjoyment over the meal, as, indeed, over the whole house, which had been a stranger to it for many a day. She had the rare tact of drawing people out and making a subject of conversation general; and Marion, before she was aware, found herself answering some remark of her husband's, though she addressed herself to Nellie.

All rose from the table with happier hearts than they had sat down to it with, and felt, for the moment, more softened towards each other. None heeded that it was to the influence of one pure, loving, sunny heart they owed it, though Mr. Leslie wondered how he could ever have called such a bright little fairy a fright. Madame Leslie's heart had opened to her at first, and Marion had always loved her, and now she was beginning to lean upon her, that slight, fragile girl, yet so strong a support in her childlike faith, sound judgment and unswerving principles.

Mr. and Mrs. Leslie and Nellie were in the parlor after dinner. The latter was looking over some music.

"O, Marion," she said, "here is that beautiful Italian song, my favorite; do sing it, please. You have not sung for me since I came."

"You must excuse me, Nellie; I cannot sing, indeed," replied Marion, blushing deeply. "I am entirely out of practice."

"I wish you would persuade her, Mr. Leslie. She will sing if you ask her."

Mr. Leslie became very grave.

"I do not flatter myself so much. Mrs. Leslie gave up singing some months ago," he said, in a stern voice. He left the room a few minutes after.

Marion's head was bowed over a book, but she now rose and left the room by an opposite door, leaving poor Nellie astonished and dismayed at the mischief she had unwittingly done. What was there, in what she had said, to change the aspect of matters thus? She vainly reproached herself for she knew not what.

A few mornings after, Mr. Leslie left home, to be absent three weeks. He merely took Marion's hand at parting, without pressing it, and bade her "good morning." His farewell to Nellie was warmer. He said he should expect to see her there on his return, that they could not spare her for many weeks yet.

After he was gone, Marion hid her face in the sofa cushion, and wept violently.

"Marion,—dear Marion!" said Nellie, springing to her side.

The young wife only wept the more for this sympathy, saying, between her sobs:

"Nellie, I *must* tell you. I cannot bear this misery any longer alone. O, that I were dead! Nobody loves me. My husband is indifferent; his mother dislikes me. O, Nellie, my whole married life has been one bitter, bitter disappointment! and I have so worshipped him, and, alas, do now!"

Nellie's face brightened at this avowal.

"Thank God for that!" she inwardly exclaimed.

"Nellie," continued Marion, "I loved him too much, and suf-

fered it to become too apparent; it tried, and, perhaps, disgusted him; but," she added, proudly, "he has had no occasion to complain of that of late."

It was an old story. Marion, flattered and caressed from childhood, although possessed of strong affections and many noble qualities, had become capricious, jealous and exacting. She expected all the attentions from a husband that a lover had bestowed. That he did not devote his time to her, and yield to her wishes in everything, Marion tormented herself with the thought that he loved her less, and reproached him for his neglect. At first, Mr. Leslie only laughed at and caressed her; but he was at this time extensively engaged in business, and his time was not at his own disposal; and Marion, alone in that large old house, with only her mother-in-law for company, accustomed as she had been to much society, her husband away the greater part of the time, found it insupportably gloomy. She found how far from realized were the dreams of perfect happiness she had cherished, and from the contrast magnified petty annoyances and unavoidable neglects; and Mr. Leslie, wearied and harassed with business, returning home to find the rest and peace which should have been there, and welcomed only with complaints and reproaches, or a sullen silence, at last lost all patience, and a coldness sprung up between them.

Marion, strong in her prejudices, had, from the first, taken a dislike to Madame Leslie. She inferred, and, perhaps, with reason, that a daughter-in-law was no welcome accession to her household; and when, in one or two instances, she expressed—more in looks than in language—disapprobation of some of her whims, her dislike deepened to aversion. She imagined, too, that she influenced her husband against her, and, on one occasion, angry at some new offence of Mrs. Leslie's, and jealous of her husband's deference towards her, she had spoken of her to him in unpardonable terms. Mr. Leslie was deeply offended, and answered in a tone she had never heard him use,—that he could not and would not permit even his wife to speak in disrespectful terms of one so evidently her superior; that she must show her the respect and obedience of a daughter.

This was inexpressibly galling to Marion's proud heart. Her lip curled; her eye flashed, and she answered recklessly and defiantly. A breach was made that was never mended,—nay, that very evening made wider. Mr. Leslie, thinking he had spoken too sternly and authoritatively to his high-spirited young wife, and willing to make the first advances towards a reconciliation, asked her to sing the song Nellie had that day so unluckily asked for. Marion, whose indignation had grown deeper, as she thought the matter over, replied, scornfully, that she was not in a mood for singing; that, to her mind, it was a great pity he had not married an opera singer—he was so fond of opera music. He left the room without reply, and had never asked her to play or sing since. And thus, wearily and miserably, had the time passed on. It seemed as if, since her marriage, all of Marion's worst traits of character had been drawn out, entirely obscuring her many really estimable qualities.

"Nellie," said Marion, in conclusion, "I know I have often done wrong, but O, I am very miserable! Do you wonder now that I have lost all interest in my appearance, even in existence?"

"Dear Marion," whispered Nellie, softly, "there is a precious book wherein we can forget our sorrows—one that tells of a dear, a powerful Friend, who will never refuse to hear when we call upon him. Marion, dear, ask him, and he will give you a purer happiness."

And that night the two friends knelt side by side, as in former years, Marion remembering her childhood's, girlhood's, but, alas! not till now her womanhood's fervent prayer—"Forgive us *our* trespasses." For Nellie, with her sweet voice and loving words which could not give offence, had taught her to see her own conduct in a different light from what she had hitherto viewed it. She realized for the first time the duties she herself owed. What had become of them—how fulfilled? Marion, with her views suddenly enlarged, her conscience awakened, drew back, alarmed, from the retrospect. She prayed for the strength, the perseverance to reform, though the heart she had lost might never be restored to her. There was little sleep for her that night.

Marion's better nature was thoroughly awakened, and she had firmly resolved to lead no longer the dimless, listless life she had done. She read instructive works, rode, walked and sewed, devoted a portion of the day to her long neglected music, called on their neighbors, and was careful and tasty in her attire, although the last still seemed a labor thrown away. But all this was not done without many a struggle with her old habits, and she was oftentimes tempted to fall back into her former ways; but she persevered.

Still, the same state of things existed between her and Madame Leslie. The old lady rarely came into the parlor. She remained the greater portion of her time in her own sitting-room.

"Has Mrs. Leslie other children besides your husband?" asked Nellie, while she and Marion were sewing in the parlor.

"One other son—Harvey, three years younger than Morton, whom she idolizes. I wish he would come while you are here; your dear little heart would be in great danger. He is young, rich, handsome, intelligent and disengaged—a catch for some one. Mrs. Leslie lost a beautiful daughter—Eva—many years ago, and it was a heavy blow to her. She has never entirely recovered from it."

The two sat some moments in silence, each engrossed with her own thoughts.

"What fine delicate lace!" remarked Nellie, as Marion was looking over the contents of a box for some article she needed. "Do you remember what pretty dress-caps you used to make for Aunty Hills? Have you lost all your taste for making them? That would be so pretty for one!"

"Who should I make it for? Will you wear it?" asked Marion, laughing.

"Not just yet, dear. You forget my quantity of red hair."

Marion found the article she sought, and put away the box; but she was silent and thoughtful a long time. There was evidently a struggle going on in her mind. At last, she laid down her sewing, rose, and going to Nellie, bent over and kissed her, saying: "You are my good angel, Nellie."

She took the lace from the box, and went busily to work. Her skilful fingers soon fashioned an elegant cap. When completed, it was one which any elderly lady would not have disdained to wear. Marion felt happier while making it than she had done for many a day; for she had won a signal victory over herself.

The moment was watched for when Mrs. Leslie left her room; then Marion stole softly in, and placed it on the table.

Mrs. Leslie's face was very smiling under the identical cap at tea-time, when she said to Nellie:

"My dear child, your beautiful present was very acceptable. I had just been thinking I must send to town for one; but I could not have found one that would have suited me so perfectly. Many thanks to you."

"Do not thank me, dear Mrs. Leslie. I had nothing to do with it. I have no tact whatever in doing anything of the kind. It was Marion who made it."

The old lady looked surprised, as well she might; for it was the first attention of any kind Marion had ever paid her, and her face was somewhat grave; but she thanked Marion politely, even kindly, who replied that it was nothing, it took her but a short time, and that, if she liked the cap, she should be happy to make them all for her in future. So much does the doing of one kind action warm and open the heart. Had Marion been told, two weeks before, she would have done this, she would have smiled scornfully and incredulously.

This was the beginning of a better state of things. Neither Mrs. Leslie nor Marion said much to each other, but each was conscious of a gradual change in the other's feelings, and Nellie was the link between them. She persuaded Mrs. Leslie to bring her knitting into the parlor. "It was so large and lonesome for only two." Mrs. Leslie did so. Who could ever resist Nellie?

One evening, while the storm raged fiercely without, and it seemed so pleasant and comfortable in the well-warmed and well-lighted parlor, Madame Leslie, by some question of Nellie's, was betrayed into relating some story of her own young days. The interest that Marion as well as Nellie expressed was highly gratifying to her. She spoke that evening of her daughter Eva, and her voice grew choked and her aged eyes filled with tears.

"Did she resemble Mr. Leslie?" asked Nellie.

"No, not in the least. I have often thought Marion strongly resembled her. She was about Marion's age when I lost her."

This unexpected reply softened Marion's heart, and she felt a keen pang of self reproach that, in love and kindness, she had been so little of an Eva to her.

Mr. Leslie returned at the appointed time, accompanied by his brother Harvey. Marion's heart bounded when she saw her husband; but his greeting was as formal as his parting. If, in a few days, he observed the better state of feeling between his wife and mother, he made no comment.

Marion tried hard not to be disappointed. She felt she had no reason to expect it otherwise; but this utter indifference was very hard to bear. But Nellie was beside her to whisper encouraging words. That though we receive no reward, our duties are still the same. Yet she was sure as could be—bright, hopeful Nellie—that Marion's reward would, in time, be just what in all the world she most wished for—her husband's love and esteem.

Harvey Leslie proved to be an agreeable accession to their numbers. Nellie, at first, regretted his coming. She feared, in some way, he might be in the way of the accomplishment of her cherished plan; but he was so gentlemanly and entertaining, before three weeks had passed, she was quite reconciled to his presence, and had more than once, in that time, wondered if he had as strong a prejudice against red hair as his brother.

Their number was further increased by the visit of a pretty hoyden of a school-girl cousin of the Leslies—Fanny Denison.

The party altogether was social, even gay. By degrees, Mr. Leslie grew a little more attentive to his wife. He could not but feel proud of her; for never had she done the honors of his house with so much ease and dignity, and exerted herself so much to make her house pleasant to its inmates, and, withal, looking so beautiful and genial, like the Marion of two years before. Still, no word of reconciliation had passed between them, and thus the anniversary of their marriage, Marion's birthday also, arrived.

No kind wishes greeted her on that morning. With a swelling heart, Marion felt that no one remembered it. She passed the greater part of the day in her own room, on the plea of a headache. It was spent in reviewing the past two years, in regretting her folly and wickedness, and renewing her resolves for the future. The young wife's tears fell fast at the thought that she might never regain the noble heart she had alienated; yet she would try in all things to perform a wife's duties. O, if she dared ask him to forget and forgive the past, and love her again! But she dared not. She would show him her sorrow and regret for the past by the improvement in her future conduct, by pleasant words and kind acts, and attention to his slightest wishes. And thus the hours wore on, and no one came to her. Had even Nellie, so thoughtful ever of others, forgotten her also?

Had Nellie forgotten her in her own new emotions and cares? for even Nellie carried a troubled heart now. She had thought Harvey Leslie so kind, so agreeable, so superior to any one she had ever known; but she did not dream she loved him till she heard his brother laughingly ask him when the beautiful Bella Livingston was to become Mrs. Harvey Leslie. Even Fanny had heard at home of his reported engagement, and expatiated long to Nellie on the lady's grace and beauty. Nellie blushed as she asked if she was a blonde.

"No; eyes and hair as black as jet, and *so* beautiful!"

Poor Nellie's hair looked redder to her than ever, and her hitherto happy little heart was very heavy. But she did not forget Marion's affairs; she would not have been Nellie if she had.

Evening was come. Marion was still in her room. There was a slight tap at her door, and Nellie came in.

"Fair lady, your presence is requested below."

"My head still aches, and I thought I would not come down again."

"I could not answer for my head should I go without you. They will not take 'no' for an answer; so, come, lady fine."

Marion longed to ask who "they" meant. As she passed by the table, she furtively took a white chrysanthemum from a vase, hesitated a moment, then placed it in her hair.

"No one will think what it is for," she thought, bitterly; "but I will honor my wedding-day."

She did not know that Nellie saw her, and how well the act was understood by her sympathizing heart.

Marion was conscience-stricken when, on entering the room, she saw a table in the middle of it, decorated with bouquets of flowers, the centre graced by an elegant loaf of wedding-cake, which was surrounded with various fruits and sweetmeats. There was a beautiful bouquet of white flowers evidently for herself. On a small table, at the side of the room, were tasteful and costly presents from each one present save her husband. She was truly grateful for all this kind thought of her; but she keenly felt her husband's slight, but she controlled herself, and received their kind wishes for many happy returns of the day with graceful courtesy.

Nellie's smiling eyes sought her's.

"Darling Marion, you do not taste your cake, and Mrs. Leslie took so much pains with it. Have you been tormenting yourself with thinking we had forgotten it was your wedding and birthday? I wanted to come to you, but Madame Leslie positively forbade it. She knew I should tell you all, and she wanted to surprise you." Nellie whispered: "I am sure there is another present for you somewhere. Some people prefer to give theirs in private, you know." Marion shook her head sadly.

Nellie continued, "Mrs. Leslie is so good, dear Marion, and she loves you. She planned this all," and Nellie's eyes sought hers wistfully. Nellie looked round for Mrs. Leslie, but she had left the parlor. Marion went to her room, and kneeling beside her, said, tearfully:

"Dear mother, I have come to ask forgiveness for the past. Forgive me." The aged arms were already round her

"My dear child, I have to ask forgiveness, also. The fault was not yours alone; we will commence anew this night, my daughter."

At this moment, strong arms encircled them both, and a deep voice said: "My wife, my mother, I, too, have a confession and a promise to make!" It is not recorded all he said, save in the memory of those three, but it was enough to make Marion a very happy woman.

They remained so long absent from the parlor, where were Harvey, Fanny and Nellie, that the latter hoped the long wished for reconciliation had taken place. She was silent, thinking of them, when Fanny disturbed her, exclaiming:

"O, Nellie, we must have some wedding-cake to dream on tonight! You, too, Cousin Harvey. You know whatever you dream will come true."

"Is it infallibly true?" he asked, with a smile.

"Surely it is. You must have some, decidedly."

"Very well, if Miss Stuart will prepare it."

"O yes, Nellie will, I know. She will write three names, and you must sleep three nights with the cake under your pillow; but you must not know what the names are. Nellie, will you write it now? I will come back in a minute," said Fanny, leaving the room.

Nellie produced pencil and paper, and seated herself to write. She was beginning a capital B for Bella, when Mr. Leslie seated himself beside her, saying:

"I am particular what names you write, Miss Stuart, if the dreams are to be reality. I will prompt you. Never mind what Fanny said. First, you may write the name of the purest, truest, sweetest girl I know." Nellie looked steadily at the paper, and wished her hand would not tremble so. "Nellie Stuart."

Nellie blushed; but there was nothing but to write it.

"To me the most beautiful—Nellie Stuart!"

This time Nellie laughed and demurred: "Bah! red hair?"

"My favorite color. Write," he said.

"But it is not right, sir. The names ought all to be different."

"Ah! well, then, I must tell you my secret. Can I trust you?"

Nellie bowed her head. She could not speak. "He has been trifling thus far," she thought; "now he comes to the truth."

"Write, then," he said, "the name of one whom I love with my whole heart, who is dear to me as my life." He paused and looked at Nellie. Every drop of blood had receded from her face; but the slight fingers still grasped the pencil determinedly. He continued, "Who, I hope, will consent to be, one day, my own darling wife—Nellie Stuart Leslie!"

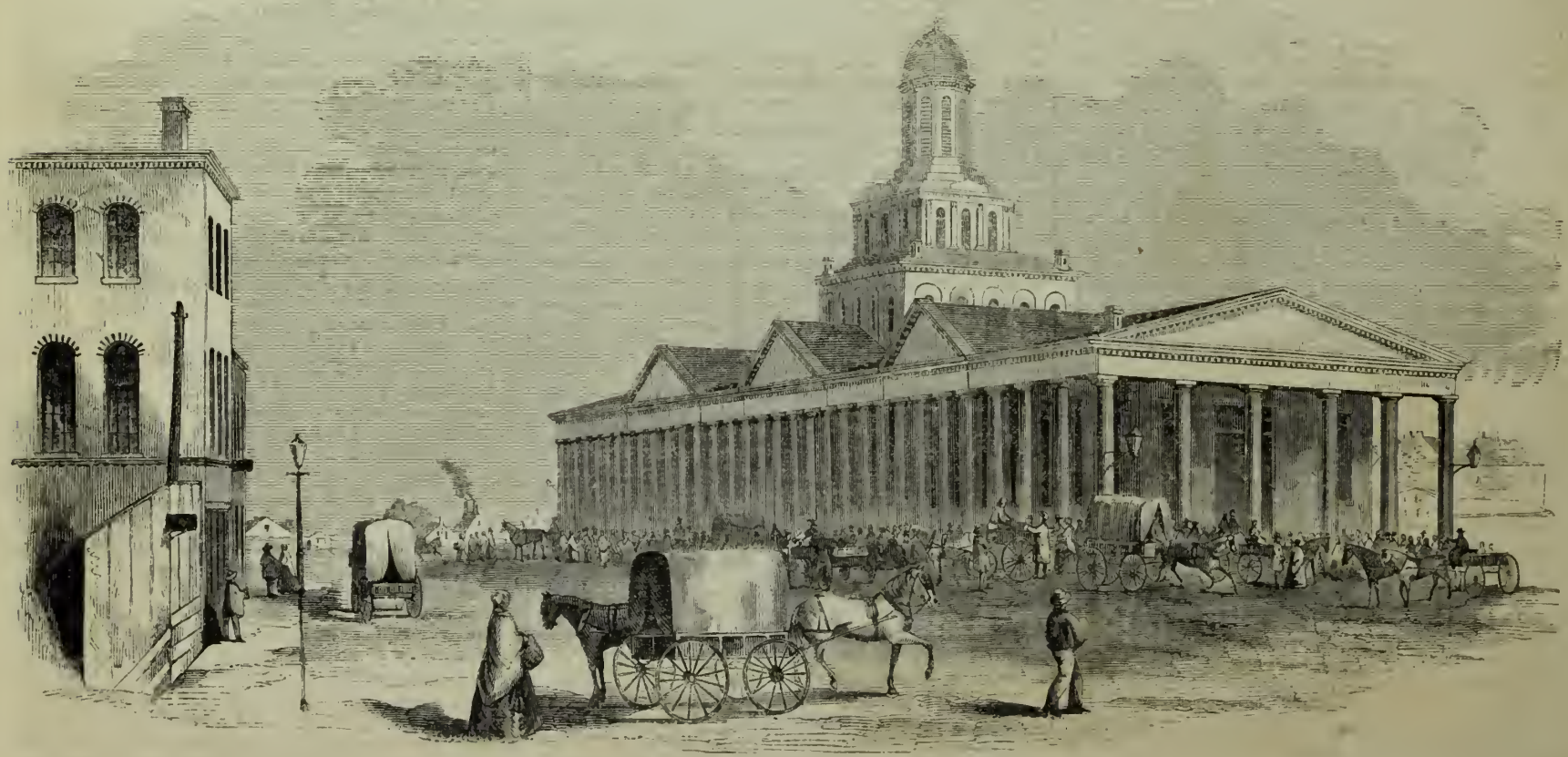
The pencil fell from Nellie's fingers now, and she felt weak and faint; but there were strong arms and a manly breast then and ever after at her service.

The reconciliation between Mr. Leslie and Marion was complete and lasting. Henceforth theirs was a happy home. The same persons were present at the next anniversary of their marriage; but Nellie was now indeed the joyfully welcomed daughter and sister—Nellie Stuart Leslie!

VIEWS OF BUFFALO, NEW YORK.

We present our readers on this and the next page, with a series of pictures drawn expressly for us on the spot by Mr. Kilburn, and representing some of the most striking scenes and buildings in the flourishing city of Buffalo, N. Y. It is a city and port of entry, and the seat of justice for Erie county. Its situation is fine, being at the extremity of Lake Erie, two or three miles south of the commencement of Niagara River. It is 470 miles west of New York, and is situated in nearly the same latitude as Boston. It is planned with great regularity, and for the most part, handsomely built, as our illustrations show. Its surface is somewhat diversified, part of it being quite elevated, and part low and marshy. The lower portion of the city, intersected in its southern part by Buffalo Creek, is chiefly devoted to business, and wears an appearance of great activity and prosperity. At a distance of about two miles from the shore we find ourselves upon an elevated plain, which commands a very extensive view. Buffalo was originally laid out in 1801, by the Holland Company, but it grew slowly till 1812, when it became a military post. In December of the following year it contained 200 houses, all but two of which were burned by the British and Indians. In view of the condition to which the inhabitants were reduced by this destruction of their property, and as a partial compensation therefor, Congress granted them the sum of $80 000. The legislature of the State in 1832 passed an act incorporating it a city. In 1852 it was incorporated with Black Rock by an act of the legislature, which received the popular sanction in 1853, and took effect January 1, 1854. The portion known as Black Rock is about two miles from Buffalo, and here are located numerous flour mills and extensive business establishments. The united city has a mayor and twenty-six aldermen, and is divided into twenty-six wards. An idea of its increase may be formed from the following statistics of the population, gathered from the census. In 1810 it contained 1508 inhabitants; in 1820, 2095; in 1840, 18,213; in 1850, 42,261 and at the present time from 80 to 85,000. It is thus that our cities spring up; contrasting in the rapidity of their growth with the slow progress or absolute stagnation of most of the towns and cities of the old world. Here all is feverish activity—there a quiet which is too often that of decay. This progress is not the result of a forced and artificial stimulus, however—it is based on resources inexhaustible as nature itself; and such are the shrewdness and foresight of our people, that we have very rare instances of "deserted villages," or of towns and cities which have failed to realize the anticipations of their founders. On the contrary, the rise in the value of real estate everywhere has far exceeded the expectations of the original settlers. By it, men in our new cities who only expected to arrive at competency, have suddenly found themselves, in many instances, semi-millionaires. The first impression formed by a visitor to the city is favorable, nor is it dissipated by further acquaintance. It is built, as we remarked above, with great regularity; the streets are broad and straight, and generally intersect each other at right angles—a style, which, if it be not in strict accordance with the picturesque, is certainly necessary to the convenience of a city. Tortuous and narrow streets, with lofty, irregular houses, afford fine points of view to an artist, but are not adapted to the requirements of business and comfort. The first of our series of engravings is a view of the new railroad depot, which is one of the largest in the State, and was built during the past year at an expense of $40,000. It extends four hundred feet along the canal, and has a frontage of one hundred and eight feet on Erie Street. The architecture of this depot is graceful and appropriate. A feature in it is the peculiar curve of the roof, noticeable in the engraving. Just before the departure and arrival of trains, this locality presents a very lively scene. Omnibusses, coaches, carts, pedestrians—are mixed up in seemingly inextricable confusion, but none such really exists, for the arrangements are admirable, and ample room and verge are afforded for the accommodation of all. The market-house is another fine building, accurately depicted in our second engraving. The architecture is partly Grecian, but it is surmounted by a tower and cupola of a different style of architecture. The crowd of carts and wagons, buyers and sellers, in the streets surrounding it, remind us of South Market Street in this city, during the busiest part of the day. This market is admirably supplied with poultry, meat, fish and country produce of all kinds. It is one of the best supplied in the United States. The material of the building is brick. Our third engraving shows the light-house which stands on the end of the pier at Buffalo, a faithful and changeless sentinel. In the foreground of our picture are seen a merchant busy with his work-people among his wares; a schooner lies at the wharf on the left, and more than one steamer is seen on the broad bosom of the lake, cutting their swift way through its waters. Our fourth engraving will give some idea of the style of the private dwelling-houses in the city. It stands not far from the court-house, and is built of light yellow brick. It is owned and occupied by Mr. Sherwood. The style is that of the Italian villa. The trees and shrubbery which surround it are chosen with reference to the architecture, and add effect to its light and graceful character. The last view of the series is the court-house, as seen from the park, in the immediate rear of which it stands. The lofty colonnade in front, and the other architectural ornaments, impart to this building a pleasing effect. Among the other public buildings of the city are a jail, a new city hall, and about forty churches, many of them of recent erection. The Catholic cathedral is a noble structure. St. John's and St. Paul's Episcopal churches are fine buildings, and the North and Central churches are likewise noted for their architectural merit. Indeed, it would seem that Buffalo is taking a leading position among her sister cities of the north in the attention paid to architecture. Buffalo is the seat of a university, chartered in 1846, connected with which is a medical college, both institutions enjoying a high reputation. The Young Men's Association has a fine library of 6000 volumes, which are rapidly increasing by purchase and donation. During the winter season lectures are delivered before this society, and the liberality of the remuneration offered secures the services of the most distinguished lecturers in the country. A large number of Germans are settled in Buffalo, and among this part of the population a society has been organized, with the title of the German Young Men's Association. They have already collected quite a respectable library, consisting chiefly of works in the German language, and bid fair to make great advances in mental culture. These two societies have reading-rooms well supplied with newspapers and periodicals, and the attendance is large. There is a fine female seminary, enjoying an unrivalled location, and having a fund of $50,000. The city is noted for its liberality in the cause of education; her public schools take a high rank, and she enjoys the honor of being the very first in the State to introduce the system of popular education which confers such credit upon New York. Somewhere about fifteen journals are published in the city, established on an excellent basis, and enjoying wide circulation. The press of Buffalo has long been distinguished for its ability and exerts a corresponding influence. Among the benevolent institutions of the city, we may mention the new city hospital, the marine hospital, founded in 1833, the orphan asylum, and the sailors' and boatmen's friend society, an organization which is effecting a great deal of good with a class too often neglected and overlooked. In noticing Black Rock we alluded to the flouring mills. The conversion of wheat into flour is one of the most important branches of industry in the city. In 1853, six mills turned out 215,296 bushels. The manufactures of the place are extensive and rapidly increasing. Engine and boiler manufactories, car works, furnaces, founderies and other large establishments meet the visitor at every step, giving him a high idea of the enterprise, capital and industry of the inhabitants. The commerce of Buffalo is very great, owing to the advantages of its position; the capacious harbor of the city is formed by Buffalo Creek, and is of sufficient depth at one mile from the lake to admit vessels drawing from twelve to fourteen feet of water. In our view of the light-house will be noticed the extremity of the pier or breakwater, a noble structure designed to protect the harbor from storms, and extending fifteen hundred feet from the south side of the mouth of Buffalo Creek. This breakwater confines the channel in such a way, that the sweep of the deep water has nearly obliterated a bar which formerly obstructed the entrance of the harbor. The light-house, to which we again call the attention of the reader, is situated at the extremity of this pier, and is

NIAGARA RAILROAD DEPOT, BUFFALO, NEW YORK.



MARKET HOUSE, BUFFALO, NEW YORK

LIGHT-HOUSE, BUFFALO, NEW YORK.

forty-six feet high, resting on a base of twenty feet diameter. The only inconvenience felt at Buffalo is from the accumulation of ice driven by strong south-westerly winds at the breaking up of winter. The slips and ship canals erected on Buffalo Creek within a few years to meet the growing exigencies of commerce, have cost several hundred thousands of dollars. Among the contrivances which owe their birth to the grain trade, is a system of elevators to facilitate the transhipment of wheat. Ten of these are capable of raising 22,400 bushels an hour, and storing 1,550,000. Among the facilities of the port are a very large dry dock and a marine railway. Buffalo contains twelve banks, with an aggregate capital of about a million and a half, two savings banks and more than forty insurance companies. The assessed value of real estate in Buffalo is $20,063,045. A corporation with a capital of $400,000 supplies the city with excellent water from Niagara River. The city is lighted with gas. Strangers visiting Buffalo will find excellent accommodations at the hotels; the leading ones being the American, the Mansion House, the Clarendon and the Western Hotel. In Lippincott's Pronouncing Gazetteer, recently published, a most excellent and reliable work, we find the following statistics of the commerce of Buffalo. "Its position is such as to render it a great entrepot, through which much of the commerce between the East and West must pass. The first impulse was given to it by the completion of the Erie Canal in 1824. Since then, lines of railway have been constructed, opening communication with nearly every section of New York, with the great cities on the Atlantic coast, with Canada and the fertile valleys of the Ohio and Mississippi. These improvements, with her advantages for navigating the great inland waters, have secured to Buffalo the first rank among the great commercial cities on the northwestern lakes. Numerous railroads are also in the course of construction, among which may be mentioned the Buffalo, Brantford and Goderich, completed January 13, 1854, to within five miles of its junction with the Great Western Railway at Paris, the latter road having been opened January 16, 1854, from the Canada side of the suspension bridge, opposite Detroit, a distance of 229 miles; the Buffalo, Corning and New York Railroad, in operation from Corning to Batavia, with the remainder of the route graded; and the Buffalo and Pittsburg Railroad, which will communicate with the coal region of Pennsylvania. The enlargement of the Erie Canal, now determined by the legislature, when effected, will add greatly to the commercial facilities of Buffalo. During the year 1853, there were built at this port, five steamers, seventeen propellers and seven schooners, with an aggregate burthen of 11,506 tons. From 1200 to 1500 mechanics are constantly employed at the various shipyards on the creek. In 1853, the number of American and foreign vessels entered at this port was 4106, with an aggregate of 1,632,074 tons; clearances, 4192 vessels, with an aggregate of 1,620,701 tons. The total value of merchandize received by the lake at Buffalo, in 1853, was $36,881,230. In addition to the above, $2,234,273 worth of goods were brought by the State Line Railroad, making the total value of all the imports received at Buffalo from the West in 1853, $39,115,503, being an increase from 1852 of more than $4,000,000. The value of imports from Canada the same year were $392,719 and by canal $64,612,102. The value of exports from Buffalo by canal in 1853, was $22,652,408, and from the District of Buffalo Creek to Canada $992,406. The duties collected at this port amounted in 1843, to $4546; in 1846, $12,389; in 1849, $46,939; in 1851, $92,357; 1852, $69,623: and in 1853, to $84,943. The shipping enrolled and licensed in the district of Buffalo Creek, June 30, 1854, amounted to a total aggregate of 82,679 tons. The total imports by lake, railway and canal, amounted, in 1853, to the sum of $125,000,000." These figures will convey an accurate idea of the flourishing condition of the city. As we have remarked, much of this prosperity is attributable to the favorable location of the city, but much must be credited also to the energy, intelligence, foresight and untiring industry of the inhabitants, who are fair representatives of the race to which they belong. It is unphilosophical to attribute the prosperity of any place to nature alone; for we behold, in surveying the globe, numberless localities which Providence has eminently favored in physical advantages, but which, from the neglect, indolence or vice of their population, make no figure in the annals of civilization. It is the characteristic of the Anglo-Saxon race, and of that type of it found on this shore of the Atlantic, to improve to the uttermost the bounties of nature, and make every resource tend to one great end. Untiring industry is certainly the characteristic of American settlers; restless inactivity marks every period of their existence from the cradle to the grave. It may be that this is carried to excess; it may be that we make too much of a work-day world of this sphere of our existence; but when we look around us and behold what this spirit has accomplished, what vast fields it has thrown open to civilization, what enduring monuments of utility it has reared, the disposition to criticize is checked, and admiration takes the place of it. The generations that follow in our footsteps will have an easier mission to fulfil. They will have far less of hard toil, far less of the constructive process to perform. To them, the work of refinement will be assigned. It will be theirs to add to the toil-wrought shaft which sustains, the Corinthian capital that adorns the social structure. For after this age, the age of toil, will come that of the arts—of poetry, of romance, of painting, sculpture and music—glories whose coming has already been heralded by many glorious rays now streaming forth upon the present hour. As we have elsewhere remarked, and it has also been noted by candid travellers, what we have already accomplished in the fine arts, is wonderful, considering the circumstances under which these efforts have been achieved in our present situation.

RESIDENCE OF B. M. SHERWOOD, BUFFALO, N. Y.

COURT HOUSE, BUFFALO, NEW YORK.

REVOLUTIONARY REMINISCENCES.

Eleazer Johnson, having been born in 1718, and living to 1794, was in the prime of life when English oppressions of the colonies commenced, and his sons were old enough to be participators in the revolutionary struggle. The ship carpenters were among the most active of the patriots, and Eleazer Johnson was one of their leaders. Indeed, the ship-yards were the hot-beds of the revolution, and we are not certain that the first aggressive acts against the authorities were not there conceived, and by those men put into execution. It was the fact that Rev. Mr. Parsons's society was principally composed of them, that made him among the most active of that time, in defence of liberty; so that, at a meeting of ladies at his house, he furnished what was then called "liberty tea," and at the close of one of his sermons, called for volunteers to step forward in the church, for the formation of a military company. The same year they built the powder-house, 1774, the town voted that the bill granting "an excise on distilled spirits was an infringement on the natural rights of Englishmen." For this vote all the carpenters of the town held up their hands. They used to know then when eleven and four o'clock came in the yards. Next after came the stamp oppression; and here again they were united; and from those ship-yards, more than elsewhere, came the processions that marched about town with fife and drum, calling upon every man to answer to the question—"Stamp or no stamp?" If he replied "stamp," they knocked him down, hissed him, or otherwise showed their displeasure; if "no stamp," the answer was "fall in"—join us—no neutrals were allowed. Eleazer Johnson was in the head ranks of this semi-rebellion. Next came the tea difficulty, and all have heard what was done by the "Mohawks" of Boston with the tea at that port; but as yet none of our historians have given the fact that, before Boston acted in the disguise of Indians, the ship carpenters of Newburyport publicly and openly burned the tea in Market Square. How this well authenticated fact escaped them, that the first defiant resistance to the tea imposition in this country was in Newburyport, we cannot tell. But twice was this resistance made; once by burning it in Federal Street, and again in the market. The tea was stored in the powder-house for safe keeping. Eleazer Johnson, standing one day upon the timber of his yard, called his men about him, and after a few patriotic words, gave the order—"All who are ready to join, knock your adzes from their handles, shoulder the handles and follow me." Every adze in the yard was knocked off, and that stout, athletic man, who would have marched through a regiment of "red coats," had they then stood in his way, taking his broad-axe as an emblem of leadership and for use, marched at the head of the company to the powder-house. There that well-tried axe opened a way through the door, and each man shouldering his chest of tea, again fell into line. They marched direct to the market, and then in single file around the old meeting-house, where the pump now is, when Johnson's axe opened his chest, and box and tea were on the ground together. Each man, as he came up, did the same, when, with his own hand, Johnson lighted the pile and burned it to ashes; and on that spot, without disguise, the ship carpenters of Newburyport destroyed the first tea that was destroyed in America.—*Newburyport Herald.*

THE REAL INVENTOR OF THE STEAMBOAT.

From advance sheets of Lloyd's forthcoming Steamboat Directory, we see that he gives the credit of the invention of the steamboat to John Fitch, and not to Robert Fulton. He produces good authority to sustain him in his assertions, and the friends of Fitch will no doubt be glad to find justice will be done in this work. It appears that John Fitch invented and made a successful trial trip with his steamboat at Philadelphia, in 1786, which averaged nearly eight miles an hour, and that afterwards, while he was in Paris, trying to obtain aid from the French government to further his objects, he met Robert Fulton, who was there with his submarine battery for blowing up ships; and Fulton, by pretending to take great interest in John Fitch, obtained plans and drawings of his steamboat by giving him some milk and water letters to various persons. Poor Fitch remained in Europe some time, trying to get capitalists to advance him funds to prosecute his great invention, but without success. They called him crazy, little dreaming of the prize they were losing. Meantime, Robert Fulton returned to New York, and obtaining funds from Chancellor Livingston, built the steamer "Clermont," on the North River, in 1806, using on her one of Watt's improved steam engines ordered from England. This was fully twenty years after John Fitch had demonstrated the practicability of stemming the mighty Mississippi with the steamboat. In 1811, Robert Fulton and Livingston claimed the exclusive privilege of navigating the Ohio and Mississippi by steam. Several boats were thus tied up, but at the great trial in New York, it was satisfactorily and conclusively proved that Robert Fulton was not the inventor of the steamboat, but to John Fitch belonged the high honor of first moving in this wonderful discovery.—*Cincinnati Times.*

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE SLEEPING INFANT.

BY BLANCHE D'ARTOISE.

A wail floats forth from noble halls—
Grief rides upon the gale—
Grim Death hath stalked within the walls—
The inmates shudder pale.

Why floats the wail from noble halls?
An infant sleeping lies—
Ah, what is there that so appals?
Sweet dreams have sealed those eyes.

Why floats the wail from noble halls?
Why bears the breeze a sigh?
Lo, angels whispering round it call:
"Young spirit, mount the sky

"Thou art not doomed on earth to stay,
Too sinless thou and fair—
Thou'rt destined to entice away
From earth the loved ones here.

"Come, spirit—nestling—mount the sky!
One brief and fleeting ray,
Ere thou shalt meet them all on high,
In realms of endless day.

"A shining cherub waits for thee—
Nestling! no longer stay!
Borne on our pinions, thou shalt see
The light of perfect day."

The wail is hushed in noble halls—
For, spirit music borne
Upon the breeze, in accents falls,
"Ye have no cause to mourn."

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

MEETING UNEXPECTEDLY.

BY MRS. CAROLINE ORNE.

About twenty years since, while journeying on horseback in a retired part of New England, being overtaken by a sudden and violent shower, I sought shelter in the first house I came to, which fortunately was at no great distance. The owner's name was Blakeley, who had already hastened from the field to avoid the shower, and was seated with his wife and a number of children in an ample kitchen. The children, with their round faces and plump, rosy cheeks, looked particularly healthy, with one exception. This was a little pale, sickly-looking thing, not larger than a girl of five, though, judging by her old-looking face, she might have been ten or eleven. She was the most melancholy, forlorn-looking child I ever beheld. She sat apart from the other children, occasionally casting timid glances towards them, as if she realized her loneliness, and longed, yet feared, to seek their companionship. She was dressed in rusty black, and her hands were so small and poor, that they seemed like bird's claws compared with the rosy, chubby hands of the others.

"I see that little Ellen draws your attention," said Mrs. Blakeley, addressing me.

"She cannot be the sister of the other children," said I.

"No, she's not in the least related to them. She has no near relations except an uncle, and he refuses to do anything for her, although he has no family of his own, and is well to do in the world."

"She is an orphan, then?"

"Yes; her mother died about a week ago. She had been a widow more than three years, and maintained herself and her little girl by her own industry. She had even laid by a little for a wet day, but she was sick a long time, and it took the whole to pay the doctor's bill and other expenses. Since she died the child has been here, and were we able, we should be glad to keep her; but we've a large family of our own to provide for, and it will be a long time before she can earn her own living, if she ever gets able to, for she's a poor, puny little thing as ever was. Mr. Blakeley would be as willing for her to stay as I should, if we had the means to maintain her."

"Yes, indeed, that's what I should," said Mr. Blakeley; "and I sometimes think we may as well let her stay at a venture."

"Do you know of any place where she can go?" I asked.

"None, except the almshouse," was his reply. "It is four miles from here, and I suppose I must take her over in the morning. There's no use in delaying it."

I shall never forget the way in which the child fixed her large, dark eyes on Mr. Blakeley's face as he answered my question. There was in them a mournful, deprecating look, mingled with dread, which showed me, even more than the heart-throbs, so wild and hurried as to flutter the rusty cape that edged the bosom of her dress, the vague, yet overwhelming fears with which she was haunted at the idea of going to the almshouse.

"My little girl," said I, approaching her and taking her thin, pale hands in mine, "you don't wish to go to the almshouse, do you?"

She bent her head so that her face rested on my hands, and said, in a broken voice, "I don't want to go away and leave mother."

"But you have no mother now, my child."

"Yes, sir, I have. She's asleep in the corner of the graveyard beneath the great elm, where the violets grow. Every pleasant day I go and sit by her. She doesn't speak to me, but she knows I am there."

"She mustn't be carried to the almshouse," said I.

"Well, it is hard to be obliged to go, when she dreads it so," said Mr. Blakeley.

"Would you and Mrs. Blakeley be willing to keep her for a reasonable consideration?" I inquired.

They would be glad to keep her, was the answer of both.

"Then she shall remain with you," said I.

An arrangement satisfactory to all parties concerned (to none more so than to little Ellen) was soon made. I was going to start for the West in a few weeks, where I intended to remain six or seven years (perhaps a dozen), for I did not mean to return till I could call myself a rich man. I had a little bank stock, which, as it paid a good percentage, I did not care to sell, and this was what was to go for the support of Ellen.

Instead of six or seven, I remained fifteen years at the West. For the last half of the time my business had obliged me to go from place to place, and I became very negligent about writing to Mr. Blakeley, or to Ellen. If Ellen wrote to me, as I had not much doubt that she did, I never received her letters; and when, one day about dark, I arrived at a small hamlet in New England, about forty miles from where I left her in the family of Mr. Blakeley, I had not heard from her for two years. I feared that she was not living, for since my arrival in New England, I had found that the interest on my bank stock had for two years remained undrawn. I was informed by one of the officers of the institution, that Mr. Blakeley called at that time, and said that the money would not be needed any longer, and that he remarked at the same time, that he had written to let me know.

I regretted that I was unable to reach Mr. Blakeley's that night, for, as the next day was Sunday, there would be no public conveyance. I had some thoughts of hiring a private vehicle to convey me thither, but finally gave it up, and concluded to wait till Monday morning. This I did the more willingly from being told by Mr. Blandford, the landlord's son, that if I had a taste for fine singing, I should, if I attended church, have an opportunity to gratify it, their principal singer having the sweetest voice he ever heard, though he had been present at the performances of those who were accounted the most celebrated vocalists of the day.

After I retired to my room (one of the best in the little secluded inn), I sat down at an open window. I had never before so fully realized how full of melancholy beauty is a calm summer night. I had been where nature was on a grander scale, but I was conscious of a quiet, home feeling, never experienced there, as my eye rested on the modest spire of the meeting-house, which, silvered by the beams of a full moon, rose above the dark foliage of the surrounding trees, and still more so when I caught a gleam of light from the window of some old brown farm-houses, few of which I had seen during my absence.

The morning rose bright and unclouded. Though there never could have been much bustle in so secluded a place, I recognized the quiet aspect and the hush peculiar to a New England Sabbath in the country. The difference between it and a week day, singularly enough, has always appeared to me more marked than in the city.

I was told that many who attended divine service at the meeting-house near by, lived on what was called the back road, and as there were no cross-roads, they would be obliged to walk miles, did they not avail themselves of the footpaths which wound through the fields and pastures. Many of these, as I could see from my window, were well-beaten. In some places they would sweep round the base of a hill, or dip into a grassy hollow, and then perhaps follow the easy windings of a brook that laughed and sparkled among the pebbles, or chafed itself into slender wreaths of foam against some rock which impeded its course. Some lost themselves in the dim old woods, which formed a majestic background to many a rustic cottage, that had an indescribable look of peace, as it reposed in the long, cool shadows of morning.

At an early hour, youths and maidens began to emerge from some lowly dwelling on the back road, as could be seen here and there through a natural vista in the woods, or an opening among the hills, and striking into one of the paths, bend their steps towards the place of worship. The demeanor of all, in accordance with the sacredness of the day, was decorous and composed. Even the children, clad in garments neat, and often exhibiting marks of taste, seemed to realize the propriety of subduing the natural exuberance of their spirits.

Few things could look lovelier, or more picturesque, than a group of fair young girls emerging from a wood-path, their white dresses, and the ribbons, mostly pale blue, or rose color, which decorated their simple straw hats, waving in the breeze, and all thrown into bright relief by the vivid green, through which they wound their way. Occasionally, there were bars to let down, or a stone wall to climb. These, especially the latter, gave the young men, who were always hovering near, an opportunity to display their gallantry; and as they helped their fair neighbors over, the clasp of hands was sometimes more lingering than necessary—the first manifestation, it might be, of love long treasured. Any one could have told that the handsome young man in the well fitting blue coat and neatly made boots, had neither heart nor eye for any other girl, except her in the dress of soft white muslin, and a silken scarf playing with the breeze, which she undoubtedly very well knew.

When the bell commenced ringing, young Blandford looked into the room to see if I was ready to go. It was not a solemn, deep-toned bell, such as is often heard in cities, but its notes were of a clear, silvery sweetness, which were in fine keeping with those rural sounds, which so pleasantly break the silence of even the deepest solitudes. There were no paved nor gravelled sidewalks, but, as in the fields, a smoothly-beaten path, winding in and out, to avoid any inequality of the ground, or some gray, moss-covered rock, half imbedded in the soil. On either side, a broad margin of velvet green, starred with tiny wild-flowers, while a tuft of red clover heads, or of golden buttercups, had here and there sought safety beneath the shelter of the stone wall, afforded a pleasant relief to the eye. Just before we reached a pretty cottage, in front of which was a small green lawn, shaded with some fine trees, and adorned with flowering shrubs, a gentleman and lady came out at the front door.

"That gentleman," said young Blandford, "is Mr. Winthrop, our minister. The lady with him is his wife, and the fine singer I spoke to you about. Some think that it is not exactly proper for a minister's wife to sit in the singing seats, but I for one am certain that her beautiful voice, and the way she has of singing the hymns, which makes them seem sweeter and solemner, and fuller of meaning than they ever did before, does me full as much good as the preaching."

I noticed that her figure was slight, and that she looked very graceful in her simple dress.

The service commenced with prayer, and then the pastor read a hymn. It was the old hymn, familiar to me as household words, commencing with the lines

"Welcome sweet day of rest,
That saw the Lord arise!"

I had heard it sung many times—had often sung it myself to the tune of "Little Marlborough," the same selected on the present occasion—but both words and music appeared to my sympathies in a way they had never done before. The singers were not hidden behind a curtain (curtains then were not thought of in country churches for such a purpose), and it appeared to me, as I earnestly regarded the unpretending vocalist, whose voice, soft and mellow as flute-notes, though possessing a power far more earnest and thrilling, that I had somewhere seen those large dark eyes, which, slightly raised, looked as if her thoughts were carried back to the event alluded to in the opening lines of the hymn. I did not wonder that young Blandford thought that she had a way of singing the hymns, which made them appear sweet, solemn, and full of meaning.

"Can you tell me what Mrs. Winthrop's name was before she was married?" I inquired of Blandford, after we had left the meeting-house.

"Yes, it was Ellen Hilton."

"Is it possible?" I exclaimed.

"That was her name."

"The very person I was in pursuit of. How long has she been married?"

"About two years."

I attended the afternoon service, and half an hour before sunset, I knocked at the door of the pleasant cottage, the residence of the minister. A girl came to the door, to whom I handed a card, on which was written my name, Joseph Arnott, which I requested her to give to Mrs. Winthrop. In less than a minute, she stood before me. Her face was radiant with smiles, yet tears were in her eyes, as she gave me her hand, called me by name, and in a voice, broken by emotion, said something about my being her benefactor. I was soon seated in the parlor, conversing as familiarly with her and Mr. Winthrop, as if I had been one of the family. The incident was adverted to, of my calling at Mr. Blakey's to obtain shelter from the shower.

"It was fortunate for Ellen that you called, and subsequently proved so to me," said Mr. Winthrop, "as otherwise, we should probably never have met. Like many other young men, I was obliged to teach school to obtain the means of defraying my college expenses. The last one I ever taught was in the district where Mr. Blakeley lived, and Ellen was one of my scholars. Four years afterward, about the time I accepted the invitation of the society in this place to become its pastor, I unexpectedly fell heir to what placed me above want. But this did not make me renounce the profession I had chosen. I was pleased with the beauty and seclusion of the place, and did not, on account of my improved worldly prospects, seek to cancel my engagement, though prosperity brought with it the offer of more than one situation more popular and lucrative. There are always duties for a pastor's wife, as well as the pastor. I knew enough of Ellen's character and disposition to feel confident that she possessed those virtues and peculiar traits, which would enable her to discharge them faithfully, and in all humility. That I succeeded in persuading her to assume them, you would have known long ago, had you received the letter written jointly by her and me, a few days after our marriage. We have a happy home, as you will know if you will consent to remain with us."

"I am already convinced that you have," I replied; but business obliges me to go back to the West, in the course of a few weeks, and when I again return, I hope to have a home of my own."

Previous to my departure, in company with Mr. Winthrop and Ellen, I spent a day at Mr. Blakeley's, and was gratified to find that he had become a thriving farmer. This, however, did not prevent me from purchasing a fine piece of woodland, the deed of which I sent him the day I started for the West; for though he and Mrs. Blakeley said they had been more than paid for their care of Ellen, I felt that they had conferred on me an obligation, by the kind and judicious manner in which they fulfilled their trust.

FEMALE EDUCATION.

Keep as much as possible in the grand and common road of life; patent educations or habits seldom succeed. Depend upon it, men set more value on the cultivated minds than on the accomplishments of women, which they are rarely able to appreciate. It is a common error, but it is an error, that literature unfits women for the everyday business of life. It is not so with men. You see those of the most cultivated minds constantly devoting their time and attention to the most homely objects. Literature gives women a real and proper weight in society, but then they must use it with discretion; if the stocking is *blue*, the petticoat must be *long*, as my friend Jeffrey says; the want of this has furnished food for ridicule in all ages.—*Sydney Smith.*

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

JUST OVER THE BAY.

BY JOHN THORNBERRY.

A GREAT many men get over the bay, in their lives. The voyage is more common than people generally are inclined to imagine. Some, we know, are moved with a more vaulting ambition, and think it hardly worth their pains unless they can send their ships round to San Francisco, or by the other road round to Calcutta; but these are few indeed, in comparison with that vast multitude, a countless host almost, who are in the habit of statedly weighing anchor for a short trip "just over the bay."

But let me not anticipate our story. Before we come to that part of it which particularly relates to harbor navigation, there is a little preliminary to be attended to, in reference to the character—or habits, of our mutual friend Frosty.

Mr. Andrew Frosty chanced to reside in one of a long, straight, smooth row of houses, no one of which bore any special mark on its front by which it could be distinguished from another. Such a block of buildings it would be a very hard matter to find anywhere else in the world so even; so like; all with granite steps; all with projecting stoops, or porches; every one as like every one as it could possibly be.

Tack on another item. Mr. Frosty was as jealous a man of his wife as any husband need be. He was *terribly* jealous—and that is quite enough for the happiness—or comfort of *any* family. Now we think it an awful thing for a man to be jealous of his wife at all; if he have reason for it, it most certainly is; and if without cause, then it is vastly more so. When either man or wife falls into such a wretched habit as that, they may as well draw their cotton caps over their eyes, and say good-night to the world. Living is no sort of an object to them.

But whether Mr. Frosty had any *reason* to be jealous of his wife, is what we are not going to settle. And yet we never *thought* he could have, for a kinder, gentler, sweeter, more amiable and devoted wife than she made him, it would be difficult to put your finger upon anywhere in the house or the street. But Mrs. Frosty was young; and had a great deal of beauty, too; and was remarkably attractive in her manners. It would not be at all strange if these were reasons sufficient to excite Mr. Frosty against her, though, if they were, he ought to have been heartily ashamed of himself, and gone and got a plainer wife to begin with.

Not many doors off, in the same block of undistinguishable dwellings, lived Col. Sawyer. Now the colonel rather prided himself on being esteemed a gentleman. Without assuming to be what is popularly termed a "ladies' man," he nevertheless was extremely particular in his carriage towards them, aiming always to impress them with a sense of his perfect purity, and chivalry, and truth. No one in the neighborhood—or in the wide world, either, that I know of—ever suspected him of being capable of insulting any one—least of all, a *lady*. Mothers along the street ever held him up before the eyes of their sprouting sons, as an example of the lofty, and the true. And fathers spoke of him now and then to their eldest daughters, and hoped that if they ever thought of marriage,—and it is just possible that some of them did,—they would be satisfied with nothing less than a character like him. This certainly would seem to be praise enough.

Coming home musingly and with his head down, one evening, the colonel thought no such accident was possible as that he should mistake his own house, especially as he had been in and out that way so many times. Perhaps the very fact that he felt such a confidence, was the greater reason why he should make a mistake at all. But as he was very much occupied with a new commercial project that was just then on the carpet, he abandoned himself entirely to what he knew of the way home, and thought of course he should reach that pleasant spot all in proper time.

The consequence was, on this particular occasion, at least, that he slipped himself quietly in through *Mr. Frosty's* front door, hung up his hat and coat in the hall, and started for the dining-room. As all the houses in the block were so much alike on the outside, their internal arrangements were pretty much after the same fashion likewise. So that the hall of Mr. Frosty seemed exactly like his own hall; and the dining-room door opened just where his own did.

The instant he opened the door, however, he began to awaken to his error. The table was spread in the middle of the floor, and the pretty Mrs. Frosty sat near the grate, just glancing over the evening paper.

"Ah!" exclaimed he, bowing and scraping confusedly; "I beg pardon! Really, Mrs. Frosty, I beg pardon!"

In a moment the astonished lady was on her feet, her face flushed with the natural excitement of so unlooked-for a visit. She knew not what to say.

"This is a ludicrous mistake, I declare, Mrs. Frosty," said the colonel. "Here I am, invading and taking possession of your house, when I thought I was safe and snug in my own! Ha—ha—ha! All this comes of these houses wearing such similar faces. But it's the *first* mistake of the kind I ever made, and I trust you'll excuse it!"

Mrs. Frosty comprehended it instantly, and began a good laugh over his innocent adventure. "If I should ever happen to get caught so *myself!*" said she; and the thought of the consequences made her put her white hand before her face, that she might have her laugh out unseen.

"We're always grateful for a call from you, Colonel Sawyer," added Mrs. Frosty. "Now you are here, and supper will soon be on the table, why wont you stop and sit down with us? My husband will be in soon. I am expecting him every minute."

The colonel began to thank her for her polite invitation, and to excuse himself by reason of urgent engagements for the evening, and even while he was thus occupied, the outer door opened, and in came the veritable proprietor, Mr. Frosty himself.

"There!" exclaimed his wife, "my husband is coming now! You'll not be detained any longer than you would at home. Come, I think you'd better stop with us."

Along came Mr. Frosty through the hall, looking cross and sour enough. His face would have turned sweet milk in a twinkling. The instant he caught the sound of a male voice in the dining-room, his old suspicions began to flame up again. And as soon as he could creep along as far as the door, in his stealthy way, and look in through the crevice and see who was there, his rage burst all bounds, and made him a momentary madman. Mr. Sawyer and his wife were in the room *alone!* That was enough!

"Now what does this mean, sir?" shouted the enraged husband, dashing up before the thunder-struck colonel. "This is just what I've been expecting for a long time! I *knew* there was some deviltry like this afoot! What are you here for, sir? What are you doing in my house? Tell me, sir!—or march yourself out quicker than you came in!"

The colonel had got over his astonishment enough to commence a calm explanation, when Mrs. Frosty, bursting into tears, threw herself before her angry husband, and implored him to be silent; for it was only a trifling mistake, and Colonel Sawyer would immediately explain it all. But the enraged man would hear to nothing. "Leave the room!" he ordered his wife. "I'll hear nothing from you! I've had disgrace enough brought on me already! Leave the room!" And mortified and in tears, she passed out to brood over her misery and mortification alone.

Colonel Sawyer essayed to begin; though it was exceedingly hard work, and he could accomplish nothing but with almost superhuman effort. "I mistook the house, sir; that is all," said he. "My intentions were perfectly honorable, and *out* of this house, sir, you shall not call them in question without being held personally responsible. I am quite ready to leave the place, I assure you." And he began to do so.

"All that is very well to *say*," replied the jealous husband. "I should advise you for the future, however, to be a little careful before you go into other persons' houses, and see if your own number extends the whole length of the street!"

Col. Sawyer withdrew, resolved to have no further words with such a creature. He saw that he was beside himself with jealousy, and he knew that language would be wasted on him.

Perhaps it was a couple of months after this, that a party of gentlemen lingered rather late about the tap of our friend Kegg, in his snug little back room, and forgot that it was fairly four o'clock in the afternoon, until they found it had long ago struck *six*. They were all jolly fellows, and had been making a pleasant little bit of an excursion "just over the bay." Their eyes were flashing, and their cheeks were getting rosy. The trip must have put them in the best of spirits; or, rather, the best of spirits in them.

Among them was Mr. Andrew Frosty. If there was any one of them very *particularly* "mellow," it is but fair to say it was Frosty. He had evidently improved his opportunities during the voyage.

Going out into the bracing air after such a long confinement in the little back room, Mr. Frosty began to feel the effects of his excursion very sensibly. By hook and by crook he finally sailed round to the street on which his domicil stood, pushed along till he thought he had got about where he *ought* to live, and went up the steps. After laying off his coat and hat in the hall, he stepped along to the door of the dining-room, and opened it. Who should suddenly appear to him as he looked around the room, but Col. Sawyer and his wife! Frosty rubbed his eyes, stammered, made a half bow, felt wholly lost, and finally gave it up. "I d'clare!" he exclaimed, looking blanker than the wall, "I've *mistaken the house!*"

"O no, my dear sir," said Col. Sawyer, immediately rising and going over to him, "you have done no such thing; you know you haven't! You have only stolen in here *to bring disgrace* upon my family! I've been suspecting this for a long time! And now, sir, I'll just walk out myself with you, and be at the trouble of finding your own house for you."

And upon this, the colonel put on his coat and hat, and insisted on accompanying the discomfited Mr. Frosty home. Not a syllable of explanation would he listen to. "O, no, no!" he would say, whenever Frosty began to apologize, "I understand it all well enough. I see how it is. It's all very well to *say* you've lost the way into my house; but I should for the future advise you, before going into other persons' houses, to just look and see if your own number runs the length of the street!"

Just the language Frosty had before used to him, and just what sealed his lips. Frosty was floored completely. But that was not the best of it. The colonel insisted on going home with him, and going in; and he offered his services in such a pleasant yet persistent way, that Frosty could not have shaken him off, even if he was not himself rendered submissive by reason of his own mortification. And the colonel, therefore, went in and told Mrs. Frosty about it; which so thoroughly pleased that amiable lady, that, in view of previous circumstances, she set up a resistless laugh in the face of her humbled lord, in the midst of which his very polite escort took occasion to withdraw.

But Frosty was thoroughly cured, by the means, of his jealousy; for which his gentle spouse did not forget to be duly thankful. He saw and admitted that it was quite possible for a respectable man to mistake even the number of his own door—especially in the existence of two separate contingencies:—first, when the houses in the same row were all as nearly alike to appearance as a pod full of peas; and secondly, when a man is on his evening return from a trip "just over the bay!"

AN OPERA MANAGER.

What the trials and tribulations, the successes and reverses of a New York opera manager are, the public will soon learn by a saucy, slashing book from the pen of the renowned Max Maretzek, under the quaint title of "Crotchets and Quavers," from the press of S. French, 121 Nassau Street, New York. We give a taste of Max's quality from the proof sheets:

ART CRITICISM.

Correct judgments upon art are generally given in the Albion and Weekly Dispatch, but in some of the other scores upon scores of papers published in New York, you may occasionally discover that "'Lucrezia Borgia' is a sparkling comic opera, written by Rossini," that "the 'Barber of Seville' is the best thing Verdi has ever given to the musical public," or, that "the ladies of the chorus in 'Rigoletto' (which contains no female chorus) were dreadfully out of tune." Perhaps you will be informed, "that the magnificent *contralto* notes of Jenny Lind constituted the secret of her triumph," or, that "the *Ut de poitrine* of Benedetti rivals, in its power, that of the huge Lablache." Only figure to yourself, my good friend, the despair of that Titan of all *bassi*, past, present and to come, should he ever conceive that there are musical critics actually in existence, who believe in his physical possession of a mythical *Ut de poitrine*.

BENEDETTI.

Benedetti had a manly and robust figure. Indomitable, energetic, quarrelsome as a gentleman who has recently come from the south of Ireland, conceited with the inevitable self approval of a first *tenor*, and cunning as either a monk or a weasel, he possessed a strong voice. Its degree of cultivation was extremely mediocre. Did he chance to sing a false note, or commit an error in intonation, he would look daggers at some unoffending member of the orchestra, or, if the humor seized him, publicly rebuke an innocent member of the chorus, for the purpose of inducing the public to believe that one or the other had dragged him into a false key. Whenever he could not keep time, he had the trick of beginning to beat it himself, although he literally never knew the difference between a six-eight and a two-four movement. This was for the purpose of showing the audience that the fault, supposing they discerned it, lay with the conductor. You may imagine that such a vocalist was an almost priceless *tenor*. Yet he, for so Mr. Fry had told me, was a favorite with the public.

THE FASHIONABLE LADY.

The *femme comme il faut*, in New York, lacks the physical consistency and solidity, as well as the artlessness of Albion's daughters. In revenge, however, for this, she exhibits all the ease and grace, while she possesses all the consummate taste and elegance of the Parisian dame from the Faubourgs St. Germain, or St. Honoré. Artificially instructed, it has occasionally appeared to me that her ignorance is real. Full of elevated sentiments, she too often sacrifices them to the claims of etiquette and worldly formality. Rather infatuated in favor of an artist or an author, than enthusiastic in her love either of art or literature—imprudent in the first place, afterwards reflecting—she is deliciously coquettish at all times and in all places. In a word, the American lady has a young heart when she has attained the ripe age of forty, but carries an old head upon young shoulders when she yet counts no more than sixteen years upon them. Capable of the greatest sacrifices, nay! of heroism for the man she has honored with her love, she is unable to speak well of another woman. Her life is an admirable concentration of passions, virtues, ambitions, jealousies, loves, mysteries, flirtations, hates, disappointments and pleasures. These produce a sort of poetic confusion in her own conscience, and render her, not only a problem to others, but an enigma even to herself. After years of internal struggles, therefore, worn out by the doubt which has proved itself unable to afford her a solution for the intricated and Gordian-like riddle of her own existence, in nine cases out of ten she becomes religious, and in the tenth instance sinks into literature. Whichever it may be, from that moment she exhibits an open contempt, and feels a secret dislike for the younger being, who is then doing what she was wont to do, in her own person.

NOTICES OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE AGE OF FABLE: or, *Stories of Gods and Goddesses*. By THOMAS BULFINCH. Boston: Sanborn, Carter & Bazin. 1855. 12mo pp. 485.

In the handsome illustrated volume before us, the author has made a successful effort to popularize the heathen mythology, treating it in its connection with literature. A knowledge of the contents of this volume is absolutely necessary to the student of English literature, explaining, as it does, those frequent allusions to mythological subjects scattered throughout the works of standard writers. All oratory is also more or less tinctured with these allusions, and mythological subjects are frequently selected by artists. Mr. Bulfinch writes gracefully and agreeably, and his book cannot fail to be attractive as well as useful.

KATE STANTON. A Page from Real Life. Boston: James French & Co. 1855. 12mo. pp. 332.

A capital story, full of interest, excitement and character, which cannot be laid down by the reader after he has once commenced its perusal. Who is the author?

KLOSTERHEIM: or, *The Masque*. By THOMAS DE QUINCEY. Boston: Whittemore, Niles & Hall. 1855. 18mo. pp. 258.

A romance by De Quincey is indeed a literary treat. We shall not attempt to forestall the pleasure of the reader by an analysis, and will only say that the scene lies in Suabia and Bavaria during the memorable thirty years' war, that no work of the author is more masterly in diction. Dr. Shelton McKenzie, the editor, has prefaced it by an admirable biographical sketch of the English opium-eater, for which all his admirers will cordially thank him.

SCENES IN THE PRACTICE OF A NEW YORK PHYSICIAN. New York: Dewitt & Davenport. 1855. 12mo. pp. 407.

Every noted physician's life is full of romance, but few have the leisure and ability to write their interesting experiences in full. Dr. Dixon has done this, and made a most readable book, to which Darley has added the attraction of his magic pencil. For sale by Putnam & Brother, 456 Washington Street.

A GRAMMAR OF COMPOSITION: or, *Gradual Exercises in Writing the English Language*. By DAVID B TOWER, A. M. and BENJ. F. TWEED. New York: Daniel Burgess & Co. 1855. 18mo. pp. 228.

This is a series of exercises in composition, forming a necessary supplement to English grammar. Its lessons are so graduated and systematized, that no one who follows the course indicated, can fail to write at least with correctness and precision. Style, of course, is acquired by practice and the study of the best models, but the book before us teaches the preliminary steps that must be taken. For sale by Brown, Bazin & Co., Cornhill.

A GUIDE TO CONVERSATION IN THE ENGLISH AND CHINESE LANGUAGES. By STANISLAUS HERNISZ, M. D. Boston: John P. Jewett & Co

Neither the erudite author nor the publishers have the slightest idea that the Chinese tongue will be a fashionable study. The book is prepared for the use of Americans and Chinese in California and elsewhere, and contains enough of the language for the purposes of trade and ordinary intercourse. It is beautifully printed, and on the finest satin surface paper. It is a curious and valuable work.

THE WAGER OF BATTLE. A Tale of Saxon Slavery in Sherwood Forest. By HENRY W. HERBERT New York: Mason Brothers. 1855. 12mo pp. 336.

The title of this new romance by Herbert rings like the clash of steel, and awakens anticipations in the reader which are not disappointed in the perusal of the book. Herbert is the best writer of historical romances living, and he certainly paints feudal times with the vigor and the warmth of Scott himself. His narratives are essentially dramatic, and sweep his reader along in a resistless tide of excitement. The "Wager of Battle" is one of his very best efforts. Boston: Fetridge & Co

EPES SARGENT.

EPES SARGENT.

The accompanying portrait, drawn for us by Mr. Barry, from a photograph by Whipple & Black, is a striking likeness of one of our leading literary men, whose great and versatile talent has been equally displayed in lyric and dramatic composition, and in literary and political journalism. Epes Sargent is a native of Gloucester, in Massachusetts. His earliest associations are with that "life on the ocean wave," of which he has sung. His parents, however, had their home in Boston, and at the suitable age, he entered the Public Latin School of this city, then under the charge of Messrs. Gould and Leverett. Here he remained five years, with the exception of six months, during which he visited Europe with his father, passing some time in Copenhagen and St. Petersburg. While in the latter city, he attracted the notice of Baron Stieglitz, the Rothschild of Russia, who offered to educate him with his son, and to associate him with the latter in business. The temptation was a strong one; but Sargent's tastes were, even at that time, too decidedly literary to permit him to yield to it. He was, moreover, too much of an American in his sympathies to allow him to become a subject of the czar, even under the lure of a fortune. Returning home, he was admitted a member of the Freshman Class of Harvard University. In company with his brother, John O. Sargent, Dr. O. W. Holmes, Wm. H. Simmons, and others, he contributed to the pages of "The Collegian," a monthly magazine, made up chiefly of original pieces by undergraduates, one of the few really successful college periodicals. Mr. Sargent devoted a few months to the study of the law, but his bent was towards literature, and, having satisfied himself of the fact, he thenceforward gave himself up entirely to literary and editorial pursuits. He assisted Mr. S. G. Goodrich in his various labors, edited the "Token," the foremost of American "annuals," also Parley's Magazine, and prepared several juvenile and educational works, which were very profitable to the publishers. He was also one of the editors of the New England Magazine. For a couple of years he was connected with the Boston Daily Advertiser in a sub-editorial capacity, and, for several years, was associated with the late Richard Haughton in the editorial conduct of the Atlas. While in this connection, he passed several sessions at Washington, where he was admitted to intimate and cordial relations with the principal public men of the Whig party—with Clay, Webster, Calhoun, Everett, Preston, Richard Henry Wilde, Porter of Louisiana, and many others. With Mr. Clay, his associations were particularly agreeable, and his correspondence extensive. He wrote a life of Clay, of which many thousand copies have been sold, and of which Mr. Horace Greeley remarks, in his preface to the last edition, that Mr. Clay "gave it his preference over all the lives of himself that had been written." Having received from General Morris, of the New York Mirror, an urgent proposal for him to take charge of that journal, Mr. Sargent removed to New York, and, for several years, was connected with literary projects in that metropolis. He found time to write several works for the Messrs. Harper, of which two were stories for the young—"Wealth and Worth," and "What's to be Done? or, the Will and the Way." Both passed through many editions, and were eminently successful. Previously to removing to New York, Mr. Sargent visited Cuba, and gave his impressions in a series of short poems, which were published under the title of "Shells and Seaweeds." About this time, he wrote the popular song of "A Life on the Ocean Wave." The Harpers also published "Velasco," a tragedy in five acts, by Mr. Sargent, written for Ellen Tree, and produced by her at the Tremont Theatre in 1837, but long since out of print. This play has been repeatedly performed in England, where it called forth encomiums from Serjeant Talfourd, the author of "Ion," and from the elder Vandenhoff. Mr. Sargent has also written "The Priestess," a five act tragedy, produced at the new Boston Theatre in the spring of 1855, and repeated thirteen nights. The only volume of poems, we believe, that he has published, is his "Songs of the Sea, and other Poems," from the press of Ticknor & Co. Domestic considerations brought Mr. Sargent back to Boston, and he became connected with the Daily Evening Transcript of that city, which he conducted until he resigned the chair editorial to his present able successor, Mr. D. N. Haskell. Previously to this, Mr. Sargent wrote a poem, which he delivered before the Mercantile Library Association of Boston, and many of the principal lyceums of the country. He also delivered a poem before the Phi Beta Kappa Society of Harvard University. As a lecturer and elocutionist, he has been widely popular. In 1852, he published, in Philadelphia, his "Standard Speaker"—a work which has taken precedence of all other works of the kind both in this country and England. As an eminent critic has said: "It must, for many years to come, justify its title, and be *the* Speaker, as any person who would produce one equally good will have to copy from this. Mr. Sargent has gone over the ground thoroughly, and gleaned it carefully." The Standard Speaker yields a large income, both to publisher and author. It is not a mere compilation, but contains many new translations and original pieces. Encouraged by the reception of this work—for the preparation of which his previous labors had especially qualified him,—Mr. Sargent has recently put forth his series of five Standard Readers for schools, published by Messrs. Phillips, Sampson & Co. of this city. The success of this series has been rapid and great. It has passed into hundreds of the best schools of every part of the country. Already upwards of fifty thousand copies have been sold, and the series was completed only during the present season, and its sale has but just begun. Each volume is got up with the most scrupulous attention to details, and a cultivated literary taste has evidently presided over every page. Mr. Sargent has been occupied some four years upon the preparation of the series. The elementary books are particularly well done. The author's youthful experience in writing "Peter Parley books" has made him at home in catering for the young. We know of no school Readers that can compare with these in the appropriate character of the reading lessons, the utility of the introductory matter, and the system of references by which accuracy in pronunciation is secured. An "explanatory index" accompanies every volume, and is a new and admirable feature. It will be seen that the life of Mr. Sargent (still in its meridian) has been one of great literary activity. And yet we have not enumerated all his labors,—his "Life and Select Works of Franklin," his fine editions of the poets, etc., with full critical and biographical notices, and several other works. We hope he will find leisure to return to the field of imaginative literature, since the success of his educational works has placed him beyond the necessity of toil. Mr. Sargent, both as a poet and prose writer, ranks very high. His style, while marked by sufficient individuality, is entirely free from the besetting sins of many of the popular writers of the day—redundancy, *verbiage*, and an indulgence in new-coined and glittering words and expressions, too often adopted to conceal poverty of thought, and too often accepted as the rich vesture of original genius. He has written many things that "will not die." His lyrics have an exquisite finish, not inconsistent with exquisite simplicity of thought and diction. His "Life on the Ocean Wave" is one of the most popular of modern songs. A ballad, the "Light of the Lighthouse," is another beautiful and very popular production. It is a charming story, told with great grace and pathos. Of his more ambitious poetical productions—his successful dramas, it is not enough to say merely that they take high rank among American plays—they enjoy an honorable position among the standard works of the modern English stage. Successful as "Velasco" was, the "Priestess" showed a remarkable improvement, and convinced us that the author had only to will and to dare to achieve an enduring reputation as a dramatic poet. He will be untrue to himself if he does not follow out the vein thus successfully struck. Of Mr. Sargent's remarkable versatility, the reader may form an opinion from the hurried record we have given of his career. Besides writing well, he is a graceful speaker. He has lectured acceptably in the Boston Music Hall to the largest audiences ever assembled there.

JOHN H. PRAY AND SONS' ESTABLISHMENT.

We present our readers with an accurate drawing, executed for our paper, representing the well known carpet store of John H. Pray & Sons, No. 51 Washington Street, a modern structure, completed and occupied by the firm in December last. The material of the building is of hammered granite, and the design, which combines utility and elegance, is an original one, reflecting great credit on the architect, Mr. Nathan A. Bradley, who is also the architect of Hovey's splendid store, in Summer Street. Within a few years great attention has been paid to architecture in our city and the business portion of it, especially, has been almost entirely remodelled. We have from time to time given views of large stores and warehouses, both here and elsewhere, and shall continue to do so, as they are important features in the aspect of the times. It is curious and instructive to contrast the palatial structures occupied by our leading business men with the unpretending and inconvenient stores occupied by merchants forty or fifty years since, of which not a few specimens yet remain in this city, in New York, and in Philadelphia. In these changes the progress of the age is strikingly illustrated. Half a century ago, many of the shops and stores in Washington Street had no warming apparatus; and it was only because the preceding generation was hardier than ours that customers did not actually get frost-bitten while making their purchases. The firm occupying the neat and elegant store we have depicted does a very large business, through the combined influence of liberality, tact, and capital. It is well worth the while of a resident or a stranger to visit their establishment, and examine their stock. When we reflect that but a few hundred years ago the palaces of the kings of England were strewn with rushes, or, "like the worst inn's worst room," besprinkled with sand, we realize, in looking around on the splendid velvet carpetings, the thick, elastic Brussels, the serviceable Kidderminsters, the oil cloths, and other manufactures of carpeting, both foreign and imported, and destined not only for the rich man's residence, but the poor man's dwelling, we realize we say, the immense advance which the arts of civilization have made. The humble laborer of to-day has more actual comforts than the crowned head three centuries ago. It is a source of pride, also, to an American, in visiting this establishment, to see how closely our manufactures, yet in their infancy, approach those of other countries, with the accumulated wealth and the experience of centuries to back them. We may add that everything in their line of business, imported or domestic, may be found at the Messrs. Pray's establishment. We take pride and gratification in noticing such model houses of business as here and there ornament the marts of trade in our city, for they give a character for energy and integrity worthy of the metropolis.

JOHN H PRAY & SONS' CARPET WAREHOUSE, WASHINGTON STREET, BOSTON.

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL.

THE CHEAPEST WEEKLY PAPER IN THE WORLD.

MATURIN M. BALLOU, Editor and Proprietor.
FRANCIS A. DURIVAGE, Assistant Editor.

OUR PRIZE OFFER.

We desire to call particular attention to the grand prize offer which will be found in another column of this paper. We have been engaged for several months in perfecting this purpose, and in having each article carefully manufactured for us. The prizes offered are of the most elegant and perfect description, and will fully sustain the credit of this establishment for fidelity and liberality wherever they shall chance to be sent. We cheerfully court inquiry from all parties who desire to compete for the prizes, and will carefully answer all communications relating to the same, addressed to us with a letter stamp enclosed. This is something new in the newspaper world, and we are resolved that it shall be thoroughly and impartially carried out to universal acceptation.

Every article enumerated is *now on exhibition in our publishing office*, so there can be no mistake as to their intrinsic value, and the plain purpose of the offer. The successful parties will run no risk of having inferior or second-hand articles palmed off upon them, as each prize has been gotten up for us expressly with an eye to its positive value, and the reputation of our extended and successful business is too sacred to be jeopardized by any unfair dealing. The party who sends us the largest club, as designated, will receive the first prize, be he or she whom they may, living north or south, east or west, and so on with each successive prize. The proprietor will trust the execution of this purpose to no one, but pledges himself *personally* to carry out the prize offer with scrupulous impartiality.

An opportunity is thus offered for postmasters, assistant-postmasters, or energetic *young men or young ladies* in their especial localities, to make a few days of industrious effort richly repay them for the time occupied in inducing their friends to possess themselves of one of the most favorite weekly journals ever published. The great success and unequalled circulation of our journal have enabled us to make these prizes so valuable, and the whole scheme so liberal, as to be tempting to any one.

Advertisements.—After the present number of our paper we shall remove the *advertising page*, and give our subscribers in future one more whole page of original and entertaining reading matter. This will greatly enhance the value of the coming volume, and enable us to give more tales, sketches, and items of interest weekly. This and various other plans we are perfecting to render the next volume of Ballou's Pictorial the best we have yet published.

The Prize Offer.—Let those who intend to improve this rare chance commence *at once* to form clubs. Lose not a day in thinking about it. Those who start earliest have the best chance.

Art Association.—The reader is referred to the advertisement of the Cosmopolitan Art Association on another page.

SPLINTERS.

.... The sentence of Morales, a Cuban patriot, has been commuted from death to eight years in the chain gang. Tender mercy!

... The Armenian bishop of Lemberg, the Nestor of Christian priests, has just completed his 105th year.

.... O. Jennings Wise, Esq., son of Hon. Henry A. Wise, of Virginia, has been appointed Secretary of Legation at Paris.

.... A French teacher and an Italian singer lately had a set-to on the stage of the American Academy of Music, New York.

.... One of the professor's chairs at Antioch College is filled by a woman. They are pushing us from our stools.

.... Lieut. Maury shows that by wind and wave it is down stream from our country to all the rest of the world.

.... Every time a wife scolds her husband, she adds a new wrinkle to her face. This was discovered by Humboldt.

.... The bank capital of this city is about $35,000,000. Banks are good institutions, though they sometimes get tight.

.... The editor of the Manchester Mirror, when he saw Rachel, could not tell where the "laugh" or the "cry" came in.

.... A single house in Louisville, Ky., recently contracted with an English firm to supply 20,000 hogs for $240,000.

.... The cricket on the hearth, like the soldier in the Crimea, often advances under a brisk fire.

.... A blacksmith in England advertises that he irons wheels and *steels* axes. He must be a hard customer.

.... Robert Chambers remarked that ink dried in this country in half the time required in England. Cause—climate.

.... Mr. Thackeray delivers his lectures on the "Four Georges" in this city, during the present month.

.... The Russian General Korff has been suspended. People are always in haste to get rid of a bad cough.

.... The Treasury Department says General Scott's back pay amounts to $10,000. The general wants them to call it $32,000.

.... There are 261 students in Bowdoin College—quite a little family to educate and keep in order.

.... Thomas Buchanan Reed, the poet-painter, will pass this winter in Philadelphia. Reed is a genius.

.... The bi-centennial celebration of the settlement of Groton was quite spirited, with parades, speeches, etc.

.... An Italian opera has just been manufactured in New York from Cooper's "Spy." Arditi writes the music.

.... An advertisement for a "saddle-horse for a lady of about 950 pounds" is going the rounds Who *is* the giantess?

SPLENDID PRIZE OFFER!

SOMETHING REALLY WORTH STRIVING FOR.

Being resolved to increase the present unequalled edition of "Ballou's Pictorial Drawing-Room Companion" to the number of

150,000

copies weekly, the proprietor has determined to send abroad through the Union the following inducement for post-masters and other energetic and industrious persons, *male or female*, to obtain and send to us clubs for our illustrated journal. For this purpose,

TWELVE ELEGANT AND RICH PRIZES

are offered, and will be faithfully awarded as agreed herein—a purpose which shall be personally carried out by the proprietor, who pledges himself to its impartial and honest execution. The intrinsic value of the prizes is over

ONE THOUSAND DOLLARS!

so arranged as to be divided among the individuals who shall forward to us the twelve largest clubs of subscribers for the "Pictorial," between the 1st of December, 1855, and the 1st of February, 1856, being a period of about *sixty days*. When it is remembered that the agent has to work with, not only the most attractive, but positively

THE CHEAPEST PAPER IN THE WORLD!

it will be realized how easily subscriptions can be procured anywhere.

Ballou's Pictorial Drawing-Room Companion

is now in its ninth volume, volume *tenth* commencing on the 1st of January, 1856. It is the only illustrated paper of its class in America, and the pioneer of illustrated papers on this side the Atlantic. It is elegantly printed on the finest of satin surfaced paper, containing *sixteen* super royal pages in each number, with an average of *twenty illustrations weekly!* These engravings are large and artistic in execution, embracing every current topic of interest, including rural scenery, maritime matters, architecture, noted localities all over this country and Europe, likenesses of eminent characters, male and female, at home and abroad, processions, celebrations, natural history, battles, fortifications, and, in short, every theme of general interest, forming an elegant

ILLUSTRATED RECORD OF THE TIMES.

Besides the illustrations, it contains eight or more super royal pages of *original* sketches of adventure, tales, poems, biographies and choice miscellaneous reading (no advertisements will be admitted), altogether forming a delightful weekly visitor to the home circle, and making two elegant volumes each year for binding, of 416 pages, with about one thousand splendid engravings.

We shall commence the new volume of the "Pictorial," as above, with what we unhesitatingly pronounce to be the best novellette we have ever printed. It is the first story we have ever published *without knowing who the author is!* This work needs no name to make it popular. For intricacy of plot, delicacy of description, pathos, delineation of human nature, description of the motives of daring men, the tenderness of the female heart, and the power of secret motives, this story will stand unrivalled. It is entitled:

THE CONTRABANDIST:

—OR,—

THE SECRET OF A LIFE.

A TRUE STORY OF THE SOUTH OF FRANCE.

We shall fully illustrate this remarkable story, and our readers may confidently expect to be deeply entertained and interested in its weekly perusal. We are resolved the coming volume shall be the best we have ever yet issued.

THE PRIZES!

To the person who sends us the *first* largest club, we will present an elegant first class Piano Forte, rosewood case, of the best Boston workmanship, warranted in all respects. Value $300

To the person who sends us the *second* largest club, we will present a superior English Lever Gold Watch, with a rich gold chain, seals and key, new and warranted perfect in all respects. Value. 200

To the person who sends us the *third* largest club, we will present a library of One Hundred Bound Volumes of new and valuable books, embracing biographies, histories, novels, records of travel, etc. Value 150

To the person who sends us the *fourth* largest club, we will present a superb English Double Barreled Gun, silver mounted, with shot and powder pouch, game bag and fixtures, a reliable weapon. Value..... 100

To the person who sends us the *fifth* largest club, we will present a Lady's Gold Watch, new, elegantly set in gold, with a rich enamel back, best Geneva workmanship, and warranted. Value..... 80

To the person who sends us the *sixth* largest club, we will present a superior English Silver Lever Watch, new, and warranted in all respects a perfect instrument and timekeeper. Value..... 60

To the person who sends us the *seventh* largest club, we will present an elegant American Rifle, silver mounted, new, and of the best make, with powder-flask and fixtures—a superb weapon. Value..... 55

To the person who sends us the *eighth* largest club, we will present a fine Riding Saddle and Bridle made *to our own order*, of the best English stock, by William Holmes, 25 Tremont Row, Boston, with curb and snaffle bits and all the fixtures perfect. Value..... 50

To the person who shall send us the *ninth* largest club, we will present a richly wrought Purse, suitable for a gentleman or lady, and containing thirty Gold Dollars. Value..... 35

To the person who shall send us the *tenth* largest club, we will present an English Silver Watch, a new and perfect timekeeper, and in all respects suitable for a young lad or miss attending school. Value..... 25

To the person who shall send us the *eleventh* largest club, we will present a fine heavy Gold Seal Ring, elaborately wrought, and with the initials of the person who wins it cut upon the stone. Value..... 20

To the person who shall send us the *twelfth* largest club, we will present five large and beautiful Steel Engravings, each one exhibiting some interesting scene, framed in gilt, parlor ornaments. Value..... 18

Every prize offered is new, just from the manufacturers, and may be seen at any hour of the day, by calling at our publication office.

TERMS:—INVARIABLY IN ADVANCE.

1 subscriber, one year,.....	$3 00
4 subscribers, " "	10 00
10 " " "	20 00

Any person sending us *sixteen* subscribers at the last rate shall receive the *seventeenth* copy gratis. All who exert themselves are sure of remuneration.

Any person sending us *fifty* subscribers, shall receive the eight volumes complete of our "Pictorial," elegantly and uniformly bound in full gilt, with illustrated title-pages and indexes, containing nearly *ten thousand* fine illustrations, the price of which is sixteen dollars.

It is very important that the names, accompanied by the money, should be sent to us as fast as they are obtained, that we may be able to print an ample number of papers to meet the demand. Therefore, as soon as ten or a dozen subscribers have been obtained, the person who has procured the club can forward them with the money, and he or she can then add to the club any number of names, at the same rate, and they will be duly credited to the account of the person sending until February 1, 1856.

It is not required that the entire club should be from one town; we will send the papers to any neighboring post office, but all subscriptions must come through the same agent, in order to be counted to his or her credit.—This prize offer cannot be applied to any regular wholesale agent of our paper. The clubs must be *bona fide, and each name be sent with the money.*

The result will be duly published, and indisputable evidence of the receipt of each prize, by the successful parties, will be given.

Sample copies of the paper furnished gratis when desired.

M. M. BALLOU, *Publisher and Proprietor.*
Corner of Tremont and Bromfield Sts., Boston, Mass.

☞ In writing letters, please be careful to write name of post-office and State plainly as possible Also, write individual names distinctly

NATURAL HISTORY—REPTILES.

Our last page is occupied by accurate delineations of some of the most formidable reptiles in the world, drawn expressly for us by the same artist who has hitherto illustrated, on the same scale, other departments of natural history, and who is not only an accomplished draughtsman, but a well informed naturalist. The reptiles derive their name from the Latin word *repo*,—creep,—and are chiefly remarkable for their extraordinary flexibility, which is due to the structure of their vertebræ, each one of which fits into the succeeding by a ball and socket joint. No. 1 and 2, the Aboma and the Boa Constrictor, are formidable specimens of their species. The artist has illustrated the manner in which the latter completely crushes its victim, however huge and muscular. The Boa Constrictor inhabits tropical America. It lies in wait for its victims by the side of some river, where animals may be expected to slake their thirst, springs upon the one it has selected, fixes its teeth in its head, crushes it to death in its coils, swallows it whole, and then lies torpid nearly a month, digesting its enormous meal. No. 3 is the Tiger Python, a genus of the large non-venomous Ophidian reptiles, having oval hooks, and a double series of subcaudal scutæ. No. 4 is the formidable Cobra de Capello, a native of India, and dreaded for its deadly venom. The snake-charmers of the East succeed wonderfully in taming and controlling this inveterate foe of man. No. 5 is a rattlesnake, a native of America, whose bite proves fatal in a few hours, but is less formidable than some other poisonous snakes from its sluggishness, the warning rattle of its tail, and a disposition to remain quiet unless molested. A man may pass within the immediate vicinity of a rattlesnake with impunity, provided he goes quietly; but when trod upon, they inflict a blow with their fangs with electrical rapidity. No. 6 is the English Viper, or Adder, the only venomous reptile that inhabits that country. Its bite, however, rarely proves mortal. It feeds upon frogs, lizards, mice, and other small animals. No. 7 is the Puff Adder, an inhabitant of South Africa. Its bite is fatal. Cole, in his "Five Years' Residence in South Africa," says, "One of my friends lost a favorite and valuable horse by its bite in less than two hours after the attack." No. 8, the Cerastes, is a native of Egypt, and derives its name from the horny scale over each eyebrow. Bruce says that the Cerastes can spring several feet in any direction. Its average length is only about eighteen inches. No. 9 is the common Ringed or Grass Snake, a perfectly harmless animal, and easily tamed. It feeds on frogs, mice, young birds, newts, etc. Like all other serpents, it sheds its skin once a year; the whole skin comes off even to the covering of the eyes. The process is performed in the following manner: A rent opens in the neck, and the snake, by entangling itself in the thick grass or bushes, creeps out of its skin, actually turning it inside out. No. 10 is the Black Snake, a well-known American reptile. This snake is not venomous, but, like the Boa Constrictor, is said to destroy its enemies by the muscular contraction of its coils. The Black Snakes were formerly common in this vicinity, and are occasionally met with still. We remember seeing the skin of one shot some years since on the borders of Spot Pond, in Stoneham, which was fully ten feet long. The Green Snake, No. 11, is considered very beautiful by those who have a fancy for reptiles, a taste of which we plead an innocence.

Lecturing.—Mr. Thackeray received three hundred dollars each for his lectures in New York. If he receive this sum everywhere, it will amply repay him for his literary labor and his Atlantic voyages.

Subscribe early.—Four numbers more will close the present volume of our paper, the new volume commencing on the first of January. Subscribe early.

MARRIAGES.

In this city, by Rev. Mr. Streeter, Mr. Timothy C. Peterson to Mrs. Elizabeth Osborn; Mr. John W. Smith to Miss Huldah B. Rich; by Rev. Dr. Kirk, Mr. Mark J. Cowell to Mrs. Maria B. Ayer, both of Somersworth, Me.; by Rev. Dr. Vinton, at St. Paul's Church, Mr. Warren Fisher, Jr. to Miss Maria Richards, daughter of Dr. Winslow Lewis, both of Boston; by Rev. Mr. Blaikie, Mr. Robert Kirkwood to Miss Jane McMurtagh, both of Brookline; by Rev. Mr. Richards, Mr. George H. Newhall to Miss Hannah T. Cushman; by Rev. Mr. Smitbett, Mr. Henry Brown to Miss Margaret Buckley; by Rev. Mr. Pomroy, Mr. W. G. Mathes, of California, to Miss Helen M. Ricker, of Orono, Me; by Rev. Mr. Blakie, Mr. Samuel Wright to Miss Sarah Grey, both of North Bridgewater —At Charlestown, by Rev. Mr. Laurie, Mr. Charles E. Rogers to Miss Martha S. Lothrop.—At East Cambridge, by Rev. Mr. Spalding, Mr. Seth Coffin to Miss Lucia Green.—At Malden, by Rev. Mr. Stubbert, Mr J. Edwin Randall to Miss Mary L. Holden.—At Newton, by Rev. Mr. Paulson, Mr. Edward Nicholson to Miss Mary E. Bosworth.—At Salem, by Rev. Dr. Worcester, Rev. George A. Pollard, missionary of the A B C F M, to Miss Mary Helen, daughter of J. F. Worcester, Esq.—At Lowell, by Rev. Mr. Eddy, Mr J. H. Fifield to Miss Thankful Morton, both of Lawrence.—At New Bedford, by Rev. Mr. Weiss, Mr. George E. Hinckley, of San Francisco, to Miss Mary R. Howe, of N. B.—At Bakersfield, Vt., by Rev Mr. Piper, Mr. T. C. Totman, of Boston, to Miss Elizabeth A., daughter of John S. Perkins, Esq., of B.

DEATHS.

In this city, Mr. Lucius Reed, 50, youngest son of the late Rev. William Reed, of Easton: Mrs Eliza L., wife of Capt. Benjamin Burrows, 52.—At Charlestown, Mr. S. Albert Rhoades, 22.—At Roxbury, Mrs. Abigail S. Whiting, 83; Mrs. Anna Williams, 90.—At West Roxbury, Mrs. Charlotte H., wife of Mr. William Palmer, 70.—At Lincoln, Mrs. Sarah Eager, formerly of Marlboro', 80.—At Lowell, Mr. Ashael Gilbert, Jr., 40.—At Newton Corner, Mr. Sylvanus Wetherbee, 51.—At Newburyport, Mrs. Harriet T., wife of Mr. Samuel H. Goodwin, 22; Mr. Theodore A. Coffin, 85; Mrs. Mary Thompson, widow of the late Mr. Samuel W. Thompson, 78.—At Pepperell, Mrs. Abigail Haskell, formerly of Boston, 62.—At Worcester, Mr. John Angier, 53.—At Taunton, Mr. James Spalding, formerly of Chelmsford, Mass.; Mrs. Maria T., wife of Mr. Albert Pitts, and daughter of Jesse and L. M. Sears, of Fairhaven, 32; Mr. Sterling Crossman, 58.—At Wilkinsonville, Mr. William H. Newton, 24.—At Tisbury, Mrs. Jane Reynolds, 95.—At Norton, Mrs. Mercy Ann, wife of Mr. Cyril S. Sweet, 37.—At Hanover, N. H., Miss Olive P. Smalley, 23.—At Newport, R. I., William J. Marvin, 9, son of James M. Marvin, Esq., of the U. S. Hotel, at Saratoga Springs.—At Townshend, Vt., Miss Lucy W. Coolidge, daughter of Mr. Tapley Coolidge, of Boston, 18.—At Middlebury, Vt., Mr. John Tillotson, 93.—On board brig St. Mary, on the passage from Porto Cabella to New York, Mr. William Langley, of Fall River, mate of the brig.—Lost overboard from ship James L. Bogert, on the passage from Liverpool to New York, James Coggswell, seaman, a native of Massachusetts.

EDITORIAL MELANGE.

In Clark's Mills, Westmoreland, N. Y., a man named Henry was shot by his own son, lately, the assailant having been exasperated by very salutary parental admonition. —— The family of the venerable Rev. Dr. Leland, of Columbia Theological Seminary, South Carolina, had a narrow escape from death, most of them having been poisoned, through a mistake of one of the daughters of Dr. Leland, who put arsenic into biscuits which were making for tea, thinking it was soda. —— Mr. Webster, of Gowanda, Cattaraugus county, planted, this season, one squash seed, from which grew vines measuring 928 feet, and twenty squashes weighing 328 pounds. —— A pair of horses, attached to a hack in which were several young ladies and children, ran away in Nashville, a few days ago. The cowardly driver jumped from his seat to save himself, and, unfortunately, did not break his neck by the fall. The vehicle was demolished, and the young ladies and children received many severe, but not fatal, injuries. —— An elephant, valued at $20,000, died at Philadelphia, a few days ago. —— Several distinguished artists are engaged for the Academy of Music, New York, including Salviani Capanos, Vintaildi, and the celebrated Mademoiselle Mantier Didiee, the principal contralto at the Covent Garden. —— Look out for "Brummagem" half dollars, date of 1823, and for brass ninepences, crossed to simulate ten cent pieces. They are well plated. —— The Canadian government has contracted for a semi-monthly line of steamers between Quebec and Liverpool, during the summer, and between Portland and Liverpool during the winter. The government is to pay the contractor $96,000 a year for carrying the mail. —— Rose Reilly, a native of Granard county, Longford, Ireland, aged one hundred and three years, died in New York, the other day. —— Joel Schoonover, a man ninety-eight years of age, was recently sentenced in Auburn to two years imprisonment in the state prison, for the crime of arson, he having been convicted of burning no less than three barns belonging to near relatives—children, it is said. He exults in the commission of the deed which consigns him to the convict's cell. —— The steamer City of Boston, which was purchased by government, is now undergoing repairs at the Brooklyn Navy Yard. She will be fitted up for the surveying business. —— Lieutenant Hartsteine, the commander of the expedition which recently brought home the officers of the Kane expedition, was handsomely received at Perth Amboy, lately, his family having resided there during his absence. Commodore Kearney, F. W. Brinley, collector of the port, and others, including members of the city council, congratulated him, and a salute of fourteen guns was fired by the Jersey Blues. —— Wise, the æronaut, gives it as his opinion that Mr. Winchester has met a grave in Lake Erie. He judges that he did not have ballast enough to carry him over the lake. —— In one of the Detroit public schools, the other day, a rogue managed to slip some tar between another boy's pants and his bench. The attempts of the little fellow to rise from his seat occasioned unbounded mirth. One little fellow laughed so immoderately that the teacher punished him, and for this injudicious treatment he was fined $10. —— The women of Indianapolis must be rather squeamish. A day was set apart especially for the ladies to visit the statue of the Greek Slave. —— The following advertisement, under the head of a "Wife Wanted," is in a Batesville, Arkansas, paper: "Any gal what's got a bed, a coffee-pot, and a skillet, knows how to cut out britches, can make a huntin' shirt, and knows how to take care of children, can have my services until death parts both of us." —— A company has been formed in Ware, called the "Village Improvement Association," for the purpose of ornamenting the streets and public places of the town. —— Charles Higgins, a youth of fourteen years, residing in Alton, Ohio, lately went out into the garden for the purpose of shooting a chicken; not seeing any one, he fired, the ball striking his mother (who was behind a bush) in the head, killing her instantly. —— The Louisville Journal notices a single sale of pork by one firm in that city to the amount of $240,000. An Englishman was the purchaser. —— The Postmaster General has directed that each distinct circular, no matter how many may be printed on a sheet, must be charged with postage as one circular, or the whole, if sealed, with letter postage.

JAPANESE VEGETABLE PRODUCTIONS.—The San Francisco Chronicle mentions some seeds brought to that port by Mr. H. H. Doty from Japan, which, it is probable, may be made articles of profitable cultivation in this country. Among others is the seed of the tea plant, which is cultivated in about the same climate as California, and which, it is thought, would flourish there. Another is the oil bean, from which the Japanese express an elegant article of oil for burning. The extraordinary amount of oil contained in it is evinced by the fact that, on applying a lighted match to the bean, it will burn with a clear, white flame, emitting a beautiful light for two or three minutes.

MISS ELIZA LOGAN.—Strange incidents sometimes occur in the life of an actor or actress. One evening, recently, while Miss Logan was performing in "The Hunchback," at the Albany Theatre, and just as she said, "Clifford, why don't you speak to me?" one of the spectators replied, in an audible voice, "*Do*, Clifford; *I* would, if she'd talk to me in that way."

MARKING NEWSPAPERS.—The Postmaster General has decided that a pen mark made over or opposite to an article in a newspaper, with the sole object of calling attention to the article, will not subject the paper to letter postage.

DR. KANE.—The New York Evening Post says the story that this gentleman is about to marry one of the Fox girls, of spirit-rapping notoriety, is without a shadow of foundation.

Wayside Gatherings.

The Philadelphians are agitating for a new hotel, a new museum and a new theatre, all to be of the first class.

From the 1st of January to the 1st of August, 1855, there were 320 murders and lynchings in California. Two persons were lawfully hanged.

General Cass has purchased the premium pair of horses exhibited at the late State Fair in Michigan, paying one thousand dollars for them.

According to a late communication of the city treasurer, Hoboken City, N. Y., is in possession of the extraordinary sum of *eight* dollars.

The people of Georgia, by a vote of 44,964 to 27,668, have decided against the removal of the seat of government from Milledgeville to Atalanta.

Mr. Watts Hanscom, of Machias, Me., while on a hunting tour lately, shot a buck deer, the meat of which, after being carefully dressed, weighed 218 pounds. The meat and hide brought some $14.

The University of Michigan was never in so flourishing a condition as at present. The freshman class, just entered, contains one hundred and eighteen members, and the sophomore class has seventy-eight.

James Gordon appeared before a Pittsburg alderman, a day or two since, and offered him five dollars to give him permission to whip a woman. The alderman very properly committed the brute to prison for ten days.

Peter Browne, a Swede, now confined in the Suffolk county jail for murdering his wife by a stab from a sharpened file, and who afterwards attempted to kill himself, is stated by the physician of the jail to be apparently a raving maniac.

The New York Times says: "We heard it suggested the other day, by a medical man of large experience, that probably the poison of a rattlesnake would act as an antidote to that of hydrophobia—the one neutralizing the effects of the other."

The Germantown (Pa.) Telegraph says: In this region the present year (which, by the way, is the greatest potato season ever known), few well cultivated crops have yielded less than 200 bushels, many 250, and a number have been reported to us at 300 bushels of potatoes to the acre.

A new boat gun, a twelve-pounder, has done immense execution in the late encounter with Chinese pirates. Its precision, power and perfectness are said to have been never before equalled. It was made under the superintendence of Commander Dahlgreen, in charge of experimental ordnance at Washington, D. C.

The Connecticut Historical Society have in their possession, for preservation, the first line sent over a magnetic telegraph in America. The graphic question, "What hath God wrought?" was the first connected sentence, dictated by Miss Annie G. Ellsworth, now Mrs. Smith, of Indiana, daughter of Henry L. Ellsworth.

An interesting experiment was lately performed by Professor Faraday. A diamond, held by a little platinum clamp and ignited to whiteness in the oxy-hydrogen flame, was plunged, while incandescent, into a jar of oxygen. It was speedily dissipated into gas, which was proved to be carbonic acid.

A note of a Virginia bank was recently shown to the Washington (D. C.) Star, bearing the following inscription on its back: "This is the last of $6000, which was left me four years ago, by a deceased relative. Owing to going security and dissipation, my estate, earned by industry and economy, is now all squandered. Let the bottle alone, is the last advice of one who, in a short time, will commit suicide."

A graduate of the state prison, named Jacob R. Dennett, has been "doing" the tailors, hatters, etc., etc., in Concord, N. H., by playing off as heir to a large fortune, and corroborating his pretensions by showing a roll of brown paper, enveloped in a dollar bill. His operations were drawn to a close by the interference of the police.

The fortifications in the vicinity of New York mount, it is said, 1064 guns. Fort Columbus, 106 guns; Castle William, 78; South Battery, 14; Fort Gibson, 15; Fort Wood, 77; Fort Richmond, 140; Fort Tompkins, 64; Battery Hudson, 30; Battery Morton, 9; Fort Lafayette, 76; Fort Hamilton, 118, and Fort Schuyler, 318. It is fair to assume that if these forts have 1064 port holes, that there are not less than 2000 guns in them.

Among the physicians and nurses who served at Norfolk and Portsmouth during the pestilence, fifty-four were from Charleston, nine of them being physicians. All of them were procured through the agency of the Howard Association. It is also ascertained that twenty-six physicians have fallen martyrs to humanity in those smitten cities.

The Portland Argus says: We are happy to be able to state that the subscriptions for building a ship for the Colonization Society, have been started nobly in this State. At Bath, last week, the sum of $5000 was cheerfully subscribed, and in generous sums. There were three one thousand dollar subscriptions, one of five hundred, one of two hundred and fifty, and several of one hundred dollars, and smaller sums.

On the 17th ult., a public celebration took place in New Orleans, for the fall of Sebastopol. A Te Deum was chanted at the cathedral, and a salute of three hundred guns fired. The celebration was, however, confined to the French part of the town, all the rest refusing to participate, and the shipping in port refusing to hoist their flags.

From Jamaica, we have a deplorable account of the depreciation of property all over the island. One planter is about to abandon thirty-one estates, which would have sold for the sum of one million pounds sterling, previous to the abolition of slavery, and to seek for compensation from England. The Falmouth Post says the only relief will come from annexation to the United States.

Some gentlemen in Elba, Ala., hearing a noise in the woods, repaired to the spot, and found that a number of hogs had been in a fight with a large rattlesnake. The snake was torn to pieces, three hogs dead, and a fourth dying. As the last hog would groan, the snake would raise his head, being unable to do anything else. The snake and the fourth hog soon died. For thirty yards around, the grass and ground were torn up. The snake was nearly seven feet long. The hogs had demolished all his rattles except two.

Hall's Journal of Health says: "That since the fullest amount of sleep is essential to the healthful working of mind and body, as necessary food, it may be well to know how to secure it as a general rule. 1. Clarify your conscience. 2. Take nothing later than two o'clock, P. M., except some bread and butter and a small cup of tea of any kind, or half a glass of water, for supper. 3. Go to bed at some regular hour, and get up the moment you wake of yourself, even at midnight. 4. Do not sleep an instant in the daytime."

Foreign Items.

Dickens's new serial will be commenced about Christmas. It is called "Little Dorritt."

Pelissier has received a magnificent sword from the sultan—a real Damascus blade, and the handle and sheath covered with brilliants. The sword is estimated in value at 100,000 francs.

The celebrated Madame Alboni is gaining immensely in size and reputation. A distinguished literary lady recently said of her that she gave her the idea of an elephant that had swallowed a nightingale.

The Patrie states that a private letter received by a Russian family in Paris announces that Prince Menschikoff has become a monk. He has enrolled himself, it is said, in a monastery near Moscow.

It is rumored in London that the big six-wire cable, weighing eight tons to the mile, which was being laid down across the Mediterranean, from France to Algiers, was cut and abandoned in a gale of wind.

Dr. Pettigrew, of London, acknowledges the receipt, per post, from Somersetshire, of a live lizard, measuring nineteen inches in length, lively, after having undergone no less than eight post office stampings. A live blue-bottle fly, placed as food for the lizard, was dead at the journey's end.

One M. Erdam, of Paris, having written a work in which he strongly condemned the Roman Catholic religion, was arrested, tried before the correctional police, and sentenced to one year's imprisonment and a line of three thousand francs. The copies of the work printed were ordered to be destroyed.

The London Examiner has been seized at the French post-office, for an article headed "A Popular Error." In this the writer gives Louis Napoleon credit for the apparent material prosperity in France, but thinks his system fatal to genius, literature, and what may be generally called a nation's inner life.

Sands of Gold.

.... All offences come from the heart.—*Shakspeare.*

.... The price of excellence is labor, and time that of immortality.—*Fuseli.*

.... Every one can master a grief, but he that has it.—*Shakspeare.*

.... The king is the least independent man in his dominions—the beggar the most so.—*Lacon.*

.... There are people who can count upon nothing, not even a chance; for there are lives without a chance.—*Balzac.*

.... The generality of men expend the early part of their lives in contributing to render the latter part miserable.—*La Bruyere.*

.... To things which you bear with impatience you should accustom yourself, and by habit you will bear them well.—*Seneca.*

.... Everything may be mimicked by hypocrisy, but humility and love united. The more rare the more radiant when they meet.—*Lavater.*

.... It is only when blinded by self-love, that we can think proudly of our nature. Take away that blind; and in our judgments of others we are quicksighted enough to see there is very little in that nature to rely on.—*Barron.*

.... Noble souls with difficulty reach the comprehension of evil and ingratitude; they require harsh lessons before they recognize the extent of human corruption. Then, when their education in this line is completed, they rise to an indulgence which is the last degree of contempt.—*Balzac.*

Joker's Budget.

"Have you ever broken a horse?" inquired a horse-jockey. "No, not exactly," replied Simmons, "but I have broken three or four wagons."

A young gent in Schenectady suffering from a too strong sensation of the more tender feelings, defines his complaint as an attack of *lass-eye*-tude.

An impertinent fellow wishes to know as how if you ever sat down to tea, where skimmed milk was on the table, without being asked: "Do you take cream?"

A poor widow was asked how she became so much attached to a certain neighbor, and replied that she was bound to him by several cords of wood which he had sent to her during the hard winters.

Order is said to be heaven's first law, and must have been the motto of the captain of a down east schooner, who cried out to his refractory cook: "I will have order. If you don't do the cooking, I'll do it myself. I will have order, I declare, on board this ere vessel!"

A gentleman lying on his death-bed, called to his coachman, who had been an old servant, and said: "Ah! Tom, I am going a long and rugged journey, worse than you ever drove me." "O, dear sir," replied the fellow (he having been an indifferent master), "never let that discourage you, for it is all down hill."

"Facts are stubborn things," said a lawyer to a female witness under examination. The lady replied: "Yes, *sir-ee*; and so are women, and if you get anything out of me, just let me know it." "You'll be committed for contempt." "Very well, I'll suffer justly, for I feel the utmost contempt for every lawyer present."

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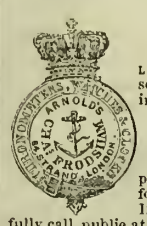

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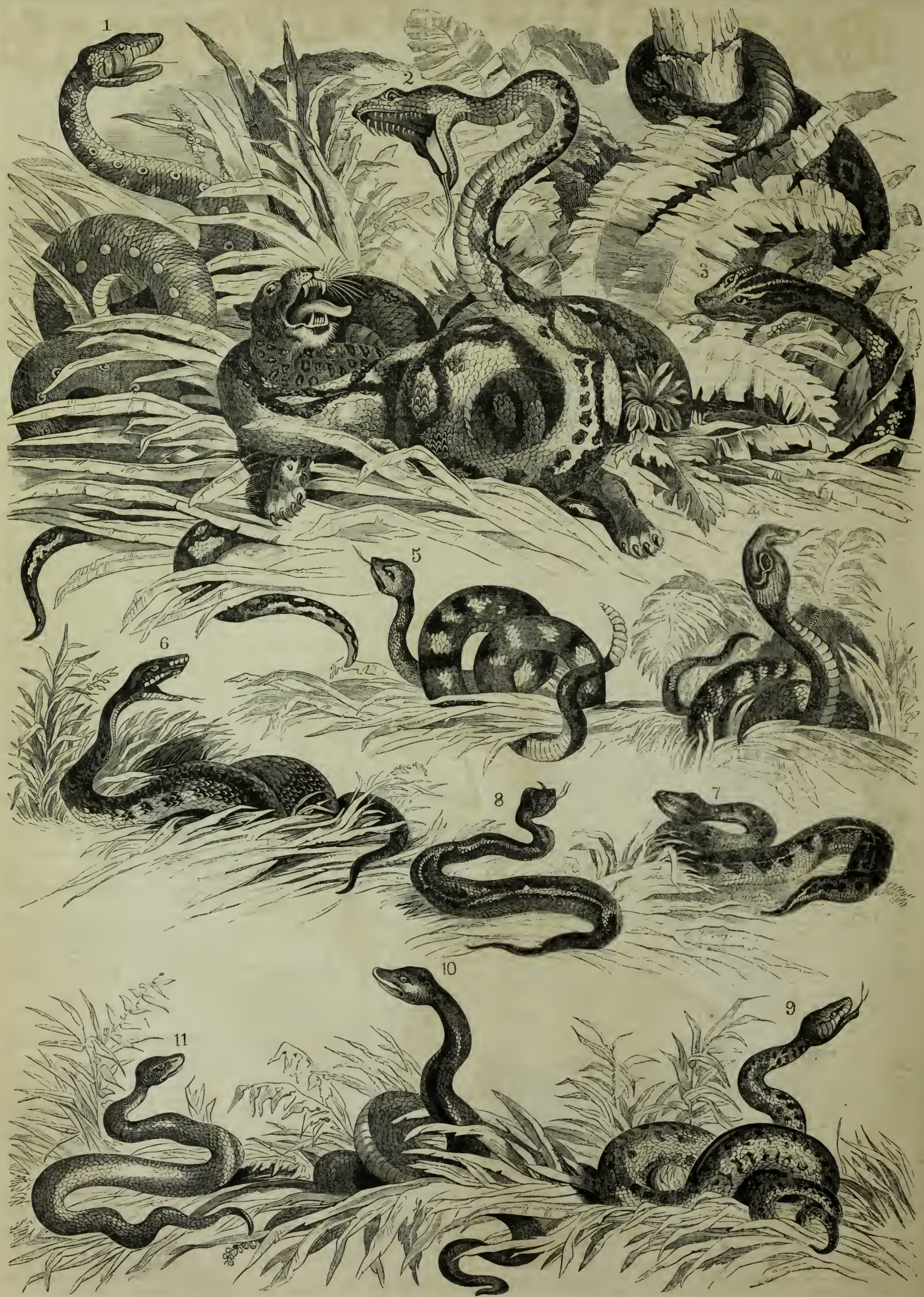

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WILLIAM M. THACKERAY.

The accompanying portrait of the popular novelist, satirist and lecturer, now on a second visit to this country, where he is as highly appreciated as in his native land, is from the pencil of Lawrence, and is considered by his friends as one of the best extant. In personal appearance, Mr. Thackeray is quite a marked man. He might not be taken at the first glance by a stranger for a literary man, though no one can mistake the intellectual character of his face. He has, however, little the air of a mere bookworm and waster of the midnight oil. He is tall, robust and strongly built, and has the resolute and self-possessed air and bearing of a man who has seen much of the world and mingled largely in society. Mr. Thackeray belongs to a highly respectable family of the county of York, and is of pure Saxon descent. He was born in Calcutta, where his father had an employment in the East India Company's service. To this circumstance, perhaps, we can trace the glimpses of East Indian society and manners incidentally introduced in the "Newcomes." He was educated, first at the Charter House, and afterwards at Cambridge. On attaining his majority, he came into possession of a handsome fortune, which he employed liberally, travelling extensively on the continent, and making himself familiar with the men and things of many climes. Like Hazlitt, he had from an early age a warm inclination for art, though we are not aware that he ever pursued it as a profession, or exhibited that proficiency which Hazlitt manifested, and which would have placed the brilliant English essayist in the first rank of English painters, had he so chosen. Still Mr. Thackeray's artistic abilities are by no means slight. The pictorial illustrations with which he has embellished some of his works, show that he has a correct eye, a facile touch, and withal can express the ludicrous and comic in form as well as language. The art-experience of Clive Newcome could not have been written by one who had not studied art practically as well as theoretically, and had mingled much with English and continental artists. The portraits of "Smee, R. A." and "J. J.," are something more than types of classes of artists—they have the individuality of actual likenesses. We are not aware what circumstances induced Thackeray to abandon art for literature, or at what period he first began to write and publish essays and sketches. If we are not mistaken as to the authorship of the "Peregrinations of Thomas Tryatall," in Campbell's London New Monthly, it must have been somewhere about thirty years since. He was a great admirer of Maginn, when that talented but eccentric and unfortunate writer was the Magnus Apollo of Frazer's Magazine, and in that spicy and audacious periodical some of Thackeray's early essays appeared. He also wrote for the Times and other journals. His early efforts evince the keen observation, the worldly shrewdness, the rich humor, the mordant sarcasm of his later writings, but they did not suffice to make him a name. It was reserved for the publication of "Vanity Fair," to give him fame and position. That work at once obtained universal popularity both in England and this country. In the light of that work, his previous efforts rose from obscurity, and the public read with avidity and delight productions of which they would have remained ignorant but for "Vanity Fair." The great "Hoggarty Diamond" new set, proved to be a gem of the first water. The contributions of Thackeray to "Punch" were among the most valuable and popular published in that thesaurus of wit, humor, satire and sense. The "Snob" papers showed that the line of English satirists was not extinct. The servility to rank, wealth and fashion, which disgraces the middle classes of English society, was never more boldly, more humorously or more thoroughly exposed and ridiculed. The "Yellow Plush Papers" alone (published originally in Frazer, we believe,) are worthy to make the reputation of a writer. Neither these nor any of Thackeray's humorous productions are without a moral or a purpose. With all their fun, gayety and sarcasm, they suggest food for reflection. The "Snob Papers," and the "Yellow Plush Papers," have the air of being easily and rapidly written. They will live in spite of their carelessness—but "Vanity Fair," "Pendennis," and the "Newcomes," works of high art, are as imperishable as "Tom Jones," or "Peregrine Pickle." They mirror as truly the age in which they are written they are as genuine in their portraiture, as true to human nature, as those works of the past century. No one has perhaps encountered Becky Sharpe, for Thackeray's genius is creative as well as imitative, but every one has shuddered, in reading her career, at the conviction that her character violated no law of probability—that there were such women in existence, though no artist had before typified and painted them. Major Pendennis, distinct, tangible, audible, visible as he is—who has not noted the selfishness and servility, glossed with fashionable lustre, that makes up his being? "Vanity Fair" is a perfect portrait gallery from a master hand. "Pendennis" is full of similar forcible character painting. The "Newcomes" is perhaps a yet more finished performance. As we recall it, the characters rise up before us with the vividness of persons we have actually known and associated with. There is nothing phantom like in their appearance. They are flesh and blood. The colonel, Clive, the brothers Hobson, the odious Barnes, Highgate, Lord Kew, the old countess, the Campaigner, Rosy—it is difficult to realize that they are purely ideal creations. Into each and all of them genius has breathed the breath of life. Perhaps the most felicitously drawn character is the Viscount de Florac. Hitherto all English attempts at delineating Frenchmen—without an exception—have been failures. Smart English authors have given us very clever caricatures. Thackeray has given us an authentic portrait. Balzac was no truer in his most elaborate and subtle delineations than Thackeray in this single character. The tastes, the habits, the style of thought and expression of the Frenchman are true. The changes produced in him by expatriation and exposure to the influences of English society are admirably drawn. Florac is delicious—we regard him as a *chef d'œuvre*. Thackeray has been charged with discouraging views of human nature—with representing the world as worse than it is; but we must remember he is a satirist, that he selects objects of attack, and that he does not profess that any one of his novels is a microcosm.

WILLIAM M. THACKERAY.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE VISCONTI:

—OR,—

BARBARIGO THE STRANGER.

A TALE OF MILAN DURING THE MIDDLE AGES.

BY AUSTIN C. BURDICK.

[CONTINUED.]

CHAPTER X.—[CONTINUED.]

The marquis withdrew his sword and started back, and with a deep curse the count came upon him; but the latter was no longer calm. A sense of intense heat pervaded his whole system, and after striking a few wild blows his strength began to fail him.

"Hold now!" cried Francesco, "or my sword shall find your heart next time!"

"'Twould only be my heart for your head, villain!" gasped the count, letting the point of his weapon fall.

At this moment, just as the marquis was upon the point of wiping his sword, the inner door of the apartment was thrown open, and a dozen soldiers rushed in with their swords drawn.

"Seize him!" cried the captain of the guard.

"Ha! treachery!" uttered the marquis, springing back toward the corner nearest to him, and raising his sword.

"I knew it!" cried Pietro, whose heavy sword was in his hand, at the same time taking a station close to his master.

"Will you stand by me, Pietro?"

"Till death," was all that the faithful fellow could reply, for on the next moment the soldiers were upon them.

"Take them both if they resist," ordered the captain; and having thus spoken he raised the count up and assisted him from the room.

Pietro had watched anxiously to see if any more soldiers were coming, but there were not. Probably these twelve men had been deemed all-sufficient to make such a capture.

Now before we are accused of exaggeration, let us look at these two parties. There were the marquis and his man, probably the the best swordsmen in Milan. Pietro, though young, had been a teacher of the art, and some of his master's most useful lessons he had taught him. They had an advantageous position, with their backs secure, and they fought for their lives. The twelve soldiers were all stout men, but they were only common guardsmen. Of the sword they knew only the ordinary strokes and thrusts, and in matters of conflict, they had always placed their confidence in numbers rather than skill.

The marquis felt the strength of a full dozen strong men within him, for this piece of treachery started him. Pietro felt himself a very lion. His rage was dreadful but he was not blind. With the first stroke of his heavy sword he cleft the skull of the man nearest to him in two equal parts; and at the same moment the marquis passed his sword directly through the heart of the second. With his hair fairly starting on end, Pietro now leaped forward, and at two successive strokes two men fell. Instinctively the soldiers moved back, but the movement was fatal, for they were followed up with death. With a glance that never failed them, both the master and man parried every blow aimed at them, and at the same time their own blows were sure death.

Pietro now moved carefully around to the inner door, for he feared that some one of the soldiers might make his escape and alarm the rest of the palace guard. And it was well that he made the movement as he did, for in a moment more a man rushed for the door, but he only ran upon the point of Pietro's sword, and when he fell he had a fatal aperture clean through his bosom.

It is not to be wondered at, when only four of the twelve were left, that those four should be terror-stricken; and they might have been spared had not they commenced to yell with all their might for help.

"By the mass, my master, this wont do," cried Pietro, at the same time shutting up one mouth by splitting the head a-top of it. "We shall have the whole guard upon us in a moment more."

But the cries for help were not long continued. Ere the moon could have gone the track of a minute on its silent course these soldiers were as pale and silent as she. Pietro saw that the inner door could be bolted on his side, and he did so at once—and he was not a moment too soon, for hardly had he thrown the bolt when the door was tried, and the voice of Monetti was heard upon the other side.

"Now for the virtue of our legs," whispered Pietro, as he sprang lightly a ross the room.

The marquis followed him, and in a moment more they were in the street. No one was stirring save themselves at this ghostly hour, for even the sentinels seemed to be asleep, and without molestation or hindrance they made their way swiftly along the dark and deserted streets. They flew on with all their speed, for well did the marquis know that a terrible danger was yet hanging over both him and Julia; and each moment was to him now as an hour of dearest life.

CHAPTER XI.

ON THE TRAIL AGAIN.

It was Landi Monetti who tried the inner door, and after pushing and hallooing for some moments, he took his way around to the other entrance, and to gain this he was obliged to go out into the court. But he reached the room at length, and as he opened the door and looked in, he stood for a moment like one petrified. He counted the prostrate forms before him, and there were twelve of them. One, which lay near the inner door, he saw move. He started forward and grasped the man by the arm.

"What ho, Torri! Can you speak?"

The soldier opened his eyes, and painfully raised his hands to his lips, but he could not speak. Monetti understood the sign and with quick movements he unbolted the inner door and hurried out. When he returned, he brought a bottle of wine and a cup. Again he raised Torri's head, and having poured out a cup of the wine held it to the man's lips. It was quickly swallowed, and a sign was made for more. Under the influence of the wine, the soldier began to revive, and he could soon give utterance to articulate sounds.

"Can you answer me now?" asked the captain.

"Yes," replied the poor fellow, in a husky, rattling whisper.

"Then what does all this mean?"

"They were two giants, captain—two tigers. Santa Marie!"

"But they did not all this alone?"

"All—all, captain. They are devils—their eyes were all afire! They cut us down like babies."

"Great Father of wonders!" ejaculated the astounded captain, casting his eyes first upward, and then around upon the gory corses about him. "But where are they now?"

"Gone. I was the last one to fall."

"But gone where?"

"I don't know. I was down before they went."

"But they were wounded?"

"I don't know—O! my side, my side, captain! It is burning. They were all bloody, but they did not—Oh! oh—oh—oh!"

"Can't you speak? Didn't you get a blow at them?"

The soldier opened his eyes and gazed up into his commander's face, but only a few low, deep groans escaped from his lips.

"Speak, Torri. Do you want more wine?"

The man's gaze faltered and his eyes lost their lustre. A darker shade passed over his face, and his lower jaw fell. His soul had gone.

When Monetti was sure his companion was dead, he let his head down upon the floor, and then went around among the others. He waded, almost, in thick gore, and his heart beat fearfully at the scene thus presented to his gaze. They were all dead—all—and with a fainting, sickening sensation he turned away from the place.

In a spacious, airy chamber lay the Count of Monza. He was upon a high bed, and his eyes were hoodwinked to keep them from the strong light which the physicians needed to enable them to examine his wound. There were two physicians, and they were both well versed in all the anatomical lore of the times. They had probed the wound, and from the direction their instruments took in following the sword-cut, and from the appearance of the patient, they were satisfied that with proper care he would recover. It was a miracle, they said, but they were yet sure. They had just got the wound cleansed and bound up, and the bandage removed from the eyes, when Monetti entered.

"Ah, good captain," the count said, as the former approached the bed, "I am not dead yet. Is the marquis taken alive?"

"No, signor count."

"I'm sorry, for I meant to have seen him humbled. But never mind, he is beyond the power of—"

"Stop, signor," interrupted the captain, "you mistake. The marquis and his man are both clear, and my twelve men are dead—every one of them!"

"How?" cried Loredano, starting to his elbow.

But the physicians started forward, and laid him back upon his pillow.

"My good count," spoke one of them, "you must not do so. Another movement like that may kill you. We know not what tender, subtle member may be cut half off, nor what sensitive vessel may be partly perforated. Be quiet if you would live—at least until your system can be healed. Captain, you should not have done this thing. You should have known better than to come in with such exciting news. Let the rest be till some other time."

"No, no," urged the count. "Let me hear the whole now. I will be calm. But I shall surely die if I am left in suspense. I will be calm. How was it, Monetti?"

The captain looked first upon the physicians, and as they made no objections, he went on to tell the strange story.

"You had a very devil to fight with, signor count," he said, "for he and his man have slain the whole twelve of our guard. They did it alone, for one of my men lived long enough to tell me the story. I thought at first that they must have had help; but it was not so. Every man they slew, and then made their escape, having taken the precaution to lock the inner door. I went there expecting, of course, to find my prisoners safe. Why—had an angel told me what I should find, I should have given him not an instant's thought of credit. When I came to bring you away, I looked upon our prisoners as—"

"Stop!" vehemently uttered the count. "I understand it all. You need tell me no more. You have seen the order from the duke. Take a score of men and hasten to the Hotel di San Paolo. The marquis will be there—he cannot yet have had time to get off with the maiden. But should you not find him, you will be sure to find Donna Julia, and of course you will bring her and her female attendant here. But find Della Torre if you can. If he has been to the hotel, and left again, lay upon his track at once. A thousand pistoles to the man who finds him. If they are not both together, secure the maiden—and then—"

"I understand," said Monetti, as the count stopped speaking, from exhaustion. "Say no more, but rest you in quiet while I go to obey the summons of the duke. If the marquis is in this city he shall be secured; and I will see that no one leaves the city before morning. Rest assured, now; I am off at once. The physicians will remain with you through the night."

As the captain thus spoke, he hurried away from the apartment. His first movement was to send messengers to the different gates of the city, commanding the guard, in the name of the governor, to allow no one whom they did not well know, to leave the city until further orders. Next he called up the porters and scavengers, and bade them remove the bodies of the dead soldiers to the chapel, and cleanse the room where they now lay. All this took but a few moments, and as soon as this was done, Monetti called a score of his men and started for the Hotel di San Paolo.

It was near two o'clock in the morning when the guard reached the hotel, and the captain at once called up the host, of whom he inquired for the marquis. The room was pointed out, and taking six men with him, the captain went up. He tried the door, but it was locked. He called out for admittance in the name of the governor, but he received no answer.

"Then the door must come down," he said, addressing the host.

But the publican liked not the plan of such destruction, and he said he might find a key that would fit it.

"But is there not a bolt beside the key-lock?"

"One—but if we can find a key, the bolt may be bent."

The host went away, and ere long he returned with a bunch of keys and one of them was soon found to fit the door. It was unlocked and thrown open, no other bolt having been thrown. But the room was empty of life. There were two beds in it, but neither of them had been touched during the night. The men were not only gone, but their luggage, too.

"This is the room!" uttered the captain, significantly.

"Yes. We had no other."

"Then lead the way to the chamber of the females. By the mass, we must secure them, and then make search for the marquis."

The apartment where Julia and her maid had been lodged was only a short distance further on in the same corridor, and the door was quickly reached. Monetti knocked, but received no answer. He tried the door, and it yielded. He entered and looked around. The bed had been disarranged, but its occupants were not there now. The apartment was searched all through, but no females were to be found.

"By the holy host, signor publican," uttered Monetti, in no very winning mood, "this is strange. They must be in some other room."

"That is impossible, captain, for I have the key to every room which is not occupied. They have certainly taken the alarm and fled."

But Monetti was not so easily satisfied. He commenced to search the premises, and had made the host unlock the sixth door, when one of his men came running up to inform him that they had found the marquis.

"Found him?" cried the captain, turning towards the messenger, and catching him by the arm.

"Yes, and the women, too."

"Where?"

"In the street—right front of the hotel. Come down quick."

Of course, Monetti waited to hear no more, but seizing the lamp from the hands of the host to guide him in his hurry, he called upon his men to follow him, and then started down the broad stairway.

CHAPTER XII.

A CRUEL STROKE.

When Francesco reached his hotel after having made his escape from the Consiglio palace, he hastened at once to Julia's room, and with only a simple knock he threw open the door and entered. He found both the girls up, for so frightful had been the maiden's dreams that she dared not sleep. Julia uttered a quick, wild cry as she saw her lover all covered with blood, but he soon assured her that he was not injured. But her nerves had received a shock which even this assurance could not cure.

"O!" she gasped, as she lay in his arms, "there is some dreadful danger hanging over us!"

"Yes, love, there is danger, and we must flee from this place as quickly as possible. Your uncle will give us shelter."

"My uncle Lombardo?"

"Yes. Will he not?"

"O—yes. He loves me well."

"Then we must hasten. Up, Julia. Find strength for one short hour, and we may be safe. On with your things—make not a moment's delay. Moments are hours of life to us now."

"I will be strong," uttered the maiden, starting up.

"Then we are safe. Help her, Lucetta. Myself and Pietro will be ready on the instant, and let us find you the same."

With these words the marquis went to his own room, and having washed his face and hands he set about arranging such things as he had to carry with him. They were but few and Pietro took them, and then the former went again to the chamber of Julia. All was ready ere long, and Francesco led the way down stairs and entered the street.

The dwelling of Signor Alberto Lombardo, who was a noble of Verona, and a brother of Julia's mother, lay in a westerly direction from the hotel, and the marquis remembered that the nearest way thither from the hotel was by a narrow passage which ran back of the hotel, passing by an arch under the adjoining building, and then opening upon the broad piazza of the Guardia. So into this passage they turned. The way was dark, but they

moved safely along, for the pavement was even and the passage straight. But fate was against them in this instance; for when they reached the end of the arch, near the piazza, they found the way stopped by a huge gate. Francesco tried it, but it could not be opened, nor could it be moved.

"It's no use," said Pietro, after the most earnest labors had proved fruitless. "The sooner we turn back the better it will be for us."

Julia spoke not a word, but her lover could feel that she trembled violently.

"Fear not," he urged. "We will hasten back, and the main street is surely open. Come—courage, love. All is not yet lost. Bear up yet a little while and we will be safe."

Pietro took the lead back, and the marquis followed, supporting Julia by the arm. They reached the street upon which their hotel stood once more, and Pietro was just upon the point of turning to ask his master which way he should turn, when his attention was arrested by the beams of a lantern close by the porch of the building.

"—s—st!" he uttered, in a low tone. "There is some one here. Be careful—"

"Ho! ho! Here men—here' a party!" cried a voice close by Pietro's side, at this moment.

The marquis started forward at the sound, and in a moment more he saw a dozen men coming towards him, and the light from as many lanterns flashed in his face.

"Run up and tell the captain we've found them," cried one of the soldiers.

The marquis heard the order, and he knew that Monetti was at hand.

"Cover our retreat, Pietro," ordered Francesco, in low, distinct tones. "I will hasten on with Julia, and be with you, if they come too strong. Follow us, Lucetta. Now—God help us!"

With this ejaculation the marquis caught Julia up in his arms and hurried on, while Lucetta kept close by his side. All his power of body was concentrated now, and he bore the firm, weighty form of his betrothed as though she had been a child. On he flew at a swift speed, and he could hear Pietro's footfall close behind him.

"By the mass," cried the faithful serving-man, "we shall give them the slip yet. Bear up, my master. They have started in pursuit, but we may clear them."

In a few minutes more two of the pursuers were close at hand, and Pietro turned. His sword was in his hand, and by a dexterous movement he allowed the leading man to rush full upon its point. It was withdrawn on the instant—just in time to receive the second.

"Surrender!" cried the latter, as his companion reeled and fell.

The only answer he received was a blow upon the top of the head that settled him upon the pavement. Again Pietro hurried on, and when he caught up with his master he had turned into the broad piazza upon which stood Lombardo's palace. The building was ahead—the marquis could see it—and hope was yet with him. Yet he could hear the tramp of the pursuers, and he knew they were close at hand.

"On! on!" cried Pietro.

Francesco strained every nerve. The gate was reached—a guard was there.

"Open!" uttered the marquis. "Open to Julia Visconti and the Marquis of Lodi!"

The guard started as he heard those well-known names, and in a moment more the gate was opened. Up to the broad marble court the marquis made his way, and into the open hall—and here he stopped and laid his burden down. His strength was nearly gone, and he knew that he could not have borne the maiden a dozen yards further.

At that moment the clash of arms was heard in the court. The marquis looked out and saw Pietro engaged with a dozen soldiers. Without stopping to think of his present exhausted state, he drew his sword and started out; but he knew not how faint he was until he was brought to the test. To be sure he handled his sword bravely, and for a time defended himself, but ere long his weapon was knocked from his grasp, and on the next moment he was seized by four stout men, and securely bound. At the same instant, almost, Pietro received a blow from behind that felled him to the earth.

As soon as this was done, Monetti rushed into the hall, where a a large hanging lamp was burning, and where he found Donna Julia just rising to a sitting posture.

"Ah—the lady of Visconti, if I mistake not," said the captain, doffing his plumed cap.

Julia gazed up with a startled look, and an agonizing cry broke from her lips. She had a faint idea of having heard the rattle of arms and the shout of the conflict. A moment she gazed around, and then she turned instinctively to Lucetta.

"Is he gone?" she gasped.

"Who?" the maid returned, clinging closely to her mistress.

"The marquis."

"He is not here now," Lucetta whispered, trembling with apprehension.

"Allow me, signora, to inform you that you are now under my protection," said Monetti, stepping nearer.

"*Your* protection, sir," said the maiden, seeming not to comprehend what the man meant.

"Ay, signora. I am ordered by the Count of Monza to bring you to him."

"The count—Marco Loredano? To carry me—"

"So he orders. I am ready to escort you."

"But the marquis—where is he?"

"You will see him no more."

"No more! See him—*no—more!* Not see—him—again?"

"No, signora. He is dead to you."

"Dead, say you? And you will now take me to the count?"

"Yes—you will go at once."

The maiden arose to her feet, and for a few moments she gazed steadily into the man's face. Gradually the fire of her dark eye grew brighter, and the veins upon her pure white brow began to swell and grow dark. Suddenly she saw blood upon the hand of the messenger, and in a shrieking tone she uttered:

"Ha! there's blood upon your hand! Whose is it? Is it his?"

Stung by a demon's anger in memory of what the marquis had done, the captain instantly replied:

"Ay—it is his—right fresh from his heart!"

A single instant Julia gazed upon those bloody hands, and then she broke into a wild, loud laugh.

"Ha! ha! ha! You think your mission is fulfilled! You imagine I am torn from the bosom of him I love! You feel sure the Count of Monza has won me! Ha! how fatally are ye all deceived. No power can separate me from my love. None! none! none! I am thine, Francesco, in death as in life!—and thus be our vows complete!"

As she spoke she snatched a dagger from the folds of her dress—one which she had worn concealed there—and ere any one could prevent the movement, she had plunged the glittering point into her own bosom! Lucetta uttered a cry of terror and started forward; but she was too late to stop the blow; yet she snatched the dagger and cast it down, and in a moment more Julia sank senseless upon the floor. The purple tide of life was rushing

MONETTI RAISING THE WOUNDED MAIDEN.

from the wound, but she seemed to have fallen more from previous faintness than from the effects of the self-inflicted blow.

Monetti sprang forward and pushed Lucetta aside, and while the latter stood with her face covered by her hands, weeping loudly, he kneeled down and raised Julia's head from the floor.

[SEE ENGRAVING.]

While all this was going on within, the marquis had been marched off towards the Consiglio palace, and search had been made for Pietro, but without effect. Several of the men had seen him fall, and they supposed him dead—or, at least, safe for the present; but yet they could not find him now. Search was made up and down the street and about the piazza, but all to no purpose. No Pietro could be found; nor could the sword of the captured marquis be found, either. Some of the men also saw that fall, but it was gone now; so the soldiers gave up the search and waited for the coming of their captain.

In the meantime Julia had been raised to a chair, and the officer was just calling upon Lucetta to come and stop the flow of blood, when one of the great doors of the hall was thrown open, and Signor Alberto Lombardo strode into the hall. He was a stout man, firm and well-built, and in the middle age of life. He had been called by the guard whom we first found at the gate, and had not heard any of the noise which had been made in the court.

"Where is my niece?" he asked, as he came up.

Monetti was fear-struck at first, but he remembered that he acted under orders from the Duke of Milan, and his confidence returned. But before he could make any reply, the noble's eye rested upon the marble face of Julia, and he recognized it at once. With a quick cry he darted towards the spot and dashed the captain aside.

"What is all this?" he gasped, in a quick, hoarse whisper. "Who has done this? Tell me! tell me!"

"'Twas her own hand, signor," answered Monetti.

"Her own hand? But the cause?"

The captain went on and told the story just as he knew it. He told how the marquis and Julia had eloped—how the duke had sent Loredano after them. He told of the duel, and its result—and then of his being sent to arrest the parties. Also how he had followed them thither—how the marquis had been taken—how he had asked the maiden to accompany him—and how she had stabbed herself.

"Then the marquis is not harmed?"

"No, signor."

"Then go and report to the governor, but stay here no longer. I will look to the maiden."

The captain did not dare to disobey the noble, and without another word he left the hall, and in a few moments more he had called his men together, and started to follow those who had gone before with the prisoner.

Lombardo picked Julia up in his arms, and bidding Lucetta to follow him, he bore her to a spacious chamber, where he placed her on a bed; and having directed the maid how to staunch the wound, he hurried away for a physician. He did not yet know what a lie Monetti had told to the maiden concerning the death of her lover, ere she struck that cruel blow.

CHAPTER XIII.

INTERVIEWS.

THE Duke of Milan was in his library, walking to and fro with quick, nervous strides, while his wife sat in a chair by the small table which occupied the centre of the room. It was about a week after the events we have just recorded, and of course the whole of the strange affair at Verona was now well known. The duke would have been glad to have had the duel and its results remain a secret, but that was impossible. The whole was known, and various were the ideas expressed. Yet only one general sentiment prevailed with regard to the marquis. He had shown himself a bravo man, and people loved him for it; but those who frequented the ducal court dared not express their feelings boldly, for it was known that Visconti hated the noble youth. Yet men who hated Francesco with the rest of the house of Della Torre, now respected him for the amazing prowess he had shown. But they knew not where the marquis was. Only the duke knew, of all the nobles in Milan, where Francesco lodged. Some said he was dead—some said he was in prison—and some that he was safe in Austria.

The duke continued pacing up and down the apartment for some time, and when he stopped, it was in front of his wife.

"Signora," he said, in a low, heavy tone, "you should consider yourself fortunate that your child was not killed."

"I do, my lord—indeed I do," replied the duchess, earnestly. "But surely you will not make this a reason why she should now be sacrificed."

"It is no sacrifice. You have had a trial of your plan, and you see how it has worked. Now I will try mine."

"My plan, my lord? How mean you?"

"You allowed your child to elope with the marquis."

"And that you call my plan?"

"I do, most assuredly."

"I own it, signor—I own it. But you must own the sad catastrophe in which it ended as your own. Had you let the matter gone as I would have had it, the marquis would now have been beyond your dominions, and our daughter would have been happy. No, no, my lord—that part of the plan was not mine. It was not mine to send the avenger upon their track."

"You mistake, signora," said the duke, with frigid dignity. "You took your own course, and if your plan did not succeed, 'twas because of its repugnance. And if the Duke of Milan felt it his duty to interfere in the affair, then you were at fault for having concocted a plan in which such interference became necessary. You must remember that your husband is simply Barnabas Visconti. The Duke of Milan is an independent being. 'Twas the duke who sent to arrest the fugitives. But you see it all; and now you may rest assured that I am in earnest. A wise God has preserved both these people for my purpose. The count and Julia are bound by strange ties now, and they must be wedded. As soon as they are strong enough to come to Milan, they shall be made man and wife."

"And Francesco?" murmured the duchess.

"Why would you know of his affairs?"

"Because I love him."

"Then love him no more, for he—"

"He—what? Speak on, Visconti."

"Never mind now."

"But I must know now. He is in your power."

"Not wholly."

"But you have the power if you will. Tell me what is to become of him."

"If you must know—but beware! The marquis dies!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

BRUNN, AND THE FORTRESS OF SPIELBERG.

SCENES IN THE EASTERN HEMISPHERE.

We present our readers on this and the following page with a series of faithful views of remarkable places in the old world, engraved in a style of great elegance. "No pent up Utica contracts our powers," and we feel at liberty to range over the world in quest of subjects, knowing well that our travelled readers will thank us for reviving their reminiscences of interesting places they have visited, while those who perhaps never think of going abroad are glad to see the wonders of the world brought before their eyes, without the trouble, danger and expense of trans-atlantic travel. The first picture of this set shows us a general view of the city of Brunn, a fortified place of the Austrian empire, the capital of the governments of Moravia and Silesia, and situated on a declivity at the confluence of the Schwarza and Zwittawa, 70 miles N. N. E. of Vienna, 116 miles S. W. of Prague, and connected with both cities by a railroad. It contains about 45,000 inhabitants, nearly all of whom are Roman Catholics. It is quite a picturesque old place, as our engraving shows. In the foreground we see the decaying statue of some old bishop or saint, and a crumbling bridge crossing the narrow stream, with loaded wagons passing into the plain beyond. Beyond the profile of the city, with its half-oriental spires and domes, we behold an eminence, crowned by a massive pile of buildings. That eminence is the fortress of Spielberg, erected for the defence of the place, but converted into a state prison, where some of the noblest spirits of the age, including Silvio Pellico, the author of "My Prisons," have languished, the victims of political despotism—men guilty of the deadly sin of cherishing liberal ideas. The streets in Brunn are narrow and crooked, but they are well-paved and lighted. Among its many fine buildings are the cathedral, St. Jacob's, and several other fine churches, the *landhaus*, the barracks, the city hall, the theatre, and several princely palaces. There are a large park and a public garden, well laid out and planted with trees, flowers and shrubbery, and containing a statue of the Emperor Francis I. Brunn is the seat for the chief military and legal courts and authorities for Moravia and Austrian Silesia; of a bishop's see, and a Protestant consistory. Like nearly all the cities of Germany it has ample provisions for education. It has a philosophical institute, theological, diocesan, and normal schools, a royal gymnasium, provincial, agricultural and historical societies, a museum, botanic garden and public. Here also is a provincial bank, with a large capital. Its manufactures of woolen goods are the most extensive in the Austrian dominions. Cotton goods, silk, glass, soap, tobacco and machinery are also extensively manufactured here. Its tanneries and leather factories are very important. It is the centre of a large trade between Bohemia and Austria, and the countries north and east of the Carpathian mountains. It is connected by railroads with Vienna, Breslau, Prague and Pesth. The condition and character of some of its buildings attest the antiquity of the city. Its citadel was blockaded by the Hungarians in 947, and the town itself besieged by the Swedes in 1645, and the Prussians in 1742. It has often been destroyed by fire, and as often risen from its ashes. In 1550 the plague swept off 4000 of its inhabitants, and the memory of this scourge and of the victims is perpetuated by a column erected in the great square. In December, 1805, Napoleon established his head-quarters here, previous to his brilliant victory of Austerlitz, and in 1800 the chief defences of Fort Spielberg were destroyed by the French. Spielberg and Silvio Pellico are names henceforth inseparable. But for the captivity of Pellico, the rock of Moravia would have remained what in reality it is, a dark and severe state prison; but, after all, like other establishments of the same kind, the *Mie Prigione* (my prisons) suddenly drew it from its obscurity and gave it a European renown. Still, if we are in quest of details respecting this celebrated fortress, in which Silvio Pellico was confined for eight years and a half, we must look to obtain them from his pages. The author of *Mie Prigione* is dark in his descriptions; as he sketches a portrait in a few strokes of the pencil,—and this portrait is not the less deeply graven in the memory,—so he devotes but a few lines to informing us that this prison was his dwelling, and came near being his tomb. External objects do not occupy a soul so lofty and elevated as that of Pellico; all his thoughts soar beyond the walls of his prison, towards that invisible world, that world of pure souls, the home now of that noble spirit, who, by his patience in misfortune, has richly deserved the happiness of the just. We must, therefore, supply the voluntary gap in Pellico's immortal little work. Few travellers have visited Spielberg, for the Austrian government rarely grants them permission to do so, and those who obtain the necessary authority do not always make up their minds,—particularly if they are Germans, and in any way connected with Austria,—to reveal to the public what they have seen. We have, therefore, been fortunate in discovering a description of Spielberg, written by a Frenchman, M. Remacle, inspector of prisons in France, published in the *Memoires de l'Academie du Gard*, and translated into German in the *Conversations-Blatt*. The governor of the fortress could not conceal the astonishment he felt in the permission granted to a Frenchman to visit these dreadful dungeons, though that Frenchman was entrusted with an official mission. The fortress is situated on a hill about 800 feet in height. The ordinary prisoners are criminals of the arch-duchy of Austria, Moravia and Bohemia, whose term of incarceration is more than ten years. The customary road by which the prison is reached, is from the city side. At a hundred and fifty paces from the first gate is found a guard-house, which furnishes sentinels for the mountains; then an enclosure of palisades and a second guard-house. By a steep ascent, you reach a stairway with a door at either extremity; and having mounted the last step, you are in front of the prison, with a rampart on the right and left, a post and the director's quarters. The prison contains individuals of both sexes. When M. Remacle visited it, it contained 375 individuals, distributed through six quarters, each composed of ten cells of unequal size. Besides this there are buildings devoted to hospitals, store-houses and work-shops. The traveller measured one of the smallest cells, similar to that in which Silvio Pellico was confined, before he was placed with Maroncelli, and found it about 12 by 18 feet. The furniture was as follows: a camp bed, with a woolen covering, a straw mattress, a few shelves at the foot of the bed, a pitcher, and a wooden basin. The window, about six feet from the floor, was guarded by strong iron bars. Since it was decided to warm the dungeon during half the year, the cells have each received a stove. It is to Silvio Pellico and the profound sympathy the recital of his sufferings caused throughout Europe, that the present prisoners of Spielberg owe the amelioration of their condition. We know how very small was the portion of the nourishment allotted daily to each prisoner at the period of the captivity and the protracted sufferings of the author of *Mie Prigione*. During the first year Pellico suffered all the torments of hunger. Poor Oroboni, with his frail and delicate organization, fell a victim to it. If the food meted out with such parsimony had only been eatable—but its very smell excited disgust. Among other things was a preparation which the Germans call *brennesuppe*, consisting of flour and lard fried. "It was nauseous," says Maroncelli, the companion of Silvio Pellico. At Spielberg they made a large pot-full of this every six months, and every morning took out the necessary quantity. This wretched trash was afterwards thinned with boiling water. Maroncelli tells us that his friend could not swallow this mixture. He put aside the slices of rye bread which swam in it and kept them for his dinner, after drying them in the sun. Since the time of Pellico and Maroncelli, the alimentary diet of the prison of Spielberg is said to have been improved. The prisoners now receive meat on Sunday and vegetables on week days, and their allowance of bread has been increased half a pound daily. But alas! why have not the other prisons of the Austrian monarchy had their Silvio Pellicos? These measures of humanity have been restricted exclusively to Spielberg. "In most of the prisons of Austria," says M. Remacle, "I have seen the prisoners dying of consumption for want of sufficient nourishment." It is also due to Silvio Pellico that the penalty of *carcere durissimo* has been abolished. There were formerly at Spielberg two categories of prisoners; a part condemned to the *carcere durissimo*, and the others to the *carcere duro*. The prisoners of the first class were, every day, at the close of labor, brought back to the horrible dungeons on the ground floor. There they were fastened, by means of a ring in the belt they wore round their bodies, and which was suspended under the armpits, to a chain of iron which hung from a bar of the same metal keyed into the wall. They had two chains on their feet; and their hands were kept apart by an iron bar. How could they close their eyes in such a position? If they murmured, if they uttered a cry, the jailor thrust into their mouths a pear-shaped instrument filled with pepper, which insinuated it into their throats through the holes with which it was pierced. At the period when M. Remacle inspected Spielberg, there were still two prisoners who had been subjected to this mode of punishment, one for twenty years, the other for eighteen. One of them was completely paralyzed. Those condemned to "hard imprisonment," might also be fastened to the dreadful iron chain of which we have spoken, but only in extraordinary cases, as when they behaved badly, for instance. This is what the head jailor explained to Silvio Pellico, when the latter, on the first day of his captivity at Spielberg, asked the object of the chain fastened to the wall. "It is for you, sir," replied Schiller, "if you are troublesome. If you are reasonable we shall be satisfied with chaining your feet." Schiller did not suspect then how mild and gentle a prisoner he had to deal with. But ordinarily, to undergo the *carcere duro*, is, to use the words of Silvio Pellico, "to perform compulsory labor, to wear irons on the feet, to sleep on bare planks and to eat detestable food." The manual labor of the prison must have been insipid to men like Maroncelli and Silvio, accustomed to an intellectual life; they were made to split wood, to scrape lint, and to knit stockings. The minstrel of Francesca de Rimini, to whom books and paper were refused, condemned to produce every week two pair of knit stockings! At Japan, ministers and courtiers who have fallen into disgrace are sent to an island where they are compelled to weave stuffs for the garments of the sovereign; it is true that this happens in Japan. The *carcere durissimo* is nothing when compared to the dungeons which bear the name of the Emperor Francis I., and which extend in the depth of a black, subterranean region below Maroncelli's chamber. A triple door defends the entrance, and yet we may cite the names of prisoners who have escaped from this dungeon, notwithstanding the active watch and ward kept up night and day in the fortress. In the night, particularly, there is nothing but patrols, rounds, marching and counter-marching of sentinels, and visits of the director and keepers. But all is not finished: below these caves there are

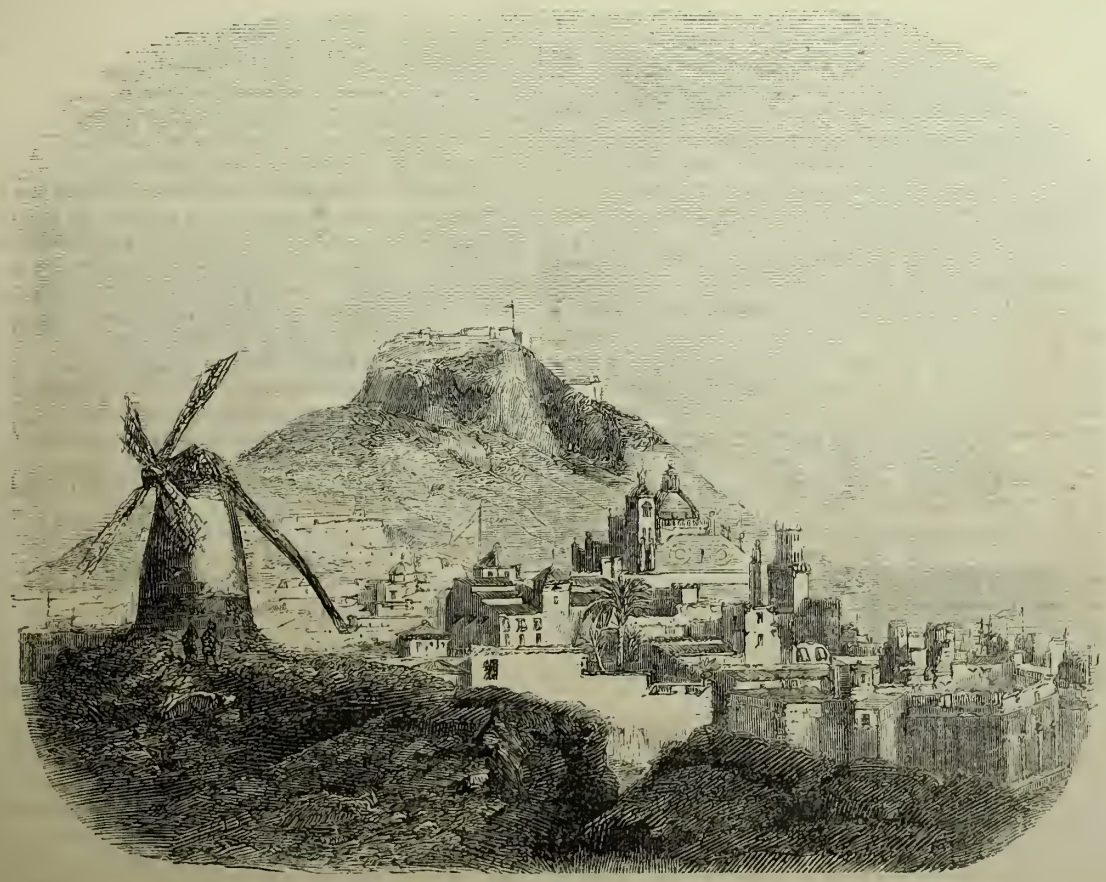
VIEW OF DRESDEN.

others—to see them torches are necessary—yet more dreadful and hideous. We find at Spielberg those cages of iron which the barbarity of the middle ages invented to enclose criminals, and this was discontinued only a century ago. Fancy a wooden box formed of huge posts bound together with bars of iron, with a little hole to pass the provisions, which the keepers, furnished with lanterns, brought three times a week, and a larger one open to introduce the prisoner, who did not have even the liberty of motion in this cage. And there were thirty-four of these boxes. At the end of a few months the grave had received its victims. What enormous crime had Silvio Pellico committed, to be thus buried alive during the best years of his life, in the fortress we have described? The question is still asked. At the most he could only be reproached with having uttered some words of suppressed indignation, with some newspaper articles written with liberal views. Born in 1789, at Saluces, in Piedmont, he had felt at an early age a strong inclination to poetry, which his father, at first a director of a silk-weaving establishment, afterwards chief of division in the war office at Turin, did not fail to foster. During a sojourn the boy made in Lyons, his studies were inclined to French literature, and Italy would have reckoned one poet less, if the new employment his father had obtained at Milan had not recalled him to the latter city. Glory and misfortune there awaited him. Linked with Monti and Ugo Foscolo, he composed that "Francesca de Rimini," which was played at all the theatres of Italy. In this tragedy, as in those he afterwards wrote, he sought to imitate the manner of Alfieri. There is the same simplicity of action, the same clearness, the same limpidity of language. The piece is beautiful, but frigid. The success of this tragedy rendered the name of Silvio Pellico popular. Courted by the highest society of Milan, visited by all strangers of distinction who travelled in Italy, Madame de Stael, Byron, Brougham, Schlegel, etc., he conceived the idea of establishing a journal, the "Conciliator," at once literary and political. The object of the founder was, it was said, the regeneration of Italy by means of literature and science; but the Austrian government suppressed the sheet at the end of a year, and its conductors were held for trial. Arrested on the 13th of October, 1820, at first incarcerated in the prison of St. Margaret, at Milan, then under the leads of Venice, and finally condemned to fifty years in irons at Spielberg, Silvio only emerged from captivity in 1830, on the very day when the revolution of July broke out at Paris. It was then his work, —"My Prisons," appeared. That which especially characterizes this book is, that the author, instead of cursing his executioners, grants them a generous pardon, as Christ pardoned those who put him to death. It was said of Saint Louis, that no king ever carried virtue to a greater extent; it may be said of the prisoner of Spielberg, that few Christians have more fully carried out the principle of resignation to the will of God. Once at liberty, Silvio Pellico retired to the city of Turin, and died there in the beginning of 1854.

ST. PAUL DE LOANDA.

Dresden.—The two travellers depicted in the foreground of our second engraving are represented as standing in the beautiful garden of the Japanese palace, built by Augustus II., and situated on the right bank of the river Elbe, near the Leipsic gate. In this edifice are found sixty thousand specimens of the porcelain ware of Saxony, Italy, China and Japan, Etruscan vases, antique sculptures, among which are a torso of Minerva, a lady of Herculaneum and her two daughters, four Romans playing at ball, a faun pouring out wine, a head of Niobe, a library containing about two thousand volumes of the early days of printing, a manuscript treatise of Albert Durer on the proportions of the human body, and nineteen volumes of portraits of princes and princesses of the seventeenth century. One of the two travellers extends his arm in the direction of the quay of the right bank, on which are grouped some of the finest buildings of Dresden. He seems to point out at first the custom-house, a very large and plain building. Afterwards we behold, in succession, the Catholic church, renowned for its excellent music; the king's palace and its tower, which hide from view the palace of the princes. The theatre, an elegant edifice near the church, is masqued by the buildings on the quay. Above the travellers is the elegant bridge over the Elbe, 1800 feet long. At its extremity, on the right bank, is the opening of the square, where stands the equestrian statue of Augustus II., constructed of hammered copper. This is in the new town. Behind the bridge, we perceive the dome of the church of Our Lady, which resisted the bombs of Frederick the Great, in 1760. In this church there is an organ with 6000 pipes, the masterpiece of Silbermann. The splendid museum of paintings is in this direction, but its buildings are not high enough to surmount the dense masses of architecture which separate it from the quay. The whole of this part of the city has a character of elegance seductive to the artist; but Dresden is not deficient in other aspects equally charming. He who has once seen it can never forget it, nor recall it without regret. The most attractive object to strangers of taste is the picture gallery. Prime remarks of it, in his "Travels in Europe and the East:"—"The picture gallery is indeed worthy of being compared with any at Paris and Florence; a collection that was brought from Italy originally, and has been improved and enriched by the most costly purchases from the time of the Reformation. When Frederick the Great bombarded the city, he gave orders to preserve the gallery; and when he entered in triumph, he asked permission as a stranger to visit it, as if the laws of art had a right to be respected when the city itself was at his feet. And when Napoleon was master of Saxony, he did not permit one of these pictures to be taken to Paris, though he robbed other galleries without remorse. At the door a servant stood to clean our boots before we were allowed to enter. * * A perfect wilderness of beauty opened on us as we entered. * * The extraordinary collection of curiosities in the Historical Museum, at Dresden, has scarcely a rival in Europe. Old armor, more even than in the Tower of London, implements of the chase and the tournament, and relics of days long gone by, are here arrayed, to give a fairer view of the manners and customs of those times than we could gather from books. But the most curious of all the sights of Dresden is in the Green Vaults, where the treasures of the Saxon princes are preserved, the accumulated hordes of ages, said to be the 'richest which any European monarch at this time possesses.' Gold, silver and precious stones, wrought in every form of beauty, and exceeding in splendor the treasures of the Eastern monarchs, are here arranged in eight successive chambers; and the bare recital of the more magnificent articles would consume more space than I can give. One of them, of gold enamelled, representing the court of the Great Mogul, has one hundred and thirty-two figures, and was made at a cost of $60,000. Diamonds that would pay off the national debt are sparkling here, with rubies, emeralds and sapphires, and the Saxon regalia, sword, sceptre and crown, chain and collars, and the largest sardonyx that is known: a heap of precious things, baubles for men and women to look at, but suggesting to us the folly of such symbols of royal magnificence and power."

St. Paul de Loanda.—From Germany to Africa is but a step for the imagination, though a long and weary journey in point. Yet here we are at the foot of the eminence on which the town is built, gazing on the crumbling ruins of rich Portuguese structures around on the broad ocean that extends to meet the sky in the distance. A couple of negroes reclining at the foot of the tree in the foreground serves to locate the spirited and striking scene. The first establishments of European commerce on the western coast of Africa were founded by Norman navigators. By 1364, some persons from Dieppe had established themselves on the coast which extends south from the Cape de Verde Islands. Two of the points they occupied yet bear the names of Great and Little Dieppe, while a third is called Little Paris. The misfortunes which fell upon France, a short time afterwards, injured the prosperity of these establishments. They ceased to be visited by ships, which, in the beginning, carried on an important trade in gold, ivory and pepper. About half a century afterwards, in the reign of John II., the Portuguese resolved to make some explorations beyond the Cape de Verds. A vessel sent from Lisbon reached the Gulf of Guinea during the rainy season. The maladies it occasioned forced them to return to Portugal, but the chances of navigation having carried them towards the south, they discovered, on the 23d of December, 1405, the eve of St. Thomas's Day, an island, which was named Saint Thomé. This discovery gave rise to new expeditions, and soon after the entire coast of Guinea, of Congo and Angola were explored, the most favorable points were occupied, and, about 1578, St. Paul de Loanda (San Paulo de Assumçao de Loanda) was founded. It became the capital of the Province of Angola, and of all the Portuguese possessions in these regions. The seat of a government and of a bishopric, the centre of affairs south of the equator, it soon became a flourishing place; but it was especially towards the end of the last century that it reached a truly remarkable height of prosperity. The slave trade was the principal element of its fortune, and since the prohibition of this traffic, its commerce has been reduced to the export of certain products, among which orchilla, a species of lichen or moss used in dyeing, occupies the principal place. Vessels are rare in the bay, and there is only here and there a warehouse or shop. Ruins have usurped the place of the splendid houses built with the gold the negro-traders so readily obtained. Negresses in rags occupy the richly-wrought balconies where the Portuguese Creole ladies used to glitter in diamonds, and display their coquetish undress, the only costume that the climate permitted. The animation of the streets and public squares has given place to the sadness of a depopulated town. Portugal seems to give itself little trouble about a possession which has ceased to produce any return. The few employés and soldiers sent thither from time to time receive scarcely any pay, and are compelled to resort to some trade or occupation for support. Still, the government keeps up at some distance in the interior an establishment devoted to the reception of persons sentenced to transportation for political offences.



ALICANTE.

Alicante.—Our last engraving shows a view of this pretty Spanish town, the capital of the Province of Valencia, situated at the head of an extensive bay. The picturesque windmill in the foreground, a frequent characteristic of Spanish scenery, reminds one of one of the most ludicrous adventures of Don Quixotte. The building on the bold hill that rises in the background is the castle. In the centre of the picture, the city displays its picturesque architecture; while here and there a palm-tree indicates the fertility of its garden soil. Alicante enjoys a good deal of commerce, which might be readily increased if there were better modes of communication with the interior. Its exports consist principally of wine, almonds, figs, barilla, olives, olive oil, brandy, salt, wool, silk and linen. Steamboat lines, recently established, connect it with Cadiz, Barcelona, Port Vendres and Marseilles. The population is about 19,000.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THROUGH THE DARKNESS INTO LIGHT.

BY EMILY R. PAGE.

When the moon was filling nightly,
In the silent sky of May,
Angels came in starry garments,
And they bore my child away—
Through the deeps of death's dark river,
Where their shining feet went down;
Where the moaning waters shiver
'Mong the shadows that they drown.

But the feet of morning met him
Just upon the other side,
And the darkness of the valley
Drifted downward on the tide.
For the angels crowned his forehead
With the glory up above,
And the Father took him gently
To the bosom of his love.

Even so shall all be gathered
Safely to the Father's fold,
When the circling ages falter,
And the sands of time are told.
Worlds on worlds, like sea-ward waters,
Then shall mingle into one,
Burdened with an endless blessing,
To the Father and the Son.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE CONFESSIONS OF ARISTIDES JINX.

BY FREDERICK WARD SAUNDERS.

My friend Tompkins, although, in other respects, an excellent fine fellow and good company, is, nevertheless, inordinately fond and ridiculously proud of his native city: a sentiment with which I should not dream of finding fault, did he restrict his admiration to words alone; but he does not. I would willingly admit, for the sake of peace, that Boston is the finest city in the world, and that every good thing possessed by any other city, is merely a poor copy of a Boston improvement. But this will not answer; words do not suffice him. He *will* persist every time I come to Boston, no matter if it be twice a week, in showing me over the town, as if I were an entire stranger.

As usual, I was forced to undergo the infliction when at Boston, the other day. Convoyed by Tompkins, I had been shown nearly all the lions; had manifested a great deal of admiration—which I did not feel—for the custom house; frankly admitted that the post-office was superior to the one at New York; expressed my sincere delight that Boston was blessed with such a really beautiful park; became excessively patriotic, and twaddled of the pilgrim fathers in passing the State House; and was about giving vent to my surprise that Bunker Hill Monument—the upper third of which we could just see, looming like a big chimney in the distance, as we turned into Somerset Street,—was still standing in the same spot, when Tompkins, starting from my side as if he had been shot through the breeches pocket with a tailor's bill, exclaimed, with much excitement:

"By Jove, if there aint Spink!"

"Where—where?" I asked, nervously clutching him by the arm, and gazing in all directions with the greatest anxiety, not that I had ever seen or even heard of Spink before, but the tone and manner of my friend left little room for doubt that to see Spink was the most startling and extraordinary sight in the world.

"There—there! that's him! Don't you see him?" returned my friend, pointing to a jolly, round, red-faced little man, about five feet three inches short, by three feet five inches wide, who was rolling along toward us on the opposite side of the way.

"How are you, Tompkins?" vociferated Spink, as he came up with us. "Just the chap I wanted to see. Tip us your daddle—will yer, old feller?" and grasping Tompkins's outstretched hand, he shook it furiously.

"Mr. Spink, shall I make you acquainted with my friend, Mr. Jinx, of Pugwash? Mr. Jinx, Mr. Spink," Tompkins went on to say, as, after returning Spink's cordial greeting, he turned to where I stood, surveying the pair with no expression of countenance whatever; for, to say the truth, my expectations having been so much excited by Tompkins's exclamation, I was somewhat disappointed at the result.

"Delighted to make your acquaintance, sir,—extremely so," remarked Mr. Spink, grasping my hand, which he wrung with the most vigorous good will, letting it go by degrees, partially relaxing his hold for a moment, then clutching at it again and again, as if reluctant to terminate the ecstatic pleasure he experienced in shaking my hand. "Always happy to become friends with the friends of my friends, he! he! he!" and the little man laughed and chuckled clear down to the tops of his boots.

I returned the friendly salutation with my naturally bland and fascinating smile, bowing with graceful dignity; then feeling it necessary to say something, I assured him, in a confidential tone, that it "was a magnificent day."

"Charming—delightful!" he exclaimed, with enthusiasm, as though the fact had but just dawned upon him for the first time. Then sinking his voice, and assuming a serious, even melancholy air, he reciprocated my confidence by imparting the important information that "there was a good 'eal of such weather in the Injun summer season."

Whereupon, as a well-bred man, and, I trust, a gentleman, I manifested the polite quantity of surprise and admiration; although, as Pugwash is somewhat less than forty miles from Boston, it might be supposed I should have some little inkling of the description of weather usually found in this latitude.

"But, I say, Tompkins," he continued, whirling round upon my friend, "you must come up and see us to-night, and your friend Mr. Jinx, too. Can't hear of a refusal. You know where our place is by this time, I should think, he! he! he!—210, Lemonade Row So come along—will you?"

I was about to interpose some feeble objection, but was cut short by Tompkins, who at once accepted the invitation for both. Whereupon Spink, with an apology for leaving so abruptly, as he was in a hurry, wished us good morning, and waddled off before I could explain to my friend that the condition of my wardrobe precluded the possibility of attending a party on that evening.

"O fudge! Never mind your dress. You look well enough," returned my friend; "besides, it's not a party at all—only a family set-down, and, perhaps, a little whist or so. Fine fellow, that Spink," he continued, in a semi-soliloquy; "very much of a gentleman, and rich, too, Jinx, m' boy,—rich as a rajah."

This simile served to raise Spink very materially in my estimation; for though I make considerable noise about my democratic principles, and spout incessantly of the tyranny of the rich, and all that sort of thing, before the Pugwash Mutual Benefit and Community Equalizing Society, I, nevertheless, am quite as well pleased to be noticed by and invited to the home of a jolly young Dives as you are yourself. While engaged in pondering the important question what coat I should wear that evening, we arrived at the door of the lodgings I usually infest while in town, where Tompkins, promising to call for me at seven, wished me a jolly afternoon, and went on his way rejoicing.

Having completed a satisfactory toilet, I sat down to write, and had written as far as the last period, when seven o'clock and Tompkins came simultaneously.

"Well, Jinx, m' boy, all ready, eh?" said he, in his lively way, bursting into my room, and a loud laugh at the same time. "You don't mean to say you live *here?* Why, bless my heart, there isn't room enough to swing your hat. You, doubtless, have another apartment in which to keep your tooth brush and razor; you can't possibly have room for them both *here!* But, come, it's time we were off;" and suiting the action to the word, he clattered down stairs, making much more noise than was absolutely necessary, with the inhuman design, I more than half believe, of compelling the landlady to carpet them. However, I have my own opinion as to his success.

I followed my friend at a slower pace, for I was not altogether pleased with his remarks concerning my apartments. The room, to be sure, is not one of your vast, sounding, echoing rooms, where you can fancy a ghost in every corner; but it is a very comfortable little room, for all that; more than two-thirds of it is plenty high enough to stand up in, and there is no necessity whatever of bumping your head where the roof slopes down; such a catastrophe could only result from sheer carelessness. As for the length and breadth, why, by keeping my hat and trunk underneath the bed, and with a little pains to place the chair in such a position that the door wont strike against it in opening, there is an abundance of room; and what, I should like to know, can be more convenient for writing than to form a desk by piling up books on the bed to any height that suits you best? Then by inverting the wash bowl on the floor beside you, you have a nice little stand for your ink-bottle, all of which arrangements I consider quite nice and comfortable. Things, to be sure, are on a rather more magnificent scale at Pugwash; but one cannot expect the same luxuries abroad, in a vast city, that one has at home, and although I must overlook it in Tompkins, I don't thank him in the least, for disparaging my "apartments." I've half a mind to tell him so. Swing my hat, indeed! I don't want to swing my hat. What upon earth can a man want to swing his hat for in his own dormitory? But hold! I am wandering away from my subject.

Overtaking Tompkins, we turned our steps toward Lemonade Row, and conversing carelessly upon indifferent topics, soon reached the residence of our friend Spink. Ah! how little I thought, as we mounted those five Quincy granite steps, and twitched that silver-plated bell knob, how big was that three story, swell front, brick dwelling, with the fate of Jinx; even when admitted within the portal, and standing in the front entry, even when I deposited my hat and cane on the hall table, and gave the hurried, final twist to my ear locks, glancing anxiously at my boots the while, to observe whether there was any dust on them, and at the breast pocket of my coat to make sure my new, eight shilling white linen pocket handkerchief protruded a graceful and fascinating distance, even then, I say, I perceived nothing remarkable about the house. Nay, even when I had passed that sacred precinct, the parlor door, and was introduced to Mrs. Spink, mother of our friend Spink, to his eldest sister, Miss Sarah Spink, and to a friend of the family, Major George Booth, even then I considered my new acquaintances very ordinary, pleasant sort of people, but by no means remarkable. Ah! how dull and slow of comprehension is the human mind! Mrs. Spink, as she then appeared to me, was a very good natured old lady, who liked to hear herself talk, and tried hard to seem some twenty years younger than she really was. Miss Sarah, who had evidently turned the last corner, whatever that may be, was unmistakably literary, and consequently—but never mind. Major Booth impressed me at first as being an uncommonly fine looking gentleman, tall, well formed, with immense whiskers, and a very fascinating address. How little I thought him the villain he afterwards proved himself to be!

We conversed pleasantly a few minutes, and were about sitting down to a game of whist, when the door opened, and Spink's youngest sister, Miss Carol, glided into the room with the step of a sylph. How can I ever hope to describe that bewitching, that enchanting female? The thing is impossible. It would require blacker ink than mine to give the faintest idea of the dark luxuriance of her hair, the jetty sparkle of her eyes, and whiter paper than this I am now spoiling, to describe the pearly whiteness of her snowy neck. But enough; the most prodigal and lavish use of Webster's unabridged would miserably fail to reproduce her image.

I felt, the instant she entered the room, that a crisis had arrived in my existence. "Jinx," muttered I to myself, "behold, your destiny approaches. The being before you is destined to influence, either for happiness or misery, the whole of your future existence."

How I comported myself during the introduction which followed I have not the least knowledge, into such a maze of bewilderment was I plunged. Neither have I the slightest idea how it came to pass that Mrs. Spink faced Major Booth, and Miss Sarah my friend Tompkins, at the whist table, leaving the lovely Carol and myself sitting side by side on the sofa. I only know that when I, in some measure, recovered my equanimity, such was the disposition of the *dramatis personæ*. You may be sure I wasted none of those precious moments. Calling into requisition my unrivalled conversational powers, I exerted myself to the utmost to create a sensation, and if I may judge by the expression of Carol's lovely eyes, which she ever and anon raised to my face with the sweetest and most confiding air imaginable, I was more than ordinarily brilliant that evening. There was no end of subjects I touched upon, partly to amuse her and partly to impress her with my knowledge of the world and acquaintance with fashionable society. I poured into her ear a profusion of those delightful nothings which pass current in society as the best method for a well bred man to entertain a lady of refinement. I spoke to her of the different balls we might anticipate the coming winter, about Jennie Smith's engagement with Tom Whangs, who hasn't a copper of his own, and not the best of expectations, about the people at Nahant the past season, about the Rev. Dr. Brick's delightful sermon at the Shark Lane church, last Sunday, about the last fashions and the next, and I don't know what beside, when the game of whist being brought to a close, the conversation became general.

"Suppose you favor us with some music, Miss Carol," suggested Tompkins.

"Certainly, if you desire it," replied Miss Carol, sweetly, at the same time rising from her seat by my side.

I was on my feet in an instant, to accompany her to the piano, and enjoy the blessed privilege of turning the music for her, but was forestalled by Major Booth, who rushed to her side as though he had been on the lookout for the opportunity for a year. I do not know how I ever thought Booth good-looking, now that I examined him more closely. I was surprised I did not perceive at first what a gross looking fellow he was. Miss Carol's song was perfectly exquisite; I think I never heard music to compare with it before. Tompkins and myself were loud in our applause and requests for a repetition. Gracefully excusing herself, she turned to the major:

"Perhaps you will give us a song?"

"Certainly," he replied. "I am only too happy to gratify *you* in anything," and the insolent fellow smiled and grinned in her face like a hyena. I detest that Booth. What a hardened, unprincipled villain he must be, to force his odious attentions upon that peerless young creature! I am convinced nothing but her natural sweetness of disposition and aversion to injure the feelings of any one, even that low Booth, prevents her repelling his advances with the scorn and contempt he merits.

Miss Carol reluctantly, as was sufficiently evident to me, played the accompaniment; while the brute, in the basest of base voices, roared out a song concerning the queen of his soul, which, as nearly as I can remember, was as follows:

"Queen of my soul, whose star-like eyes is all the light I seek,
Whose voice, in sweetest melody, can love or pardon speak;
I bow me to thy loved control, Mary, Mary, queen of my soul!
Mary, Mary, quee—ee—, bright quee - ee—ee—ee- en awf me soul—l—l!"

It is a matter of astonishment to me how under the sun any of the persons present could make up a face to applaud the major's disgusting performance, to me it was perfectly execrable. But they did, and not only that, insisted upon his singing again, which he did, and continued to do all the remainder of the evening, confound him! thereby effectually preventing another *tete a tete* between Carol and myself. The fellow absolutely seemed to delight in annoying me. His abominable songs, the easy nonchalance of his manner, and his affected familiarity with Carol, whom he persisted in calling by her Christian name, as though he were her brother, was so particularly disagreeable to me, that I felt continually the strongest desire to assassinate him.

However, the evening wore away, and it became necessary for us to depart, though, for my own part, I could have cheerfully stayed a hundred and fifty thousand years; but that being impracticable, we were forced to take our leave; not, however, without being repeatedly and pressingly urged to call often, and unless I deceive myself grossly, Miss Carol was particularly earnest in her invitation to me individually.

But ten short days have elapsed since my first interview with that adorable creature, and in that time I have called upon her five separate evenings. I can perceive that she takes a deep and growing, though, as yet, perhaps, unconscious interest in me. I can perceive by the deepening tinge upon her cheek, by the soft and winning glances of her downcast eyes, that my coming is looked forward to with pleasurable emotions. But that never ending Booth is continually present to render me uncomfortable. I should think the fellow would be ashamed to call so often; but people of his stamp have no discretion—no shame, in fact. No

longer ago than last evening, he established himself on the sofa by the side of that dear angel, and while I was conversing with Mrs. Spink, he threw his arm upon the back of the sofa, thereby almost embracing my adored Carol, and continued for a long time whispering in her ear. How must she have felt, poor girl, and in my presence, too! How I longed to tell her that I thought none the worse of *her* for his atrocious behaviour! I think no event, in the whole course of my existence, ever excited my anger to such a degree. I was frantic with rage. I could have wrenched his hideous head from his shoulders,—yea, have torn out his vile heart, consumed it in the fire of my wrath, and scattered the ashes to the four winds of heaven! Yet I didn't do it,—no; with a violent effort I restrained my propensity, and why? The gentle Carol shall never know the fearful and sanguinary passions that form part of my nature. No; outwardly, I will be the unruffled, the smiling, the placable Jinx. Never shall she be affrighted and dismayed by so much as a glimpse of the fierce whirlwind of jealousy, the terrific tornado of wild hatred that sweeps with blighting and devastating fury through my tempestuous interior. Such fearful knowledge shall be forever hidden from thy dear eyes, beloved Carol!

But there must be a speedy termination to this state of uncertainty; that detestable Booth will else drive me to the commission of some terrible deed. Yes,—I will put in practice the plan I formed while walking the seventh time through Lemonade Row, this forenoon. Business of importance calls me to Pugwash. I *could* transact it and return in one day; but I will not. I will stay a week—a whole interminable week. The long interval will give time for the love I am convinced Carol feels for me to strengthen. Absence, they say, inflames strong affection, as it quenches weak love. Then, upon my return, I will fly to her dear presence, make known the passion that consumes me, and hear from her own lips the words that seal my fate. Am I over-sanguine in believing she will accept my love? If Jinx has any skill in reading the female heart (and he thinks he has), then will the result be as I could wish. I will take one more turn through Lemonade Row, then, hey for Pugwash!

By the way, it is singular—very singular—that, until my present visit to Boston, I never noticed what a magnificent street that is in which the Spinks reside. Every part and everything in the least connected with it has a peculiar interest when one examines it closely. The very flag-stones of the walk seem better adapted for a promenade than in any other street. The gas lights are much brighter, and the glass lanterns decidedly cleaner than I remember to have ever seen them elsewhere. The houses, too, have an undefinable air of comfort and joyousness about them which it would be difficult to describe. It is rather odd, too, although Spink's house is in reality not a particle higher or larger than the adjoining house, yet, for some reason, it seems to stand out from the rest, to be more lofty and spacious. Probably it is better built than the rest. *Apropos* of the Spinks, it speaks rather badly for my discernment that my first impressions of the family were so widely different from my present opinion. That Mrs. Spink is a lovely old lady, excessively entertaining and good tempered; Miss Sarah, who I thought slightingly of at first, is an estimable young lady, a most sensible and learned person, in fact, a perfect walking she encyclopedia. I enjoy her society amazingly. And Miss Carol—but hold! I'll not write another word until the week of probation is passed, and I have declared my love; then—*then will* I return, and triumphantly, as with a flourish of trumpets, finish this page of my diary.

Heavens! can it be that only one week has elapsed since I penned the concluding word of the last paragraph? Only last night that I returned from Pugwash? Through what have I not passed since then? How have my soaring hopes been dashed to earth? I am writing this on the back of a bill of fare of a wretched eating-house, whither I have rushed in my desperation, with the forlorn hope of calming my distracted mind, and in some measure restoring peace to my perturbed spirit by partaking of a broiled steak and fried onions. But I feel it will be in vain. Even onions fail to fill the aching void which I feel in my thorax from the irretrievable loss of my lost love—Carol Spink. But I must be brief. The bill of fare is none of the biggest, and I do not feel inclined to invest capital in a sheet of paper, at the present moment.

In short, then, I returned from Pugwash; but it is superfluous to say that—for if I hadn't returned, how could I be here?—it serves, however, to show the reader in what a state of agitation my mind is in at present. But to proceed. I arrived in Boston on the last inward train from Pugwash, just as evening was closing in. With wildly beating heart, and the most glowing anticipations, I drove at once to Carol's residence. I had spent the whole day upon my toilet, and left Pugwash in a costume the faultless elegance of which was beyond all praise. Leaving the coach at the corner of the street, in order to have time to collect my thoughts, I walked slowly toward the door. I distinctly remember now, *now* that it is too late, that I stubbed my toe as I ascended the steps, and upon attempting to ring the bell, my fingers slipped from the knob. Bad omens both. The servant who admitted me grinned prodigiously as she replied affirmatively to my inquiry whether Miss Carol was in. Passing into the parlor, I found the object of my affection alone. Taking her hand, I retained it within my grasp. She made but one slight attempt to withdraw it, then allowed it to remain passive, looking inquiringly at me. Now or never, thought I, and glancing hurriedly around, I saw, or rather fancied, we were alone. The folding doors between the two parlors were indeed partly open, but I thought not of that. Prostrating myself at her feet, I poured forth my tale of love with all the impassioned eloquence of which I was master. She made one or two attempts to rise; but I detained her, thinking it only maiden coyness. I told her how madly, how fervently I loved her; hinted at some dark deed if she refused my prayer, and wound up with a declaration that I would never rise from my knees until she pronounced the words that were to make me happy.

Imagine, then, my horror, when, instead of the gently murmured yes, she burst into an uncontrollable fit of laughter, which was answered by a louder roar from the back parlor. Glancing in that direction, I beheld the folding doors thrown open, and that detestable old Spink woman, her blue stocking, old maid daughter, and Tompkins, in convulsions of laughter; while that ruffian Booth, with an expression of fiendish mirth, struggling with savage ferocity, walked deliberately to where I was still kneeling, and seizing me by the collar, jerked me to my feet as though I had been a child in his hands, muttering the while something about the door, what, I did not understand. I was as one in a dream.

How long I might have remained in such a ridiculous position, I can't pretend to say, perhaps till this time, had not Tompkins taken me by the arm and marched me out of the house. It was not till I had been in the cool night air some little time that I recovered my consciousness, and with it my temper. Tompkins stood leaning against the wall in a perfect paroxysm. Turning fiercely upon him, I demanded an explanation. His only reply was to press his hands upon that part of his person where his vest laps over with the waistband, and renew his cachinnation, doubling himself up in the most absurd manner.

"By Jove!" I roared, in a fury; "this is some of your work. You shall answer for it at the sword's point! Do not think to escape giving me satisfaction for this night's work. A friend will wait upon you in the morning!"

"Don't—don't make a bigger ass of yourself than you have already done," he gasped, when his ridiculous laughing fit had in some measure subsided. "What *could* induce you to be such a fool, O thou rural Jinx? Didn't you know that Miss Carol had been engaged to Major Booth more than two years? And *don't* you know it was only night before last they were married? And now, wretched libertine, and destroyer of family happiness, that you are, you can't allow poor Booth to enjoy three short days of happy honeymoon in peace; but *you* must come and make love to his wife, and that, too, before his very face. O, Jinx, Jinx! I am ashamed of you,—I am, indeed!"

I stayed to hear no more, but rushed with the speed of a fugitive pickpocket to my lodgings, where, for more than an hour, I paced my room, trying to make up my mind to some desperate deed; but not being able to think of anything that commended itself to my judgment, I went to bed and to sleep.

I could, I think, have survived the dreadful disappointment had it been kept secret; but it has not. Not a single acquaintance have I met this morning but begins to grin the moment his eyes rest upon me, and worse than all, I see the whole affair described in glowing colors in one of the morning papers. My name, to be sure, is not printed in full, but so near it that they might as well have written Aristides Jinx at once, for all the world will know it is me.

I think I shall return to Pugwash to-morrow. This city is a wretchedly vulgar place. I scarcely know a city where the great majority of the people are so excessively low-bred, as they are here.

The concluding portion of the foregoing history has been written with pain and humiliation. Gladly would I withhold it from the public eye, but duty to my country and my fellow-men should be, as it is, paramount to every personal consideration. If this, to me, harrowing confession shall have the effect to teach to city gentlemen caution in introducing impressible young men into families containing attractive young ladies; to engaged damsels discretion in their intercourse with susceptible young gentlemen; to young gentlemen themselves, that there is a bare possibility a young lady may treat them well,—nay, even kindly, without being absolutely in love with them; but above and beyond all, if I, myself, succeed in getting a fair and reasonable price for this article, *then*, and not till then, will the sorrows of the heart-broken and desolate Jinx be fully recompensed.

FATAL PEEP INTO MOUNT VESUVIUS.

Some Germans of good family, on a recent occasion, had toiled to the summit of Mount Vesuvius, and after resting themselves on that sulphurous bed, they descended the steep incline to the mouth of the crater. There was little smoke that day, and the scientific gentlemen began to get into danger without being aware of it. The guides having had quite enough of soft ashes and hard work in the ascent, sat down on the upper rim of the crater, not feeling inclined for more exertion. So many people had gone to peep into this chimney of the infernal regions, day after day, without an accident, that these lazy guides preferred some sour wine, and a slice or two of lemon sprinkled over with salt, a very common comestible amongst the lower orders of Neapolitans, and a little siesta, to looking after the souls and bodies of those entrusted to them. One of the most adventurous of the Germans, finding he could bear the little sulphur which seemed emitted from the crater, resolved to penetrate further; but scarcely had he placed his foot upon an apparently solid projection, than the whole crumbled beneath him, and he was precipitated at least one hundred feet. The interior of the crater seems as soft as the exterior, for the first words heard from the unfortunate man were, that "he was not hurt." In vain he tried to extricate himself; whatever he grasped mouldered in his grasp. He could not regain his feet—of this his companions above were informed. They seemed to have become more stupified than the unfortunate victim; for, instead of dispatching the guide to the Observatory or the Hermitage for ropes, or assistance of some kind, they stood listening to their friend below. In the meantime, the sulphur began to operate upon the poor fellow in the crater, and he felt himself gradually sinking in strength and position. With a wonderful self-command, he took leave of his friends. For two long hours did he survive, when his voice got feebler and feebler. Perhaps as he by slow degrees slid deeper into the crater, hope gradually vanished, until the voice was entirely lost, and then all was silent. The lifeless body was many hours after rescued by a guide, who descended two hundred feet before he found it.—*London Herald.*

MADAME LAGRANGE AND THE POISONED BOUQUET.

The *Courier des Etats Unis* states that Madame Lagrange was present at the last representation of *Adrienne Lecouvreur*, and in the scene where Adrienne receives the poisoned bouquet, she was so overcome by her feelings as almost to faint. The emotion, it is said, was occasioned by a terrible recollection of a similar situation in which she was once placed, during the early part of her professional career. It appears that, after achieving great success in the musical *salons* of Europe, she made a brilliant debut at the theatre. Her second engagement was at Pavie, where her youthful talent entirely eclipsed that of a rival *cantatrice*. Each representation was for her a new triumph, and each triumph a defeat for the previous *prima donna*. This circumstance created in the breast of the other a deadly jealousy, and she determined to be avenged, no matter at what cost, or by what means. She was an Italian, with strong passions, and was not, therefore, to be disappointed of her revenge. She was one of those dangerous syrens whose charms are sure to fascinate youth; and Pavie being a university town, it was not difficult to find an instrument for her purpose among the students. She fixed upon a young Venetian, of noble birth and of large fortune. By her blandishments she fairly bewitched this young man, and having obtained an unbounded influence over him, he agreed to carry out her design. At every representation, Madame Lagrange received numerous bouquets, wreaths, etc.; and among the bouquets which fell at her feet, was invariably one of small dimensions composed of roses only, the perfume of which was delicious. This homage was always paid after the *andante* of the grand cavatina in *Nabucco*, an opera then highly popular. Madame Lagrange always placed this small bouquet in her girdle after smelling the perfume, and proceeded with renewed encouragement to the completion of the song.

On one evening the bouquet was larger than usual, and the size preventing her from placing it in her girdle, she handed it to a *figurante* who stood near her, to carry to her dressing-room. At the end of the act, she quitted the stage, and was surprised at seeing her dressing-maid at the wing, and on opening the door of her room, started back with affright on perceiving her lying on the floor, apparently lifeless! Her cry speedily brought a large number of persons, and the utmost astonishment was expressed as to the cause of this dreadful affair. After endeavoring for five or six minutes to restore the girl from her death-like state, a voice was heard, almost suffocated by emotion, exclaiming: "The bouquet! the bouquet!" and on recognizing Dr. Marozzi, the physician of Madame Lagrange, there was a general inquiry what he meant. He, however, gave no explanation, but continued to repeat: "The bouquet! the bouquet!" This mysterious exclamation served to direct attention to a bouquet which had fallen from the girl's hand, and it was eagerly seized.

"What great value do you attach to the bouquet?" demanded Madame Lagrange.

"That bouquet is poisoned!" said the doctor.

A thrill of horror ran through the company, and the cantatrice escaping thus as by a miracle the death which had been designed for her, had scarcely time to recover from the shock, when the signal was given for raising the curtain. She re-appeared, pale, even under the rouge, and with a heart wrung with inexpressible anguish. She sang, however, and played as though filled by inspiration, and the audience were frantic with excitement; never had she received such an ovation. The doctor, who, it seems, had been in front of the house during the evening, perceived in a very private box the young Venetian, and remarked that his countenance wore a strange expression. The vanquished rival of Lagrange had partly opened the door, and the doctor, as he passed, heard the young man say:

"It is done—she is dead!"

"The bouquet?" said the Italian. The young man made an affirmative sign, and hastily quitted the theatre.

The doctor's suspicions were immediately aroused, and he hastened behind the scenes, where he found that some one had been poisoned by a bouquet, but it was not Madame Lagrange. The guilty party was arrested, but being related to the nobility and the high dignitaries of the church, he was released after a brief imprisonment. She who had conceived and inspired the crime, was never even arrested. It was no wonder, therefore, that Madame Lagrange nearly fainted, the other evening, on seeing Adrienne Lecouvreur inhaling death from a bouquet. She had forgotten the circumstance at the time, but the power of Rachel had brought before her that dreadful scene with all the force of reality.

NOTICES OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE SONG OF HIAWATHA. By HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1855. pp. 316.

This eagerly-expected poem comes to us in a neat and beautiful garb. It is purely national in its character, being founded on a tradition prevalent among the native American Indians, and the scene living among the Ojibways on the southern shore of Lake Superior. The poet has not feared to introduce Indian names and words liberally, though they are not all so musical as Hiawatha. Such words as "Paw-Puk-Keewis," "Yennadizze," and "Kwaswind," grate rather harshly on the ear. But these are trifling discords in the general harmony of a poem characterized by exquisite grace and simplicity, and flowing in faultless rhythm.

CURIOUS STORIES ABOUT FAIRIES AND OTHER FUNNY PEOPLE. Illustrated by Billings. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1855. 18mo. pp. 303.

This collection of some of the very best fairy stories extant, including such gems as the "Good natured Bear," is a perfect storehouse of delight for the young. The illustrations are very tasteful and appropriate.

KEBLE'S CHRISTIAN YEAR. Philadelphia: E. A. Butler & Co. 8vo. 1855.

A splendidly illustrated volume, belonging by the beauty of its typography, the richness of its binding, and the splendor and grace of its steel engravings, from designs by Schmolze, to the class which the French term books of luxury. Its contents are worthy of the garb in which the liberality of the publishers has clothed them. They consist of thoughts in verse for Sundays and the holidays of the Episcopal Church throughout the year and are intended to harmonize the thoughts and feelings of the reader with those recommended and exemplified in the Prayer Book. Boston: Gould & Lincoln.

THE FORAGERS, *or, the Raid of the Dog Days.* By W. GILMORE SIMMS. New York: Redfield. 1855. 12mo. pp. 560.

We welcome with delight this new romance from the pen of the gifted Simms, devoted, like several of his brilliant novels, to the illustration of national character, as developed in the stormy scenes of the revolutionary struggle of the south. It is a deeply interesting, without being a morbidly exciting story. The author grapples the attention of the reader at the outset, and carries it with him to the last page, which he leaves with that appetite for "more" which is promised in a sequel shortly forthcoming, and entitled "Eutaw." For sale in Boston by Sanborn, Carter & Bazin.

CICERO ON ORATORY AND ORATORS. *With his letters to Quintus and Brutus.* Translated or edited by J. T. WATSON. London: Henry G. Bohn. 1855. 12mo. pp. 505

These admirable works of Cicero are faithfully translated and furnished with copious notes and an excellent index. For sale by Burnham Brothers, Cornhill.

THE WORKS OF EDMUND BURKE. Vol. IV. London: Henry G. Bohn. 1855. pp. 533.

This volume possesses an extraordinary interest, as it contains the great English statesman's reports on the administration of justice in India, and the famous charge against the notorious Warren Hastings. The style of the reports alone renders them worthy of study. For sale by Burnham Brothers, Cornhill.

WINNIE AND I. New York: J. C. Derby. 1855. 12mo. pp. 351.

This is the unpretending title of a pleasantly written book, in which a thread of story binds together a series of delightful sketches of scenery, character and social life. For sale by Phillips, Sampson & Co.

SPANISH LADIES.

SPANISH NURSES.

SKETCHES IN SPAIN.

The accompanying sketches are accurate delineations of costumes and scenery in Spain. In the first engraving, we have a group of those far-famed Spanish beauties the report of whose brilliant charms has filled the world. Though a foolish passion for Parisian fashion has led the people of the large cities—Madrid, particularly,—to neglect their national costume, you still, now and then, encounter individuals whose taste has induced them to adhere to the garb which romance and song have rendered immortal. We see, in our first sketch, in the two ladies in the foreground, the slender, graceful and rounded figure, the black eyes, the delicate hands, which are characteristics of Castilian beauty. The accessories are the graceful mantilla floating from the head, the embroidered handkerchiefs, the expressive fan, and the ample black silk skirt. The little girls, dressed in French costume, have nothing national about them, unless it be the grace of their figures. The two ladies in the distance, near the fountain, serve to show the effect of the mantilla from another point of view. The second and third engravings delineate the Spanish nurses and children. The figures of the nurses are replete with national grace, while their costumes are pretty and striking. The children—those in arms, have a very doll-like air. The most noted peculiarity in these pictures is the manner in which one of the nurses carries her pretty charge—suspended on her back. The fourth engraving exhibits a pair of pretty manolas—girls dressed in a truly Spanish style, with large ear rings, flashy kerchiefs tied round their chins, and ample short skirts, showing their pretty ankles. The fifth engraving exhibits a group of priests at Madrid. The Spanish clergy never appear abroad without the *capa*, which is, in fact, a long black gown. Raphael, in his cartoon of Paul preaching at Athens, has painted the apostle wearing his cloak exactly as the Spanish people do at this moment. But whatever may be said of the cloak, nothing can be more grotesque than the long projecting hat worn by the priesthood. Most of the groups we have depicted may be seen at some time or other on the Prado (meadow), the Hyde Park of Madrid, the great resort of horsemen, carriages and high fashion. It may be said that the people of Madrid spend half their lives there. It is, however, strangely fallen off from the good old times, before the fatal invasion of the *nuevo progresso;* every afternoon the march of trans-Pyrenean intellect is crushing some national costume and custom. You find few traces of the national Spanish costume and character, except in the mantillas of half the number of ladies. The mantilla is kept in place by the fan (abanico), which is part and parcel of every Spanish woman, whose nice conduct of it leaves nothing to be desired. No one understands the art and exercise of it like her. She can express with her dumb fan nearly as much as Ole Bull can with his fiddlestick, and a handbook might be written to explain its code of signals. A *frulling* sound, like the chattering of birds in a cage, reigns in every direction, produced by the tremulous shake, the opening and shutting of innumerable fans of all colors and sizes, so many eloquent tongues speaking an intelligible language to conscious observers. Before dismissing the Spanish ladies, we present our readers, in our sixth engraving, with a sketch of a couple of Andalusian beauties, reclining on the balustrade of an embowered balcony—a favorite resort. Mr. Hughes, in his "Revelations of Spain in 1845," says: —"How the fair Andalusians contrive to pass their time without once peeping into a book from month's end to month's end, with no pastime but church, no excitement but devotion and an occasional dash at love, it is not easy to conjecture. The balcony and

SPANISH NURSES.

MANOLAS.

PRIESTS OF MADRID.

A BALCONY SCENE.

the paving-stones in the streets beneath, when surveyed in perpetuity, become a little fatiguing; the coarse rags and mats hung over the window fronts to subdue the glare of a torrid sun make street-gazing less pleasurable than in other cities. The passing of a vehicle is a rare occurrence; love is for the twilight of a midnight hour, and the most determined church-going people cannot kill more than a couple of hours per day. How fill up the immense vacuum? how complete the *dies solidus* (solid dav), without any book more interesting than the *Rosario de la Virgen* (Virgin's Rosary), or the *Horas Castellanas* (Castilian Hours)? The accomplishment of reading is by no means universally diffused; beads are still more in use than prayer-books, and when my landlady once—a lady of respectable station, whose titles were as formal as those of her sovereign, being always, by a courtesy extended to every milliner, styled La Senora Dona Isabel Maria,—was requested to sign a receipt for my quarter's rent, she could not; and her son, a youth of twenty, could not write it without black lines to guide him." The Moorish eyes, the pride of the Spanish female face, are said to be confined to certain localities. The finest are "raised" in Andalusia; "they are very full, and repose on a liquid, somewhat yellow bed of an almond shape, and are compared to dormant lightnings, etc." Mr. Hughes tells us that the eyes of the Andalusian beauty are like burning glasses—black, lustrous, and terrible in wrath; almond-cut, and in repose hiding liquid. Let us turn from their consuming flames to a quieter subject—the Royal Palace of Madrid, as depicted in our last engraving. This palace is of enormous size, and quadrangular in form. Our illustration shows the richness of its architecture, and the beauty of its site. In the foreground are seen an aristocratic carriage and a troop of the royal lanceros. A mounted horse-guard is seen in his sentry box. In the middle of the picture rises a large equestrian group, while a chain of hills crowns the distance. Many portions of the huge palace remain unfinished to the present day, hence it is a fit residence of the sovereign of a people of prouder conception than performance. It occupies the site of the original Alcazar of the Moors, which Enrique IV. made his residence. This was burnt down on Christmas eve, and rebuilt by Philip V. The entire palace and its appurtenances cover a large space. The principal entrance is through a noble arch on the south side, next to the courtyard or parade. The elevation of the palace has little beyond its vastness to attract. The basement is rusticated and the superstructure is of white stone, which glitters in the sun like marble. There are several antique and noted buildings in the city besides the splendid and extensive palace we have illustrated. The palace of the Chamber of Deputies covers an area of 42,700 square feet. The Palace of the Councils built by Sandoval, the ambitious minister of Philip III., is a fine classical edifice, and the Aduana or Custom House, built in 1769, is also a splendid five story building o granite.

THE ROYAL PALACE AT MADRID.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

HOME.

Sweet home of my childhood,
To memory dear,
Though in climes far away,
Thou art still with me here!

Still through scenes well remembered
In fancy I roam,
And beguile my dull heart
With the echoes of home!

Still, still on each lost one,
In each loving face,
Each tear shed in sorrow,
Each smile full of peace.

Yes, still on thy streamlets
And heather clad fells,
And valleys so blithesome
Fond memory dwells:

And of such recollections
Of joy and of peace,
Aware that the number
She ne'er may increase,

Takes pleasure in counting
Them jealously o'er,
That nothing so precious
Be lost from her store!

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

PARTING IN ANGER.

BY EVA MILFORD.

"RALPH, here is a letter which John just brought me, saying that he found it in the bottom of your sleigh when he was harnessing Selim, and he added the melancholy fact that the sleigh will be at the door in five minutes."

"So soon! Ah yes, it is already ten, but I could have sworn we had not been ten minutes risen from our eight o'clock breakfast; all your fault, naughty one."

"Yes, sir, but the letter—"

"O, yes, the letter; give it me, please."

"Not till you tell me, traitor, who it is from. The handwriting is extremely pretty, and the seal of rose-colored wax is stamped with the motto, 'Ever thine!' Ever thine, indeed! Come, tell me at once the name of this sentimental correspondent, or rather give me leave to read the letter; shall I?"

"Indeed no. What! betray the secrets of one fair lady to the scrutiny of another, especially when both are young, beautiful, unmarried, and fond of the same unworthy fellow?"

"Then she is all that!"

"All what?"

"Why, young, beautiful, unmarried, and—and fond of you."

"All—especially the last."

"Now you *shall* give me the letter, sir;" and, although the young lady still smiled, there was an angry color beginning to deepen the rose of her cheek, and an angry light kindling in her hazel eyes.

Ralph Morton saw these symptoms, and just the least shade of sternness and determination peeped over the smile upon his lips, as he answered:

"*Shall*, Margie? That isn't a pretty word for such rosy lips, child; and to punish you, this unfortunate letter shall at once be condemned to an auto da fe, and its contents at once be lost to mortal ken."

As the young man spoke, he snatched the letter from the young girl's hand, and cast it into the midst of a fiery sea of blazing coal which filled the ample grate.

Hot words rose to Margaret's lips as she saw the flames wrap themselves around the devoted letter, and that which till now had been only a playful wish now rose to vital importance."

"I will *never* forgive him," was her first thought, but she bit her lips and walked to the window before she spoke, and then she turned, and said calmly and politely:

"Your sleigh is at the door, Mr. Morton, and I have the honor to wish you good morning;" and she moved to the door of the library, where her father sat.

"Stop, Margie, one minute! It was rude of me to snatch the letter from your hand, and for *that* I beg your pardon. Kiss me, love, before I go, wont you?"

"I will forgive you, and, when you tell me who wrote the letter, and what it was about—"

"Have you not yet learned, Margaret, that demands do not succeed with me so well as requests? Kiss me, and be my own sweet Margie, and I will repeat the letter verbatim."

"Repeat the letter first, and then we will speak of the other proposition."

"No, Margaret, not if you *never* kiss me again." And now the look of stern determination was unmistakable, and the proud lips, instead of smiling, pressed hard against each other.

"Good morning—no farewell, Mr. Morton." And the angry rose and the angry light burned bright on cheek and eye.

"Farewell, Miss Leslie!" And in another minute the jingling sleigh-bells made music which Margaret did not hear, for her bright head was buried in the cushions of the couch, and the voice of her own weeping filled her ears.

"What! Ralph gone without bidding us good-by?" said a cheery voice, as the door opened ten minutes after, and a face beaming with love and geniality looked into the room; but when Mrs. Murray saw the lithe figure lying so crushed and forlorn upon the couch, and heard the stifled sobs, she came quickly in, and, shutting the door, approached her niece with a face so full of sympathy and grief, that one could well see that "she, too, had wept."

"Margie, darling, what is the matter? These are not the light tears which Ralph's departure might cause. Is it anything which you may tell me, dear?"

"O, aunt!" sobbed Margie, without lifting her head. "It was a hateful letter, and—and he called me Miss Leslie, and said farewell, and so——"

"Margie, Margie, you *have* not parted in anger! Do not tell me that."

The low voice, usually so calm and sweet, had in it such a tremor of apprehension and agitation that the girl involuntarily looked up and saw with alarm that every vestige of color had faded from her aunt's face, and that her eyes were full of anguish and alarm.

"Aunty, darling, what is it? Why do you look at me so? You *do* not think he will never——" A fresh burst of sobs choked Margie's voice, and her head went down again upon the cushions.

"Child, if you knew what I know, if you felt what I have and *do*, you would not ask why it fills my heart with sorrow and dismay to know that you and your noble lover have parted in anger. Listen, my darling, and I will tell you what I had thought never could pass my lips; but I believe there is no sacrifice, dear child, dear daughter, that I would not make to save you from treading the dark and bitter path through which my steps lay for so many years."

"You, dear aunt! I thought you had always been as happy as you have made every one about you ever since I can remember."

"When you were born, my darling, my sorrow was many years old, as men count, though new and ever young to me.

"Time was, Margaret, when I too was young and gay and fair, and I too loved and was beloved. Every one that knew him praised and admired Henry Murray, and those whom he loved loved back again with a passion that was almost adoration. My father and mother gave me to him more willingly than they had thought they could yield their only child to any one, for they felt sure I should be happy. And so we were married, and went to Henry's mother's for our bridal tour. O, those few weeks! what promise of a long life of happiness was bound up in them! and then we came *home*, to our own wedded home. That fairy cottage—I see it now, nestling among the trees and shrubs which quite hid it from the road. Often, between sleeping and waking, I distinctly perceive that delicious aromatic perfume which constantly filled the air around it, from the millions of flowers that were in their glory that balmy month of June.

"It was the second month—O, my God! only the second month of our marriage, when one delicious morning Henry came to give me the kiss and embrace without which he had never yet left me, even for a few minutes. His horse stood saddled at the gate, his hat and gloves were in his hand as he entered the room. O, how handsome, how beaming he looked! how my whole heart went out to him, and thanked God for making me his wife!

"'My darling,' he said, 'I must entreat your pardon for my forgetfulness; here is a note which was left by a footman at my counting-room yesterday for you, and which in my joy at coming home and seeing you again I quite forgot.'

"He handed me the note, which I took with a look assuring him of pardon. I found it was from an intimate friend of mine, who had been married upon the same day that we were, and whose husband was dear to both Henry and me. It announced their intention of coming out to dine and spend the day, and told me to beg Henry to come home early, as James had something in particular to say to him.

"'You will come home to dinner, love, wont you?' said I, after reading the note to him.

"'I don't know, *petite*,' said he; 'I would like it, of course, but I have an engagement for three o'clock, which I am afraid cannot be postponed.'

"'But it *must* be postponed,' said I, with the wilfulness of a petted child, who has never been denied anything. 'It is the first time Emma and James have been to see us, and you must give me a positive promise that you will be home to dinner at two.'

"'Don't ask me to do that, Mary dear, for perhaps I shall find it impossible. You know it wont answer for a young merchant like me, just starting in business, to be negligent; and unless Mr. Monroe can see me this morning, I must wait in town till afternoon.'

"'And so this Mr. Monroe is more important to you than the wishes of your wife!' said I, pouting.

"'Don't talk so, Mary, for you know it is unreasonable.'

"'Promise, then, to come home to dinner.'

"'I have told you, Mary, that I cannot *properly* give you a promise. I will certainly come if I can.'

"'I'm sure I don't care whether you come or not, if you wont give up so much of your own way as to make the promise.'

"'Mary, I know you will be sorry, when you think about it, that you have said that.'

"His tone was so sorrowful, and his words so true, that I could have cast myself weeping on his breast; but an evil spirit, I believe, withheld me, and I answered very coldly:

"'I do not think I shall ever regret so true an expression of my feelings.'

"'Do you mean, Mary,' said my husband, in a deeply-wounded voice, 'that unless I will conform exactly to your wishes, or rather commands, that you do not care for my society?'

"'Exactly.'

"Henry did not speak again, nor did I turn my head; but as I still gazed from the window, I saw him mount his beautiful black horse, Sultan, and ride away. The expression of that noble face haunts me to this very moment—so deeply pained and wounded, so justly displeased. Had he looked round, I would have recalled him, and made peace on any terms; but his looks were to the ground, and his movements so rapid that before I made up my mind to call him he was gone.

"As he disappeared, a terrible feeling of despair and wretchedness came over me. I would have given the world, had it been in my grasp, to recall him, to humble myself, and ask his forgiveness; but the moment had passed; no tears, had they been of blood, no prayers, had they been an agony of supplication, could ever recall it. 'Ah well,' murmured I, 'it will be but a few hours, and he will be at home.' Even as I spoke, a deadly shudder shook my frame. A few hours!

"My friends arrived, and I strove to greet them gaily and cordially; but my thoughts, my attention, were not with them; my ear was constantly strained to catch the hollow sound of horses' feet upon the little bridge just below our cottage. At last I heard them in the distance—a furious clatter over the bridge and up the little avenue; but I knew it was not him I longed for. A nameless dread crept over me, and I seemed frozen to my chair.

"'Heavens! Mary, what is the matter?' cried Emma; and at the same instant a sharp peal from the door bell rang through the house, and in a moment the servant said at the open door:

"'A gentleman would like to speak a few words with you in the hall, Mrs. Murray.'

"I rose and went out as if in a dream. A stranger stood there, looking at once embarrassed and sympathetic. Before he could speak, I said, in a strange, muffled voice:

"'Is he dead?'

"'Then you have heard, madam,' said the stranger, somewhat relieved; he said something else, I believe, but I heard it not, for I was again gasping out:

"'Is he dead?'

"'No, Mrs. Murray, he still breathed when I left, but if you would see him alive, I think you should come at once. I left word at the little tavern in the village for a chaise and driver to be sent up, and here they are.'

"By this time Emma and her husband, hearing something of our conversation, had come out; and it was her kind hands which arrayed me for this terrible ride, and her husband placed me in the chaise, and silently, after a few directions from the stranger, took the reins, and drove rapidly through the village, and about a mile beyond. We stopped at a common sort of a house, in the yard of which Sultan stood tied to a tree.

"'Come right in,' said a woman who seemed to be watching for us at the door. 'But I'm most afraid he's gone. He was sinking fast when I came out to look for you.' My friend led or rather carried me into the room—that room where lay my darling, my noble, gallant husband—where he lay dying. O my God! I did not know till then how keen an anguish the heart may bear, and yet survive.

"The sight of that dearly-loved form, that morning so replete with manly grace and strength, now so crushed and helpless, aroused me from the stupor into which I had fallen. I rushed forward, exclaiming:

"'Henry, Henry! don't you know your own Emma, your wife?'

"He smiled faintly, and opened his eyes, but he could not see me, and in another minute they closed gently, the smile faded from his face, and I was alone—alone with my great sorrow.

"I heard long afterward, for it was months ere I could hear his name spoken, that he had exerted himself that morning to find Mr. Monroe, had transacted his business with him, and was riding at a quick pace toward home, when, in passing a heavily-loaded country wagon, Sultan shied violently, throwing him among the wheels, which, before the horses could be stopped, passed over him, cruelly mangling his limbs, and injuring him internally so severely that death was the only relief to which he could have looked.

"My child, do you know now why I felt so agitated when I found that Ralph and you had parted in anger?"

Mrs. Murray rose, with a countenance sadly moved from its usual serenity, and left the room; nor did she leave her chamber for many hours.

Margie raised herself from the couch with the look of a sudden resolution in her eyes. She walked steadily into the library, where her father still sat reading his morning paper.

"Father, can John be spared to go into the city for me this morning?"

"Why, I don't know, you hussy; what do you want now—ribbons—gewgaws—eh?"

"No, papa, but a note—"

"A note—and who is it for?"

"For Ralph, papa."

"For Ralph! Why, it isn't an hour since he left here. Well, well, you puss, don't look as if you were going to cry, and send John to the world's end, if you like."

The note was sent, and was worded as follows:

"Can a kiss be sent in a letter?—MARGIE"

The answer was as follows:

"It can. May a man have a sister, 'young, beautiful, and unmarried'? RALPH."

TALKING.—Speaking much is a sign of vanity; for he that is lavish in words is a niggard in deed. He that cannot refrain from much speaking is like a city without walls; and less pains in the world a man cannot take than to hold his tongue; therefore, if thou observe this rule in all assemblies, thou shalt seldom err. Restrain thy choler, hearken much, and speak little; for the tongue is the instrument of the greatest good and greatest evil that is done in the world.—*Sir Walter Raleigh.*

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

SLANDER AND PISTOLS.

BY SYLVANUS CONN, JR.

Not a thousand miles from the place where I live once lived a man named—— But never mind, I will call him Lapstone. His given name, however, was Jedediah. He was half farmer and half shoemaker. He owned quite a respectable farm, which he carried on after a fashion, and he also had a small apartment in one corner of his shed, where he used to mend shoes, and boots, and old harnesses, for his neighbors, generally taking his pay in work; so that he managed to get most of his farm work done in return for cobbling—a thing which suited him much, seeing that he was far from being fond of physical labor, and especially of the exposure and drudgery of the farm.

Next to absolute laziness stood Jed's slandering propensities. He knew the affairs of all his neighbors; but had he contented himself with merely recounting what he knew, people about him would have been better off; for he had a peculiar faculty of manufacturing "incidents in real life," and these he retailed, *ad lib.*, over his bench. And these affairs were not always innocent; but, on the contrary, much mischief often resulted from his false reports. No one supposed that Jed ever entertained any real malignant feelings, but he *did* take pleasure in knowing that he had set some old friends "by the ears," as he called it; and at length his slanders became so frequent and so utterly devoid of truth, that people began to think of devising ways and means for being rid of him.

One rainy afternoon, some half-dozen neighbors had collected in Jed's shop, and the conversation chanced to turn upon a new comer into the town—a Capt. Joseph Atherton, who had spent the most of his life at sea, and had now come to settle down upon a farm, to spend the remainder of his days in peace and quiet.

"O, yes—ya *as*—I s'pose so," growled Jed, as some remark was made touching the captain's wealth. "He's rich enough, I'll warrant ye; but that don't make any need that he should put on such airs. He needn't think that because he's got a few thousand dollars more'n the rest on us, that he ken lord it raound jest as he's a mind to."

"Why, Jed, you don't know the man if you think he'd try to *lord it* over anybody," said an old man by the name of Stewart, who was present. "I've knowed Joe Atherton ever since he was a boy, and he never showed any such disposition."

"Have ye knowed him for the last five-an'-twenty year?" asked Jed, with a wink.

"Well, can't say as I have during that time, for he's been off, ye know."

"Yes—ya-*as*," uttered Jed, bringing his hammer down upon a peg with sudden vehemence; "that's the thing. Let me tell ye as how 't them last five-an'-twenty years have put a new kink into him. He's mighty stiff and crank now, but I reckon I could bring him down a peg or two."

"Stiff and crank, Jed?"

"Yes—ya-*as*. Didn't he fairly insult me last Saturday night, down to the store?"

"How was it?" quickly asked all but old Stewart.

"Why, I'll tell ye," answered Jed, laying down his awl, and turning the old shoe he was pegging with a jerk. "Ye see, Joe Atherton was in the store, and he'd jest been buyin' some 'lasses, an' I merely made the remark 'at I s'posed he'd been where they made 'lasses. He said he had; but ye ought to 'ave seen what a mighty high look he gave me."

"And why shouldn't he?" interrupted Stewart. "He never saw ye afore, an' the store was half full of folks; an' the familiar sort of a way ye put on, an' the way ye put yer face close up to his, didn't please him."

"*Didn't* it?" cried Jed.

"No, it didn't, for he as much as told me so."

"Ah, a-ah! He did, did he?"

"Why, yes. He asked me who that boreish fellow was."

"He meant *me*, did he?"

"Yes; and I don't wonder at it. The fact is, he's been bored half to death since he settled down here, by just such foolish questions; and he don't like it, especially when there's a crowd around, to be drawn right about him the moment he opens his mouth."

"He said I was a *bore*, did he?" Jed snapped out, angrily.

"No, no, Jed," quickly responded Stewart, anxious that no misunderstanding should result from his words. "He simply asked me who that borcish fellow was."

"And isn't that enough, I'd like to know?"

"But just remember, Jed. You had that nasty black pipe in your mouth—you never spoke with the man before—you looked dirty and independent—and ye puffed a cloud of smoke right in his face when ye spoke to him. By the gracious, I don't wonder he spoke so! And mind ye, Jed, I only tell ye of this so 't you may know how to behave the next time you meet a gentleman."

"A *gentleman* ye call him, do ye?" uttered Jed, laying the lasted shoe down upon one side, and the hammer upon the other. "Now jest look here; I wouldn't 'ave told this, only I wont have such chaps quite so crank. Mark my words, an' ye'll know how much Joe Atherton deserves the respect of any decent man. He's rich, aren't he? But who'd want his riches, and have to carry about his conscience? How's he made his money? Jest tell me?"

"Why, he's not only had a regular pay as captain, but he's had chances to trade on his own hook," answered Stewart.

"Yes, ya-*as*, that's his story. But mark me; I ken tell ye a different story. *Pirates* make money fast!"

"What d'ye mean, Jed Lapstone?"

"If Joe Atherton hasn't fitted a halter for his neck more'n once, then call me a liar—that's all!"

"But d'ye mean that Captain Atherton has been a pirate?" asked two of his auditors at a breath.

"He has been—*jest—that—thing!*" returned Jed, very slowly, and with sure emphasis.

"You're a fool," said Stewart.

"Am I?"

"You are—jest a fool. What d'ye want to tell such a silly thing as that for?"

"Silly, is it?" cried Jed, who never allowed himself to be driven from an assertion he had once made, no matter how wild and meaningless it might be, but was always on hand with ready proof. "Silly, is it?" he repeated; "p'r'aps 'tis; but I want ye all to understand that I happened to be in Boston not long since, an' I *happened* to git holt of a bit of secret there. I jest *happened* to find out, by the way of a slant, that *Captain* Joseph Atherton wasn't no capt'n at all, but just belonged to a squad of pirates that had got all sold out and off afore the officers could get a holt on 'em."

Of course this led to a protracted conversation; but Jed never gave up when once he had made an assertion, and he now stuck to his text.

"Look ye, Bill," said Stewart, after they had left the shop; "Capt'n Atherton shall give Jed a lesson—now mark me."

"But if you tell him what Jed has said, he'll kill the poor reprobate, wont he?"

"No, no, never fear; he's too much of a man to harm such a snake; but I'll just give him an inkling of Jed's character, and you see if he don't give him a lesson."

As might be expected, the thing was soon whispered about that Captain Atherton had been a pirate, and Jed Lapstone had already begun to chuckle over the idea of what a pickle his victim would be in, when the current of his feelings was suddenly changed. He sat in his shop one cold, windy afternoon, towards sunset, when a man drove up on horseback. Jed was alone, and he had just time to clear his foot from the strap, and rise to his feet, when the door opened, and in walked Captain Joseph Atherton. The captain was in the prime of life, somewhere about five-and forty years of age, of a herculean frame, and able to look very savage, when he chose so to do. An enormous pair of jet black whiskers nearly covered his face, and his eyes had the seeming power of looking directly through a person.

"Mr. Lapstone, I believe," remarked the captain, in a tone so mild that the cobbler's fears were half blown away.

"Ah—yes—ya-*as*, sir."

"You have a grove of young ash trees in your pasture, I have heard."

"Yes—ya-*as*, sir."

"Some of them are very straight and handsome."

"Ya-as, sir."

"I should like to look at them. I have use for some such, and if you will slip down there with me I think I can make you an advantageous offer. If you would be as spry as possible, for I am in somewhat of a hurry."

"Yes—ya-as, *sir*," responded Jed, throwing off his apron, preparatory to putting on his coat. He remembered full well the scandalous falsehood he had told concerning his visitor, but he felt assured it had not yet reached the victim's ears, so he was quite easy.

In a few moments the cobbler-farmer was ready, and he set out. The way was through the barn, down the lane, into the pasture, and over a gentle swell of land, being a distance of about a quarter of a mile from the house. The sun was nearly down when they reached the grove, and the wind was cold and searching. Jed shivered some, and as he noticed how comfortable his companion's great overcoat looked, he wished he had taken his own.

"There, this is the place," said the cobbler, stopping when he reached the copse of ash trees, the thick foliage of which had now turned yellow beneath the frost touch, and was beginning to bestrew the ground.

"Ay, so I was aware," uttered the captain, in a deep, deadly tone, at the same time turning short around upon his guide. "I told you I had use for some such, and I have, sir. I meant to use them as your place of sepulchre. Can you pray?"

Jedediah Lapstone stood aghast. Never before had he heard a voice so deep, nor had he ever before stood in the presence of so awful a man. His knees shook, and his tongue clove to the roof of his mouth.

Meanwhile, Captain Atherton deliberately unbuttoned his overcoat, and took from his bosom two huge pistols.

"Jedediah Lapstone," he pronounced, in a tone that seemed to accord perfectly with the mournful wind that sighed through the tree-tops, "you have slandered my character most cruelly, and past redemption, and *blood* is the only thing that can wash the crime away! But I will not murder you. Here, take this pistol, and at the given word you shall fire. Take it, I say!"

"O! Mercy! mer-r-r-cy!" gasped the terrified man, sinking upon his knees, and clasping his hands.

"*Mercy!*" repeated the gigantic avenger, in a tone of such bitter scorn that Jed's hair fairly started up on end. "How dare you profane that sacred word? What mercy had you when you murdered my character? when you deliberately asserted that I had been a pirate? Yes, sir, *a pirate*, you said! By all the powers of earth, no man can live who has let such words drop from his lips! Come, take the pistol, for you must die!"

"O, don't, don't! O, dear captain, I didn't mean it! I wont never do so agin, I wont, I wont!"

"Take the pistol, I say!"

"Oh-h-h! I've got a wife, and—a-and three innocent children!"

"You did not think of my wife and children when you stabbed the very soul of their protector's honor. Take the pistol! There, now you have just five minutes to live! Mind, I never miss my man! In five minutes you die! Pray, if you have anything to pray for."

Poor Jed took the pistol by the muzzle, and thus he held it until it dropped from his nerveless grasp. He was still upon his knees, and his hands were once more clasped. He shook like an aspen, his face was livid with terror, and his eyes seemed starting from their sockets. Like all low slanderers, he was a perfect coward.

"O, for mercy's sake!" he gasped. "Salvation and Israel, Jerusalem and Pentecost, and the saints, have mercy on me! O, I wont never agin speak a word agin ye! I wont, so help me Heaven! O, spare me! noble man, spare me!"

"Four minutes of the five are gone!" calmly spoke Atherton, holding his watch in his hand, and at the same time deliberately cocking his pistol.

The terrified man gazed one moment into the avenger's face, and then he burst into tears. He cried like a great school-boy, and the words he tried to utter were lost amid sobs and groans. Atherton saw that his victim's face was becoming deathly, and that his reason was leaving him; and he feared that if he kept up the farce much longer, the man's brain might be turned forever.

"Jedediah Lapstone," he said, "for the sake of thy wife and children, I might spare thee if I thought you would commence a new life."

"Holy angels and Absalom!" cried Jed; "I'll do anything you say—anything, everything—I will!"

"I don't know how to trust you. If I could feel sure you would never, never speak one false word about a living thing again, I might spare you now."

"Salvation and Jerusalem! I wont never, never agin say one word about anybody. O, I wont, jest as true as Absalom, I wont!"

"Now mark me," said Atherton, slowly and solemnly. "If I let you off this time, remember that I only do so on condition that you remain true to your promise. I shall keep these two pistols loaded, and the moment I hear of one slanderous word from your lips touching the character of anybody, I shall come to you again, but never again shall I spare you. I shall watch you narrowly, and others will watch you for me. Remember now, your life is mine. I claim it, and only lend it to you while you remain true. Farewell. You can live, if you wish."

The dark man stooped and picked up the dropped pistol, and then walked quickly away from the place. The sun was already down, and the dew was falling fast. Pale, cold, and shivering, Jedediah Lapstone started for home, and when he was gone, some half dozen of his acquaintances came out from among the ash trees, one of whom was old Stewart. They smiled as they saw Jed on his homeward way.

Mrs. Lapstone was frightened when she saw how pale and haggard her husband looked; and he had to drink a pint of herb tea, have his feet soaked in hot water, and toasted onions applied, ere he could pacify her.

On the following morning he went to work as usual in his shop, but he was thoughtful and taciturn. Towards noon some of his friends dropped in.

"I was in to Capt'n Atherton's house last night," said Stewart, "and he come home after I got there. My conscience! I never saw a man look so terrible as he did. He took two great pistols out of his bosom, and laid 'em away in his desk; and I heard him tell his wife not to touch 'em on any account, 'for,' said he, 'they're both loaded, and I may have to use 'em. At all events,' says he, 'I'm a goin' to protect our people agin a brute that does a good deal more mischief than a robber.' He wouldn't tell me what he meant, but he must have meant something dreadful."

Jed trembled, but he did not speak. And from that time forth his tongue spoke no more slander. If, at times, he caught himself with such words on his lips, they were quickly recalled. For a year or so he was held in check by fear; but at the end of that time he had begun to learn that there were higher and more noble inducements for a virtuous life, and he thus became a good neighbor. And just about this time, too, he was told that Atherton had fired off the two pistols, and that he said, when he did so, he "guessed there'd be no more need of 'em." Jed was easy now, but his tongue, once mastered, kept in the right track ever afterwards.

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AMERICAN ARTISTS.

The approbation with which our former series of portraits of American artists, published in No. 18 of the present volume, was received, has induced us to add a few more heads of distinguished painters, drawn for us by Mr. Charles Barry, from authentic originals. The first is Benjamin West, who rose to high rank in England, and became President of the Royal Academy. West was born in 1738, at Springfield, Pennsylvania His artistic talent was manifested at an early age. His first instructions in the use of colors were received from a party of roaming Indians, and when he first saw the Apollo, his exclamation was, "How like a young Mohawk warrior!" His family were of the sect of Quakers, who deny the utility of the fine arts, but the manifest genius of West overcame their prejudices, and he was authorized to pursue his inclinations. In fact, at a solemn meeting of the Friends, he was dedicated to art. He commenced portrait painting professionally, at the age of eighteen, in Philadelphia. From Philadelphia he sailed for Italy, where he was patronized by Lord Grantham Governor Hamilton, and other gentlemen in America also generously aided him. In 1763 he went to London, where he had

BENJAMIN WEST.

the good fortune to obtain the favor of George III. He succeeded Reynolds as President of the Royal Academy. Arriving in London opportunely, when historical painting was neglected for other branches, he made a great sensation by his productions in the highest line of art. He painted a great many pictures, among which his "Christ Healing the Sick," painted for the Philadelphia Hospital, and his "Death on the Pale Horse," were the most celebrated. The "Battle of La Hogue" has been styled the best historical painting of the British school. He was injured by early and easy success, and rashly imagined himself capable of anything. Still he was an artist of very great merit. He died March 11, 1820, and was buried with distinguished honors, in St. Paul's Cathedral, London.

Henry Inman,—the subject of our second engraving,—an artist of great versatility and eminent talent, was born at Utica, New York, in 1801. In 1812 he commenced business for himself, as a portrait and miniature painter, and met with good success both in New York and in Philadelphia. In 1844 he visited Europe for the benefit of his health, and while there painted the portraits of many distinguished persons. After remaining abroad eight months, he returned to this country, and died at New York, January 17, 1846, universally lamented. Sully says of him:—"I

HENRY INMAN.

remember going round the exhibition of the National Academy at Clinton Hall, New York, and seeing a fine landscape, I asked, who painted this? The answer was, Inman. Then I came to a beautiful group of figures. Ah! this is very fine! Who painted this?—Inman. Then some Indians caught my eye—Inman. A

JOHN TRUMBULL.

little further on, and I exclaimed: this is the finest miniature I have seen for many a day! who is this miniature painter?—Inman. His large portraits I was acquainted with, but this variety of style took me altogether by surprise."

Col. John Trumbull, whose head is the third in our series, was born in Lebanon, Connecticut, and was the son of Jonathan Trumbull, the first governor of that State. He received a collegiate education, and in the course of his studies paid some attention to painting. Soon after graduating he produced several pictures. In the revolutionary war he served two years as adjutant general, with the rank of colonel, but resigned his commission in 1777. He visited England before peace was concluded, and was imprisoned as a spy. He was released by the intercession of West, but ordered to return to America. In 1784 he re-visited England, and pursued his studies under West. He returned to America in 1789. Here he painted many portraits, and his historical pieces. His "Declaration of Independence," and "Battle of Bunker Hill," are among his most celebrated and most popular works. His "Sortie of Gibraltar," a fine specimen of his best manner, is now, we believe, in the possession of the Boston Athenæum.

With Gilbert Stuart, the finest portrait painter America has yet produced, our present series closes. He was born at Narragansett, in Rhode Island, in 1756, and died in 1828. In 1778 he was a pupil of West, in England. In 1782 he commenced

GILBERT STUART.

painting as a professional artist. In 1794 he painted the head of Washington, now in the Athenæum. He always succeeded in expressing the character of his sitter, while his color was fine, and his handling free and bold. "The narrations and anecdotes with which his knowledge of men and of the world had stored his memory," says Allston, "and which he often gave with great beauty and dramatic effect, were not unfrequently employed by Mr. Stuart in a way and with an address, peculiar to himself. From this store it was his custom to draw largely while occupied with his sitters, apparently for their amusement; but his object was rather, by thus banishing all restraint, to call forth, if possible, some involuntary traits of natural character."

RACHEL, AS MARIE STUART.

The engraving below is from a sketch made expressly for us from the life, by Mr. Champney, and shows the great French tragedienne as she appears in that famous scene in the third act of Lehrun's tragedy where the Queen of Scots in her interview with Elizabeth, stung to madness by the coldness with which the English queen listens to her prayers and supplications, throws aside all considerations of safety and expediency, and pours forth such a torrent of invective and sarcasm, that the sovereign instinctively shrinks before the passion of her prisoner, and the latter exclaims exultingly: "I've plunged a poignard in my rival's heart." It is needless to remind our readers that no such interview actually took place between the rival sovereigns;—but the poet may be pardoned this violation of history, for the effect he produces by his license. Rachel is the last figure but one on the right. The crouching figure is her confidante, Anna, (M'lle Dorey.) In the centre stands Leicester, (M. Randoux.) To the left of him is Elizabeth, (Sarah Felix.) The character in the extreme left is Lord Melville, (M. Latouche.) All the personages in this group are portraits. The costumes worn are strictly historical, and this adds infinite effect to the tragedy. In their attention to costume the French are far in advance of the English, and their example is worthy of being imitated upon our stage.

RACHEL, AS MARIE STUART.

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL.

THE CHEAPEST WEEKLY PAPER IN THE WORLD.

MATURIN M. BALLOU, Editor and Proprietor.
FRANCIS A. DURIVAGE, Assistant Editor.

SUFFERINGS IN EUROPE.

The arrivals from Europe continually bring us accounts of the sufferings occasioned by a lack of provisions and scarcity of work and money, evils felt severely, and in France in particular. The public mind there has been severely exercised. The mysterious maladies which have affected vegetation in the old world for two or three years past, have induced some persons to fancy that the productive power of our planet is on the wane, and its elements approaching a state of exhaustion. But if we compare the present with the past, we shall find that we are much better situated, and the insufficient harvests of to-day are nothing to the famines of the middle ages. Science has improved agriculture, and thrown additional safeguards round the health of man. The ravages of the cholera and yellow fever in our day are absolutely inconsiderable when placed beside the ravages of the plague in former times. In the 14th century, the plague committed such ravages that half the population of France was literally swept away in less than six months. Thirty thousand persons died of it at Narbonne, and in Florence and its environs, one hundred thousand persons perished. "The mortality was so great," says the chronicler, "that the dead could not be buried. It was never seen, heard or read in times past that such a multitude had perished. In the parishes, the terrified curates left, leaving the ministry of the sacraments to some of the bolder monks." And in the famines of the middle ages, whole populations died of hunger and despair. A ton of herrings cost forty crowns of gold. People were reduced to cannibalism. These famines were generally the result of war. Armies, sweeping the country, burning and wasting, compelled farmers and laborers to take refuge in the towns and cities. The free companies in the service of ambitious princes and lords were the occasion of two famines in the space of fifteen years. Happily those "good old times" are long gone.

Noble Dog.—In Covington, Ky., lately, a ruffian jostled a little girl from the sidewalk into the gutter, injuring her a good deal. A gallant dog, who witnessed the outrage, immediately sprang at the throat of the two-legged brute, and held him fast till he was released by the bystanders, who let the offender go, thinking he had received enough punishment from the nobler animal of the two. We have reason to be "a friend of dogs, for they are honest creatures."

Private Libraries.—The Rev. Luther Farnham lately read a very interesting paper before the New England Historico-Genealogical Society, on the "Private Libraries of Boston and vicinity." He estimated that within ten miles of our State House, there are, in private libraries of 1000 volumes and upwards each, an aggregate of 300,000 volumes; that twelve of these contain about 100,000, and ten of them 92,000. Mr. Farnham's paper is to be published.

Despatch.—J. G. Hovey & Co., of this city, lately received per steamer from England a consignment of goods ordered by them twenty-nine days previous. This is the way to do business.

SPLINTERS.

.... Another revolutionary soldier died, lately. Deacon Daniel Fitch, of West Killingly, Ct., aged 93. Peace to his ashes!

.... Some wag has called a dinner-table a table of contents, and a gambling-table a table of discontents.

.... The population of Illinois will foot up to 1,283,000. This is one of the little giants of the West—a child of yesterday, almost.

.... The weight of the new monster steamer building in the Thames is prodigious. Her measurement capacity is 25,000 tons.

.... A magnificent new hotel is to be erected in Philadelphia on the corner of Chestnut and 8th Streets, to cost $600,000.

.... Edwin Forrest never played better than during his recent engagement at the Boston Theatre. His "Lear" was great.

.... Powers, the sculptor, has nearly finished his statue of America, and the California is near completion.

.... A Miss Beall of Virginia lately recovered $6000 of a Mr. Miller for an aggravated breach of promise.

.... The receipts of the New England Industrial Exhibition were about $5000. It was a very interesting and successful one.

.... The City Council of Roxbury have appropriated $500 for the establishment of free evening schools. A good move.

.... M. Braun has lately exhibited in Europe what he calls "cast marble," which rapidly hardens and looks like Parian.

.... A universal and perpetual sun dial has been invented in France, calculated for any latitude where the sun is visible.

.... Louis Blanc differs from his fellow-revolutionists in Europe. He thinks the masses must be enlightened before they fight.

In two years and a half, 268 persons have been killed and 539 wounded by railroad accidents in this country.

.... The wife of the King of Denmark was once a milliner, named Lolla Rassmussen. The marriage was morganatic.

.... Punctuality, accuracy, steadiness and despatch are habits of business which ensure success in life.

.... A lady in want of a husband has only to drop her daguerreotype in the street. Gentleman finds it, and marries her.

.... Rev. Edward Beecher, D. D., has accepted a call from the Congregational Church at Galesbury, Illinois.

.... Donald McKay lately received a proposition from England to build four more ships of a 1000 tons each.

THE WESTERN ALLIANCE.

It is said that the English are beginning to find out that they have made a mistake in allying themselves with their "natural enemies," the French, and have just discovered that the latter are more to be feared than the Russians. Among other alarming indications is the fact that the French now hold practical sway at Constantinople, and that the structures they are now building there, ostensibly for the accommodation of their troops, are just such as they would build if their intention was permanently to occupy the city of the sultan. The war with Russia we all know was brought about by Louis Napoleon. We all know that a foreign war was absolutely necessary to the French emperor to retain his seat upon the throne. The English presses saw and acknowledged this at a time when they viewed Louis in a far different light from that in which they now regard him.

Napoleon's *coup d'etat* was only successful from the *prestige* given him by the known devotion of the powerful and splendid army he had in a great measure created, and secured to his interest by special and unlimited favors. But a throne upheld by bayonets was in danger from a reactionary movement, unless a satisfactory reason could be given for its maintenance. The love of military glory in France would sanction the largest war establishment, provided it could be employed. Louis Napoleon, then, without hesitation, let loose the dogs of war.

The result has shewn how profound is his knowledge of human nature, how adroit his diplomacy. Metternich himself might take lessons of the nephew of Napoleon the Great. The watchword "glory" has been found a talisman powerful enough to charm down all opposition to his reign in France. In the field he has shown that the military power he wields completely overshadows that of England. He has not only given his people glory enough and to spare, he has not only humbled the czar, and taken ample vengeance for 1812, but he has humbled his haughty English ally. The lustre of the "meteor flag of England" has paled beside the dazzling brilliancy of the tricolor of France. If he has established a "running sore" in the side of Russia, he has also located an eating ulcer in the side of England. He has drained her of her blood and treasure—he has humbled her in the eyes of the world, and all this while grasping her by the hand, lauding her prowess and smiling his bland thanks for the *naiveté* with which she has followed his lead. Something more was wanting to his triumph—that he should be received as the equal of England's sovereign, and that she should visit him and accept his subtle hospitalities. These two events crowned his triumph—a triumph over which some of the French presses have already begun to exult.

And now who shall say how long this unnatural alliance will endure? It has already inflicted irreparable injury on the fame and prestige of England, and she may rebel against its continuance. But the purposes of Louis Napoleon will have been accomplished. Supposing Napoleon choose to patch up a peace with Russia and divide with her the empire of Europe, what could England do in that contingency? She could not secure the aid of the other continental powers, as they would side with the east and the west—Russia and France. All that would be left for her to do would be for her to acquiesce. Such are our impressions in view of this western alliance. Nothing would surprise us less than to hear of its dissolution at any moment, and the formation of new and strange combinations in European politics.

GENERAL TACON.

This noted man, the most efficient, though the most despotic captain-general that ever ruled the island of Cuba, lately died of cholera at Madrid, at the advanced age of eighty. If he ruled the Cubans with a rod of iron, he was also the terror of the Spanish nobility of the island. He was the scourge of evil-doers, and his severity completely crushed the spirit of the robbers, assassins and smugglers of the "Gem of the Antilles." He did much to beautify and adorn Havana and to improve its sanitary condition. The large opera house at Havana—perhaps the most splendid in the world, at which Rachel is about to appear, bears his name, and there are many memorials of him throughout Havana. Of course, his labors were not gratuitous, and like most of his predecessors and successors, he left the island with a splendid fortune.

Turkey.—Turkey is in a bad way—that is, the French and English have their way and say in everything, and Mohammedanism itself received a death blow when the western powers wrung from the Porte the reluctant promise that henceforth no renegade who shall recant from his errors of faith shall suffer the penalty of death.

Naval Charity.—The officers and crew of the U. S. frigate Saranac, on the Mediterranean station, transmitted to the mayor of Norfolk, through their commander, Captain Poindexter, the sum of five hundred dollars, for the relief of the sick and suffering inhabitants; a truly generous amount in proportion to their means.

No Advertisements.—Our patrons will observe that we send them the paper for the present week, without advertisements. This is one of the improvements which we shall adopt for the new year; thus enabling us to give our subscribers a greater amount of original reading matter.

Just So.—The sums which many heads of families in New York spend upon their wives and daughters for really unnecessary or extravagant dresses would amount in a few years, to a handsome fortune.

Our Prize Offer.—See particulars of the prize offer for clubs, on another page of the present number.

RACHEL IN AMERICA.

Mr. Jules Janin, the autocrat of Parisian criticism, a brilliant, showy and taking, but partial and unreliable writer, has recently published, in the "Journal des Debats," an article on Rachel in the United States, remarkable for absolute ignorance of America, and for its ridiculous self-sufficiency. It is difficult to decide whether it be more insolent to us or to the great tragedienne, whose career has provoked this outpouring of malignancy. He takes the ground that we, because we are republicans, cannot comprehend those great works which were written for kings and princes, and have been supported by nobles and gentry; that we are ignorant and disdainful of ancient history, and so unrefined, that nothing beautiful or classical can please us. He supposes the New York audience to be insensible to the charms of Racine and Moliere, because they wished to hear the Marseillaise, the "horrible song of exile, of murder and the scaffold," as he terms it. He wilfully forgets that the most refined of Parisian audiences has thrilled to the martial notes of that song, as chanted by the deep voice of Rachel: he forgets that it was the song of the whole French people, before tyranny stifled their aspirations, and changed the journalists of France into a set of servile flunkeys like himself. More—we charge him, Jules Janin, with not understanding the Marseillaise. Its "atrocity" consists in calling a suffering people to arm against "conspiring tyrants." Does he remember that it urges the warriors of France to show forbearance even to enemies "reluctantly arming" against them?

He appears to be as ignorant of the former grandeur of his own country as he is of the character of ours: at the close of his vulgar diatribe, he lets us into the source of his impression of this country, by referring to a book called "The Other World," by Madame Fontenay, a French Trollope, who out herods her English prototype. We give one specimen of ridiculous assertion,—and with it dismiss him. "Let Monimia prostrate herself at the knees of the expiring Mithridates, Mithridates is no more unfortunate than Uncle Tom. For there is where they (the Americans) are in tragedy—they have halted at Uncle Tom. He is the Agamemnon, he is the Achilles, he is the Thersites; they hiss him, they laud him, they hoot him, they admire him, they laugh in his face. He is a buffoon—he is a martyr. They have no other Odyssey, they have no other Iliad. Their only Parthenon is Uncle Tom's Cabin."

Portraits.—At the Royal Palace of Munich, in Bavaria, there is a gallery containing portraits of all the pretty women in the city. Among them figures, between two windows, and not far from that of the reigning queen, the head of Lola Montes.

Too True.—The British Minister at Washington, Mr. Crampton, is reported to have said that when a merchant fails in Liverpool, our whole country trembles.

MARRIAGES.

In this city, by Rev. Mr. Dexter, Mr. Edwin L. Maynard to Miss Henrietta Cushing; by Rev. Mr. Kalloch, Mr. Eleazer J Hewes to Miss Eliza Hammons; by Rev. Dr. Blagden, Mr. John V. Ames, of Pepperell, to Miss Harriet R. Perry, of South Natick; by Rev. Mr. Twombly, Mr. John M. Tralner to Miss Esther Reddick; by Rev. Mr. Streeter, Mr. James S. Brown to Miss Eliza P. Glover; by Rev. Mr. Robinson, Mr. William J. Wood to Miss Christiana Emilia, of Fayal, W. I.—At Charlestown, by Rev. Mr. Miles, Mr. Benjamin F. Perkins to Miss Sarah Elizabeth Turner.—At Chelsea, by Rev. Mr. Copp, Mr. Robert H. Emerson to Miss Mary Putnam Eastman.—At Danvers, by Rev. Mr. Putnam, Mr. Franklin Tyler to Miss Lydia Abby Friend, of Beverly.—At South Danvers, by Rev. Mr Manning, Mr. Adam Hawkes to Miss Caroline Bent, both of Lynnfield.—At Salem, by Rev. Mr. Allen, Mr. James Smith to Miss Mary Jane Davis.—At Newburyport, by Rev. Mr. Pike, Mr. Davis Cutting to Miss Catherine Devine.—At Wenham, by Rev. Mr. Taylor, Mr. G. A. Tapley, of Danvers, to Miss Sophia Dodge.—At Rockport, by Rev. Mr. Bremner, Mr. Luther C. Tibbets to Miss Abigail Lowe.—At New Bedford, by Rev. Mr. How, Mr. Oliver P. Tripp to Miss Peace A. Devoll, both of Westport.—At Portland, Me., Mr. Alonzo I. Hodsdon, of Roxbury, Mass., to Miss Fannie A. E. Merrill.—At Bangor, Me., Capt. Edward F. Littlefield, of Boston, to Miss Abby White, of Frankfort, Me.

DEATHS.

In this city, Mrs. Anne Douglas, 65; Jeremiah Kittredge, Esq., 59; Mrs. Mary Fletcher, 68.—At South Boston, Mr. Morris E. Cremin, 42.—At Charlestown, Mrs Sophia C., wife of Mr. Christopher Merrill, 32.—At Roxbury, Mr. Nathaniel Lawrence, 57; Miss Cynthia A. Hunt, 17.—At Cambridgeport, Mrs Elizabeth Young, 65.—At Lynn, Mrs. Anna, wife of Mr. Peter Short, 74.—At Salem, Mrs. E. Caldwell, 89; Widow Hannah Deland, 78; Mrs. Sally Phippen, 75; Miss Julia McDonald, 24.—At Agawam, Mr. Asa Northam, 89.—At Marblehead, Miss Clara L. Adams, 18; Mr. Charles William Brown, 24.—At Wenham, Mrs. Lucy Healey, 68.—At Essex, Rev. Robert Crowell, D D., pastor of the Congregational Church 68.—At Quincy, Mrs. Lucy A. A. Elwell, 21.—At Dartmouth, Mr. Culbert Booth, 65.—At Weymouth, Mr. Warren Weston, 75.—At Beverly, Capt. John Francis Lovett.—At Gloucester, Widow Patience Martin, 77; Mr. Jacob S. Morehouse, 38.—At West Newbury, Maj Oliver Pillsbury, 81.—At Bolton, Mr. John Jewett, formerly of this city, 81.—At Worcester, Mr. Eber W. Presbury, 78; Mrs. Abigail R. Smith, 18; Mr. Benjamin Howard, 70.—At New Bedford, Ichabod Clapp, Esq., 82; Mr Stephen Parker, 54.—At New Boston, Mrs. Judith Stone, 90.—At Groton, George F. Farley, Esq., 62.—At Provincetown, Elisha Freeman, Esq, 64.—At Millbury, Mr. Luke Harrington, 66.—At Lancaster, Mr. Samuel Damon, 74.—At New York, Floyd T. Ferris, M. D., 63; Mr. John B. Desdoity, 60.

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[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

SLEEP.

BY TAMAR ANNE KERMODE.

Come, sweet sleep, and close my eyelids—
I am weary of the day;
And let gay and pleasing fancies
Softly round my pillow play.

Bring me dreams of joy and gladness—
Banish thoughts of grief and pain;
Place before me those dear faces
I may never see again.

Then with magic wand transport me
Back to childhood's sunny hours;
There the world seems like a garden,
Full of choice, sweet-scented flowers.

Bring again those softened glances,
For which now I sadly pine;
From eyes so tender—e'en my mother's—
Bring them forth from "Auld lang syne."

Come, sweet sleep, and close my eyelids—
I am weary of the day;
Let me visit fairy dream-land—
Let me travel far away.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

A CANDIDATE FOR A SCHOOLMASTER.

BY HORACE B. STANIFORD.

A FEW years ago I chanced to be a member of the superintending school committee, and among the various comical scenes that came under my notice, I must relate the following.

One afternoon, as I sat at my desk, a wagon rattled up into my door-yard, and in a few moments more there came a thumpety thump upon my door. I went to see what was wanted, and I found upon my piazza one of the most original specimens of the *genus* Yankee that it was ever my lot to fall in with. I mean, of such Yankees as we read of, but which are seldom seen. He stood about "six feet two," was rather lean, and yet giving evidence of plenty to eat. His dress was evidently his best, though the coat and hat had surely come down to him from a generation that had passed away. His vest was of a blue, homespun cloth, short, and buttoned with brass buttons; his neck-kerchief was of checked gingham, while the wee bit of a dicky which had been pulled up to sight above it, was but a more extended binding of his coarse cotton shirt. His face was open enough, in all conscience; and his hair, which was of several hues, from that of flax to that of a wilted bat, had been greased thoroughly, but it would not stick down. His boots were evidently made for wear, and were visible half way up the tops, the trousers either having shrunk up or mayhap having been made to clear the mud.

"Mornin', 'squire," said he, in a tone not unlike the grating of a mill-saw.

"Good day," I returned, not wishing to repeat his exact salutation, seeing it was nearer evening than morning.

"I kind 'a thought as haow I'd come an' git yeou to gin me a sartiferkate, bein' as they want me to hev one afore I commence keepin' schewl in this taown."

It was in the fall, and as the day was cool, I asked the applicant to walk in, hinting to him first that he could wipe his feet on the mat. He gave his boots a wipe, and then followed me to my study. He took a seat on my lounge, deposited his hat upon the floor, and then took an old pocket-book from somewhere within his vest.

"Ef yeou 're in a hurry, 'squire, don't know as there'll be any need of you're 'zamin'in' me, for I've got a sartiferkate from the selekmen of aour taown. I kep' schewl thar last winter, an' yeou'd better b'lieve I made the wool fly. Jes' let me tell yer 'baout that," he rattled on, with as much assurance as man could have, and in a tone of self-esteem ahead of anything I could have suspected from his looks. "Yer see they've got the all-firedest ugly set o' boys over thar in Perdishun Holler, ye ever hearn tell on. Why—they'd licked the schewlmaster an' lugged 'im aout o' the schewl'ouse every winter for six winters. By gimerky, I was mad. Ses I, 'jes' let me keep that schewl.' The kommitty hearn tell on me, an' they sent for me at wonst. They 'zamined me, an' guv me a sartiferkate rite orf. An' I kommenced the schewl. Sum of the big boys kommenced wonst or twist to kick up a raow; but, apple-sarse an' greens! didn't I wollup 'um. Yew never seed such a schewl as 'twas. The folks said as haow 't there hadn't been such a schewl there for forty year!"

The "schewlmaster" waited a few moments to see if I would express any astonishment, but as I did not, he went on.

"'T seemed 'at some of the folks daown here in Pordunk hev hearn tell haow I sukseeded, an' they've sent for me to cum an' try my hand thar."

I remembered now to have heard the agent of the school in the district which was generally known as Paudunk, say that he had sent to try and hire a teacher who kept a school in B——, the previous winter, and I supposed this must be the one. His fame had only reached our town connected with a thrashing exploit, in which he had floored some half dozen big boys.

"As I was a sayin', 'squire, thar's no need of yaour 'zamin'in' me. Here's the sartiferkate."

And as he thus spoke he handed me a soiled and crumpled paper, which I found to be indeed a bona fide certificate, and signed by two of the school committee of B——.

"Ov course yeou'll guv us a reckommendashnn, 'squire."

"I believe I must examine you a little, first," I said; for I had a curiosity to see how much the fellow really knew.

"Wal—ov course yeou ken. But raily, 'squire, I dono but I may be a leetle mite rusty. Ha'n't brushed up any lately. But raather reckon yeou'll find me some. Heow'll yeou take me? Wat cums fust?"

"Suppose we try a bit of geography first," said I.

"Wal," he uttered, not quite so confidently as before. "Go ahead. But mind, 'squire—as I said afore, I may need a leetle brushing up."

"What is the capital of this State?" I asked first.

"Port—l—. Let's see—ya-*as*—Portland."

"No, no," said I. "Portland used to be, but Augusta is now the capital."

"Wal—naow I didn't know that. It's been changed sense I studied jografy. Howsumever, go ahead."

"What is the capital of Massachusetts?"

"Wal," he replied, slowly and solemnly, at the same time counting his fingers, as though the solution were to be arrived at mathematically, "naow let's me see. Massachusetts—that's clean way daown sumwhar by the oshun. I never was thar, but Joe Popwhack, as we used to call 'im—he was thar. By thunder, 'squire, Joe 'd be raather astonished ef he knew I was a keepin' schewl, wouldn't he. Ye see Joe—Martin, his name is—but we call him Popwhack, 'cause he used tew use that word. But Joe don't know much. Howsumever, go ahead 'squire."

"Well," I returned, feeling sure that he would not enlighten me on geography, "suppose we try English grammar."

"That's yer sort. Ye see I never took much pains with jografy, 'cause the master allers has a book, ye see, an' he ken tell jest whar all them places is. But yeou'll find me to hum in 'rithmatick, naow I tell ye. I've devoted the most of my time to figgers, for up in aour parts they want their boys to cypher."

"But first," said I, holding in the laugh that was trying to burst out, "tell me what grammar is."

"Sartin," he responded, with an energy that led me to look for more understanding of the matter than I had expected, "grammar is the study wat's got naouns—an'—an'—varbs—an'—an'—sich sort ov things in it. Yer see I ha'n't quite forgot it yet."

"No, I see not. Can you tell me what a noun is?"

"Wal—I'm afeard yeou've got me thar. But then ye see it's all in the book, an' I ken tell when the scholars recite right. But yeou'll find me to hum in 'rithmatick."

"Very well," said I; "suppose we try it. In a piece of land ten rods long and four rods wide, how many square rods are there."

Mr. Spuggs, for so I will call him, commenced to count his fingers energetically.

"Wal," he at length uttered, slowly and thoughtfully, "ten rod long an' four deep. Guess we'd better try that by square rewt, hadu't we, 'squire?"

"Any way you *please*," I replied, turning my face towards the window to hide the smile I could no longer repress.

The "candidate" studied hard for some moments, counting his fingers over and over again, and at length he broke out, in a sort of relieved tone.

"Look here, 'squire. I raather think that ere 'll come under the head ov sarveyin', an' ye see I never studied that. I never had no—what-d'ye call-it—the thing they stick up on three legs to look through; never could 'ford it. Ment to study it, though. But naow gin us sumthin' of a common schewl kind."

"Well," said I, determined to let the fellow answer one question if possible, "suppose a bushel of corn is worth one dollar, how much are ten bushels worth?"

Again he went over his fingers.

"Yeou mean *shelled* corn, I s'pose," he said, after a while.

"Yes," I answered.

"'Cause it makes a good deal of difference, yer see, 'beaout that. Corn on the ear 'll overrun the bushel ef its good for anything. Naow the corn we raise 'll overrun four quarts to the bushel. Tew bushel ov ears 'll make more'n a bushel ov shelled corn. Yer see I should be pertick'ler to 'splain this to my scholars, 'cause ye see, 'squire, I mean to fit 'em for the bizziness of life. Naow a good many schewlmasters don't dew that, but I dew. Ginger and Jerewsalem, 'squire, yew ort to see me handle the big boys when they git onruly. I tell ye they don't try it more'n woust."

I despaired of getting even one fair answer from my applicant, and I concluded to drop him.

"Mr. Spuggs," said I, as politely as I could, "I'm afraid you wouldn't suit us here. I could not give you a certificate without overstepping the bounds of my duty."

"Yeou don't mean so, 'squire," uttered the poor fellow, in a doleful, sinking tone. "Why, I kep' last winter, an' got along fust rate. Guess yew'd better let me try my hand. Naow I tell ye, it'll be a great disapp'intment to me. I've got rigged for it."

"I couldn't do it."

"But I ken brush up, 'squire. I told yer I was kind o' rusty naow, but I ken overhaul these things, an' look em up."

"Very well," I said. "When you have brushed up and overlooked your studies some, I should be happy to examine you again."

He went away with a sad and sorrowful countenance; but whether he ever "brushed up" or not I do not know, for he has never since shown himself to me.

This may seem overdrawn, but I will just say that the fellow did not know one bit more than I have represented, and yet he had a certificate, in which he was fully recommended as a "suitable and competent person to be a teacher of youth," and it was signed by two of the school committee of his native town! But I will simply add, that the writing of the certificate betrayed as much ignorance of English grammar on the part of the *committee* as Mr. Spuggs had displayed in *his* examination.

SPLENDID PRIZE OFFER!

SOMETHING REALLY WORTH STRIVING FOR.

Being resolved to increase the present unequalled edition of "Ballou's Pictorial Drawing Room Companion" to the number of

150,000

copies weekly, the proprietor has determined to send abroad through the Union the following inducement for post-masters and other energetic and industrious persons, *male or female*, to obtain and send to us clubs for our illustrated journal. For this purpose,

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are offered, and will be faithfully awarded as agreed herein—a purpose which shall be personally carried out by the proprietor, who pledges himself to its impartial and honest execution. The intrinsic value of the prizes is over

ONE THOUSAND DOLLARS!

so arranged as to be divided among the individuals who shall forward to us the twelve largest clubs of subscribers for the "Pictorial" between the first of December, 1855, and the 1st of February, 1856, being a period of about *sixty days*. When it is remembered that the agent has to work with, not only the most attractive, but positively

THE CHEAPEST PAPER IN THE WORLD!

it will be realized how easily subscriptions can be procured anywhere.

Ballou's Pictorial Drawing-Room Companion

is now in its ninth volume, volume *tenth* commencing on the 1st of January, 1856. It is the only illustrated paper of its class in America, and the pioneer of illustrated papers on this side the Atlantic. It is elegantly printed on the finest of satin surfaced paper, containing *sixteen* super royal pages in each number, with an average of *twenty illustrations weekly!* These engravings are large and artistic in execution, embracing every current topic of interest, including rural scenery, maritime matters, architecture, noted localities all over this country and Europe, likenesses of eminent characters, male and female, at home and abroad, processions, celebrations, natural history, battles, fortifications, and, in short, every theme of general interest, forming an elegant

ILLUSTRATED RECORD OF THE TIMES.

Besides the illustrations, it contains eight or more super royal pages of *original* sketches of adventure, tales, poems, biographies and choice miscellaneous reading (no advertisements will be admitted), altogether forming a delightful weekly visitor to the home circle, and making two elegant volumes each year for binding, of 416 pages, with about one thousand splendid engravings.

We shall commence the new volume of the "Pictorial," as above, with what we unhesitatingly pronounce to be the best novelette we have ever printed. It is the first story we have ever published *without knowing who the author is!* This work needs no name to make it popular. For intricacy of plot, delicacy of description, pathos, delineation of human nature, dissection of the motives of daring men, the tenderness of the female heart, and the power of secret motives, this story will stand unrivalled. It is entitled:

THE CONTRABANDIST:

—OR,—

THE SECRET OF A LIFE.

A TRUE STORY OF THE SOUTH OF FRANCE.

We shall fully illustrate this remarkable story, and our readers may confidently expect to be deeply entertained and interested in its weekly perusal. We are resolved the coming volume shall be the best we have ever yet issued.

THE PRIZES!

To the person who sends us the *first* largest club, we will present an elegant first class PIANO FORTE, rosewood case, of the best Boston workmanship, warranted in all respects. Value..... $300
To the person who sends us the *second* largest club, we will present a superior ENGLISH LEVER GOLD WATCH, with a rich gold chain seals and key, new and warranted perfect in all respects. Value..... 200
To the person who sends us the *third* largest club, we will present a library of ONE HUNDRED BOUND VOLUMES of new and valuable books, embracing biographies, histories, novels, records of travel, etc. Value..... 150
To the person who sends us the *fourth* largest club, we will present a superb ENGLISH DOUBLE BARRELED GUN, silver mounted, with shot and powder pouch, game bag and fixtures, a reliable weapon. Value..... 100
To the person who sends us the *fifth* largest club, we will present a LADY'S GOLD WATCH, new, elegantly set in gold, with a rich enamel back, best Geneva workmanship, and warranted. Value..... 80
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To the person who sends us the *eighth* largest club, we will present a fine RIDING SADDLE and BRIDLE, made *to our own order*, of the best English stock, by William Holmes, 21 Tremont Row, Boston, with curb and snaffle bits, and all the fixtures perfect. Value..... 50
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To the person who shall send us the *eleventh* largest club, we will present a fine heavy GOLD SEAL RING, elaborately wrought and with the initials of the person who wins it cut upon the stone. Value..... 20
To the person who shall send us the *twelfth* largest club, we will present five large and beautiful STEEL ENGRAVINGS, each one exhibiting some interesting scene, framed in gilt, parlor ornaments. Value..... 18

Every prize offered is new, just from the manufacturers, and may be seen at any hour of the day, by calling at our publication office.

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Any person sending us *fifty* subscribers shall receive the eight volumes complete of our "Pictorial," elegantly and uniformly bound in full gilt, with illustrated title pages and indexes, containing nearly *ten thousand* fine illustrations, the price of which is sixteen dollars.

It is very important that the names, accompanied by the money, should be sent to us as fast as they are obtained, that we may be able to print an ample number of papers to meet the demand. Therefore, as soon as ten or a dozen subscribers have been obtained, the person who has procured the club can forward them with the money, and he or she can then add to the club any number of names, at the same rate, and they will be duly credited to the account of the person sending until February 1, 1856.

It is not required that the entire club should be from one town; we will send the papers to any neighboring post-office, but all the subscriptions must come through the same agent in order to be counted to his or her credit.—This prize offer cannot be applied to any regular wholesale agent of our paper. The clubs must be *bona fide*, *and each name be sent with the money.*

The result will be duly published, and indisputable evidence of the receipt of each prize, by the successful parties, will be given.

Sample copies of the paper furnished gratis when desired.

M. M. BALLOU, *Publisher and Proprietor.*

Corner of Tremont and Bromfield Sts., Boston, Mass.

☞ In writing letters, please be careful to write names of post-office and State plainly as possible. Also, write individual names distinctly.

EDITORIAL MELANGE.

In New York the Norfolk Orphan Fund has reached the handsome amount of $5000, and is still increasing. —— The Beaver Island Mormons have several small vessels, and carry on a species of piracy on the lake. It is also said that the keeper of the lighthouse on Beaver Island, who is a Mormon, holds out decoy lights, whereby several valuable cargoes have been wrecked on the island. —— Gen. Cass is said to be worth $4,000,000. —— A Mrs. Briggs, of Camden, N. J., recently attempted to chastise one of her children with a switch, when it was thrown into a spasm, which continued so long that strangulation and death ensued. —— Out of a population in Norfolk, Va., not much exceeding 7000, over 2000 are now entombed. Of the remaining portion nearly nine-tenths had the fever. —— A splendid new Presbyterian church was dedicated in Philadelphia, lately. It is located on the corner of Arch and Eighteenth Streets, is in the Roman style, and, besides a bell-tower 115 high, is surmounted by a noble dome, reaching to the altitude of 170 feet. It cost upwards of $100,000. ——A convention of Episcopal clergyman met at Baltimore, and resolved to contribute each one-tenth of their income for the support and extension of the gospel. —— There has been received at the New York city post-office no less than $2,501,222 during the last two years. —— Mr. Henry Franklin, of North Attleboro', was accidentally killed by the discharge of a gun, while loading. The charge, with the ramrod, passed into his brain. —— The increase of population in the State of New York for the last four years, was eight per cent., while in Massachusetts it was twice that. This is attributable to our having more manufactories, while New York is more agricultural. —— It is stated in the New York Commercial that a remittance of £10,000 in gold was received by the Africa, to be employed in grain purchases in this country for shipment to England. —— A mechanic in Cincinnati is wasting his talents in trying to construct a flying machine, and thinks he can succeed if he can only raise the wind. —— A singing mouse has just been caught in Portland. —— The Rev. Dr. Bellows's church, on Fourth Avenue, New York, is getting well towards completion, so far as the body of the house is concerned. With its streak of brick and streak of Caen stone, it prominently arrests the attention. —— The Alta California newspaper in San Francisco, has been sold by the sheriff for $11,000. There are thirteen daily papers in that city. —— Two more *asteroids* have recently been discovered between Mars and Jupiter; one by Bilk, in Prussia, and the other by Goldsmith, at Paris. There are now some thirty-five or six of these minor planets known to exist. —— One of the most extensive grain operators in Chicago has been purchasing wheat for the past six days at the rate of about 100,000 bushels a day, and has already paid over $150,000 per day. The purchases are made at $1 48 to $1 50 per bushel. —— Mexico contains 85 cities, 193 towns or large villages, 4709 villages, 119 missions, etc., 170 haciendas, and 6902 farms, etc. Population, 7,853,395.——W. G. Kendall, late post-master at New Orleans, publishes a statement in the New Orleans Delta, designed to show that the reports recently in circulation with reference to alleged losses at the New Orleans post-office, during his administration, were a "fabrication."—— The great estate of Nesmyl, with its immense dependencies, in Hungary, has been recently purchased by the Benedictine monks of the Cloister of Neuberg, for the sum of 800,000 florins, which, at twelve florins the pound sterling, is equal to nearly £67,000. —— The Washington Monument, the corner-stone of which was laid on the Fourth of July, 1848, has been raised to the height of 152 feet, at an expense of $230,000. The original estimate of the cost of the whole work was $1,222,000. —— The Chicago Democrat says it is estimated that the loss by recent disasters on the lakes exceeds a million of dollars. ——A correspondent of the Washington Intelligencer gives the cost of gas to private consumers in forty-two of the largest cities in the United States, the average being $3 97 to 1000 cubic feet.

FORT GAINES ACADEMY LOTTERY, ATALANTA, GA.

If a lottery can, under any circumstances, command the general respect, it is only when it is designed to carry out some good and popular purpose, and the funds thus obtained are devoted to such an end. Churches used to be built in this way, colleges have often been erected by such means, and hospitals without number owe their existence to lotteries. But the abuse, by the unscrupulous, of such a means of approaching the liberal public, led at last to the universal deprecation of lotteries, without regard to the object held in view by any of them in their creation. The good had to suffer with the bad. In some of the Southern States, however, they draw a distinction, and while they oppose lotteries generally, they permit such as contemplate a benevolent aim. The Fort Gaines Academy Lottery, drawn at Atalanta, Georgia, December 23d, and on December 24th, Samuel Swan, Agent and Manager, is one of these. This lottery is on the Havana plan, all the prizes being drawn, thus preventing the possibility of mathematical combination of swindling. In the above schemes, there are 1000 prizes drawn out of 10,000 numbers. We observe by their circular, tickets are $5; shares in proportion.

A NAME FOR THE NEW STATE.—The Lake Superior Miner proposes that the new State which is spoken of, to be formed from the Upper Peninsula and a portion of Wisconsin, shall be called Menomone, from the bold and warlike tribe of Indians who inhabit that region. The name is euphonious and appropriate.

THE "SCHNAPPS POLKA."—An Italian maestro, resident in Philadelphia,—Signor Rondinello,—has been composing a dance with this title, which is spoken of by the musical critics in Signor's neighborhood as very spirited.

BREADSTUFFS.—In South America there is a scarcity of breadstuffs. They began to export largely before they found out the crops would fall short, and are now importing again.

Wayside Gatherings.

Thirty of the crew of the U. S. Frigate Independence recently deserted in the harbor of San Francisco.

The oldest citizen of St. Louis, Caleb Lockwood, recently died in that city.

The Passaic river water is to be introduced into Patterson, N. J., for domestic and other purposes.

The firemen of Charlestown propose to form a benevolent association for the purpose of mutual aid.

The mother of Dr. Gaussen, of Geneva, Switzerland, the well-known author on "Inspiration," died recently.

Two deaf mutes, named George M. Baker and Amanda M. Bugbee, were married recently, at Albany, N. Y.

A person in Mobile has brought a suit for damages against a shoemaker, for failing to comply with a premise to have a pair of boots made at a specified time.

A Texas editor says that one of his neighbors, Ben. M. Green, in 12 consecutive mornings, killed three bears, one panther, one wild cat, and seven deer.

Bishop Waugh, on returning from an official tour, recently, found his sister, his son, and his brother-in law, all prostrate with the yellow fever

The Union states that it will require 1,509,500 acres of the public lands to satisfy the 13,796 land warrants issued last month. The total number of warrants issued, 48,158.

At Davenport, Iowa, recently, when some lots of ground were to be sold at auction for non-payment of taxes, the sale, by the direction of the authorities, was opened with prayer.

The various "bread leagues" throughout the country appear to be working with satisfactory results. The operations of one at Lynn are now at the rate of $150,000 per annum.

Government is putting up a new light-house, on the end of Long Wharf, New Haven, for the accommodation of vessels bound in and out of the harbor.

The Borsen Zeitung, of Berlin, mentions that the Russian government is endeavoring to effect a sale to the United States of America of its possessions in the north of that continent, for the sum of 40,000,000 of silver roubles.

Mr. James Warren, a native of Troy, New York, who was recently arrested on a charge of obtaining money from Messrs. Munroe & Co., Broadway, New York, committed suicide in the latter city, by taking prussic acid.

At a land sale held at Winona, at Minnesota, recently, a spectator attempted to overbid a settler. The crowd undertook to drown him in the river, when he drew a revolver and shot three men. It is supposed their wounds will not prove fatal.

A steam fire engine has been purchased by the city of Columbus, Ohio, and four additional steam engines are to be built for the use of the city of Cincinnati. Pittsburg has recently had one built on a plan invented by one of her own mechanics.

The Messrs. Wright's splendid new (clipper) ship, the Morning Light, cleared lately at St. John, N. B., with a cargo exceeding by 100,000 superficial feet of deals, that of any vessel hitherto cleared at this port.

Mrs. Moore, wife of Mr. Moore, paper maker at Norway, Me, was so severely burned by the explosion of a camphene lamp, recently, that she died the next day. She was attempting to fill a lighted lamp. When will people learn wisdom?

Nearly the whole town of Buckhannon, Upshur Co., Va., was destroyed by fire recently. The Court House, Jail, Cooper's tavern, all the stores but two, and most of the private dwellings are in ashes.

Prentiss of the Louisville Journal says that after an absence of a few weeks he returns home to find his paper increased a thousand in circulation. He says modesty will not allow him to attribute it to his absence.

A farmer in Westmoreland county, Pa., recently murdered his wife and burned her body in a large pile of wood. He was arrested, and on examination the bones of the murdered woman were found among the ashes and coal.

The Indianapolis Journal remarks: "riding matches are degenerating into regular races pretty rapidly. May be we shall have female Gilpatricks and Hiram Woodruffs in a few years. Verily, women's rights are invading an altogether unexpected circle of male affairs."

A Swede who arrived at New York got $1600 changed into American gold, was followed by a party of thieves to Buffalo, who managed to rob the poor fellow of the whole amount before he reached Cleveland, cutting a bag containing the money from the breast of his coat.

The wife of a gardener in St. Louis died recently very suddenly, and was buried in seemingly unnecessary haste. A rumor was afterwards circulated that she had met with violence from her husband, and this coming to the ears of the husband, he committed suicide by taking poison.

The Brock monument on Queenstown heights, now nearly completed, is 180 feet to the top of the cap, and is ascended by a spiral stairway, numbering 236 steps. The statue which has just been raised to the top, is 16 feet high, and represents the hero in the attitude of surveying the battle field with a spy glass in his right hand, while the left is grasping a sword.

The town of Gloucester, Mass., has 19,314 tons of shipping employed in fishing, 5000 tons in foreign trade and 3600 tons in the coasting business. There have been this year 207 arrivals from foreign ports. The number of hands employed in fisheries is 2280, and the number of vessels employed is 282, valued at $989,250.

Robert Owen, well known for many years past as one of the staunchest infidels of the day, and a leader among them, has been converted to Spiritualism, and is now, though 80 years of age, quite active in London in issuing pamphlets upon that subject, counteracting the efforts which he gave to the cause of infidelity for half a century.

On dit—that Rachel is studying English, and it is her intention to appear as Lady Macbeth before she leaves America. Booth played in French in New Orleans, and the great Talma was an excellent English scholar. Another on dit is worthy of less credence, and that is the assertion that Rachel's genuine jewels are safely stored in Paris, and that the imitations are only worn when here.

The Rev. Mr. Close recently delivered a discourse in Geneva, Switzerland, in aid of the English Episcopal Church in that place, and in doing so he took his text and preached from the copy preserved in the Geneva library of the English Bible, printed at Geneva in 1560, and translated by the English exiles, Knox, Coverdale and others, during their residence there. The Bible in question is one of the very oldest printed copies in existence.

Foreign Items.

To support its cause, Russia is said to have 2000 hired writers in Germany alone.

Out of the ten thousand Russian seamen engaged in the heroic defence of Sebastopol, no more than a fourth part survive, and some six or seven officers.

Gortschakoff's account of his forced retreat from Sebastopol, states, with infinite *naiveté*, that the enemy did not follow him. How could they? He broke down his bridge of boats.

The marshal's baton is not the only recompense that the general-in-chief of the French army in the Crimea will receive. It is said that the emperor intends naming Marshal Pelissier Duke of Sebastopol.

Franconi's circus at Paris has recently lost one of its most amusing performers, an English clown, named Kemp. His appearance in the ring was always the signal for the most boisterous laughter. He was only thirty-one years of age, and died very suddenly.

The scientific Bulletin of Paris announces an important discovery by M. Vergnes, by which mercury and other metallic substances absorbed into the system may be expelled instanter by an *electric bath*. This discovery appears to be a fact beyond doubt, having been tested before the "Academy of Science," and pronounced a reality.

The American comedian, J. H. McVicker, has made a successful debut at the Surry Theatre, London, in one of Marble's favorite pieces, "Sam Patch in France." Of course he does the Yankee, and having one or two peculiarities which did not go down so well, he kept his audience in a continual roar of laughter by his drolleries.

Sands of Gold.

.... Heaven and earth, advantages and obstacles, conspire to educate genius.—*Fuseli.*

.... If well-respected honor bid me on, I hold as little counsel with weak fear as you.—*Shakspeare.*

.... Diplomacy! the science of those who have none, and who are as deep as emptiness.—*Balzac.*

.... Life is rapid, art is slow, occasion coy, practice fallacious, and judgment partial.—*Fuseli.*

.... One of the most important rules of the science of manners is an almost absolute silence in regard to yourself.—*Balzac.*

.... The generous who is always just, and the just who is always generous, may, unannounced, approach the throne of heaven.—*Lavater.*

.... Genius either discovers new materials of nature, or combines the known with novelty. Talent arranges, cultivates, polishes the discoveries of genius.—*Fuseli.*

.... Alas! if the principles of contentment are not within us, —the height of station and worldly grandeur will as soon add a cubit to a man's stature as to his happiness.—*Sterne.*

.... The great blessings of mankind are within us, and within our reach, but we shut our eyes, and like people in the dark, we fall foul upon the very thing we search for, without finding it.—*Seneca.*

.... Buffon says "Genius is patience." Patience, is in fact, in mankind, that which nearest resembles the process nature employs in her creations. What is art? Nature concentrated.—*Balzac.*

Joker's Budget.

"*'Tis true, 'tis pity; 'tis pity 'tis true.*"—Honeymoon bliss sometimes turns out to be moonshine.—*Punch.*

There is a "fast" young man in this city, who, it is said, heats his shaving water every morning by the fire of his own genius.

"By their fruits ye shall know them," as the farmer exclaimed when he traced half his golden pippins to the pockets of a truant schoolboy.

A Cincinnati paper contains an advertisement of bonnets and petticoats for young men's wear, to correspond with the shawls, now so universally worn.

"Why don't your father take a newspaper?" said a man to a little boy whom he caught pilfering his paper from his doorstep. "Coz he sends *me* to take it," answered the urchin.

"Mike," said a bricklayer, to his hod-man, "if you meet Patrick, tell him to make haste, as we are waiting for him." "Sure and I will," replied Mike; "but what will I tell him if I don't mate him?"

At a store in New York where mourning goods are sold, they have a salesman who sympathizes so strongly with purchasers that he sheds tears from morning till night. He commands a high salary.

Lawyers, according to Martial, are "men who hire out their words and anger." Their words are very costly, although intrinsically they often resemble the darkey's account, which "didn't amount to any particular sum."

Saxe gives the following advice to the rising generation:

In going to parties just mind what you are at,
Beware of your head and take care of your hat,
Lest you find that a favorite son of your mother
Has an ache in the one and a brick in the other.

THE FLAG OF OUR UNION.

An elegant, moral and refined *Miscellaneous Family Journal*, devoted to polite literature, wit and humor, prose and poetic gems, and original tales, written expressly for the paper. In politics, and on all sectarian questions, it is strictly neutral; therefore making it emphatically A PAPER FOR THE MILLION, and a welcome visitor to the home circle.

It contains the foreign and domestic news of the day, so condensed as to present the greatest possible amount of intelligence. No advertisements are admitted to the paper, thus offering the entire sheet, which is of THE MAMMOTH SIZE, for the instruction and amusement of the general reader. An unrivalled corps of contributors are regularly engaged, and every department is under the most finished and perfect system that experience can suggest, forming an *original paper*, the present circulation of which far exceeds that of any other weekly paper in the Union, with the exception of "BALLOU'S PICTORIAL."

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One copy of THE FLAG OF OUR UNION, and one copy of BALLOU'S PICTORIAL, $4 per annum. Published every SATURDAY, by M. M. BALLOU, Corner of Tremont and Bromfield Sts., Boston, Mass.

GENERAL VIEW OF NEWPORT, RHODE ISLAND.

GENERAL VIEW OF NEWPORT, R. I.

The accompanying engraving presents a correct general view of the pleasant town of Newport, so much frequented in the summer season for the salubrity of its air, and its facilities for bathing, and so interesting at all times from historical association and picturesque localities. Newport has always been celebrated for the beauty of its ladies, for the high tone of its society, and for its agreeable hospitalities. It is situated on the southwest side of the island of Rhode Island, within the mouth of Narragansett Bay, and within five miles of the ocean. The harbor, one of the finest n the United States, is defended by Fort Wolcott on Goat Island, and by Fort Adams on Benton's Point, the latter being a noble military structure and a fine feature in the landscape as seen from the water. The buildings have generally an old world look, the State House, particularly, being a fine, picturesque old edifice. Of late years, however, the place has been embellished by the erection of many splendid private residences, some of which, with the land on which they are erected, cost $80,000. The Redwood Library and Athenæum, the Masonic Hall, and the Armory Hall are fine specimens of the more modern public buildings. The most prominent buildings in our sketch are hotels, the Bellevue and Ocean Houses, both of which occupy commanding sites. The Atlantic House is also a fine establishment, and there are other good public houses in the place, crowded during the summer season. The resident population of the town is about 10,000. The Revolution destroyed the commercial prosperity of Newport, which at one time promised to be a leading city of the Union. In the summer season it is crowded with visitors from all parts of the United States, and with travellers from abroad, attracted by the fame of this romantic watering-place.

THE COUNCIL OF WAR.

The graphic scene presented by our engraving possesses an historical interest. It represents the council of war held previous to the final assault on Sebastopol—the assault which crowned with triumph the arms of the allies. That stout, obese personage on the left, with the richly laced and feathered chapeau, is Marshal Pelissier, whose name will be henceforth associated with those of the bravest warriors of the great Napoleon's era. His face indicates resolution and intellect, but his figure has been described as anything but heroic. A camp correspondent says: "I was rather surprised at the appearance of the French commander of the forces. From his character, I expected to have seen a young, active man, whereas General Pelissier is an enormously fat old man, with very white hair, which is cut very close; he is so fat that he is unable to ride any distance. On this occasion he travelled in an open carriage, drawn by four grays, and two soldiers as outriders, and an Arab, with a white flowing robe, followed it. The general was dressed in uniform, with a number of decorations on his breast, and over his shoulders he wore a white cloak, somewhat similar to those worn by the Arab chiefs. He is not very tall, and his face has rather a good humored expression, and quite different from what your imagination would portray from his history either here or in Africa." Marshal Pelissier is an old man, and has seen many years of service. Before age had somewhat tamed his impetuosity, he was one of the most daring officers in the French army. He it was, who, when his soldiers recoiled from a breastwork in Algeria, hotly defended by Arabs, finding it impossible otherwise to rally his men and bring them to the assault, compelled two of them to throw him over the wall in the midst of the enemy. Of course every man followed—the Arabs were dispersed, and Pelissier was found unhurt. This anecdote illustrates not only his daring but his knowledge of human nature. Opposite Pelissier and on the right of the picture, sits the British general Simpson, an old and gallant officer, but it is alleged unfitted for the command entrusted to him. We shall not attempt to decide this question, but leave English military men and journals to discuss and settle it. The third officer in the group, at once modest and distinguished in his appearance, is the Sardinian general Della Marmora, a gallant gentleman and soldier, who has led a most adventurous life. Forced to quit Turin, during the political persecution, in 1831, he sought refuge in Switzerland; thence, after a very brief residence, he went to Belgium, fought in the Foreign Legion during the war with Holland, and then passed to Portugal, under the banner of Don Pedro. He distinguished himself on several occasions at the siege of Oporto; was severely wounded while repelling an attack of the besiegers; rose to the rank of captain and having been again wounded at the battle of Asseceira, received the decoration of the order of the Tower and Sword. The struggle in Portugal having drawn to a close, he repaired to Spain, to fight against Don Carlos, and there made all the campaigns of the war of succession, from 1835 to 1841. As the reward of his courage he was promoted to the rank of colonel, and was three times wounded at the battle of Chiva, near Valencia. In 1843 he followed the party of Espartero. In 1844 he returned to Sardinia, but on account of his liberal opinions, was not suffered to remain until the institutions of Sardinia had been enlarged. In the service of the Provisional government of Lombardy he fought against the Austrians, in 1848, with bravery and success. He was subsequently nominated general and aid-de camp to King Charles Albert, and fought at his side on the unfortunate day of Novara.

PELISSIER. DELLA MARMORA. SIMPSON.

THE COUNCIL OF WAR.

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL

M. M. BALLOU, { CORNER OF TREMONT AND BROMFIELD STS. BOSTON, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 15, 1855. $3,00 PER ANNUM. 6 CENTS SINGLE. } VOL. IX., No. 24.—WHOLE No. 232.

AMERICAN AUTHORS.

In the accompanying engraving, our artist, Mr. Kilburn, has grouped together some of the leading stars in the firmament of American literature. At the head of the group is the mild and genial Irving, occupying a position to which he is rightfully entitled. Long before the present generation of writers saw the light, Washington Irving had made himself an American and a transatlantic reputation; and now, in the evening of his days, from the tranquil retreat of Sunny Side, on the borders of his beloved Hudson, illustrated and rendered classic by his genius, he still cultivates, as a labor of love, that literature which was his staff and support during the trials of his manhood. Near the head of Irving is that of Nathaniel Parker Willis, a genuine poet, and one of the most brilliant and sparkling prose writers of the age. There is a fascination in every sentence that he pens, and in spite of the daring innovations that mark his style, his writings possess an enduring vitality. Henry W. Longfellow is here, the most prolific and most popular of our poets. Like Willis and Irving's his name and fame belong to universal literature. Below Longfellow's is the head of Curtis, one of the latest and brightest names in our literature. His gorgeous pictures of the East, full of thought, poetry and feeling, hardly prepared the public to anticipate in him that vein of rich humor and sparkling satire he has since so successfully developed. "Our Best Society," the first of the series of Potiphar papers in Putnam, was pronounced by one of our soundest critics, the best magazine article ever written. The wide-spread popularity of Curtis is richly deserved. On the opposite side of the engraving we behold the lineaments of Bayard Taylor, the poet-pilgrim. Wm. C. Bryant, perhaps the greatest of American poets, the immortal author of "Thanatopsis," written at the age of eighteen, and Wm. H. Prescott, the brilliant historian, complete the group of literary celebrities, whom any nation or age might be proud to acknowledge. With such men living among us, we no longer need depend on Europe for our supply of mental food. Indeed, if we do not cease to import "the feast of reason," we also export its materials.

AMERICAN AUTHORS.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE VISCONTI:

—OR,—

BARBARIGO THE STRANGER.

A TALE OF MILAN DURING THE MIDDLE AGES.

BY AUSTIN C. BURDICK.

[CONTINUED.]

CHAPTER XIII.—[CONTINUED.]

"Dies! The marquis dies! Visconti?" whispered Donna Silvia, starting to her feet, and seizing her husband by the arm. "Surely he will die in time."

"And that time will be soon."

"Not at your bidding, signor?"

"My bidding will not prevent it."

"Barnabas Visconti! do you mean that you will use any effort towards procuring the death of the marquis?"

"I think I shall."

The duchess dropped her hands and clasped them in horror.

"You will not! O! you cannot do it!" she cried, in tones of agony and supplication.

[SEE ENGRAVING.]

"I will do anything—anything I please. So waste no more words upon the matter. Beware now, for I command you; and for the future you will be wise if you look upon the matter as settled."

"And it was for this I became your wife—for this I gave you my hand, and swore to love and obey you!" groaned the duchess, raising her hands to her face, and bursting into tears.

Had she spoken this less feelingly, the duke might have given an angry response, but the anger marks passed from his face, though all the native sternness was left.

"You forget, signora," he said. "When I took you for my wife, I, too, swore to love and protect. Now God knows I love you with my whole heart, and for yourself you have not a wish that I will not gratify. But I did not bind myself to give up my ducal power into your hands. By seeking too much, you may fall short of what you would otherwise gain. Remember this, and take heed. I would be alone now."

Donna Silvia said no more, but with a firm, slow step she turned and left the room, and shortly afterwards the duke descended to the hall where he generally gave audience, for it was near the hour when the officers came with their reports. When he reached this hall, he found most of his officers there assembled, together with several of the citizens. He had just taken his seat when it was announced to him that a messenger was in waiting who wished to see him; and an order was at once given for his admission.

The new comer was the Count da Mosta, and a member of Jacopo Della Torre's household. A dark cloud gathered over the duke's brow as he saw the messenger, for he instantly guessed the object of his mission.

"Speak, signor," said Visconti, as Da Mosta drew near.

"Most noble duke," commenced the messenger, "I come from our noble lord, Jacopo Della Torre. He bids me ask if you know where his son is?"

"What should I know of his son?" replied the duke, sternly, and with some little show of anger.

"My lord is aware, signor duke, that you sent to Verona for his arrest; and he is also aware that *he was* arrested—and by your authority. Of course you will not wonder, then, that the parent should now look to you."

"He should have looked to his son, and kept him at home. If the marquis has been arrested, he must abide by the consequences. But I know not where he is."

"Is he not in prison at Verona?"

"I know not. He *was* there, but that was a week ago."

"My lord duke, you know very well there is no tribunal at Verona competent to try the marquis, and if he is there it must still be by your orders; and if he is not there, then he must have been removed at your will. I trust you will at least answer me with truth."

"Ha! have ye come here to insult me?"

"No, signor duke, I have merely come here for right and justice."

"Then you may go and tell your master that he can have no knowledge of his son from me."

"You might take calmer thought, my lord; for there is importance to this affair."

"You have my answer."

"Then you will not even tell where the marquis is!"

"No."

The messenger's face turned first pale and then red. This was an injustice which was too glaring to be mistaken, and it wrought deeply upon his feelings.

"I had thought," he said, very calmly and coolly, "that we could find justice here. The Della Torra ask no more."

The duke would have flown into a passion at once, had not one of his old courtiers at that moment approached him and whispered in his ear. He did not speak loud enough for any one else to hear, but what he said had much influence on the duke, for the latter bowed his head a moment, and then said to the messenger:

"Go and tell the old count that his son is now in prison in Verona, I think, but I am not sure. The youngster has been killing the governor's guard there, and he may be held without my orders. But I want no more messages from Jacopo Della Torre, nor will I receive any. This is the last that comes to me from his presence."

"How, signor? Not receive even a message from him?"

"No—not even a message," exclaimed Visconti, his anger gradually breaking out. "Let him send another messenger here and I'll have him arrested. Has he not already sent a messenger to Pope Urban, at Rome? Answer me that!"

"He may have sent one," replied Da Mosta.

"Ay, you know he has sent one. And wherefore did he send it but to ask assistance against me? Oho! I can see. Now if Della Torre thinks to gain the pope over to him, he must depend upon the pope, and not be sending messages to me."

The Count da Mosta hung his head, for he knew that his master had sent a messenger to Urban V., and that that message was to ask the papal power to crush the aspiring Visconti.

"You can go now," resumed the duke. "Tell Jacopo that his son is in prison, and that he will come out when I will it. If he wants his son released before that time, let him send to the pope!"

This announcement had the effect of exciting the indignation of the officers of Visconti, and they no longer looked with favor upon the messenger. To know that Della Torre was trying to win the pope over against their master was enough, and once more they were ready to sustain him, even in his course against Francesco.

With a look of mingled anger and mortification, Da Mosta left the hall, and in a few moments more the duke commenced to attend to the business of his own people as though nothing unusual had happened. Only ever and anon a dark cloud would flit across his face, and once or twice the name of the pope dwelt upon his lips; but 'twas in no loving mood that he uttered that name.

THE DUCHESS INTERCEDING FOR FRANCESCO

CHAPTER XIV.

A MESSENGER OF HOPE.

NEARLY two weeks had passed away after the arrest of Francesco and the sad mistake of Julia. The latter had been, during that time, at her uncle's palace, while the former had spent the long days and nights in a prison house. It was late in the afternoon, and the sun was pouring its last flood of golden rays into the apartment which Julia occupied. She was sitting in a large, softly cushioned chair, and by her side sat her uncle. She was somewhat paler than her wont, but she had nearly recovered from the effects of the blow she had given herself. The dagger had not touched the vital parts. Its point seemed to have struck the breast-bone in an oblique direction, and thence passed on towards the right side, without touching the lungs or heart. A slight fever had ensued, but not a dangerous one, and what sickness she had experienced had been more the result of fatigue and excitement than of the wound.

"You shall do as you please," said Lombardo, in continuation of a conversation which had been going on for some moments. "If you choose to remain with me you shall do so, and you may be assured that the duke cannot take you from me."

"Alas, good uncle," returned the maiden, sadly, "you cannot release Francesco."

"No—I cannot. He is beyond my power."

"Then I will return to my mother. I shall be happier with her."

"But you may be made to marry with Loredano if you do."

"No, no; they will not make me do that."

"But you know what your mother wrote. If the duke is determined on that point, I see not how you can escape. You must bear this in mind."

"And is the count recovered?"

"Not yet. His wound was a severe one, and he has been very sick. But his physician told me to day that he was recovering."

Julia bowed her head and remained in silent thought for some moments. At length she said:

"I will return to my mother. I know she is not happy while I am away. When she was here last week, I knew she either wished to remain, or to have me follow her. O, I should think the duke might allow her to remain with me."

"Ah, Julia, you do not know that man yet. He has no evil wish towards yourself, and he would gladly have allowed your mother to remain, had he not seen that such a course would not have been calculated to hasten your return. No—his whole desire is to have you back with him; and I expect his couriers here to-morrow after you. Think well before you make up your mind. You shall be a child to me."

"I must go to my mother, signor. O, I shall never forget your kindness, but you will not blame me for what I do."

"Most surely not, sweet one. I only ask you to be happy."

"I shall be happier with my mother. You know how good and kind she is; and you know, too, how unhappy she must be if her husband is angry with her—and that he will be if I do not return. And then why may we not hope that the duke may be urged from his purpose concerning my wedding with the count?"

"Ah!" returned the uncle, with a dubious shake of the head, "the duke has reasons for his actions. You may be sure he would never give your hand where you could not give your heart, had he not weighty reasons for it."

"But what reasons can he have?"

"Can you not see?"

"No, uncle—I cannot."

"Do you not know that the Count of Monza is one of the most powerful nobles in Lombardy, and that he combines in his person the whole representative force of Monza and Bergamo? The blood of the old kings is in his veins, and he is their only living scion. Thousands of our people would follow his standard for this latter reason alone. The count has seen a beautiful maiden of the Della Torra, and if he cannot have your hand he will be almost sure to unite himself with that opposing house. It is furthermore whispered that the pope looks with no favor upon the Visconti, and that he may give his aid against them. If such is the case, the duke's position would be almost hopeless without the allegiance of Monza. Now you understand it."

"But all this was never told to me before," murmured Julia, with an expression of mingled wonder and pain upon her handsome face.

"Because the duke is not fond of telling his troubles."

This opened a new source of light to the maiden's mind, and for some moments she dwelt upon it deeply.

"But," she said, looking up suddenly, "the principality of Bergamo belongs in the duke's family."

"I am aware of that, but the duke had no relations unprovided for, and he gave the titles and income to the count, and now he cannot take it back, for it was a life tenure."

"I must think of this," said Julia, thoughtfully.

"So do, and to morrow I will be governed by your will."

The sun was down, and the shades of evening were gathering about the palace, when Julia was left alone; but she was not long to remain thus, for Lucetta soon appeared and announced that an old man wished to see her.

"Who is he?" the maiden asked, with some surprise.

"I do not know," answered Lucetta. "I only know that he is very anxious to see you, and that his very looks show that he would do you no harm."

"But did he give no reason for this wish?"

"No. He only said it was for your good he would see you."

"Then let him come," said Julia, without taking any more time to consider.

Lucetta withdrew and in a few moments more the door was opened, and the tall, dark form of a man entered. As he approached from the gathering gloom, and came nearer to where Julia sat, she recognized a face which she had seen once before at her mother's house, ere the duke had come to offer his hand.

"Do you recognize me, signora?" asked the strange visitor, as he took a seat near the maiden.

"I think I saw you once at my mother's house, signor," answered Julia, gazing fixedly into his face.

"You did. I knew your mother well."

"Yet, signor, I forget your name."

"Did you ever know it?" the man asked, with a faint smile.

"I forget now, signor."

"I think your mother never told you; but I am called Barbarigo."

"What? the *stranger?*" uttered the fair girl.

"Yes."

Julia felt a sudden glow of hope now, for there was something in the presence of the man before her which at least had a deep meaning to it. She knew not what power he might have—she knew not that he had any; only she knew that Barbarigo was known all over Milan as one who held all secrets, and who never advised a person but for good. Many men had disobeyed him, but evil was sure to follow such disobedience; while, on the other hand, those who followed his counsel never had occasion to regret it. He seemed to know all things, even to the most secret affairs of church and state, and yet none knew from whence he derived his information. Though he appeared in Milan, in Lodi, in Monza, in Verona, and wherever else he chose, yet none knew his home—none could fix his abiding place. Julia knew all this, and hence it is no wonder that she should feel some confidence in his power, and some hope in that power, if it was to be exerted in her favor.

"Julia Visconti," said Barbarigo, after he had given her time to view his face and person, "I am well acquainted with the circumstances under which you are now placed, and I have come to offer you my services—or, rather, to give you my counsel. Will you listen?"

"Most willingly, signor," answered the gentle girl, confidingly.

"Then for your mother's sake, you had better return to Milan on the morrow, when the duke sends for you."

"I had made up my mind to that effect once; nor have I altered it yet. Only my uncle assures me that the duke will make me marry with Marco Loredano, and from this I may have hesitated some."

"Then hesitate no more, on the morrow return to your mother. Loredano is not able to move yet, so you will be under no immediate apprehension on that score. But should the trial come ere I see you again, be sure that nothing induces you to wed with the count."

"But how shall I prevent it?"

"Beg for more time; and should the duke press you, send word to me by Lorenzo Pisani, the duke's boy-page. He will know where to leave your message, and then I shall get it. I wish you now to understand my object. I am determined that you shall not wed with the Count of Monza, and I do this, not only for your own sake, but for your mother's. Yet I wish you to return to Milan."

As the man ceased speaking, Julia remembered her lover, and with this idea she started forward and placed her hand upon his arm.

"But the Marquis of Lodi, signor—O, cannot you save him?"

"I cannot promise; but I will if I can. He is now in prison, and over the keepers thereof I dare exert no influence. But even of him, and for him, you may hope."

"O, may I? I know you would not tell me this if you yourself had not hope. I will hope—hope for Francesco, and then life will look bright once more."

"You will not place too much dependence upon my efforts in that quarter, but I promise that nothing shall be wanting on my part."

"Surely I can ask no more."

"And now," resumed Barbarigo, rising, "I think you understand me fully. I can say no more—only remember what I have said. Go to your home in Milan, and when the duke shall absolutely present the count for your hand, then get time to acquaint me with the fact. The boy, Lorenzo, may be trusted."

Julia murmured her thanks, and while yet the words trembled upon her lips the strange man turned away from the room. It was now fairly dark, and as soon as the stranger had gone, Julia went to one of her windows, which overlooked a spacious garden, and sat down. The dark foliage without was now blended together in one dim mass, and here and there in the heavens, some of the earlier stars had set themselves upon their night watch over earth. The maiden was sad and thoughtful, for she felt lonesome and weary. To be sure, the things she had just heard had aroused a new hope in her soul, but then many things conspired to prevent any uprising of joyful emotion. She sat thus when Lucetta entered the apartment.

The latter took a seat opposite her mistress, at another window, and, without speaking, she gazed out upon the darkening scene. She was thoughtful, too, and ever and anon a low sigh would break from her bosom.

"Lucetta," spoke Julia, after the two had remained for many minutes in silence, "do you, too, feel sad and lonesome?"

"Ay, my sweet mistress. How can I help it?"

"But why should you feel thus? Whom do you miss?"

"Miss?" repeated Lucetta, looking up towards the place where her mistress sat. "Why—I miss all whom you miss."

"But you sighed too deeply for one who only misses acquaintances. Ah, Lucetta, those sighs came from the heart."

"Did they?"

"I know they did. You do not fear to trust me, Lucetta."

"No, no," the girl murmured, leaving her seat and sinking down upon her knees by Julia's side; she laid her head upon her mistress's lap and burst into tears.

"What is it, Lucetta? Tell me what has happened," the maiden said, laying her hands upon the girl's head.

"You will not laugh at me?"

"Laugh at you! Laugh, when a soul so pure as yours is touched with pain! You wrong me, my child."

"No, no, I meant no wrong; but—but—I did not know but that you might think me foolish."

"Have I not known thee ever since both you and I were little children? and do I not know how true and noble you are? Speak, Lucetta, and open your heart to me. Why do you sigh and weep?"

Lucetta was silent for a few moments, but at length she said:

"He was noble—he saved the marquis—he would have died for you had there been need."

"You mean Pietro Carravello?" whispered Julia.

"Yes—and where is he now?"

"Is he not in prison with his master?"

"No. Nothing has been heard of him since that night on which he fought by the side of the marquis. He was seen to fall beneath a heavy blow."

Lucetta stopped and again she wept.

"You loved Pietro, then?" Julia said, drawing the girl's head close to her.

"How could I help it? And—O, I thought we should live so happily together in Austria."

"Poor Lucetta! You can sympathize with me, now. But weep not yet. Pietro may be alive and well."

And yet, almost as she spoke, Julia bowed her head and burst into tears. Her heart was touched, and she remembered now only the dark cloud that had gathered over her way.

"If I could only know where he was," murmured Lucetta.

"But suppose he was in prison?"

"Then I would go and comfort him."

"Would you?"

"If they would let me into his dungeon."

This opened a new thought to Julia's mind. Her lover was in prison. Might she not gain admission to him.

CHAPTER XV.

A GLEAM OF HOPE—A GLOOM OF DESPAIR.

With Francesco Della Torre the hours dragged slowly and heavily away. Immured within a deep, dark dungeon, he lay, where daylight came only in struggling, sickly beams, and where the chill, damp atmosphere gathered about him like a wet garment. There he had lain for two weeks, and during all that time he had only seen the man who brought him bread and water. He had repeatedly spoken to this individual, but he could gain no answer. He knew not what was to become of him, nor what sort of a complaint had been lodged against him.

One morning, just as the rugged walls of his cell had become visible by the light which struggled through a narrow aperture over head, he was aroused by the sliding of the bolts upon the outside of his door. It was too early for his food, and his heart leaped up with a quickening emotion; for anything to relieve the dismal monotony of his prison house would be grateful. The door was opened, and as he looked up he was sure he saw a female form. He started to his feet; he heard his name pronounced; and on the next moment Julia Visconti was upon his bosom.

For some moments only low sobs and murmurs broke upon the air of the prison-house, but gradually the marquis fully realized that he held his beloved to his arms, and his thanksgiving was deep and fervent.

"This is a blessing I have prayed for," he said; "but it is more than I could calmly hope. I did not think they would give you entrance here."

"My uncle gained passage for me," returned Julia. And then as she tried to peer through the gloom of the place she added, in a shivering, fearful tone: "But they do not keep you here always! They do not make you stay in this dreadful place!"

"I have not placed my foot outside these walls, love, since the night on which I was taken. But think not of that. It makes little difference where I am kept, so long as my liberty is taken from me. Now tell me of yourself—of your father; of your prospects."

"To-day I return to Milan. I have resolved to return to my mother."

"You do right, Julia," murmured the marquis, sinking down upon his low pallet, and drawing the maiden down by his side. "You can hope no more for me. You will return and—and—but tell me—does the count still live?"

"Yes, and he is nearly recovered."

"Then you will marry with him!"

"Never! never, Francesco. O, I have a new source of hope. You have heard of Barbarigo?"

"Yes, often."

"And do you know who he is?"

"Only that men call him Barbarigo, and that he possesses some marvellous power."

"Well, he has promised to help me. He says I must not wed with the count; and he says he will help you if he can."

"Help me?" uttered the marquis, starting. "Did he say that?"

"He did."

"Then I, too, may have hope. O, if Barbarigo will help me, I may surely dare to hope. But what did he say?"

Julia went on and related the particulars of the interview she had had with the strange man, and when she had ceased her lover quickly said:

"Ah! this is hope, surely. Hope for you, at least."

"Hope for *me?* Can I have a hope that does not reach to you? Can I hope for joy while you are suffering? Ah! it is only the prospect of your freedom that sinks with hope to my soul. But he can surely help you."

"Perhaps so."

And upon this subject the lovers dwelt some time. At length the marquis remembered his faithful esquire, and he asked if Julia had seen or heard from him.

"No," replied Julia, "not a word. Nor can I learn anything concerning him at present. Poor Lucetta is sorely troubled on his account."

"Ah, does she love him?"

"Yes, most devotedly."

"Then Pietro was not disappointed. He loved her from the moment she first spoke to him; and he asked me, as we walked from the Consiglio palace, if I thought the pretty maid would love him. Alas, poor Pietro! O, he was a noble soul—as noble as earth ever bore. God grant that I may see him again."

"'Tis strange, if he lives, that he should not have called upon me," said Julia.

"Yet he may live, and be imprisoned," suggested Francesco.

"No; for I have asked my uncle, and he says nothing has been seen of him by any of the officers since that sad evening. The soldiers made most strict search for him then, but they could not find him."

This was a source of wonder to the marquis, and he had made some further remark upon the subject, when the door of the cell was opened and an officer looked in.

"Your uncle waits for you, signora," he said.

"Then I must go," the maiden uttered; and then turning to her lover, she added in a whisper: "Fear not for me. I am yours, and yours alone. Death shall wed me ere I give my hand to Loredano! Look only to yourself, and know that I am yours. Ah! I would to God that I might share this dungeon with you."

"No, no, loved one. Go and cheer your noble mother. Go, and Heaven's best angels guard and bless thee."

The officer now stepped into the dungeon, and the lovers spoke no more. There was one embrace—one sweet kiss—and then, with a bursting sob, Julia turned away from the place.

In one hour from that time, the maiden was on her way to Milan, accompanied by Father Andrea and four nobles of the Visconti.

And Francesco remained in his cold, damp dungeon. It seemed lonesome, doubly so now—for he knew that his love was far away from him, and the clouds all settled about him again. For awhile he had allowed himself to have strong hopes upon the promise of Barbarigo: but what could those hopes be?

"Only for life," the young noble murmured to himself. "He may gain me liberty and life, but no more. He cannot give me the hand of Julia Visconti. If the stern duke says nay, where is the power on earth that can unsay it? She will return, and—and—she *must* obey her father's will. O, he is not the man to be thwarted. Alas! she is lost to me!"

And surely the marquis did not judge without reason. He knew the duke, and he knew the fearful power he could wield. Only a few short moments of that brighter hope were with him, and then his soul sank again. To be sure, the lamp of life held some faint promise of holding out a short time longer; but where could the light of love find fuel for its continuance? Only in the mists and glooms of chance. Something might transpire in his favor, but all probabilities were against him.

The day dragged drearily and heavily away, and the night came—but no supper came with it. At length the last faint glimmer of light died away from the narrow aperture, and the dungeon was enveloped in pitchy blackness. It was three hours after this, and the prisoner knew it could not be far from ten o'clock, when the bolts of the door were moved, and shortly afterwards the light of a lantern flashed through the darkness of the place. The marquis looked, and he could see the forms of three men. He could not see their faces—he could only see that they were powerful men, and that they wore dark colored robes.

"Francesco, Marquis of Lodi," spoke one of them, he who held the lantern, "art thou here?"

"That is my name and title," replied the prisoner.

"Then you will come with us," resumed the stranger.

"Whither?" asked the marquis, with some apprehension.

"Whither we go, signor. Your own eyes shall see when you arrive."

"I am ready to go from here."

"You will suffer yourself to be hoodwinked first."

"How? hoodwinked, signors?"

"Yes—so we were ordered."

The marquis saw that resistance would be useless, and without the thought of offering any, he submitted to the operation. But this was not all. As soon as his eyes had been blinded, his arms were pinioned behind him, and in this manner he was led from the dungeon. When he reached the open air he was caused to wait awhile, and at length he heard the sound of horses' hoofs upon the pavements.

"Come, signor marquis, now for a ride in the saddle," said one of his conductors, at the same time laying a hand upon his shoulder and leading him forward. "You shall leave this wicked city as soon as possible."

"But why is this? Tell me where I am to go."

"We can tell you nothing; so you may understand that now. In all that may happen, you will be wise if you hold both your tongue and your temper."

"You will at least tell me for whom you act."

"Yes. For justice."

"Then if it be true justice, I fear not."

Thus far the marquis spoke, but he said no more; for there was something in the tones of his guide which assured him that he could not trifle. But whatever may have been his thoughts they were cut short by the voice of his guide again in his ear.

"Come, this way—here is your foot—steady, now. Up you go! There, now we'll be off in a moment."

Francesco was now in the saddle, and in a moment more he felt some one mounting behind him.

"Hold still, now," said his companion. "We've got a stout animal under us, and there' no danger."

The marquis made no reply, and in a moment more the order was given to start. He listened a few moments after they had started, to ascertain how many horses there were. He could make out two besides the one on which he rode; so he knew that his three guides were yet with him. For a while the iron-shod hoofs rattled upon the pavements, and then they struck upon the sandy road without the city. They had not stopped at any gate, and yet they must have passed one.

The horses were now put into a gallop, and in this way they continued for several hours. The marquis judged it to be some time past midnight when one of his guides told him he might have his hoodwink off if he desired. It was taken off, and again the party started on. Our hero could now see that he was travelling westward, and he felt sure he was going to Milan. The night was calm and cool, and the stars all out, and to the left the marquis could see the buildings of a town. One tall spire which arose like a pointing finger in the centre of the place, he recognized, and he knew the town to be Chiaro. In half an hour more the Chiese River was crossed, and the prisoner now felt sure that he was bound for Milan.

At daylight they reached the town of Pompejano, and here they stopped at an old convent, just without the walls of the town. The marquis was assisted from the saddle and conducted into the convent. He saw his guide converse awhile with an old Franciscan friar, and shortly afterwards the latter came towards him.

"My son," he said, "follow me, and I will show thee a place of rest. You must be fatigued after your journey."

To the marquis there was mockery in this, but he kept his indignation back and followed the old friar. He was conducted to a small apartment, with a single window before which hung a white curtain. The lashing was cast loose from his arms and then he was left alone. He heard the moving of a heavy bolt, and he knew he was locked in. Instinctively he moved the curtain aside from the window, and he found the aperture guarded by heavy iron bars. He thumped upon the walls with his knuckles and they were of solid masonry very neatly dressed with cement. So he was in prison again.

Ere long a loaf of bread and a pot of water were brought to him, and he was informed that this would last him through the day. The day passed away, and when the mantle of night was once more drawn over the earth, the three men came again, and Francesco was again hoodwinked and his arms pinioned. Thus he was led out and lifted into the saddle, and he was soon on his way as before.

Hour after hour passed away, and yet on they galloped. The marquis knew when he crossed the Adda; and he knew, too, when he crossed the Lambro, but it was not by the Milan bridge. There was a sound in that bridge that sent a thrill of horror to his soul. He had crossed it before, and he knew whither it led. Half an hour afterwards he was stopped and assisted to his feet. He knew well he was in Saint Donato.

Two of his conductors now took him, one by each arm, and led him on. First the way seemed to be through a wide, paved court, then up a short range of stone steps into a building, as he could tell by the change of atmosphere. Here he heard whispering, and shortly afterwards he was led on again. But now the way was downward—down, down, down! The atmosphere became chill and damp, and massive walls drank up the echo of the footfalls.

By-and-by he was stopped. A rusty bolt grated in its socket, a heavy door jarred—the old hinges creaked—and in a moment more the marquis was urged forward.

"Here is another resting-place, signor marquis."

"O! no, no—not here! O, God! not here!" cried the prisoner, struggling to hold back.

"But it must be here."

And with these words he was forced into the cell. He felt a dagger-stroke upon the cord that bound his arms, but before he could shake off the folds the door was closed and the grating bolts were shot into their sockets.

Francesco tore the bandage from his eyes, but he could see nothing, for the place was dark as Erebus. He felt his way to one of the walls, and 'twas damp and jagged. He groped along, and soon found a low pallet of wood upon which seemed to be a mass of mouldy, damp straw.

Here he sat down and pondered upon what had passed. He had watched the way well—all the distances from river to river—and the last bridge he knew to be the pass to St. Donato. Then he must be in St. Donato now. He was in prison, and he knew that St. Donato had but one prison-house, and that was—the HOLY INQUISITION.

CHAPTER XVI.

DEEP PLOTTING.

THE Count of Monza had recovered so far as to enable him to move out some days before he reached Milan. He had been very careful during his illness, and, what was better still for his muscles, he was very careful during his convalescence. He had taken no drugs, and hence his system had only the one enemy to bear up under, and nature did her work well. When he returned to Milan he was somewhat paler than was his wont, but his frame had regained most of its strength, save that of endurance.

Of course Loredano's first movement upon reaching his native city was to visit the duke, who was overjoyed to see him back.

"By my faith, count," uttered Visconti, in a half jocose tone, after other preliminary matters had been disposed of, "but the marquis gave you a hard one He took some advantage, did he not? Some trip of the foot—some device to attract your attention? Eh?"

The count hung down his head for a moment, and he was surely debating whether he should tell the truth. But his better nature prevailed. He believed the marquis was now where he could do no more harm, and he could afford to tell the thing just as it was. So he said:

"No, no, my lord. I will not allow myself to deceive you, or to be deceived. Francesco Della Torre was a remarkable man—or *is*, if he lives. Does he yet live?"

The duke started at this question, and for a moment he hesitated. But at length he said:

"I do not think we shall see him again, so go on."

"I was simply going to remark that the marquis has not his equal in the country. By my truth, my lord, he is a brave fellow, and cold steel seems to have no power upon him. He fought me fairly, and—I think he spared me at first, though I gave him a hard one. But the stroke that touched home so severely upon me was a masterly one, and one that could not be gained but by one who possessed the coolest of heads and the calmest of nerves. Why, he allowed my point to touch his bosom and then escaped it by a simple motion of the body, thus allowing my impetus to drive me on, while he calmly took my side for his target. And then only think of he and his man slaying the twelve stout guardsmen! By the saints, but he should have been a Visconti."

"So he should; so he should," uttered the duke, energetically. "But if he were a Visconti, my dear count, your hopes with Julia would be ruined."

LOREDANO'S INTERVIEW WITH THE DUCHESS.

"Perhaps so; but then you know the natural perverseness of woman. Had the marquis been a Visconti, she would never have looked upon him with love. But how goes my suit with the ladies?"

"Ah, about as usual. Though I think you had better see the duchess yourself. You may plead with the duchess as you please; and you may touch her heart. You shall have the maiden—by the holy saints you shall—but 'twould be more pleasant to have the mother on your side."

"I will see her," replied the count, confidently. "When may I do so?"

"At once, if you choose. She is now in her boudoir, and you can announce yourself. Do so, for I have a moment's business on my hands which I would get off—a sort of indirect message from the pope. By the heavens above me, I shall punish that pope one of these days. But go, and I will see you on your return."

So the count went at once to the apartments of the duchess. He announced himself to one of the attendants, and was soon admitted to the boudoir, where he found Donna Silvia alone. She greeted him politely, and when she noticed how pale he looked, and what an air of entreaty he wore upon his face, she was much softened. She asked after his health; and he asked after her's and Julia's. Some remarks were made upon the length of time he had been absent, and so on, and by-and-by the count came around to the main point.

"Signora," said he, speaking in a soft, earnest tone, "I have sought you now to place my happiness in your hands. O, do not cast me off."

"I—I—do not understand you, signor," replied the duchess, trembling.

"O, you cannot misunderstand. You know the secret of my soul, and you know how closely your influence may work—ay, *must* work upon it. Through the almost fatal danger which I have passed, one thought alone has kept me up—one hope has given me strength to rise above an accident which might otherwise have conquered. You know my love for your sweet child. Can you not bid me hope?"

"Signor count—I—you should not speak thus with me. You know my feelings—you know what I have said and done. 'Tis from no feeling towards you, but from the love and faith I bear another. Long ago my daughter's hand was pledged, and my word was given."

"To the Marquis of Lodi, you mean?" said Loredano.

"Yes, signor."

"But surely, you have heard of that brave noble's misfortune."

"His *misfortune*, count?"

"Yes, signora. Of his death, if I must speak plainly."

"*Death?* The marquis dead?" cried the duchess, in alarm.

"'Tis even so," the count added, with a most admirable show of sadness. "He died in his prison. And what makes the circumstance the more painful is, that the duke's order for his full and free release arrived in Verona within half an hour after his death."

"But how—when—was this?"

"Just before I left."

"And is his body here?"

"No, signora, it could not be brought. He must have received a wound which he did not confess. But I cannot dwell upon this now. O, would to God that it had been some near friend of mine rather than him. For now he has passed away while enmity existed between us, and just as I had learned how noble he was. But let your assurance of Julia's hand heal all wounds and differences, and henceforth I will have no enemies. Do not refuse me—O, do not. Here, here, upon my bended knees, I implore of you to give me hope," cried the count, sinking upon his knees and seizing both the signora's hands. "Be kind for once, and let your heart feel for me."

[SEE ENGRAVING.]

"Arise, arise, signor count, I pray thee, arise. You place me in a difficult position. This is not the time to appeal to my heart—to my affections. My reason must have scope first. If the marquis be really dead—but then you may be mistaken."

"No, no, signora," returned the count, rising to his feet, but still retaining the duchess's hands. "I cannot be mistaken, for I had this from one who ought to know. O, I wish there could be some mistake; but I fear there cannot!"

The duchess was strangely moved by the count's manner. Could it be, she thought, that she had heretofore misjudged him? She had known but little of him, and she might have allowed prejudice to warp her judgment. Her thoughts ran on in this strain for some moments, and finally she turned to her visitor and said:

"I cannot answer you now. At some future time—some time when I am more calm—you may come, and then I shall have thought more and can speak more understandingly. I know you will grant me this."

The count had no thought of expostulating more, for he knew that he should mostly be judged by the characteristics he now presented. So, assuming a look of the most virtuous resignation, he said:

"Noble lady, I obey you. Only let me pray that you will remember my love, and not cast me down into hopeless anguish. I know that your husband has said that the maiden should be mine; but where shall I find joy if one whom I love as I love your sweet child, is miserable? O, she must love me—she must return the consuming affection that else will eat away my life. But I am trespassing. Pardon me, and pray for me. In your hands I leave my heart—save it if you can."

With these words the count turned away; but ere he did so he took good care that a few tears which he had called up should be seen. He found the duke waiting for him, and the first question of the latter was of the success of the mission.

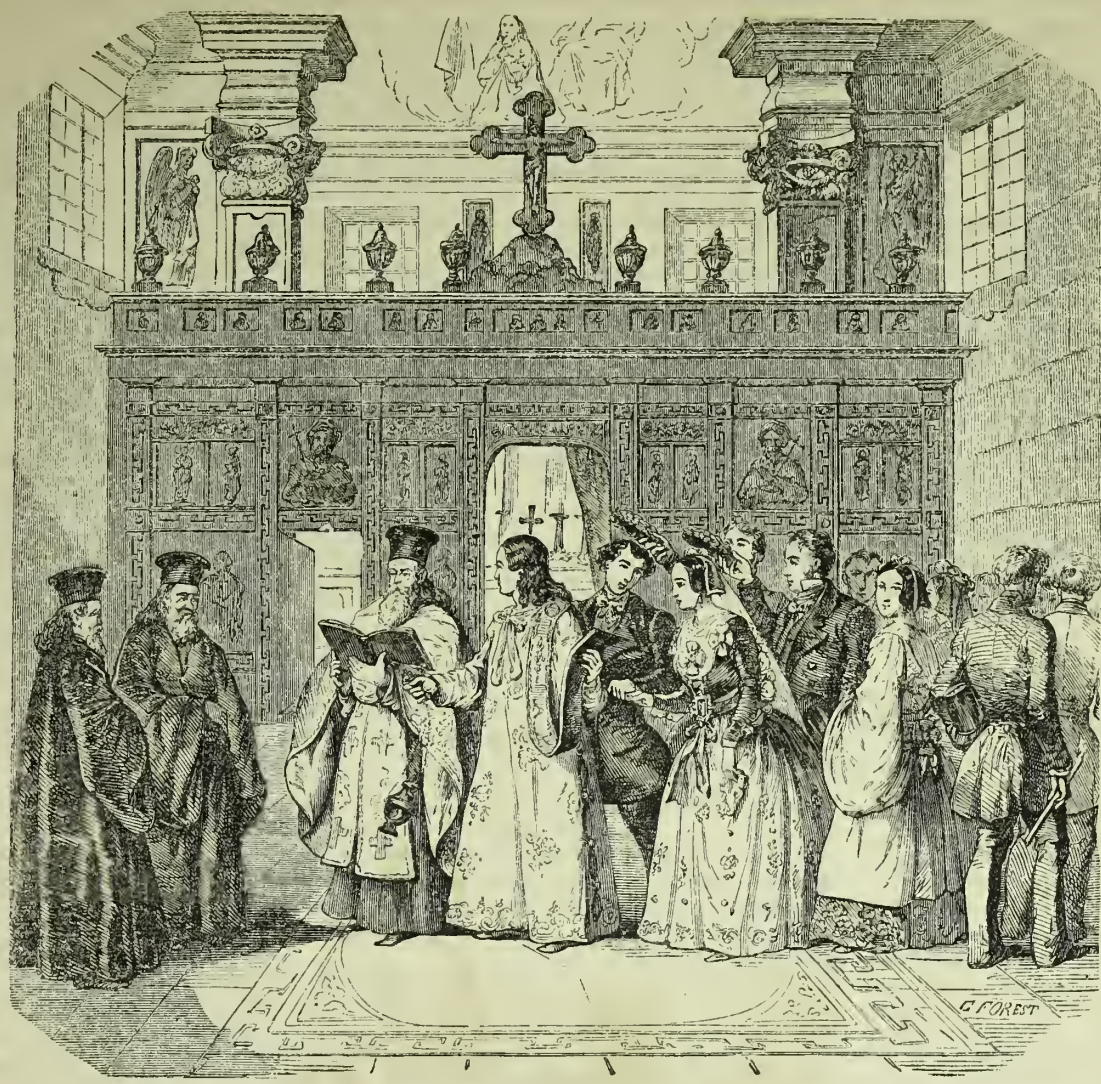
[TO BE CONTINUED.]

ROSA BONHEUR, THE FRENCH LANDSEER.

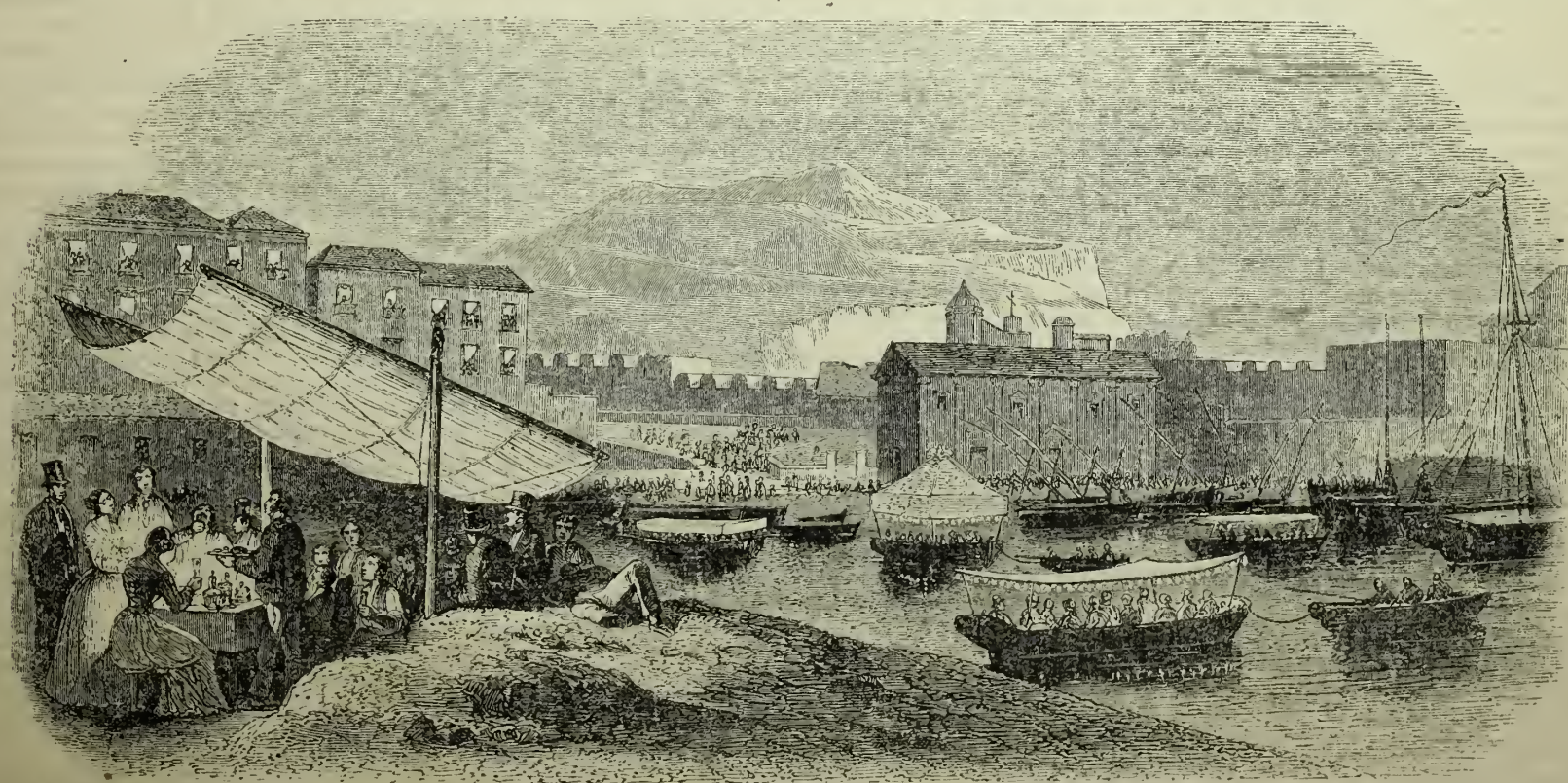
Mademoiselle Rosa Bonheur was born at Bordeaux. She has chiefly confined her attention hitherto to the study of animals; and, though young, has made a wide reputation. One of the merits of Mdlle. Bonheur is the correctness of her drawing and the air of truthfulness pervading all her compositions. Her first picture, representing "Rabbits Eating Carrots," was exhibited in 1840: and her next, a "Flock of Sheep driven along a road, during a storm," obtained for her a gold medal and an increase of reputation. She exhibited in 1846 her picture of the "Oxen of Cantal," purchased in England; and in 1848, a "Scene of Husbandry," which gained a first medal, and which is now deposited in the Luxembourg. Her last work, the famous picture of the "Horse Market," was exhibited at Paris in 1852, and obtained for her the title of honorary member of the Royal Academy of Fine Arts at Amsterdam But although Rosa Bonheur's fame has reached its highest point in that elaborate master-piece, the "Horse Fair," we should conceive but an imperfect notion of the resources of her talent from an examination of that work alone. Animal and landscape nature in all their varieties are her chosen themes, and in all she displays new genius.—*London Ill. News.*

SCENES IN SICILY.

Our first engraving represents a very interesting ceremony; no other than a Greek marriage in the parish church at Piana. Who would think, in Sicily, only a few leagues from the capital, to meet with Greece, its language, its manners almost, its religion and its rites? The communes of Parco, Piana, Palazzo Adriano and Contessa are Greek colonies. The Albanians, driven from Epirus after the death of the famous Scanderbeg, in the 15th century, carried their household gods into Sicily, and after four hundred years are still Albanians of Epirus. The bride, in the ancient costume of gold and silver brocade, adorned with precious stones and embroidered ribbons, a costume the ladies of the country always assume for marriage and baptismal ceremonies, goes to the altar, leaning on the arm of the bridegroom, and followed by the whole train of friends and relatives. Musicians march at the head of the procession, playing national airs, and surrounding a boy in a long white robe, who carries on his head the basket containing two nuptial crowns, and two wedding-rings, one of gold and the other of silver. The priest and deacon in pontifical garb receive the pair at the entrance of the church and accompany them to the foot of the altar, where the basket is deposited. Then, while the priest blesses the rings to the sound of sacred canticles, accompanied by the organ, and amidst clouds of incense, the godfather holds the crowns over the heads of the affianced couple. When the servant of God has given the gold ring to the husband, and the silver ring to the wife, the crowns fall upon their heads. Then the godfather and godmother of the new-married pair cover them with a thick veil, as if to hide them from the eyes of the profane; the priest, blessing a cup filled with wine, dips a biscuit in it, and makes the couple partake of it three times; three times also he makes them drink of the cup, and then, after having himself eaten and drunk what remains of this communion, he breaks the glass upon the altar stone, that no strange lips may ever after drink from the cup which has served to sanctify their marriage. Then the hand of the priest is raised above them, and he blesses them by pronouncing the sacramental words. The veil which covers their heads and hides them from the crowd falls, and the ceremony ends by a mystic dance, executed in the open church to the sound of the organ and orchestra, by the priest and deacon, a dance in which the married pair, the godparents, the relatives, friends and all the spectators, take part. Our second engraving depicts a still more characteristic Sicilian scene—the celebration of the festival of St. Peter. On the morning of the 29th of June, a more than ordinary movement animates the little part of the city of Palermo, commonly known as *La Cala*. The numerous coasting-vessels stationed there habitually, when they do not fly like swallows at the approach of a fresh northwest wind, to the shelter of the port, the schooners with their slender vanes like the arrows of a gothic steeple, down to the thousand little fisher boats, make hasty preparation for a holiday. The cabin-boys, with plump, fresh faces, the sailors, with weather-beaten brows, muscular arms and square shoulders, run along the shore, leap from one craft to another, climb along the yards as lightly as the monkeys in their museum palace, and cross each other, laughing and imprecating in the same breath. From the midst of this apparently inextricable confusion, you see emerging the light skiff and the coasting-vessel, spreading to the sun their variegated or snow-white awnings; the poorest sling athwart ships their lateen sails to form a canopy, while the brigs and schooners hoist the flags of different nations. St. Peter's day is the especial festival of sailors; but it is not less warmly celebrated by the remainder of the population, embracing all classes; but the place selected is the shores and waters of La Cala, as the engraving indicates. Let us endeavor to give some idea of it. Palermo has but one mole, built at a great expense more than a mile distant from the city. Traders oftener make use of La Cala, situated at the north, and within a step or two of the custom-house. The water of the great ancient port, which penetrated as far as Papireto, about a mile in the interior of the city, has gradually receded to make room for dwelling-houses, leaving at the other extremity a little bay of circular form, enclosed by high buildings pierced with a thousand windows, and reached by the bowsprits of the vessels moored within twenty steps of them. This is what is called La Cala, which, on a fete-day, St. Peter particularly, has the appearance of a vast theatre, in which the balconies represent the boxes, the wharves the pit, and the water covered with sails, the stage. At the north side of La Cala rises the strong fortress of Castellamare, bathing its black walls in the water. The Garitta fort is a companion to it, and both present the idea of sentinels watching over the safety of the anchorage. At the foot of Castellamare, the church of St. Peter formerly stood, and here commenced the festival of which we are speaking. This church, which was of great antiquity, was destroyed a dozen years since. As soon as the fresh and vaporous night extends its veil over the earth, thousands of torches produce the light of day in La Cala. The wharves and balconies of the surrounding houses, also illuminated, are thronged with people. Tables spread along the shore, lighted by colored glass or painted paper globes, are laden with cooked fish, and shining and parti-colored shells; and the old sailor and his swarthy daughter excite the epicures by enlarging, in hyperbolical phrase, on the cost, quality and exquisite flavor of their wares. Modest lodgings on the ground floor are hired, on this occasion by the rich, who pitch their tents before the door, prepare their tables covered with fine linen, succulent meats, excellent wines, and gilded candelabra, often in the middle of the street, before the curious and contented eyes of a thousand poor folks, who see the corks fly and champagne sparkle without envy, happy enough in being allowed to gather up the fragments of the sumptuous entertainment. But who feasts on dry land, except those who fear the motion of the water? All who are young, strong and rich are afloat. The vessels and boats sparkle with colored lamps. The hands of the regiments, the orchestras of the theatres, and the *dilettanti* of the city are pressed into the service of St. Peter. Musicians and singers awaken an odor of harmony upon the water, while gaiety flourishes among the joyous guests seated round the table upon shipboard. Meanwhile oars, dipping everywhere in the little bay, dig gold mines in the salt water: jests and jeers fly from one group to another, mingled with the shouts of sailors as their vessels get foul of each other. Delicious night! One would think it one of the highly-vaunted nights of the Venetian carnival; for nothing is wanting—not even fancy dresses. The rich citizen, the proud child of aristocracy, fraternizing on this evening with the people, would fear to repel them if they mingled in the crowd in their ordinary costume. The ladies dress in a modest white frock, and cover their heads with the graceful veil worn by the women of the lower classes and called *piddemia*, while the men assume the jackets and caps of mechanics, or the costume of sailors. This delicate idea on the part of the aristocracy in their festal intercourse with the people, is charming, and gives a particular stamp to the Sicilian people.—The city of Palermo is regarded as the second capital of the kingdom of the Two Sicilies, and is built in an amphitheatrical form, on the north side of the island, in a rich valley, facing the sea. It enjoys a flourishing commerce, has many manufactures, and its coast fisheries are very productive. Its numerous fountains give it an agreeable and attractive air Among its benevolent institutions are a royal hospital and a foundling hospital. The population is not far from 170,000.



GREEK MARRIAGE AT PIANA.



FESTIVAL OF SAINT PETER.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE HOME OF MY CHOICE.

BY MRS. R. T. ELDREDGE.

'Tis not in the ocean's briny deep,
Where mermaid's songs lull the waves asleep;
Not there, not there would I seek for my home,
To float o'er the bounding wavelets alone;
The waters would drink all the tears that I shed,
Then dance on their way as my bright hopes fled.

'Tis not in the forest where pale flowers bloom,
Where tall trees tinge e'en sunlight with gloom;
'Twere better to float as the birds of the sea,
Than linger where sunlight had ceased to be;
For I know that my wayward heart would rebel,
If closed from the sunbeams it loves so well.

'Tis not near the fondly loved home of my birth,
Though the spot seems fairer than any on earth;
There autumn's wind, with a plaintive sigh,
Bids the flowers that I cherish most to die!
My home is no castle in the air,
That rises high when the wind blows fair.

'Tis far beyond the star-gemmed sky,
A thin veil shrouds its charms from the eye;
Still angel forms are hovering near—
My saddest, loneliest hours to cheer!
O, when my longing spirit is free,
The home of my choice will be ready for me!

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE OLD HOUSE ON THE RUE PERDU.

A FRENCHMAN'S STORY.

BY HORACE B. STANIFORD.

I LIVED on the corner of the Rue St. Victor and Rue de Bievre. The locality was well enough, for quite a large square opened in front of my house, and there were as many as a dozen trees in sight from my window. But the houses about me were old and black, and I had not the fullest confidence in the honesty of many of the people by whom I was surrounded. There were a great many rogues in Paris at that time, and I feared that some of them lived very near Rue de Bievre. But then that didn't make me uneasy at all, for I had nothing that could possibly excite their cupidity. To tell you the truth, I rather feared those who were sworn enemies to rogues than the rogues themselves, for I almost felt like a rogue myself. It was a strange feeling, but then I could not help it. Just one year before, I had been worth fifteen thousand francs, and now I had about a hundred. A hundred francs would have represented fully all my available money. I had lived very wickedly—very wickedly indeed. In fact, I was never good for much but mischief, and I think my old aunt was very foolish when she left me so much money. But then the money didn't trouble me much, as you know; only it led me into trouble by leading me into debt. Time was when nobody would trust Paul Livarde, but the moment his aunt died and left him a fortune, everybody seemed anxious to trust him to any amount. They didn't know how my money was going. They didn't see me in the great gaming house on the Rue Vivienne. But they trusted me freely.

One afternoon I sat in my room smoking, when in walked my friend, M. Mallart. I could have wished that the landlady had told him I wasn't in, but it seems he didn't ask the woman about it. But then I was very happy to see him. I moved a chair out for him, and offered him a cigar. He didn't smoke.

"Wine?" said I. "I have some excellent."

"We'll do our business first," he said, "and then we'll see about the wine."

I felt unpleasantly at the mention of business, for M. Mallart was a sub-prefect of police.

"Paul Livarde," he commenced, at the same time drawing a paper from his pocket, "you've been doing a very foolish thing."

"Thank you," said I.

"What induced you to run so deeply into debt?"

"What made the rascally fellows trust me?" I asked him.

"Because they thought you had money."

"I suppose that's why they trust other folks," said I.

"Very likely," said he. And then he opened his paper and read, or, rather, said, after reading, "Here is Miremont, the tailor, down for fifteen hundred francs against you; and then Groupiere, the perfumer and confectioner, comes down for eight hundred more; and then Gourdon, the wine merchant, claims two thousand: that makes forty-three hundred francs. You must pay it immediately."

"I wish I could," said I.

"But how much can you pay?"

"Perhaps ten francs, but not over a hundred, if I were to clean out every sou. I'm sorry, but I can't help it."

"You'll have to go to prison," said the sub-prefect.

"Have you received any such orders?"

"Very near such. But you've a chance yet to save yourself."

I started up hopefully.

"Sit down, and listen," said M. Mallart. And when I was down again, he went on: "Perhaps you are aware that the city is flooded with base coin."

I told him I had heard of such a thing.

"It is astonishing," he resumed. "The counterfeit money is in ten and twenty franc pieces, and they are all of one make and stamp. The outside is of pure gold, a very thin foil adroitly soldered to a body of copper, and even now the pieces are circulating, and their number is increasing every day. The prefect has some four or five hundred of them at his office, and we hear complaints every hour from honest tradesmen who have been duped. Now, we have reason to believe that this coin comes from some place in this section of the city. You are shrewd and witty, and, moreover, you would not be suspected. Find out where these counterfeit Louis d'ors come from, and your debts shall not only be paid, but you shall have something handsome beside."

"What makes you think that the base coin is made about here?" I asked.

"Because this is such a place for villains and rogues," he replied. "But are you willing to try?"

I knew that if I told him no, I should simply have to march off to prison with him, so I directly assured him that I would make the attempt. He informed me that the prefect had authorized him to make me the offer. After this, M. Mallart drank wine with me, laughed and chatted awhile, and then, having given me a couple pieces of the base coin, he took his leave.

The sub-prefect had given me a ten franc piece, and one of twenty francs. They were truly adroit counterfeits, and I might have taken any quantity of them as genuine, had I not first thumped them together. Their ring was not so clear and sharp as the pure article. But I soon began to think upon the task I had undertaken. I knew that I had the name of being clever, and perhaps I was. At any rate, I was well known to the police, and if they had made a mistake in regard to my character, it was their fault and not mine.

My first movement was to load my pistols and conceal them in my breast pocket, and then putting on my hat and coat, I went out into the street. A peculiar kind of instinct which I always seemed to possess led me at once to the Rue Perdu. This street was the very next below my own house. It was a short, narrow, crooked street, leading from St Victor to the Rue de la Bucherie, which latter is on the river, and nearly opposite Notre Dame. The houses on the Rue Perdu were high, dark looking things, and inhabited by every conceivable sort of characters. I knew that there were some accomplished villains there, and that some of the houses had queer modes of ingress and egress known only to the occupants. I walked down to the river, seeming to care for nothing about me, but in reality seeing everything that was in sight. But I saw nothing uncommon.

When I reached the water, I noticed an old hulk which was made fast to the quay. I remembered that it had been secured there about three weeks before, and that it had been used as a sort of fish mart. Now, there was nothing very strange about that hulk, for it was only the hull of one of the common river craft; but when a man's mind is only bent on searching out something to suspect, suspicions are very easily and very simply aroused. I made some careless inquiries about the old hulk, and learned that it was not used half the time, and that when it was used it was only for receiving fish and cleaning them. I soon met a policeman with whom I was acquainted, and I asked him why that old thing was allowed to lie there. He told me that an old man by the name of Sebasti had got permission to secure it there, intending to put his son into it to sell fish. I asked if fish were sold there.

"O, yes," the policeman replied; "they have them about half the time, but I guess it don't pay very well."

After this, I walked down the quay, and crossed over on to the Ile de la Cite, and then came down opposite to where the old hulk lay. I could see from this point that the floating fish mart was secured directly against the mouth of the great sewer which brought down the drainage from all the houses as far up as St. Genevieve; and so closely was it fixed to the shore that the sewer was entirely hidden.

Now, I will not say that this suspicion of mine was without any other foundation than the mere presence of the hulk, though the circumstance did not return to my mind until after I had reached the quay on the present occasion. Some five days before, I had seen a man climb up the side of the hulk next to the quay, where there was only room enough for him to squeeze up through; and I then wondered what the fellow could have been doing down there. I knew that the police had been on the watch in the Rue Perdu, and that no man could have escaped their notice. So, after considerable reflection, I made up my mind to the following rather complex proposition: If the rogues inhabit any of the houses on the Rue Perdu, they must have some means of egress. Had they come out by the street, the police would have been likely to have seen them and watched their movements. Some houses do have connection with these great old sewers, and might it not be that the money was brought out by the way of this sewer? At any rate, my mind gradually fastened upon this proposition, and I determined to act upon it. First I hunted up M. Mallart, and asked him if he was sure any watch had been kept in the Rue Perdu. He assured me that the place had been under the strictest surveillance for a week, and that every person had been watched who had been seen to leave any of the houses. I then asked him again why he looked upon that particular street. He told me, as before, that it was because there were so many known rogues there.

"At any rate," said he, "our suspicions are fastened upon that street, and if you do anything, you'd better confine your labors to the same locality."

I knew that the officers very often had secrets which they could not reveal, and I questioned the sub prefect no more. It was now nearly dark, and I went home and got some supper, and then went back to the quay, where I stationed myself in a favorable position to watch the hulk. There was no moon, nor were there any clouds, so I could see very well if any one moved near the point of interest, while I was concealed by the projection of an old shed. Ten o'clock passed, and nothing moved. Time passed on, and the great bell of Notre Dame struck the hour of eleven. Just as the last echoes died away, I heard a low whistle in the vicinity of the hulk. The whistle was repeated, louder than before, and in a moment more an answering whistle came from the hulk. My eyes were open, and my ears, too. Directly a man came up from the hold of the hulk and looked over the side. I saw him haul in a line which had been made fast to the rail, and I distinctly heard a jingling sound. I knew he was hauling up something heavy, and, at length, I could see a small dark object come over the side. Then the man on deck gave a low whistle, and it was answered, I knew, from the mouth of the sewer.

Shortly afterwards, the man stepped from the hulk and passed within six feet of where I stood, and I could see distinctly that he had something under his arm which was supported in part by a strap that passed over the shoulder. As soon as he was at a safe distance, I followed him. He kept along by the river until he reached the Pont Neuf, and there he crossed. His first stopping place was in the Rue St. Denis. I stopped to look into an opposite window, and there remained for the man to come out, but he did not. I hung about until one o'clock, and then, having marked the place, I returned.

Early on the following morning, I was at the prefecture, where I found M. Mallart. He was all attention. I asked for a private room.

"Now, what is it?" he asked, as soon as we were alone.

"Watch the house number seventy-three, Rue St. Denis," I said, "but beware that you do not frighten anybody. If you see any one come there, follow them. If they have base coin, mark them; but do not let them know your suspicions."

The sub-prefect laughed outright.

"Do you mean number *seventy-three?*" he asked.

"Assuredly," I replied.

"But it is my own house," he said.

For a moment I was astounded; but I knew I was not mistaken. So I said:

"Then your house needs watching, my dear sir. But do you know the characters of all your people?"

"But tell me what you have seen."

"I think I saw a bag of money carried into your house last night."

"Where from?"

"Never mind that. Let me know first if I have really found the road."

"That rascal Pierre is a funny sort of a chap," the sub-prefect said, half to himself.

"Who is he?" I asked.

"My valet—my man-of-all-work; one who helps me catch rogues sometimes, and whom I have more than once set to catch these very counterfeiters. By Saint Peter! I'll go to my house at once, and you shall remain here."

M. Mallart went out, and called upon a pale, slim fellow, who sat by a window, to accompany him. This latter individual opened a small desk near him, and took therefrom a bunch of burglar's keys which he hid away in his pocket, and then followed the sub-prefect. I waited there an hour, and then Mallart returned. I knew the moment I saw him that he had found something. We went again into the private room.

"Monsieur," he said, turning to me, "you've hit something. I went home and found Pierre just preparing to go out; but I sent him off with a letter to the prefect, in which I simply wrote: 'Detain this fellow half an hour, and then send him back with any errand you please.' As soon as he was gone, I took Guissard up to the rascal's room, and he commenced to pick the locks. But we found nothing under lock and key. Then we pulled out the bed to see if there was anything hidden beneath it. Guissard saw a tile move as the truckle ran over it. The floor is of tiles. He stooped and lifted at it, and the square brick came up easily. Three more were raised, and we found a neatly contrived recess there with a bag in it. The bag was opened, and it was full of just such Louis d'ors as I gave you. We put everything just as we found them, and then I went down and waited for Pierre to come back. He came, looking as honest as a confessor. I left Guissard to watch the scamp, and have come to tell you the result."

"Good!" I cried; and then I bade M. Mallart hold himself ready to obey any call I might make, and without more explanation I left.

Now, what next? I felt sure that the mint was somewhere on the Rue Perdu. I pondered. Old Jaques Sebasti had hauled that hulk up to the quay, and to him it belonged. And as that hulk was surely the medium for the passage of the base coin from the sewer to the upper earth, ought not Jaques to know something about it? I tried him. I went home and got my wine basket, and went down to his store. He kept a wine store, occupying the basement of the building. I had bought considerable liquor of him, and we were always on excellent terms with each other. He was a short, dumpy fellow, a Savoyard by birth, and possessed a face upon which shrewdness and cunning were plainly depicted. I knew one thing well: if he knew nothing of counterfeit money, he most surely did of counterfeit spirit, for water and drugs entered quite freely into the compounding of his wines and brandies. I had four bottles of wine put up, and in payment I handed him the base ten-franc piece.

"Aha!" he uttered, the moment he put his eyes on it, "that's bad, monsieur."

"Bad!" I repeated, in astonishment; "why, I took it of one of our best men only last night. You must be mistaken."

"No, I am not," he said, with promptness and decision.

"But how do you know?" I asked.

"Oho! I can tell. Haven't you got any more money?"

"Yes, I have more; but, really, I should like to know how you detected this, for I am not fond of being thus imposed upon."

"Why—now hark," said the old sinner, at the same time jerking the piece down on his counter. "Don't you hear how it sounds!"

"Ah, yes. It does sound different. I'll just return this, and the next time I'll keep my eyes open. By Our Lady! if there's anything I'd hang a man for 'twould be for making such stuff, eh?"

"Certainly," responded Jaques; but he did not speak as an honest man would have spoken.

However, I paid for the wine, and then left. Of course, I now knew that Jaques Sebasti had handled that money before. Mind you, he did not drop the piece upon the counter until after I had asked him how I could detect the counterfeit. He knew the piece the instant he saw it. And yet brighter money-changers than he had been deceived by it, for there was not a single outward sign for the uninitiated eye to detect its baseness. And now what next? Thus far I had been led by the simple accident of having seen a man, one dark night, climb up from behind the old hulk in the Seine.

The house in which Jaques lived was one of the largest and oldest on the street. It was four stories high besides the basement, and the entrance was by means of a court which extended in from the street in the centre of the building, and from which opened three doors to various parts of the house. I now had this to work upon. First, I had the best of reason to believe that the money was conveyed down the sewer. (It must be remembered that these main sewers are of solid masonry, and some of them twelve and thirteen feet high, with a width about the same; and many private individuals have often made secret communications from their cellars to these huge drains.) Second, I had reason to believe that the money was made in some of the buildings on the eastern side of the Rue Perdu. And, thirdly, I felt sure that the mischief was somewhere beneath the roof of Jaques Sebasti. I knew nothing of the premises in the rear of the great old house, and I feared that I might excite suspicion if I asked to go through.

You remember I told you my lodgings were on the corner of the Rue St. Victor and Rue de Bievre, and that the Rue Perdu was the next street west of me. Now, the Rue de Bievre had exactly the same windings that the Rue Perdu did, and I wondered if I could not gain access to the building on the former street, which backed against Sebasti's premises. I went at once to try. I walked down the western side of Rue de Bievre, and found the house I sought to be a dwelling. I knocked at the door, and a little girl answered my summons. I asked who owned the house, and she told me her mother hired it. I then asked to see her mother, and was invited in. The woman was a good-looking, middle-aged dame, and received me politely. I asked her if she had rooms to let, and she told me yes. I told her I should like one on the back side of the house, where I could be out of the way of the noise of the street. So she conducted me up stairs at once. I looked out at one of the back windows, and a new idea entered my head.

"A beautiful scene!" I cried, as I looked off down into the back yards, where a few dingy, dirty, consumptive-looking trees were standing. "I must sketch this. I will run and get my paper and pencils, for I must have this scene."

The woman seemed delighted with the idea, and asked me if she might sit and see me make the picture. I would rather have been alone, but then I could not refuse. I hastened up to my lodgings—only a few steps, and got the materials, and then came back. I selected a room in the third story, and was, in this position, directly opposite Sebasti's back yard. I commenced the sketch, and while I worked, I kept my eye on the premises before me.

The old house on the Rue Perdu was a story lower behind, and the yard was enclosed by a high brick wall. But I could look down into the yard, and could have looked into the back windows had not the shutters been all closed. I had been sketching nearly half an hour, when I saw the back door of Sebasti's house open, and a man came out. He stopped and looked around a moment, and then crossed the yard, and was lost to my sight beneath the wall. But he soon returned, and another man joined him at the door. This second man had a coal-scuttle in his hand, from which he emptied some ashes. He had on a leathern apron, and had his sleeves rolled up. That was all I saw that day; but I engaged the room, telling the woman that, for the present, I should only use it for a studio. That evening I conveyed a table, a chair and an easel to the room.

On the next morning, I was at the post before daylight. I had sat there four mortal hours, when I saw something that had a more than common meaning to it. Two girls came out from the basement of Sebasti's house, and by the aid of a pocket telescope with which I had provided myself, I recognized them as two courtezans of more than common notoriety, whom I had missed from their usual haunt in a wine cellar on the Rue St. Victor. I knew that they were accomplished rogues, and that more than once they had been before the prefecture for theft. My telescope revealed everything as perfectly as though the girls had been in the room with me. They closed the door behind them, and then having looked carefully around, one of them took something from her pocket, which I at once recognized as gold, or what appeared to be gold—money. She had a handful of the pieces, and she and her companion examined them carefully, and I saw them laugh and make various signs of strange meaning as they shook the pieces in their hands. By-and-by they put up the money, and went back into the house.

In the afternoon I was there again, and I had not been seated more than half an hour when I saw another person come out into the back yard. My telescope was upon him, and I recognized him as a man who had been often in the hands of the police, but who had generally managed to escape punishment. His name was Jean St. Jean. He came out and went across the yard, where the wall hid him from sight, and shortly afterwards he returned. He was in his shirt sleeves, and had a paper cap on his head, and I could even see that his hands were black with work.

I resolved to waste no more time, and at dusk I was at the office of the prefecture. I found M. Mallart, and told him that I was ready to lead him to where I felt sure we should find the rogues. He was delighted. He asked me how many men would be needed, and I told him he had better take as many as fifteen. In less than half an hour the force was ready, and we set out by different directions, agreeing to meet at the house in the Rue de Bievre, where I had made my observations. We came together there, and the fears of the hostess were easily quieted. Mallart went with me out into the back yard, taking six of his men with him, and by means of a ladder which we found on the premises, we could scale the wall. I went up and showed Mallart the door—the only door which opened into the yard—of Sebasti's basement. He then called up one of his men, and bade him be ready to scale the wall with his five companions the moment the bell of the old cathedral struck the hour of nine, and after that to secure every man, woman or child who should attempt to escape through the yard. Those were six stout men, well armed, and used to hard knocks.

After this, Mallart and I returned and waited in the house until it wanted five minutes of nine. Then we set out up the street into St. Victor, and from thence to the Rue Perdu. The clock struck nine just as we opened the door of the wine cellar, but we found no one there. We noticed a door behind the bar which opened into some back room, and we resolved to take that course, and then sent three men up to guard the court, and see that no one escaped that way. The door from the wine room opened to a narrow passage way, and opening their lanterns, the policemen started on. This passage led us to a large room half filled with old barrels and boxes, and we were just beginning to wonder which way to turn, when we heard the light laugh of a female, and in a moment more we heard the pattering of feet upon what sounded like stone stairs. The lanterns were shut in a moment, and we all hid behind the barrels. Hardly had we done this when a door close by the further back corner of the room was opened, and the two girls, whom I had seen in the yard, entered. They had their bonnets on, and were evidently going out. The foremost one had a candle in her hand. Mallart sprang out and confronted them.

"Don't be alarmed," he said, in a mild, laughing tone. "But where the deuce has old Jaques hidden himself? Where is he?"

One of the girls had half uttered the idea that she didn't know, when the other suddenly interrupted her by saying:

"He's gone out somewhere, sir."

"Now listen," spoke the sub-prefect, in a deep, meaning tone. "Don't make a bit of noise—not a bit, for if you do, you die on the spot. Be silent and obey me, and you shall be safe. I am the sub-prefect of police, and have come here after some counterfeiters. —sh! By heavens! the least note of alarm from your lips is your death-warrant! Mind me, and fear not. I have help enough at hand. Show yourselves, my men."

We all came out from our hiding-places, and when the girls saw eight armed men about them they turned pale.

"Now direct us so that we can find the counterfeiters, and you shall be safe," said Mallart. "Mind, now, we know all about it; one of the accomplices has been taken. Direct us to the room where this work is done, and you shall be safe; refuse, and you die!"

The poor girls looked each other in the face a moment, and then one of them said: "They'll kill us if we do."

"But they shall never know. You shall leave at once, and go where you please, the moment we find the rest. There are three men in the court who will detain you when you go out, but you shall be set free before your accomplices see you. Come."

A sub-prefect is not a man to trifle with, and the girls knew it. They, moreover, as they afterwards confessed, thought that Pierre Maton, Mallart's valet, had revealed all; so they gave us the secret.

"Go down the stairs which you saw us come up, and you will find yourselves in a narrow passage which seems only to be made for a coal-hole, and in it you will find some coal. One end has the door which opens to the back yard, and you will leave that door at your back, and keep on until you come to a door on the right hand which sets in a rough alcove. This alcove seems only to be for a lumber hole, and the door you might not see if you did not know 'twas there. Give a scratch on it with your finger nails, and then you'll hear a whistle from the other side. Then you'll whistle three times, short and quick. That's all."

"But how do they gain access to the great sewer?" asked Mallart.

"It's from that room," returned the girl, starting. "But," she added, after a moment's thought, "Maton didn't know of that."

"Never mind," said the sub-prefect; "but we do. Now, go up, and if my men detain you, we will set you free before you are seen by any of your old friends."

The girls went on, and we went down the stairs. We found the back door, as the girl had said, and it was the same one through which I had seen the rogues pass out and in. We also found the coal, and, finally, the alcove. The work here was of heavy masonry, and the alcove was deeper and wider than one would have supposed from what the girl had told us. However, we found the door, and we heard the sound of a hammer from within, and I heard a voice, too, which I at once recognized as belonging to old Jaques. The door was of oak, but painted and bedaubed so as to resemble the stone, and then an old shelf which extended all around the place, and which was neatly divided where the door was, aided not a little in hiding the secret.

Mallart scratched upon the wood as he had been directed. The hammering stopped, and some one spoke. Our leader scratched again. Somebody on the other side whistled. Then Mallart whistled as he had been directed.

"Who is it?" asked a voice from within.

Here was a poser. But one of the policemen was on hand. He imitated the voice of the girl who had given us the directions so nearly that even I at first involuntarily turned to see if she had followed us.

"I've left my pattens, and the streets are wet."

"Oho! Marguerite's left her pattens!" cried a man, as we heard a bolt withdrawn. In a moment more the door was started. It opened inward, and we fell upon it in an instant, sending the fellow who was about to open it half way across the room. There was some consternation and some scuffling, but the rogues were taken utterly by surprise, and we had them fast in a very few moments. There were five of them in the place, including Sebasti.

As soon as the scamps were secured, we looked about. The room was some twenty feet wide by about thirty long, and fitted up with everything necessary to the work there done. There was a smelting furnace, two heavy machines for stamping the pieces, and a long finishing bench. We also found about a bushel of the coin already finished, and considerable of it which was not yet completed. The hammering we had heard was from the man who was beating out the gold foil for covering the coin, and some which was already prepared, and cut to the right size for soldering on, we found and examined. It was not much thicker than the foil used by dentists for filling teeth, and must have required an expert workman in the art of soldering and finishing, which latter work we learned was done by the girls. Old Sebasti was frightened into a confession of his guilt, and he showed us the passage to the sewer, which he had helped make, for the purpose of getting the money away from his premises. The other men cursed and swore, but, of course, that did not help them. We had made the capture much easier than we had even hoped, and before morning the rogues were not only in confinement, but the counterfeit coin was all removed, and the next day the heavy dies and other tools were in charge of the prefect.

The girls were set free, but were informed that the eyes of the police were upon them. The rest of the gang were tried and condemned to the galleys for life, including Pierre Maton himself, who had been the out-door worker and distributor, nearly all the base coin having actually passed through the sub-prefect's own house in its transit. The old hulk was removed, the passage from the old house on the Rue Perdu to the sewer filled up, and a new man thereafter sold bad wine in the old basement.

As for me, my debts were paid in full, my pockets filled, and a policeman's warrant given me. But I only used it a little while. The revolution came, Louis Philippe fled, a general row seemed likely to bless the police force, and I sailed for America.

THE SPADE AND THE SWORD.

If what the scripture says of beating swords into ploughshares is not being literally accomplished (more literally, perhaps, than really), at this moment in the Crimea, it is simply because the Russian engineers are not up to the ways in which the Yankees grade their streets, raise their railroad embankments, or, in fact, remove masses of earth for any purpose whatever. The London Times announces it, in all soberness, that the spade is necessarily a more potent weapon, both with the besiegers and the besieged, than the sword. The digging of miles on miles of trenches, with the throwing up of enormous corresponding earthwork, occupies the whole strength of both the allies and their enemies. In fact, everything of former days seems reversed. Whole regiments are only preserved from being put under ground as dead men, by putting the earth above them while living, and thus, paradoxically enough, they keep out of their graves by jumping into them.

At Fort Brown, opposite Matamoras, General Taylor raised his bomb-proof defences by throwing up earthworks, of sufficient thickness, on the top of his flour and pork barrels, with hollow places between, where his men could lie untouched by even the bombs and other vertical shot that might bury themselves in the earth and burst over their heads. In the same way now the Russians are not content with getting behind their earthworks, they literally burrow into them. It is earth beneath, earth at the sides, and earth above! They have even dug in the ground funnel-mouthed pits in front of every burrow, down into which each bomb-shell rolls as it falls, and there it, too, is buried alive, and kept by earth from molesting the men on the only exposed side. The war seems to be rather between the guns than the men, and to choke their open iron mouths, to disable their staunchion arms, to wound and break the wooden limbs of their carriages. These are now the recorded feats of each day's work; so many guns silenced, so many tons of hollow and solid shot fired, so much powder expended. And it is the recoil of all this expenditure that is going to kill more than the guns at last—to destroy the nations that fire them.—*Philadelphia Ledger.*

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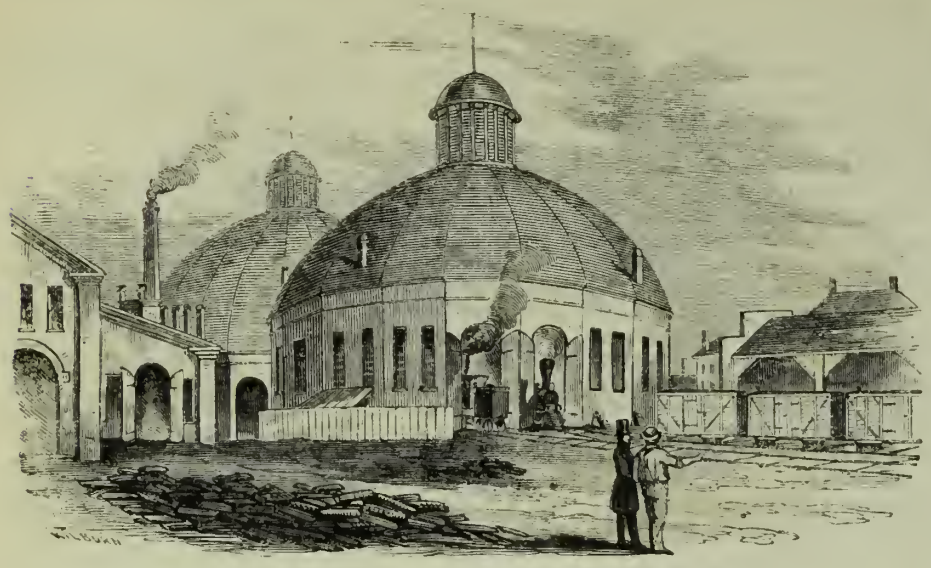


ENGINE HOUSES OF NIAGARA RAILROAD, ROCHESTER, N. Y.

ROCHESTER, N. Y.

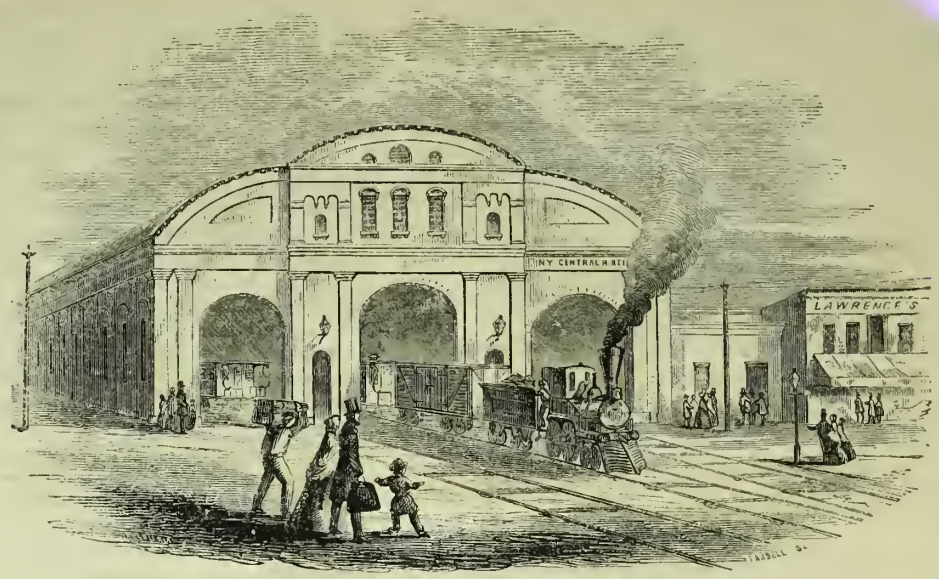
In our last number but one, we presented our readers with a series of sketches of Buffalo, which we now follow up by another set delineating the most striking features of another interesting city of the Empire State,—Rochester, drawn expressly for us by Mr. Kilburn, an artist whose fidelity our readers have often had occasion to acknowledge. The first view shows the engine houses of the Niagara Railroad, noble and substantial structures, with massive domes surmounted by cupolas. An engine and tender are seen entering and a locomotive leaving one of the houses on separate tracks. The second engraving is a view of the aqueduct of the Erie Canal, passing over a bridge of graceful form and solidly constructed. The ruined arches of another bridge are seen in front. The foaming rapids in the foreground, the busy factories that rise on either hand, make this a picturesque and interesting scene. The third engraving brings before us the Court House, a very handsome building, surmounted by a cupola of somewhat peculiar construction. The gallery at its summit, in which persons are seen standing, affords an admirable and extensive view of the city and its surroundings. It is situated in Buffalo Street, the principal business street of the city. It is built of granite. Strangers in Rochester should not fail to ascend to the cupola referred to above, if they desire to obtain a panoramic view of the city. A supply of excellent spy-glasses is kept here to aid the natural vision in embracing the wide expanse of scenery. The fourth picture is a view of the depot of the New York Central Railroad, a very large, appropriate and elegant structure of brick, with three large arches opening in front. Through the central one a train is seen issuing on its career, while a group of travellers are "looking out for the engine while the bell rings," as in duty bound. The fifth engraving shows the entrance to Mount Hope Cemetery, so noted for its wild and picturesque scenery. This beautiful necropolis is about two miles south of the railroad depot. In natural beauty it vies with Mount Auburn or Greenwood, though, as yet, it contains but few monuments. It will be observed by the engraving that the gateway is of the Egyptian order, although the column which surmounts it, though pretty in itself, strikes us as being rather incongruous. The last engraving is an accurate delineation of the far-famed Genesee Falls, unsurpassed in beauty by any falls in New York State. The principal fall, here shown, has a perpendicular descent of 105 feet. Just above it is seen a railroad train crossing the bridge which spans the foaming and rapid river. From a small tabular projection, on the brink of the precipice, Sam Patch took his last leap in 1829, and perished, the victim of irregular ambition. Just below the lower falls of the Genesee, stood the celebrated Carthage bridge, completed in 1819. It consisted of an entire arch. Its length was 718, its width 30, and the summit of the arch was 196 feet from the water. It was the largest arch in the world. The structure stood only one year and one day, thus saving the builders from loss, as they had only guaranteed that it stand a year. It contained 70,000 feet of timber, running measure, besides 64,640 feet board measure. The immense weight of the timber, pressing unequally on the arch, threw up the centre from its equilibrium, and the whole tumbled at once into a heap of ruins Rochester is the capital of Munroe County, N. Y., and is situated on both sides of the Genesee River, seven miles from its entrance into Lake Ontario, 230 miles by railroad west by north of Albany, and 68 miles east northeast of Buffalo. The site of the city is nearly level. The streets vary from 60 to 80 feet in width, and are, with very few exceptions, straight. The principal street, extending east and west, through the centre of the town, and crossing the river on a bridge, is called Main Street on the east and Buffalo Street on the west. Most of the public buildings and many of the private residences are built of material supplied by the limestone quarries in the vicinity. The streets are generally bordered by shade trees, which, in summer, give a very charming appearance to the city. The large squares here and there are peculiar and attractive features. Rochester is not very compactly built, but its corporate limits comprise an area of seven square miles. Among the public institutions are the Western House of Refuge for juvenile offenders, the Rochester University, under the direction of the Baptists, the Baptist Theological Seminary, and the Rochester Athenæum, all in a flourishing condition. The Rochester Sunday School Union has 4347 pupils, and 8000 volumes in its different libraries. Rochester supports thirteen newspapers and periodicals. It has forty-four churches. Among the hotels, which are excellent, we may mention the Clinton, Blossom's Hotel, the Mansion House, the Rochester and Congress Hall. The city contains six banks. The canal, the railroads, and the facilities for navigation, render Rochester a very active business place. The unlimited water-power derived from the Genesee River has been the principal cause of the prosperity of Rochester. Within a course of three miles, the river has a total descent of 226 feet. The total amount of flour manufactured here annually is estimated at 600,000 barrels, which, computing five bushels to each barrel, would require 3,000,000 bushels of wheat. Various other manufactures are carried on here, producing machinery, farming implements, iron castings, cotton and woolen goods, paper, lumber, leather, cabinet ware, and edge tools. Rochester has been noted for the number, extent and character of its fruit nurseries. It

ERIE CANAL AQUEDUCT, ROCHESTER, N. Y.

is stated that within ten miles of the city, there are one thousand acres devoted to the raising of fruit trees. Messrs. Elwanger and Barry have a garden and nursery, embracing two hundred acres of land under a high state of cultivation. This nursery enjoys a very high repute. Mr. Barry, of this firm, is the author of the "Fruit Garden," one of the most reliable works on the culture of fruit trees with which we are acquainted. Joining practical knowledge to extensive research, he has shown himself a master of the science of arboriculture. He is the editor of a monthly magazine devoted to horticulture, and published in Rochester. The population of the city is not far from 50,000. The growth of Rochester is an instance of the remarkable rapidity with which flourishing cities spring up from small beginnings in this country. In the year 1810, there was not a single house where Rochester now stands. In 1812, Nathaniel Rochester, Charles H. Carroll and Wm. Hugh surveyed a lot of land comprising an area of one hundred acres, to which the name of Rochester was given, out of compliment to the senior proprietor. The tract thus laid out was known as the mill lot, and had been given by Phelps and Gorham to a personage known as "Indian Allen," as a bonus for building saw and grist mills for the accommodation of what few settlers were found in the region at the date of the conveyance. There was not, however, sufficient business to sustain the mills, and the buildings were suffered to run to decay. Allen then

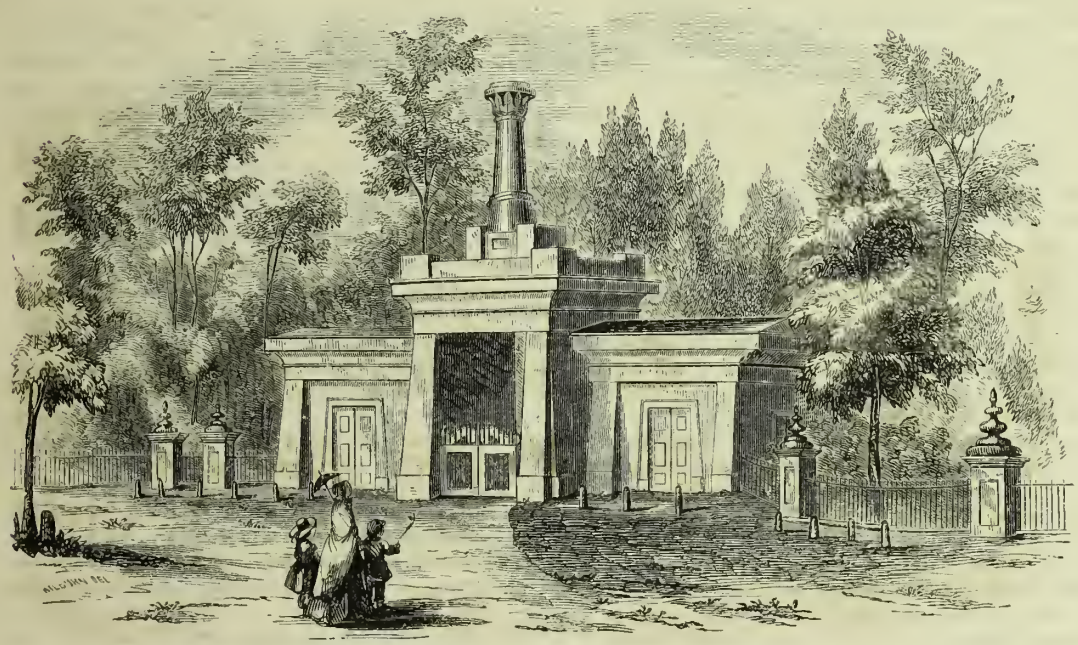
COURT HOUSE, ROCHESTER, N. Y.

sold the property to Sir William Pulteney, who was the proprietor of a large section of the Genesee County. The sale to Rochester and his copartners was effected in 1802, at the rate of $15 50 per acre, or $1750 for the entire lot, with whatever improvements there were upon it. In 1790, excellent land on the east side of the Genesee brought only 18 pence per acre. The war with Great Britain checked the incipient growth of the place; but the opening of the Erie Canal established its prosperity on a permanent basis. The Rev. Henry O'Reilly, in a work of great value, entitled "Sketches of Rochester, with incidental notices of Western New York," gives the following account of the "Last Sacrifice of the Senecas," which took place in 1813, on a spot near which the Bethel Church now stands:—"It may be premised that the Senecas, and probably others of the Six Nations, have five feasts annually; on which occasion it is customary to return thanks to Nauwanew for his blessings, or to deprecate his wrath. At these times, also, the chiefs conversed upon the affairs of the tribes, and generally urged upon the people the duty of demeaning themselves so as to ensure a continuance of the favor which had attended them in their pursuits of peace and war. These feasts followed the consummation of the matters usually watched with most interest by Indians in peaceful times,—one of the ceremonies occurring after 'sugar-time,' another after planting, a third called the green-corn



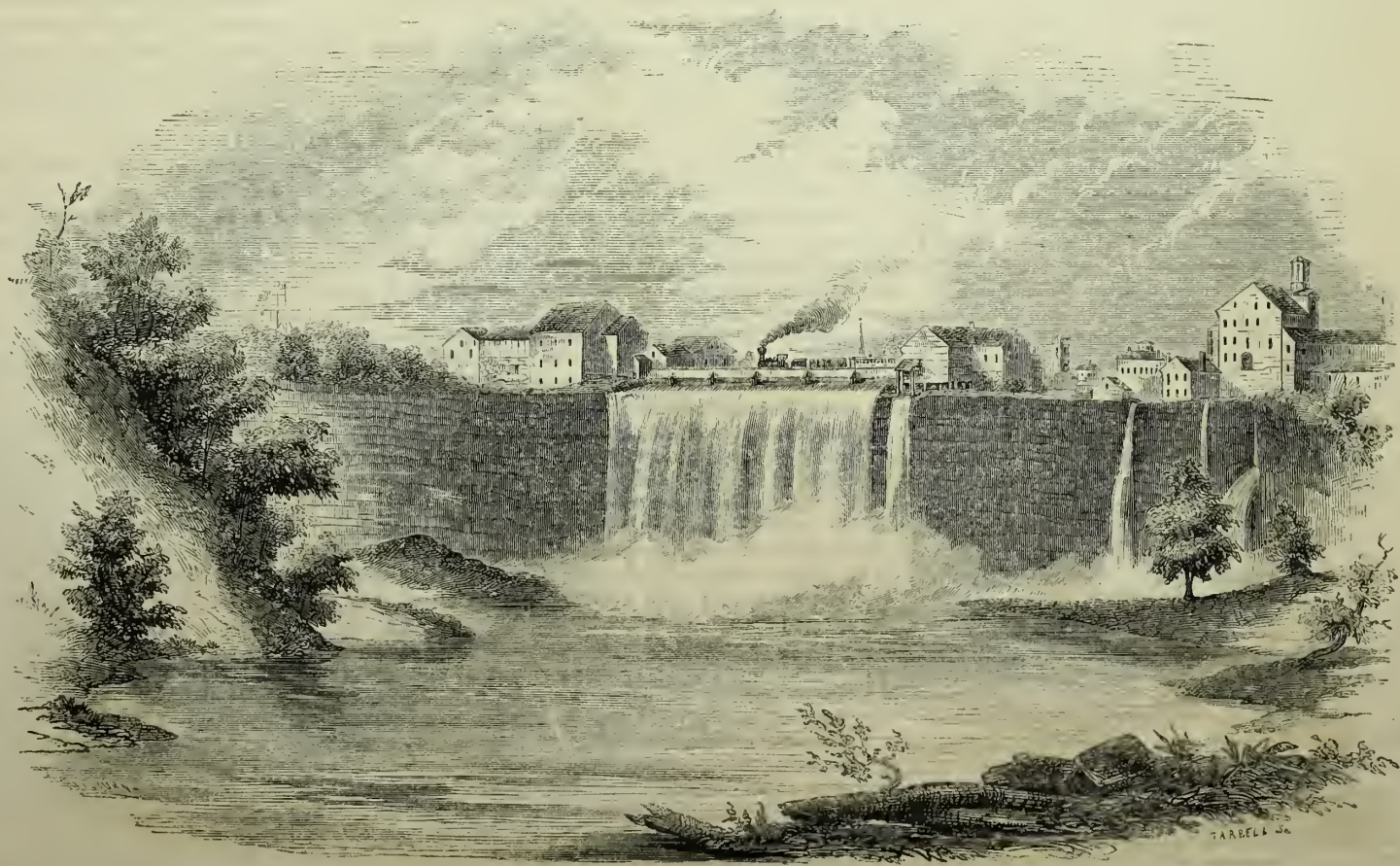
CENTRAL RAILROAD DEPOT, ROCHESTER, N. Y.

door of the council-house by means of strangulation, for a wound on the animal or an effusion of blood would spoil the victim for sacrificial purpose. The dogs were then fantastically painted with various colors, decorated with feathers, and suspended about twenty feet high at the council-house or near the centre of the camp. The ceremonial is then commenced, and the five, seven or nine days of its continuance are marked by feasting and dancing, as well as by sacrifice and consultation. Two select hands, one of men and another women ornamented with trinkets and feathers, and each person furnished with an ear of corn in the right hand, dance in a circle around the council fire, which is kindled for the occasion, and regulate their steps by rude music. Hence they proceed to every wigwam in the camp, and, in like manner, dance in a circle round each fire. Afterwards, on another day, several men clothe themselves in the skins of wild beasts, cover their faces with hideous masks and their hands with the shell of the tortoise, and in this garb they go among the wigwams, making horrid noises, taking the fuel from the fire, and scattering the embers and ashes about the floor, for the purpose of driving away evil spirits. The persons performing these operations are supposed, not only to drive off the evil spirit, but to concentrate within themselves all the sins of their tribe. These sins are afterwards all transfused into one of their own number, who, by some magical dexterity, or slight of hand, works off from himself into the dogs the concentrated wickedness of the tribe! The scape-goat dogs are then placed on a pile of wood, to which fire is applied, while the surrounding crowd throw tobacco or other incense on the flame, the scent of which is deemed to cooperate with the sacrifice of the animals in conciliating the power of Nauwanew, or the Great Spirit. When the dogs are partly consumed, one is taken off and put into a large kettle with vegetables of various kinds, and all around devour the contents of the 'reeking cauldron.' After this, the Indians perform the dances of war and peace, and smoke the calumet; then, free from wickedness, they repair to their respective places of abode, prepared for the events of the new year." A serious alarm occurred in May 1814, when Sir James Yeo, with a fleet of thirteen vessels, appeared off the mouth of the Genesee, threatening the destruction of the rude improvements in and about Rochester. Messengers were despatched to arouse the inhabitants. There were then only thirty-three people in Rochester capable of bearing arms. The little band threw up a breastwork called Fort Bender, near the Deep Hollow, beside the Lower Falls, and hurried down to the junction of the Genesee and Lake Ontario, five miles north of the present city limits, where the enemy threatened to land, leaving behind them two old men, with some young lads, to remove the women and children into the woods, in case the British should attempt to land. Francis Brown and Elisha Ely acted as captains, and Isaac W. Stone as major, of the Rochester forces. They marched and countermarched, disappeared in the woods and re-appeared again in such a manner as to impress the enemy with a belief that a considerable force was collected. An officer with a flag of truce was sent to parley and to say that Sir James Yeo would spare the settlements if their provisions and military stores were surrendered. Captain Francis Brown received him. "Will you comply with the demand?" asked the British officer. "Blood knee-deep first!" was the emphatic reply of the gallant Brown. While this parley was in progress, an American officer and his staff, returning from the Niagara frontier, accidentally appeared, and confirmed the British officer's impression that a large regular force was at hand. He returned to the fleet, which opened a fire of shot and shell, gallantly answered by the Yankees with a rusty six-pounder. After a few hours spent in this unavailing exchange of fires, Admiral Yeo ran down to Pulteneyville, about twenty miles eastward from the Genesee River, where, on learning by what an inconsiderable force they had been deterred from landing, all hands could not refrain from laughing at the ingenuity of the "Yankee trick." The historical reminiscences of many of the towns in the interior of New York are replete with incidents of valor and stratagem.



ENTRANCE TO MOUNT HOPE CEMETERY, ROCHESTER, N. Y.

east, when the maize becomes fit for use, the fourth after the corn harvest, and the fifth at the close of their year, late in January, or early in February, according to the moon. The latter ceremony was performed in Rochester for the last time in January, 1813. The concluding rites were seen by some of the few persons then settled in 'these parts.' From Mr. Edwin Scrantom, now a merchant of the city, who was among the spectators, we have an account of the ceremonial, as far as he beheld it, which corresponds with the accounts given by the Rev. Mr. Kirkland, long a missionary among the Six Nations, and by the 'white woman,' that remarkable associate of the Senecas. The latter personage related that when the Indians returned from hunting, ten or twenty of their number were appointed to superintend the 'great sacrifice and thanksgiving.' Preparations were made at the council house, or other place of meeting, for the accommodation of the tribe during the ceremonial. Nine days was the period and two white dogs the number and kind of animals formerly required for the festival; though in these later days of reform and retrenchment (for the prevailing spirit had reached even the wigwams and the altars of the Senecas), the time has been curtailed to seven or five days, and a single dog was made the scape-goat to bear away the sins of the tribe. Two dogs, as nearly white as could be procured, were usually selected from those belonging to the tribe, and were carefully killed at the



GENESEE FALLS, ROCHESTER, N. Y

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE CAVALIER'S SONG.

BY FRANCIS A. DURIVAGE.

My foot in the stirrup, my hand on the rein,
I climb the tall mountain, I dash o'er the plain;
Yon eagle that swims on his broad wings on high—
I envy him not in his flight through the sky.
So swift is the speed of my gallant gray horse,
That his shadow can hardly keep pace with our course.

We ford the deep river, the wood path we tread,
The forest flies past us, beside, overhead;
Still answering the clink of the spur with a neigh,
My tireless steed rushes on and away,
His mettle I never appealed to in vain,
With my foot in the stirrup, my hand on the rein.

He knoweth my brave steed—or seemeth to know,
Who waits for his rider in yonder chateau,
Whose delicate fingers have played with his mane,
Caressing his dark neck again and again.
Then speed, like the shaft to the target, away,
And Inez shall bless thee, my own gallant gray.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE PRETTY GATE-KEEPER.

BY EMILY R. PAGE.

"SHADE of Venus!" burst from the cigar red and moustached lips of a handsome, fashionably dressed young man, as he drew up his dashing trotter at the gate of a country toll-bridge, and by the aid of his jewelled eye-glass, stared at the beautiful damsel with her sweet face and rustic garments, who tripped lightly out from the cottage door to unlock the gate.

"Great Cæsar!" echoed his equally well-attired and equally impudent companion—"haven't we scared up a fine bird among these semi-barbarians?" And the two laughed loudly, and looked lawlessly at the shrinking maiden, who blushed painfully as she extended her hand for the expected bit.

"A dainty hand, upon my soul," said the first, seizing it, and pressing a coin rudely into the delicate palm. "Hey, my pretty miss, what shall I give you for a kiss from those sweet lips?" he added, with a familiar leer, retaining her hand in his rude grasp.

"Let me go, sir," she exclaimed passionately, while her beautiful face crimsoned with womanly indignation, and struggling from his hold, she darted into the house, followed by an insolent laugh and boisterous shout from without, as they dashed furiously on.

In a moment the burning, tearful face was hidden on my shoulder, and I gathered the little sobbing form soothingly in my arms,—for, be it known, this was all in my own home, at the country toll-bridge, and my own pretty cousin Ellen it was, whose maiden delicacy had been so cruelly outraged, and who, only the hour before, had rustled down stairs in her lustrous dress and jewels, and laughed as she declared it the will of the fates that she should look after the gate and collect the tolls, for a while, just to give her a little exercise and a color, for she had been mewed in my chamber all day.

"Certainly, dear, you can look after the gate, if you choose, but not in that dress, my child," smiled my indulgent mother, who was a prudent soul, and foresaw that scandal would inevitably attach itself to the flounces of her Pekin silk, and sit spitefully among the roses of her brilliant Indian mantle; and so my little cousin was speedily disrobed, and with her hair put plainly away from her clear face, and robed in a dark morning print of my own, she stood in the gate-way window, with the yellow sun-light falling over her—looking bewitchingly demure and quaker-like.

Poor little Ellen! as the first crash of wheels and sharp sound of trotting feet rolled along the echoing bridge, and she glanced like a sun-beam up the gravelled path to the great brown gate, she had little thought of the impertinence and insult that awaited her. She had never been brought into actual contact with a shadow of rudeness or disrespect—and now, wounded and almost crushed by a keen sense of the indignity she had suffered, she wept passionately in my arms, till the violence of her grief exhausted itself, and during the evening that followed, she forgot her sorrow and mortification in the busy preparation for her long journey homeward.

Not so with me. I did not forget it, nor the incident which led to it, nor the handsome, though slightly sensual face of the offender; and when, a few months later, I saw the same unmistakable face, as we rolled leisurely down King Street (for I had accompanied Ellen home), and again, during our evening promenade on the battery, I recognized it at once, and glanced inquiringly at Ellen; but it had evidently escaped her notice, for her eyes were turned in another direction, and I shrank from paining her by an allusion which I felt would be disagreeable. But I could not shake off the impression that the fiery eyes of the stranger were fixed at each meeting intensely upon the charming face of my aristocratic cousin: not as before, with a bold, free stare, assisted by the audacious eye-glass, but subdued to a respectful, and, as I interpreted it, admiring gaze!

What could this mean? Had he recognized her? I reflected, and feeling that that was impossible, at once conjectured that he was attracted by the brilliant beauty which shone forth, softened and mellowed, beneath the daintiness of her delicate mistletoe bonnet; and anxious to spare Ellen an unpleasant recognition, and secure her against any annoyance, I pleaded fatigue, and with a gesture to the servant, loitering indolently behind, we turned homeward.

As we passed up the steps, and were just upon the entrance, I had barely time to notice an approaching figure,—the same that I had twice before recognized, during the afternoon—and lingering for a moment in the vestibule, observed him through the side-light, as he passed and re-passed, pausing at each time, and directing his glass at the delicately inscribed door-plate.

Wondering much the object of this singular movement, I yet refrained from communicating it to Ellen, resolving to guard her closely from the possibility of future impertinence, but feeling that the unknown could be nothing more than a worthless adventurer, or more likely still, an unprincipled roué, and that to feel herself an object of attention from such a source would annoy, and perhaps alarm her; and so I continued silent, hoping to be troubled no further by even the sight of one upon whom I could only look with suspicion and contempt.

On the following day, however, as we were returning from an early drive, I again caught sight of the unwelcome face, and this time, to my utter amazement, from the family carriage of the Quirys.

"The Quirys," gasped I, as the face glinted mockingly before my eyes; "the Quirys—an old aristocratic English family, the ton of the city; then he must at least have a claim to respectability; who can he be!"

"What are you staring at, with that ghostly look?" interrupted Ellen, with an impatient toss of her fan; "one would suppose you had seen some frightful goblin, instead of the queenly Miss Emma Quiry. Why didn't you return her bow?"

"I? Did she bow? But who was the gentleman?" I asked, in my confusion.

"Ah, the gentleman! there's an excuse for your rudeness," laughed Ellen, with provoking humor; "shall I apologize to Miss Emily for you? But who *is* this gentleman, to have produced so marvellous an effect on my stately cousin? Perhaps an old lover surprised—"

"Pray, spare your conjectures; he is entirely unknown to me," I broke in, with an attempted remonstrance.

"Ah well, lack-a-day; I'm sorry then, if you've lost your heart to a stranger! He is probably Miss Emily's cousin, just over from London; the same who was such a lion here, during my northern trip, last summer; he is said to be very courtly and handsome, though I hadn't a glance at his face, for Miss Emily quite put him in the shadow, as she leaned forward to recognize us. But we shall see them, no doubt, at Madame Tiverton's, this evening; so don't pine in secret over your hopeless penchant, but make a fascinating toilet, and appear at the reunion; you cannot fail of success, rely upon it, my superb cousin."

Compelled to listen and laugh at Ellen's unmerciful raillery, I had but little time to reconcile in my own mind the conflicting phases of the stranger's appearance, or even to ask myself the perplexing question, "who can he be?" and when evening ushered us into the splendor of Madame Tiverton's magnificent rooms, I found myself wondering if I might not have mistaken the face, and whether it was indeed possible that the supposed cousin of the aristocratic Quirys could be guilty of the gross indelicacy and abuse from which my lovely cousin had suffered.

But I was speedily relieved of my uncertainty, for, as I sat conversing abstractedly with the lady at my side, and gazing admiringly at Ellen, who, being a beauty and a belle, was necessarily the star and centre of the brilliant circles, an announcement was made, and I immediately recognized in the approaching couple, the tall, elegant form of Miss Emily Quiry, and, as I doubted not, the rather portly, but somewhat noble figure of her cousin.

Would he prove the same?

A slight turn, as they paused to address the hostess, and I again encountered the familiar face, with its bold, handsome features, marred, however, in their fine effect, by the stamp of passion and lawless indulgence, which they distinctly bore; the identical face, as I was now convinced, of carriage, and promenade, and toll-bridge acquaintance.

How I longed now for a word of intelligence with Ellen, and how vainly I regretted my foolish reserve of the morning, as, after paying their respects to Madame Tiverton, I saw them make their way directly towards where she stood, engaged with a gentleman, who, though a new acquaintance, was evidently both interesting and prepossessing.

For a moment I feared that Ellen had forgotten both offence and offender, or would fail to identify him in the haughty form before her, and, as Miss Emily paused, and begged leave to present her cousin, Capt. George Radcliffe, of London, I scarcely doubted that she would receive him with extreme courtesy, both from previous prejudice in favor of this courted representative of English society, and as the relative of her highly valued friend. But my apprehensions were groundless. A single glance at Ellen, whose face assumed a passing expression of astonishment and disgust, assured me that she recognized him, for, bowing with a chilling dignity, but without extending her hand, and making a hurried excuse to Miss Emily, she took the arm of the gentleman by her side, and passing up the saloon, joined the dancers.

During the entire evening, the eyes of the young officer followed her with a restless earnestness, but she gave him no opportunity to approach her.

As we descended to the carriage, however, Miss Emily, either by accident or arrangement, was just passing to hers, attended by her cousin, and waited to exchange a few words, and wish us good night, with the reminder that we were to spend the approaching holidays with her at the Quiry plantation, in return for the last delightful Christmas season that she had passed with Ellen at Freterressa; indeed she could not be refused, seeing Ellen hesitate; she felt certain we would decide upon going; she would beg mama to come over and urge it; we could not resist her.

Capt. Radcliffe appeared as if much inclined to add his entreaties, but perhaps had the good sense to perceive that they would be offensive, and contented himself with handing me very politely to a seat in the barouche, and turning with great deference to assist Ellen, when, as she instinctively recoiled from his touch, and grasping a projection of the carriage attempted to enter unaided, a slight misstep brought her rudely to the ground; but almost instantly recovering herself before a hand could be extended to her aid, and without giving time for any inquiries, she sprang to a seat by my side, the door was closed, and the carriage rolled away.

Ellen hid her tears and vexation in my arms.

No, she was *not* hurt; she was only angry, distressed, astonished! That vile, insolent, vulgar boor, the elegant and courted Capt. Radcliffe—and the cousin, too, of the high-bred, fastidious Miss Emily Quiry? Monstrous—incredible! Could she ever again place confidence in the caste and exclusiveness of society! No! she would not go to Oglethorpe for the holidays, though she had anticipated them so much; nor would she again appear on the fashionable drive while that detestable wretch remained an inmate of the Quiry family, and consequently privileged to the Quiry equipage.

In the morning, however, after the refreshment of a quiet night's rest, her ideas of the disposal of herself bore a much more rational cast, and she was meditating an early airing, when a card was brought up, bearing the name of Capt. Geo. Radcliffe, accompanied by a message to the effect that Miss Emily, being quite indisposed, had desired him to call and inquire after the health of her friend, fearing she had sustained some injury from her fall of the previous evening.

For nearly five endless minutes, my brilliant little cousin sat thoughtfully poising the glittering, inoffensive pastehoard upon the tip of her delicate finger, regarding it with a look of intense contempt, and then, tossing it into the ruddy grate, and turning to the grinning attendant, to my extreme surprise, bade him show the gentleman up.

Ere Ellen had time to reply to my puzzled look, the obsequious Poladore ushered in Capt. Radcliffe, whose countenance was radiant with satisfaction, and perhaps it might have been, a slight smirk of triumph at his unexpected good fortune in this gracious reception from the lady last night so distant.

Bowing gracefully, and with an air of easy self-possession, he advanced and extended his hand to Ellen, who drew back haughtily, but without speaking.

"Nay, Miss Tobias," pleaded the gallant captain, apparently somewhat disconcerted by this movement, "pray allow me the coveted honor which you have not yet granted me, of touching with mine that enchanting hand."

"I think you mistake, sir. I believe you have already *had* that honor," coolly rejoined my cousin.

"Impossible!" he exclaimed, in surprise. "You forget that—although from my cousin's praises of her friend I had presumed to feel an interest in their fair object, and had dared to hope for your acquaintance,—yet, until last evening, I had never had the happiness of meeting you!"

"There, again, you are in the wrong. We have met *before* last evening, I blush to acknowledge."

The officer's handsome face crimsoned, and he hesitated—but for a moment.

"Indeed, my dear Miss Tobias, there must be some disagreeable mistake," he replied, now thoroughly astonished, as well at the words as the extraordinary manner of his imperturbable hostess; "will you have the kindness to explain where and when the supposed meeting occurred, that I may correct, if possible, whatever unjust prejudice it may have engendered."

"You were in America, last season?" questioned Ellen, quite unmoved by his earnestness.

"I was."

"And made a short northern tour, in company with an English friend?"

"Ah, I see. Is it possible?" he mused. "Could I have met you at the mountains, Miss Tobias?"

"You did not, sir."

"At Saratoga?" he ventured.

"No sir."

"I might have seen you at Newport, yet it is impossible; you must labor under mistake—pardon me, Miss Tobias, but had I once beheld that glorious face, I must have retained its image forever."

"But you did *not* retain it, merely because it appeared before you in the homely garb of honest industry! Sir, you met me first in the unpretending country town of B——, and in the humble person of the supposed gate-keeper, treated with such insufferable insolence and outrage by you and your rude companion, you little dreamed of recognizing the esteemed friend of your excellent cousin! May this show you in future, sir, the necessity of paying to every female, whether clad in the plain garb of poverty, or blazing in the splendor of jewels and ermine, that respect and deference which is universally due to womanhood, and which none but a nature of the lowest and basest order will ever withhold.

"Capt. Radcliffe, since you understand why I cannot again submit my hand to the pollution of your touch, allow me the pleasure of wishing you good morning."

Covered with confusion, and choking no doubt with smothered rage, the discomfited captain retreated precipitately, bowing hastily, as he did so, but with infinitely less self-possession and grace than at his entrance.

Capt. Radcliffe did not call again, and before the holidays commenced, we discovered his name in a morning paper, on the list of departures for Liverpool!

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

TO ABBY.

BY C. W. STEVENS.

O sing again, sweet sister, sing
The songs I love so well,
And let thy fingers glibly fling
The instrumental spell
Within my soul. Thy heart-strains seem
Like glorious hopes of gold—
Like mem'ries fresh of joys, that gleam
From hallowed days of old.

Of sylvan bards the magic notes,
And nature's hymn of praise;
The minstrel's gush, that weirdly floats,
Like heavenly music's blaze
From harps angelic skill sweeps o'er;
All these I've heard, yet they
Soon silent sink t' oblivion's shore,
But ne'er thy lingering lay.

At sweating toil, though far away,
My mind reverts to thee;
And once again the roundelay
Arouses joyous glee.
Then sing again, dear sister, sing
The songs I love so well,
And let thy fingers glibly wing
Again to me that spell.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

"WANTED—A PARTNER."

BY JOHN THORNBERRY.

It was all in vain that Mrs. Dudu had hitherto set her many traps, and lain her numerous snares, for the sake of securing a second husband. Not that she lacked beauty, or spirit, or any of those vivacious charms that are apt to entangle poor male mortals, before they really know what has happened to them. Not that she would not make a man who needed a wife, just as good a wife as he might have a decent right to expect. Nor again, that she was so destitute of fortune as not to be able to mellow masculine hearts in her dangerous society, by means of its peculiar influence upon men in pursuit of matrimonial engagements. But *luck* had been against her. That was all. Exactly the right kind of an offer had not yet happened to present itself.

She knew well enough of one poor fellow, who had been at the needless expense of a new suit of broadcloth, expressly on her account; and all, too, just by reason of the pretty little mohair morning-cap, be-bowed and rosetted, that she chanced to come down to breakfast in one fine rosy morning. She had remembered another whose bill at the seed and florist's depots could not have been anything trifling, say for a period of from two to four months during the winter. And there was the recollection of a third still, lingering like a not unpleasant savor in her mind, who had been in the habit of patronizing the livery men to a remarkably liberal extent, and of making her personally acquainted with all the pleasant drives and attractive stopping-places there were, in and about town. These things in themselves were pleasant enough; but they did not seem to have quite satisfied her.

And the younger sort of men seeing what very sorry work these unsuccessful experimenters had made with Mrs. Dudu, began prudently to draw off from an attack that promised little practical benefit to themselves, and so finally left the pretty young widow high and dry on the sands where the tide at its flattering full had carried her.

She had waited now for another husband quite long enough. Time was driving in the spurs as briskly as he could. The face would not always hold that freshness and plumpness. The eyes would not forever light up with that bright and bewitching sparkle. Something must be done, and done at once. So the widow fixed herself up with a brave resolution, and determined to accomplish the work that others had left her to perform alone. The mountain had no sort of an idea of going over to Mahomet; so Mahomet thought it might in the end amount to about the same thing, if he should step over to the mountain.

Mrs. Dudu had heard a good deal about the power and the chances of advertising, and knew somewhat—more than she was willing to tell, perhaps,—of those interesting paragraphs that relate to the subject of matrimony. She made up her mind, however, to keep close her own counsel, and when she should choose to make a desperate charge into the ranks of single gentlemen, to make it altogether on her own account. She was going into this business like the volunteer at the battle of New Orleans, who loaded and fired on military principles known to nobody but himself. If she should lose, or come off vanquished,—then there was no one to triumph over her unpublished defeat; but if she should happen to *win*—ah! too well did Mrs. Dudu know that the glory of the conquest would be only her own.

She watched the newspapers daily,—twice a day. She sniffed opportunities, as she thought, in paragraphs and advertisements that could have related by no possibility to anything of the kind. Finally, she began to study the column of Wants, to see if there might not lurk some trifling little trap there, unseen by the general eye, but set for just such a sharpened vision as her own. Then she rummaged among the Boarding list. And as a last resort, unsuccessful in all the rest, she jumped over the high fence that divides the casual personal notices in a newspaper from the stately and regular announcements of business, and went brushing about among the names of commerce as carelessly as a girl rambles here and there among the bushes, huckleberrying.

One evening in the autumn, while she sat with her snug little foot resting on the fender before her grate, leisurely conning over what there was new in the announcements of the day, her eyes stopped suddenly at an advertisement that made them kindle with quite an increased fire, considering the time of the day. This was the way the advertisement read:

"Wanted—A Partner.—The advertiser, having more business on his hands than he can properly transact, is desirous of taking a partner of capability,—preliminaries to be arranged on an interview. Call at No. 13, ——— Building, after four o'clock in the afternoon, for James Bankum."

That was all there was to it. Any one else would have thought it might offer a tolerably good chance to get into active business. Some might have thought it worth but little consideration, especially if they did not happen to know who James Bankum was. But least of all would a lady have been apt to bother her brains with such a straight forward, business notification, unless, perhaps, she was on the lookout for a chance to make an investment of her surplus funds; and even then, all idea of succeeding in this quarter would have been at once abandoned, since there was a distinct call for somebody who had active business capacities to put into the concern.

But the widow Dudu thought herself ingenious enough to make a point where none had been made before. She confided somewhat in her abilities as a skilful general. If this thing might be cutely turned into some other thing! If she might appear to the advertiser to have mistaken the exact meaning of his paragraph! —or, failing in that, if she might succeed even in confusing his thoughts by her taking presence, and cheating him unawares into admiration of herself and her bold-faced roguery!

But first she resolved to make a few quiet investigations into the circumstances and character of this Mr. Bankum: his circumstances first, of course,—his character afterwards. In a manner mysteriously round-about and perplexing, she succeeded in securing such important facts as the following: first, that Mr. Bankum was *unmarried*,—which was in fact quite a necessary preface to the conclusion she was aiming at: and secondly, that he was decidedly a man of *property*. These premises being granted, there was nothing for her to do but obey the classic injunction of that truest of all Yankee Americans,—Davy Crockett,—and "go ahead." And ahead she went, at a break-neck, never-stop-for-trifle speed, yet with tact, with skill, and altogether by herself.

Therefore the reader no doubt anticipates his much too slow chronicler, and has already seen the alluring widow Dudu trip down the street, turn the corner, push on till she came to the —— building where the desired interview was to be had, and pass briskly in. We have observed, likewise, that there was no hesitation in her manner; not the least symptom of indecision; no movement betraying a half concealed wish to turn back, or go by, or even to stop a moment for breath on the door-step. She was as punctual, too, as she was self possessed. Others might be there at a later hour than that: as for herself, she would secure the earliest interview, and have that, if possible, alone.

What a very bold push it was, to be sure! who would have conceived such a novel design as that, to get at the great want of her heart! What lady, in fact, would have *dared* enter upon so reckless a hazard, and to jeopardize almost all she had of self-respect, at a single nervous throw!

But Mrs. Dudu did not stop to look at matters in this light. She was a schemer,—a speculator in this business, from beginning to end. Once resolved, she was a person likely to stop only when she got to the end. Besides, there were the spurs of lost opportunities, of passing years, of fading beauty, and of sadly prolonged widowhood, perpetually pricking up her resolution. These goads she must not fail to obey: and if she obeyed them, then she must dash gallantly ahead.

She knocked smartly on the door of No. 13, and waited for a reply. Some one called to her to come in. But, wily creature that she was, in the swift instant that elapsed before she turned the door-handle, she had set herself about a clear analysis of the caller's voice! to know if it came bubbling up richly from his heart,— or was but a hollow echo from some empty chamber in his throat,—or again, if it took its prevailing tone from the nasal trump that proclaims a snuff taker's peace and good will to all men!

As she finally proceeded to open the door, there sat a rather corpulent, ruddy-faced, easy-looking citizen, half reclining in his easy chair, his thin hair brushed carelessly off his forehead, and a heavy bunch of rich seals lying contentedly in the great wrinkles of his broadcloth never-mention-'ems. He was a picture of fat, easy, contented comfort. He certainly must have climbed up the ladder of fortune a great ways above the reach of want, for that much was visible in his looks. And he must have been perfectly contented in his heart, for, short of that, no man could very well counterfeit the smile that lingered like a pleasant sunset about his mouth.

The widow took him in at a single good glance. He rose from his chair, asked her to be seated in another, and cheerfully waited to know to what happy circumstance he was indebted for the company of so very pretty a woman. Nor was she at all dilatory in making him and the aforesaid circumstance rather better acquainted. Yet not before she had dexterously detected that he was much interested in her, already, and evidently would have no objection to pursuing that feeling a good ways further along.

"I see, sir," said she, giving him such a winning look as only she, of all other young widows, knew how, "that you have advertised in the Journal for a *Partner!*"

"Ah,—yes,—yes, madam," he returned, his countenance lighting up, and immediately becoming perplexed again, to know how *she* could be interested in such a thing.

For a moment the widow seemed to hesitate; yet never dropping her eyes from those of the fine looking Mr. Bankum. Then her little foot, just peeping out beyond the hem of her skirt, began a drumming on its own account. And in her face she designedly wore one of the oddest, and funniest, yet most captivating expressions that ever was seen. The merchant visibly confessed to its mysterious magnetism. But Mrs. Dudu was artfully waiting for *him* to proceed now. So he thought he must.

"It would be necessary for such a person to have some little capital, for security's sake at least," said he. "Your husband, perhaps," he added, inquiringly.

Another of those winning looks, together with a very slight shake of the head, brought him down.

"Ah," said he, lifting his eye-brows, and admiring her more than ever, "your son then?"

"I have none,—neither son nor husband," replied she, taking care that he should not fail to see what fine white teeth she had.

A pause: during which the merchant began to fidget and twirl his seals. "Neither husband nor son!" thought he. "What *can* it be then? It certainly can't be *herself:* for if she's got capital, she can't take hold of business herself! I wonder!" And well he might.

"Do you propose, then," he blandly asked her, blushing as he did so, in spite of himself, "to go into bus—— to make an investment *yourself?*"

Now the widow feigned astonishment indeed. "Go into business!" she exclaimed, in a dreadfully soft little scream. "I don't understand you! What is it you mean?"

"Why," returned Mr. Bankum, confused beyond what a true business man ever allows himself to be, "did you read my advertisement?"

"Certainly, sir! I have it with me! I'm sure, I *thought* I understood it! I do not see how there could be any mistake!"

"But did you suppose, madam," asked he, in the blandest voice he had in his throat, "that I had any other than a purely *business* transaction in view?" It was astonishing how very red the poor man's face had grown.

"O, *dear*, dear!" the widow feigned to shriek. "What a *mistake* I have made! What shall I do! I'm undone! O, I'm undone! I thought—I thought—it—was an—a—an offer of —of MARRIAGE!" And upon the instant, she pretended most artfully to faint nearly away.

Seeing this, and pitying a frail woman in her helplessness, and, thinking too, that the mortifying mistake might have been at best the result of his own hasty way of advertising, and not knowing in fact what he had done, he sprang from his chair, poured a glass of water, and hastened to relieve the beautiful stranger in her distress. But never would she revive until she had given him a fair opportunity to see what a lovely form was hers, and challenged the deepest sympathies of his heart by the sight of her prolonged distress. The man was conquered at last, and Mrs. Dudu slowly came back to herself.

Then, on seeing into what a sad mistake she had seemingly fallen, she made as if to go off again in a new fainting fit: and this so frightened the merchant that he hastened to be more attentive than ever, standing beside her and supporting her swaying figure. "O, don't *tell* of this! Pray keep my secret! O, if the *world* but knew of this!" she moaned.

"I beg you not to worry for that, my dear madam," said he, with a great deal of feeling, and unaffected feeling, too. "It shall never, never go out of this room!" and much more to the same effect.

Immediately, therefore, she grew better. She swallowed some water, and thought now that she might venture to sit alone. But she was careful to wear still that distressed look upon her face, for by that did she hope to conquer. And she did.

Mr. Bankum soon got a carriage, and had her driven round home again. He insisted on her giving her name to him, as well as the street and number; which she did, but only with becoming hesitation. He handed her into the carriage, bade her good afternoon, and went back into his room to think upon it. The thinking made him serious; and the very next evening he called on her, though without alluding to the yesterday's adventure. She was rather expecting him, of course; and as he greeted her, he certainly thought he never saw a sweeter woman in his life, nor a lovelier, and that was what she meant to make him think. The calls grew frequent. They were protracted on each occasion. Until, only the other day, the Journal stated under an appropriate head, that Mr. Bankum had finally got the PARTNER he WANTED so much,—the "preliminaries" having been "settled" on previous personal interviews,—and that both parties to the new contract had taken a little trip out of town, the better to enter on an acquaintance so accidentally begun!

SEVENTH SON OF A SEVENTH SON.

We had an Irish boy in our office, who went of errands, etc. He occasionally came late, for which he varied his excuses. At last its frequency occasioned me to speak very sharply, when he replied, "I wouldn't help it, sir, I'm sure I wouldn't; I've only been on an act o' mercy." "What act of mercy?" "Ye see, sir, I'm a seventh of a seventh, an' I touches for sickness, an' I've bin to two childer this morn, sir, a long way." What I gathered from him was this:—It was necessary that he should touch fasting; that his hand should be crossed with silver (generally a shilling), though from the very poor a fourpence would suffice, and from the rich half a crown was necessary, and that his charge should not be questioned. The boy was very ignorant; he looked upon me as worse than a heretic for smiling, and admitted that his "practice" yielded him more than his situation at our office. He was from Connaught; was a posthumous child, which he considered made the touch more efficacious.—*Notes and Queries.*

WILLIAM WARREN, THE COMEDIAN.

The accompanying portrait was drawn expressly for the Pictorial by Mr. Charles Barry, from a photograph by Whipple & Black, and is a faithful likeness of a gentleman deservedly considered as one of the first comic actors of the day. His father, William Warren, a very popular performer, was born in Bath, England, and made his first appearance on the American stage at the Chestnut Street Theatre, Philadelphia, in 1796, as the "Friar" in Romeo and Juliet. His performance of "Falstaff" was the most noted of his impersonations. For a number of years he was manager of the Chestnut Street Theatre, but retired from that position in 1829. His death occurred in 1832. His son, the subject of our sketch, was born in Philadelphia in 1817, and made his first appearance at the Arch Street Theatre, in that city, in 1832, as "Young Norval," the same part in which his father made his debut at the outset of his career, under the management of Biggs, a provincial Crummles. Mr. Warren rose rapidly in his profession as a comedian. In 1841, he was introduced to a New York audience as "Gregory Grizzle," in "My Young Wife and My Old Umbrella." In 1845 he visited England and played at the Strand Theatre, London. His first appearance in this city was at the Howard Athenæum, where he immediately became a favorite, eight or nine years since. The ensuing season he was enrolled in the corps of Manager Kimball, and has remained at the Museum ever since, a universal favorite, and one of the principal attractions of the establishment. While Mr. Warren has less versatility than a few eminent low comedians we remember, as, for instance, Finn among the past, and Burton among the present, in a certain, and by no means limited range of character, he is unapproachable. We first saw him as "Master Solomon," in the "Stranger." It is not much of a part, *per se*, but as he moulded and filled it, it assumed a prominence and importance and was invested with a ludicrous richness of which we had never dreamed it capable. Most admirably, too, does he present the asinine gravity of Dogberry. Every blunder of that immortal functionary, every trait of his character is admirably rendered. Mr. Warren is noted for his textual fidelity, following the advice that Hamlet gives to the players to "speak no more than is set down for them." He never laughs "to set on some quantity of barren spectators to laugh too," unless the stage direction authorizes it. There is indeed no occasion for it, for his dry humor, his expression, his "make up," are enough to set the house "on a roar" whenever he appears. Warren is especially great in eccentric low comedy, particularly in those *roles* which have a dash of the lachrymose, as, for instance, "Billy Lackaday" in "Sweethearts and Wives." We have seen many representations of that unfortunate young "toodling," who was "'ung up at the sign of the 'og in armor," but never one whose ludicrous miseries so moved our risibles as Warren's. In the expression of his countenance there is "a whole Iliad of comic woe." The lugubrious hero of "Wilful Murder" also receives ample justice at his hands. It is in such characters, the eccentries, that Warren shines pre-eminently, while everything he does, he does well and acceptably. His mere appearance on the stage is always welcomed with hearty applause, and is the harbinger of general good humor among the audience. One of the principal annoyances to which a stock actor is subject, is the necessity of frequently filling uncongenial and indifferent parts. Mr. Warren has his share of these, but his rich native humor invests them with a charm that makes the worst of them go down. His stage individuality is so provocative of mirth, that the *toujours perdrix* finds its exception in his case. It is always Warren—you cannot mistake the voice and the air—but we ask for nothing better than Warren, and are quite content. Matthews and Finn could change their features and their voices—Warren has not this Protean faculty. In this respect he is like Liston, but the London public never complained that Liston was always the same. They could not see too much of him—neither can we see too much of Warren. Abernethy's prescription for many of the "ills that flesh is heir to," was, "Go and see Grimaldi!" With equal confidence can we recommend "Seeing Warren," as the "sovereignst thing on earth" for the blues, for the spleen, for hypochondria, or any phase of low spirits, mental discouragement, or ennui. Kimball might safely make a standing offer of a high premium for every sour face in his auditorium while Warren is on the stage, without the slightest risk of having to write a single order on his treasurer. Ourself an old play-goer, and given rather to internal merriment over what tickles our fancy, rarely indulging in that boisterous demonstration of hilarity which is but as the "crackling of thorns under the pot," we charge it upon William Warren that he has many a time and oft caused us to break forth in noisy guffaws, accompanied by tears of delight. If Mr. Warren played at the Boston Theatre he would infallibly ruin the stockholders. In this wise: to laugh and grow fat are cause and effect. In a few weeks the habitués of the theatre would become so corpulent that the iron-armed chairs could not contain them, and they would abandon the house from sheer necessity. We have spoken of Mr. Warren in his professional capacity; let us add that in private life he is a gentlemanly, retiring man, of more than respectable scholastic attainments, and held in high regard by those who are honored by his friendship and acquaintance. We have heard him spoken of by those in whom we place the greatest confidence, in a manner of which any man might be justly proud. Mr. Kimball's excellent judgment and liberality in catering for the public, has been manifested in nothing more strikingly than the enrollment of Mr. Warren in his dramatic corps.

WILLIAM WARREN, OF THE BOSTON MUSEUM.

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, DETROIT, MICHIGAN

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, DETROIT, MICH.

The accompanying engraving, drawn expressly for our Pictorial, is an accurate representation of the new Fort Street Presbyterian church, in Detroit, of which the Rev. Henry Neill, late of Lenox, Ms., is the pastor. Its admirable proportion and rich and chaste ornamentation, render it worthy of a particular description. It is situated on the corner of Fort and Third Streets, and near the Michigan Central Railroad depot. It is built of limestone from the quarries at Malden, C. W., about twenty miles distant. It is one of three new Presbyterian churches lately erected in that city. The great increase of population in Detroit within a few years, and consequently to the number of Presbyterians, warranted the society, upon the loss of their house of worship, which was destroyed by fire in January 1854, in dividing and organizing three churches. The subject of our engraving is from the designs of Messrs. O. and A. Jordan, of Detroit, and executed under the superintendence of Mr. A. Jordan. It is built in the early decorated style of Gothic architecture. The principal tower is on the northwest corner, and there is a small tower on the northeast corner, and a centre tower in the front gable. The face work all round is of rubble stone laid in even course, having all the pinnacles, moulded jambs and arches, tracery and the other trimmings throughout executed in cut stone. The main tower is carried up to the height of one hundred feet, flanked on the corners with heavy projecting buttresses, finishing against the belfry story in an octagonal form, and continued up above the parapet in crocketed pinnacles. The spire rises to the height of one hundred and thirty feet above the tower, octagonal in form and enriched in the angles with boldly carved crockets. From the pinnacles on the four corners of the tower, spring flying buttresses to the corners of the spire, pierced with pointed openings and having crocketed parapets. The front of the church is richly decorated with carved tracery; the hoods to the windows are boldly crocketed, and the gable surmounted with an embattled parapet. There are also two niches, one on each side of the large window. The front door porch has a projection of six feet, having buttresses on the corners, and finished with a carved parapet in the gable. The centre tower is carried up with octagonal buttresses on the corners, finishing with crocketed pinnacles. The small tower terminates with a lantern two stories high, each story being pierced with eight openings. There are four main entrance chambers, two in the main tower, one in the front porch, and one in the small tower; opening into a vestibule, sixty feet long and twenty feet wide, through which the audience room is reached. This chamber is ninety feet long and sixty feet wide, lighted on each side by six pointed windows, and a circular window in the rear wall over the pulpit, all filled with elegant tracery and glazed with richly stained glass. It is covered with an open roof, supported by six trusses, spanning across the building; the panels of ceiling between the trusses, as also the trusses themselves, are ornamented with tracery up to the ridge, which is seventy-two feet above the floor. The rear of the room is ornamented with a handsome screen against the wall, having an overhanging canopy above the pulpit, richly carved and decorated. There are no galleries except for the choir, which is over the vestibule, and in which is placed by far the largest and most powerful organ in the city, built by Mr. George Stevens, of Cambridge, Mass., at a cost of upwards of $4000. The audience chamber is divided by three aisles, and contains one hundred and sixty pews, capable of seating one thousand people. For evening service, it is lighted by twelve massive chandeliers, two supported from pendants in each roof truss, and forming a very pleasing *coup d' œil*. The basement story is twelve feet high in the clear, and contains a lecture room with seats for four hundred persons, Sabbath and infant school rooms. pastor's study, and two furnace and fuel rooms. The edifice, with all its finishings has been completed at a cost of $70,000.

BOOKS.

A learned writer says of books:—They are masters who instruct us without rods or ferules, without words or anger, without bread or money. If you approach them, they are not asleep; if you seek them, they do not hide; if you blunder, they do not scold; if you are ignorant, they do not laugh at you. Few things are more entertaining than to pore over a book-stall. There are few here as they have them in Europe, in the open street, where a passer-by may saunter, look at the various titles, or dip into a volume. This is rather to be lamented for loungers, ay, even for book worms, as great lovers of books are called. The latter person often seeks works that are not to be found elsewhere, and is often treated with novelty amid old musty rubbish that no one could ever suppose contained anything new. And then you are smitten by the cheapness, or what you think is cheapness; for be it known, that whenever you see a book you like, and are determined to buy, it is always cheap. A book does not come to you as an intruder. You seek it; and by reflecting as you read, you hold converse with a new acquaintance; you compare each other's minds without danger of violent collision. If you do not approve of what he says, you turn from him quietly, without hard words passing. If you approve, you dwell upon the expressions and read them over again. Here is at once a double pleasure. La Bruyere says: "When a person of feeling and discernment reads a book, and it excites in him elevated thoughts, he may know the work is good, and he needs no other mode of proving it."

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL.

THE CHEAPEST WEEKLY PAPER IN THE WORLD.

MATURIN M. BALLOU, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.
FRANCIS A. DURIVAGE, ASSISTANT EDITOR.

SPLENDID DESIGNS.

We shall present our readers in number one of the new volume, a large two page engraving, drawn expressly for us by *Billings*, representing the ever memorable Battle of New Orleans; as that number of our paper will be issued nearly on the anniversary of this national event. This will be one of the finest wood engravings ever executed in America. We have also others of the same colossal size, under way for the new volume. The second one of this mammoth and elegant series, will be from the same artistic pencil, and will represent the triumphant entrance of Gen. Scott and the American army into the city of Mexico. The third engraving of this large series will be a bird's-eye view of the city of Boston, drawn especially for us and minutely correct, so that every dwelling-house or public building, within the scope of vision can be at once recognized. This picture will be immensely valuable for preservation. We have resolved to render our paper unequalled in the world, for artistic excellence and intrinsic value.

NIGGARDLY FARMERS.—There are a good many agriculturists, getting smaller every day, though, who are afraid to invest money in their business. They are constantly robbing their soil. The money they draw from it they invest in stocks, loans, and other ways. They should remember that no bank is safer than a land-bank, or pays higher dividends. If you have spare cash, you can't do better than to invest it in manure and trees.

ROUND THE WORLD.—George B. Weston, a young man of twenty-one, belonging to Belchertown in this State, has started on a rather extensive tour, as he intends to visit Europe, Asia Minor, Palestine, Egypt, Arabia, India, Burmah, China, Japan, Australia, Valparaiso and the Isthmus of Panama, before he comes back again. Good luck to him!

DIABOLICAL.—One or two attempts have been made lately to throw trains of cars off the track by placing obstructions on the rail. A man capable of doing this deserves to have his head secured to the rail just before an express train is due.

APPOINTMENT.—James M. Love has been appointed Judge of the United States Court of Iowa; so that Sir Walter Scott had a prophetic vision when he wrote: "Love rules the Court."

BOSTON.—Statistics continue to show that this is the healthiest city on the continent of America.

THE PRIZE OFFER.—Keep this matter in mind.

SPLINTERS.

.... A Mr. Thomas has been amusing himself by shooting porpoises off Quincy—first time porpoises died of quinsey.

.... There has been great activity in our various navy yards. Nothing like being ready against anything which may turn up.

.... The Collins steamers now sail from New York on alternate Saturdays. They're the finest boats in the world.

.... Preparations are making to rebuild Minot's Ledge Lighthouse. It will be 87 feet high, and as massive as the Eddystone.

.... The allied army has 13,000 horse in the Crimea; but they wont accomplish much this season. Winter is hard on horses.

.... The London Illustrated News thinks this country has been bought up by Russian gold. What an asinine idea!

.... Thackeray says there was nothing of George IV. but wig, stock, coat and waistcoat—quite a tailor's-man, in short.

.... Meagher, the Irish patriot and exile, has married a blooming lady of Orange county, in the State of New York.

.... The Supreme Court have decided that three sprees in six months does not constitute common drunkenness.

.... The British consul at Cologne has been found guilty of enlisting Prussians for England. Comfort for Crampton.

.... The lovers of the "filthy weed" are mourning over the deficiency of the tobacco crops this year. Oak leaves are plentiful.

.... Barnum has added to his curiosities the saw-horse that ran a race with the nightmare.

.... The reason why people are ready to offer advice is because it's never taken. It is perfectly safe to offer it.

.... A blind negro boy near Columbus, Georgia, can play the most difficult piece on the piano after once hearing it.

.... The cholera in the East has destroyed more soldiers than Frederick the Great ever brought into the field in his time.

.... Homesickness is said to be the predisposing cause of nearly all the maladies in the Crimea. No wonder.

.... Somebody, we don't know who, says that a pretty woman is one of the institutions of the country.

.... A Frenchman said of Shakspeare, "Ven you find anyzing you no understau, it is always somesing fine."

.... Furs are all the fashion again, and cheap, too—only two thousand dollars for a set of Russian sables.

.... Baron Dietrich, of Vienna, lately left his grandson, Prince Sulkowski, nine millions—enough to buy handsome mourning.

.... George H. Barrett recently retired from the stage. It was about time; he had played his parts well for fifty years.

.... A meeting is on foot in New York to establish an asylum for inebriates—an excellent project.

ENGLAND AND OUR COUNTRY.

It is now some weeks since the London "Times," the "Thunderer," as it delights to be called, endeavored to stir up bad blood in England and this country, by the publication of a sort of belligerent manifesto, *apropos* of the sending of some British line-of-battle ships to different stations in this hemisphere. The article, to which we alluded at the time, and to which we again refer for the purpose of introducing some reflections which its calm consideration suggests, had a twofold motive. It was partly designed to create a "sensation" (for the "Times" is eminently a "sensation paper"), and partly put forth as a sort of feeler of the British pulse—probably not entirely without the secret connivance of Lord Palmerston, whose pugnacity is proverbial. But the "Thunderer" overshot his mark; the projector of the shot was wounded by the recoil of the piece. The reception of that article in England, and the subsequently altered tone of the "Times," have shown conclusively that the British government cannot make war on this country with the consent and approbation of the people. They see, if the ministry do not, that such a war, fratricidal in its character, would be fatal in its issue to the prosperity of Great Britain. And while there may be no lack of *pretexts* for a declaration of war against us on the part of Great Britain, she certainly has no *good cause* for plunging the two nations in war.

If diplomatists and statesmen do not complicate and aggravate our international relations, there is no reason why the most friendly intercourse and the most friendly feeling should not subsist between the two countries. Our business connection is intimate—our commerce is reciprocal—in the higher exchanges of literature and science we are enjoying mutual benefits. We Americans are proud of our English origin; we are proud to acknowledge that the germ of the priceless independence we enjoy was planted on our shores by English colonists, who derived their views of republican independence and equality from English charters and the British constitution. We are proud to speak the language of Shakspeare, and to claim our part in the heritage of glory bequeathed to the race by such men as Hampden and Milton.

The London "Times" complains of a want of sympathy on our part, but it brings no proof to sustain the charge. We have criticised the conduct of the war in the East—so has the London "Times"—so have the British presses and the British people generally. Our sympathy, it is true, did not extend to the violation of the neutrality laws by the enlistment of troops for the English service on our territory, as undertaken by British agents, and sanctioned by the British minister at Washington—for that would have been *fillibustering;* and it is this very charge of countenancing fillibustering that the London "Times" so falsely brings against us.

The London "Times," among other things, professed to anticipate (we will not insult it by saying to fear) an invasion of Ireland from our shores. If there were any sincerity in this absurd anticipation, we and every honest American journal can assure the "Times," that its apprehensions are groundless. England has nothing of the sort to guard against, *so long as she is at peace with this country.* Deeply as we sympathize with Ireland's wrongs—at her heavy burthens—at the persecution of her religion at the hands of England—we shall not countenance anything like an invasion of English territory, while we are at peace with Great Britain. Of course, in the event of a war (which we believe impossible), the invasion of Ireland, and that, too, by an overwhelming force, would be one of the very first retaliatory movements.

We regard with indignation the whisper of a war with England. We read with indignation any inflammatory article, on whichever side of the Atlantic it is written. We are tired of boasts about "whipping" and "flogging;" they are unworthy of brave nations, inconsistent with the spirit of the age. Still, since the question has been boldly broached, we are compelled to say seriously, that a war between the two countries would be the most direful calamity for England that ever befell her. We have twice met her in arms, and successfully coped with all her might; the first time, a handful of struggling colonists, the second time, an infant republic. Our consummate empire now extends from the Atlantic to the Pacific; we are twenty-five millions strong, we have more ports than she has ships; we have exhaustless granaries, exhaustless gold mines, exhaustless supplies of raw material, and unrivalled skill in manufactures, while our mercantile marine could at any moment furnish a navy that would sweep the ocean. Severely as a war would be felt by individuals, it would not fall heavily upon our nation at large.

But with all these resources, our policy and our wish is peace—peace with England, peace with the world. We have no need of fighting for fame; our military glory is unchallenged. We have not "drawn the sword without cause, nor sheathed it with dishonor." In the words of Jackson, "We ask for nothing that is not clearly right, but will submit to nothing wrong." If England should blindly rush into a war with us, she would find that her reliance on our political differences, of which some of her journals have spoken, is utterly groundless. As peace gives rise with us to political divergencies, so war unites us as one man. When a single hostile gun is fired, we know "no north, no south, no east, no west;" no watchword but "our country," no battle-cry but "death to the invader."

VALENTINE AND ORSON.—This popular old nursery tale has been done into a drama by an eminent hand—Mr. Cowell of the Boston Theatre,—and the Museum people are doing it nightly, with new scenery and gorgeous costumes, to the delight of both young and old.

FOR SENDING BY MAIL.—Ballou's Pictorial may always be had at the counter of our publishing office, neatly and securely wrapped up, to send to a distance, at six cents each.

A FAMILY PAPER.

The influence exerted by a good family paper in a home circle is almost incalculable. One of the first duties of a parent is to make home happy: to combine, if possible, amusement with instruction, and there is no surer way of doing this than by supplying the fireside with a good family paper. In such a paper there should be food for every mind, in each stage of development. Politics and polemics, every jarring topic should be rigidly excluded from its columns. It should be national, not sectional, and cosmopolitan in spirit. It should reflect, as far as space will allow, the busy movement of the great world, with glimpses of its poetry, as well as its reality. The day has gone by when a rigid severity debarred the young from those enjoyments which a true culture of the imagination supplies. The interesting tale, the absorbing romance, are now found to exert happy influences, when mingled with the discussion of graver themes. Such a paper, various in its contents, with illustrations of the scenery and visible objects of which it treats, is a welcome and reliable addition, we will not say to home luxuries, but to home comforts. It suggests topics of conversation; it provokes in the young an inquiring spirit, it adds insensibly to their stores of information, without coming in the severe guise of a teacher. It satisfies—if its scope be broad and liberal enough—the yearnings for travel which many entertain who can never have those longings gratified. In a word, such a family paper proves a family friend; and the failure to receive their accustomed weekly sheet would be regarded by hundreds of thousands in this country as a positive calamity.

CONSTRUCTIVE INSULTS.—A word often passes for a blow in polite society, when the intention is to bring on a deadly encounter. "Consider yourself horse-whipped," says a Bobadil who is fishing for a challenge. An irritable gentleman, at table, one time, exclaimed to a quieter antagonist, "consider yourself struck, sir." "Consider yourself killed," was the rejoinder.

WHALING NEAR HOME.—Not long since, a whale—a fin-back—made his appearance off Provincetown, and an adventurous party set out to capture him. He snapped the harpoon line, however, and escaped, with the souvenir sticking in his back.

PARTICULAR NOTICE.—Our readers will excuse us for urging upon them the importance of renewing their subscriptions *at once*, thus enabling us to know how large an edition to print for the new year.

MAMMOTH SAFE.—This item is going the rounds of the papers. We are glad the mammoth is safe, and hope Barnum will have him on exhibition. We thought the species was extinct.

☞ Two more numbers close the present volume.

MARRIAGES.

In this city, by Rt. Rev. Bishop Eastburn, Mr. George W. Booth to Miss Mary B. Pierce; by Rev. Dr. Stow, Mr. E. Everett Fuller, of Taunton, to Miss Louisa T. Perkins, of Raynham; Mr. Harrison B. Perkins, of Raynham, to Miss Sarah A. Bartlett, of Bridgewater; by Rev. Mr. Clark, Mr. Elijah H. Ryder to Miss Ann M. Burdakin; by Rev. Dr. Gannett, Mr. Thomas C. A. Linzee to Miss Sarah P. Torrey; by Rev. Dr. Vinton, Mr. James F. Gay to Miss Sarah Augusta Shepard, of Albany; by Rev. Mr. Blaikie, Mr. Alexander Corbett to Mrs. Catherine Hall.—At Charlestown, by Rev. Mr. Lambert, U. S. N., Albert B. Bowers Esq., of New York, to Miss Virginia Slamm.—At Chelsea, by Rev. Mr. Whitney, Mr. Malcolm Chandler, of Brighton, to Miss Ellen L. Gilman.—At Jamaica Plain, by Rev. Mr. Lincoln, Mr. A. P. Earl to Miss Susan Davis.—At Stoneham, by Rev. Mr. Smithett, of Boston, Mr. James Grundy to Miss Sarah Gaskin, of Milton.—At Lowell, by Rev. Mr. Dadmun, Mr. Asa S. Libby to Miss Sarah Martin.—At Braintree, by Rev. Dr. Storrs, Mr. Ebenezer Roby to Miss Augusta A. Niles.—At Leominster, by Rev. Mr. Bronson, Mr. Horace E. Wheeler to Miss Maria A. Tolman.—At Hardwick, by Rev. Mr. Tupper, Mr. Harmon C. Spooner to Miss Harriet E. Browning.—At Sippican, by Rev. Mr. Vose, Mr. Alonzo M. Jenney, of Marion, to Miss Mary Hiller, of Rochester.—At New York, by Rev. Mr. Cooke, Mr. William S. Gerrish, of Portland, Me., to Miss Hannah C. Bailey.

DEATHS.

In this city, Mr. George J. Dexter, 57; Mr. Cyrus Alger, Jr., 33; Miss Susan M. Colby, 20; Mr. Charles C. Brown, 21; Mrs. Zebiah R., wife of Mr. W. F. Tyler 51.—At Charlestown, Rev. Thaddeus Fiske, D. D., 93; Mrs. Sarah E. C. Ranney, 32; Mr. Edwin Bradley, 50; Mr. John Wesson, 54.—At Roxbury, Mr. Charles W. Taber, 25.—At Cambridgeport, Mr. Horace W. Herbert, 50.—At Cambridge, Miss Cordelia C. Tufts, 17.—At Milton Railway, Mrs. Harriet A., wife of Rev. Edwin Leonard, 22.—At South Danvers, Mr. Roland Wade, 74; Miss Mary Ingersoll Proctor, 30.—At Ipswich, Widow Mary Burnham, 88.—At Somerville, Mrs. Mary P. Horton, 53.—At Sutton, Mr. Peter Stockwell, 71.—At Lowell, Mr. Alfred Edwin Hinds, 24.—At Rowley, Widow Mary Smith, 86.—At Newburyport, Mr. John Torry, 26; Widow T. Davenport, 77.—At Fitchburg, Mrs. Ellen Jaquith 25; Miss Joanna Bennett, 27.—At Belchertown, Mr. Mark Doolittle, 74.—At Framingham, Mr. Henry Morse, 24.—At Dana, Mr. Azuba W. Gleason, 20; Mr. Enoch Barrows, 80.—At Millbury, Mr. Palma Richardson, 63.—At Worcester, Mr. David Fay, 57; Mr. Walter L. Pike, 19.—At Winchendon, Mr. Seth Tucker, 98.—At Fairhaven, Widow Judith Russell, 90.—At Holmes's Hole, Capt. George Hobbs, of Eastport, Me., 30.—At Nantucket, Mrs. Mary Ross, 78.—At West Killingly, Conn., Dea. Daniel Fitch, a soldier of the revolution, 94.—At Castine, Capt. Leonard S. Whiting, 42.—At Camden, Me., Mrs. Sarah, wife of the late William Parkman, Esq., 84.—At Brooklyn, N. Y., Mrs. Ann Rogers Allston, 74.

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Published every SATURDAY, by M. M. BALLOU,
CORNER OF TREMONT AND BROMFIELD STS., BOSTON.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

FALL OF THE LEAF.

BY MATURIN M. BALLOU.

The closing hours of Autumn's golden reign,
The fading flowers, and withered, falling leaves,
But mirror forth of our own lives the wane,
For we are gathered as the ripened sheaves.

Departed is the green and odorous bloom—
So lately clothed the valley and hillside;
The pallid grass but addeth to the gloom
Which naked branches herald far and wide.

And so my heart will don its weeds and weep,
As sadly fades the pale, descending year;
However silently its counsel keep,
Yet o'er the lesson can but drop a tear!

[Translated for Ballou's Pictorial from the Hindostanee.]

WHO KILLED HASSAN?

A STORY OF THE EAST.

More than a thousand years ago, there lived in Bagdad a young man of fortune named Hassan. He had no distinct occupation; but his noble birth, his boundless wealth, and, above all, his superior abilities, developed as they were by an excellent education, caused his name to be respected and his influence to be felt among all classes. Young Hassan was by no means ignorant of his varied powers; on the contrary, his greatest fault was an overweening pride, which too often led him on to overstep the boundaries of prudence and even of decorum.

The caliph had a young son for whom he wished to obtain a suitable instructor. It was his only child, and was heir-apparent to the throne. Numerous applications had been made for the honorable position of his teacher; but the caliph was a man of no common discernment, and one whose own learning was well calculated to detect the shallow and superficial claims of most of the competitors for this distinction. At length, to bring the matter to a definite end, he issued an *ishtihar*, or proclamation, by which he invited all the learned men in the world to present themselves at court on a certain day, prepared to give any evidence of their learning that he should see fit to require of them.

On the day appointed, nearly a hundred were assembled at the palace. Though not yet past his twenty-fourth year, Hassan did not hesitate to appear on this occasion in the throng of gray-headed men, who had hastened from Egypt and India, from Greece and Spain. But in Bagdad itself, near the house of Hassan, lived a devout worshipper of Allah, named Tainabi. So celebrated was the learning of this holy man that multitudes flocked daily to hear the words of wisdom that fell from his lips. This moollah was a benevolent old man of threescore years. He was tall and powerfully built, and, notwithstanding his age, was possessed of uncommon bodily strength. Hassan alone held this venerable man in contempt. Being unacquainted with him, and being personally quite ignorant of his learning, Hassan was prompted by jealousy to treat the popular reports of his wisdom with distrust and ridicule.

When the examinations at the royal palace were concluded, the *munadi*, or herald, announced to the competitors that "a thousand golden ashrafi would be distributed among their honors, after which they would no longer be detained at court; that the commander of the faithful had appointed as tutor to his royal son the most worshipful moollah, Tainabi." On hearing this announcement, says the Arabian chronicler, the haughty heart of Hassan was stung by the scorpions of rage and envy.

Not long after this event, Tainabi determined, one day, to visit for a few hours the house of his brother Abdulkhan, a wealthy banker of Bagdad, who lived, however, several miles from the city, in an elegant mansion on the banks of the Tigris. Surrounding the abode of Abdulkhan, was a garden, where, in the words of the poet Firdusi, "the rose always bloomed; where the borders were filled with tulips and hyacinths. The air there was ever sweet; the avenues richly adorned. The trees were always green, and nightingales warbled without ceasing among their branches; while antelopes sported on the velvety knolls."

It was evening, and the setting sun strewed the darkening earth with pearls and rubies as Tainabi entered this garden. He was advancing towards the house, when he heard the following words proceeding, apparently, from a jessamine bower near his left hand: "By the vaulted arches which guard thine eyes, O, Saleem! and by thy delicate form; by the shining majesty of thy face, and by the gloomy darkness of thy hair; by thy languid eyes which ravish the sun, and by thy raven ringlets; by the roses and lilies which bloom on thy cheek; by the live carnation of thy smiling lips, and by thy teeth of dazzling pearl; by the scent of thy fragrant tresses, and by the streams of wine and honey that flow from thy speaking lips; by thy neck, like that of a roebuck; by thy stature, like that of a cypress; by thy bosom, swelling and rounded like a pomegranate; by the gentleness of thy manners, the truth of thy words, and the nobility of thy birth; by all the beauties and all the graces with which thou art crowned, I swear that the perfume of musk is less pleasing to me than that of thy tresses; that to me the breath of zephyrs is less fragrant than thine; that the sun in his noon is less brilliant than thy cheek,—the moon less beautiful than thy fair brow!"

It was Hassan talking to Saleem, the daughter of Abdulkhan, and it must be acknowledged that no Arabian sonneteer could have exaggerated the charms of this beautiful maiden. The moollah only smiled, and passed on in silence. He had not been long in the house, when Hassan himself entered to take leave of Abdulkhan, as he was about to return to Bagdad. On beholding Tainabi, he scowled darkly, and without deigning to bestow another look upon him, he strode fiercely out of the house.

"Bismillah!" thought he; "the old shallow pate has come to meddle here, too. But, by the prophet's silver beard, he shall rue his insolence!"

He walked rapidly along the margin of the stream, until he reached a point where a sudden bend of the river to the east caused it to leave the road, which continued in a southerly direction towards the city. Here Hassan stopped, and leisurely concealed himself in a thick clump of bushes which partly overhung the water. The meaning of this singular proceeding did not become apparent for several hours.

Not long before midnight, the rapid pacing of a Turkish saddle-horse announced the approach of a traveller of rank. Hassan well knew the tramp of that steed. It was a royal favorite in the stables of the caliph. He had known, moreover, that the duties of Tainabi would not allow him to remain with his brother till morning; he, therefore, felt that the object of his hatred was now to be within his power. Accordingly, when the stranger was near enough, our valiant hero, springing forward in the manner of modern foot-pads, commanded the rider to halt. It was too dark to discern features; but even the faint starlight was reflected back by the brilliant polish of the sabre which Hassan had drawn. But in a twinkling the horseman dismounted, and seizing with one hand the neck, and with the other a foot of Hassan, quickly forced back the latter until it reached the shoulder. Before he could collect his bewildered thoughts, Hassan found himself lying on his face, tied fast, while his wrists were confined with handcuffs behind his back. The horse galloped away, and all was once more silent. Hassan sagely concluded that he had encountered either Iblis himself, or one of his most malicious goblins. Believing, moreover, that what *will* happen *must* happen, he calmly resigned himself to his fate.

The next evening, Tainabi sat before his door with a learned scholar who had arrived from Alexandria. They had prolonged their discourse until long after night silenced the noise of the city, when suddenly their conversation was interrupted by a deep groan from one of the inner chambers of the building.

"Did I not say so?" eagerly cried the Egyptian. "Did I not foretell thee that evil was brooding from the malignant frown of Scorpio when I passed the eastern bend of the Tigris, only a thousand paces above the city gate?"

"Illahi!" murmured his pious companion; "that was the very spot where I chastised the child of Shaitan."

"So? It was just there my good steed shied from the river, and nearly sent me into the opposite marsh."

The groan was not repeated, and they soon after retired for the night to another part of the building.

When morning came, intelligence was brought to Tainabi that the corpse of Hassan had been found in one of his apartments. He hastened to the spot, well remembering the groan he had heard in the night. Among the crowd collected there, was a constable; and no sooner had the moollah made his appearance than he was accosted by this functionary, and politely requested to follow him. Resistance would have been useless, and, in a few moments, Tainabi, the pious, the learned, the honored teacher of royalty itself, stood before the vizier, on a charge of murdering one of the high omrahs of the empire. Justice, in those days, was innocent of the charge of slowness, and before sunset the poor moollah was sentenced to lose his head.

As Tainabi, in charge of two officers, passed Hassan's mansion on his way to prison, a third constable came out of the house, dragging behind him a slave, who begged piteously for mercy. But his cries were disregarded, and he was hurried before the cadi. Finding he could not escape conviction, he offered to make an important confession; and on condition of a promise of pardon, he said:

"Your servant was a slave of the noble Hassan. Yesterday morning I went to buy fish of old Mihverigah, who lives north of the city, on the Dokhara road. Before I reached her hut, I found my noble master lying by the roadside, tied hand and foot. I quickly cut the cords which bound him, and raised him up; but he tottered about and laughed very loud, and then fell down again. Then I hastened for a mule and a physician. At length we got my noble lord to his own house, where he again laughed long and very loud, and patted my shoulders and called me an angel and sweet Saleem. Presently my master turned round and said, 'Bihyad, swear to obey me for twenty hours in all that I command, and you shall have ten thousand *dinars*, and shall live in freedom in Ispahan.' 'My lord,' I said, 'when did I ever willingly disobey your will?' 'Silence, slave! Swear,' was his only answer. I trembled greatly, but took the oath, after which he ordered me to get ready a sharp scimetar. In the night he commanded me to go with him to the house of the holy moollah, and to bring the deadly weapon with me. As we approached the house, he said, 'We will enter the chamber in which this wise man teaches the rabble, that is always open. The moment I give the word, strike me dead! Leave my body and flee. In my treasure-chest you will find the gold I promised. To-morrow, when my corpse is found in the house of this holy man, the people will think him a hypocrite, and the caliph will believe that his son is taught by a murderer,' and then he laughed again. It was in vain that I prayed him to recall his command. He threatened to kill me if I was not silent."

The chronicler tells us that the moollah was instantly acquitted of the charge brought against him; while the slave, in consideration of his candor, was only condemned to be bastinadoed daily during the rest of his life. For in *those* days, he mournfully remarks, clemency had not perished from the face of the earth.

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Being resolved to increase the present unequalled edition of "Ballou's Pictorial Drawing-Room Companion" to the number of

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To the person who sends us the *seventh* largest club, we will present an elegant AMERICAN RIFLE, silver mounted, new, and of the best make, with powder flask and fixtures—a superb weapon. Value..... 55

To the person who sends us the *eighth* largest club, we will present a fine RIDING SADDLE and BRIDLE, made *to our own order*, of the best English stock, by William Holmes, 21 Tremont Row, Boston, with curb and snaffle bits, and all the fixtures perfect. Value..... 50

To the person who shall send us the *ninth* largest club, we will present a richly wrought Purse, suitable for a gentleman or lady, and containing thirty GOLD DOLLARS. Value..... 35

To the person who shall send us the *tenth* largest club, we will present an ENGLISH SILVER WATCH a new and perfect timekeeper, and in all respects suitable for a young lad or miss attending school. Value..... 25

To the person who shall send us the *eleventh* largest club, we will present a fine heavy GOLD SEAL RING, elaborately wrought and with the initials of the person who wins it cut upon the stone. Value..... 20

To the person who shall send us the *twelfth* largest club, we will present five large and beautiful STEEL ENGRAVINGS, each one exhibiting some interesting scene, framed in gilt, parlor ornaments. Value..... 13

Every prize offered is new, just from the manufacturers, and may be seen at any hour of the day, by calling at our publication office.

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It is very important that the names, accompanied by the money, should be sent to us as fast as they are obtained, that we may be able to print an ample number of papers to meet the demand. Therefore, as soon as ten or a dozen subscribers have been obtained, the person who has procured the club can forward them with the money, and he or she can then add to the club any number of names, at the same rate, and they will be duly credited to the account of the person sending until February 1, 1856.

It is not required that the entire club should be from one town; we will send the papers to any neighboring post-office, but all the subscriptions must come through the same agent in order to be counted to his or her credit.—This prize offer cannot be applied to any regular wholesale agent of our paper. The clubs must be *bona fide*, *and each name sent with the money.*

The result will be duly published, and indisputable evidence of the receipt of each prize, by the successful parties, will be given.

M. M. BALLOU, *Publisher and Proprietor.*
Corner of Tremont and Bromfield Sts., Boston, Mass.

☞ In writing letters, please be careful to write names of post-office and State plainly as possible. Also, write individual names distinctly.

EDITORIAL MELANGE.

The Memphis Bulletin notices the receipt at that place of 1000 sacks of wheat from Arkansas—one of the first shipments ever made from that State. —— The Utica Telegraph says: "Mrs. Vache, of Poughkeepsie, who was killed on the Central Railroad, was robbed of a purse, containing $40, after death! The purse was in her bosom, secured by a cord around her neck. —— Mr. Hedge, U. S. Consul at Marseilles, has been removed, and Col. G. W. Morgan, of Ohio, appointed in his place. —— Dr. E. P. Fearing, of Nantucket, has taken from the stomach, abdomen and left side of a patient named Jane James, sixty-two needles, and it is probable that quite a number remain to be removed. They were swallowed about twelve years ago, when the patient was deranged. —— The Washington Union publishes the President's decision relative to Gen. Scott's back pay. It awards him but $10,405. —— Old age begins when the strength of the day is only sufficient for the day's average requirements, and when unusual exertion causes painful fatigue. In manhood there is a reserve of strength; in old age we use all we have. —— A gentleman in Prince Edward county, Va., tearing down a room in his house, from the had smell of the rats who had taken up their abode in it, found from two to three thousand rats under the eaves and weather-boarding. Most of them were slaughtered. —— The Belfast Age speaks highly of the new custom house now in process of erection in that town. The roof, which is of iron, will soon be put on —— Rice forms the food of three fourths of the human race. It is cultivated in all the four quarters of the globe, but chiefly in America and Asia, and, by statistical reckoning, between six and seven hundred millions of human beings feed only on this innocent grain. —— Le Grua, the handsomest and youngest *prima donna* on the stage, has taken Rio Janeiro by storm. The emperor of Brazil has presented her with a pair of diamond ear-rings, worth 25,000 francs—$5000. —— The French have been charmed with the sententious bravery of the despatch which Gen. McMahon sent to Marshal Pelissier, when he entered the Malakoff. It consisted of just eight words—*Je suis dans Malakoff, et Je y restira!* [I am in the Malakoff, and I will remain in it.] —— The merchants of New Orleans, dealing in corn, flour, wheat, oats, salt, rice, coffee, etc., have resolved on the establishment of a Corn Exchange, at which those articles are to be sold by sample. —— The first boat ever moved by steam in the United States, was a small experimental skiff, rigged up with a model steam engine and screw paddles, by John Fitch, in July or August, 1786, upon the Delaware. On the 22d of August, 1787, he propelled a larger boat by steam, and with oars, in the presence of the majority of the members to frame the Constitution for the United States. —— Mr. Gout says people should never eat to excess. If properly cooked, a quarter of lamb, and a bunch of asparagus, are as much as any person with sedentary habits should desire, even for a late dinner. —— Hunt's Merchants' Magazine estimates the whole number of vessels in the world at 145,000, and their aggregate burthen at 15,000,000 tons. The United States stands first in number of ships and tonnage; Great Britain, second; Norway, third. The Anglo-Saxon races have the mastery of the sea, having two thirds of the total tonnage, viz.: United States, 40,500 vessels of 5,691,416 tons, and Great Britain, 35,960 vessels of 5,043,270 tons. —— The whole population of Norway is but 1,500,000, and yet there are 100,000 Norwegian immigrants in the United States. From their religious views, love of freedom and industrial habits, they are a good class of our population. —— A bold and nearly successful attempt to rob the New London Bank, at New London, was made one night, recently. The burglars succeeded in reaching the inner door of the money vault, and in a few minutes might have secured the treasure; but being discovered by persons outside, they became alarmed and fled, leaving their tools behind.

Boston, December 1st, 1855.

MR. BALLOU—Dear Sir:—Some time since, I was fortunately induced to try *Wilbor's Compound of Cod Liver Oil and Lime*, from seeing a favorable notice of this excellent and pleasant specific in your paper, and a sense of gratitude, as well as of duty, compels me to say that its effect in my case has been of a most remarkable character for good. My hoarseness and bronchital troubles have entirely left me, and the consumptive symptoms, under which I have so long suffered, are now entirely removed—a result which I trace directly to this medicine. Let those afflicted with pulmonary troubles of any sort, resort at once to this admirable yet simple and natural compound. It is sold by the manufacturer, Dr. A. B. Wilbor, chemist, at his store, corner of Court and Bulfinch Sts., Boston.

A SUBSCRIBER.

LUCKY.—In the days of the blue laws of New England, a shoemaker was condemned to be hanged for something he had done; but on the day appointed for his execution, they discovered that he was the only shoemaker in the place, so they hung a weaver in his stead—for they had more weavers than they knew what to do with.

CATTLE.—The Indianopolis Sentinel speaks of an establishment in that city, one of the largest in the West, which is killing and packing about seventy-five head of cattle per day, for the New York and English markets.

CAPE COD CRANBERRIES.—This wholesome berry has, during the past year, been very extensively cultivated on the Cape, and very profitable speculations have been made by most of the growers. The Cape is also becoming famous for its grapes.

GOLD COMING.—The New York Tribune states that £30,000 in gold was brought out in a recent steamer for the purchase of breadstuffs.

Wayside Gatherings.

At Pittsburg, recently, several bakers were arrested and fined, for violating the ordinance in relation to the weight of bread.

The Western Lunatic Asylum, at Staunton, Va., was nearly destroyed by fire, a short time since.

The corner-stone of a new homœopathic college was recently laid in Cleveland, Ohio.

The Japanese are allowed to profess whatever religion they please, provided it be not Christianity.

The Provincetown and Truro Bridge over East Harbor, upwards of 1600 feet in length, is now open for travel.

It is said that in the iron region of Lake Superior, the ore is to be found at every step, and large boulders of it are scattered at random.

As was predicted some six months ago, the quantity of salt manufactured the present season, at the Onondaga Salt Works, Syracuse, will reach 6,000,000 bushels.

Col. E. D. Taylor of Chicago lately sold a lot of ground adjoining the Tremont House, forty feet front, for the sum of $48,000, or at the rate of $1200 per front foot.

A fine schooner, fully rigged and ready for sea, was launched a short time since at West Dennis. This is the first vessel ever launched from the south side of Cape Cod.

The New Orleans Picayune says that the bark of the cotton plant can be manufactured into the longest staple flax and hemp, from the finest to the heaviest qualities.

Capt. Solomon Ingraham of Hancock, Vt., has recently killed two large bears in that town, making fifteen that he has killed in his life. A. G. Tassett, of the same place, also killed a bear a few days since.

The Richmond Whig announces the death of Robert M. Sully, the distinguished artist. Mr. Sully was born in Petersburg, but up to within a short time previous to his demise, he has resided at Richmond.

From Caracas we learn of the decease by cholera, of Signor Jose Maria de Rojas, a gentleman well known as the able editor of the Liberal, published in that city for many years. He was highly respected by all.

A farmer in Windham, Ct., has just harvested the products of a corn-field which has yielded at the rate of a trifle more than one hundred bushels to the acre. The fertilizer used was a mixture of lime and guano.

The number of candidates for office at the last election in New York was a little over eight thousand! being equal in number to the entire army with which Gen Scott made his descent into the valley of Mexico, at the time of the war with that republic.

A man died at Perth, lately, from the effects of drinking six quarts of porter, which he had swallowed in the course of fourteen minutes—having laid a wager that he would do so in a quarter of an hour.

The Gardiner Transcript says Maine took the lead in the exhibition of stock, at the recent National Exhibition in Boston. Kennebec county alone takes nearly $200 of the premiums awarded.

A boy named Whaley, only fourteen years of age, killed a panther a short time since, near St. James, South Carolina. The animal measured 7 1 2 feet long, 2 1-2 feet in height; the head was 22 inches round; its paw seven inches long and five broad, and his weight one hundred and thirty pounds.

The Fredericksburg, Va., Herald says that $300,000 worth of guano is consumed in the district which furnishes wheat and corn to that market. The wheat sales, it says, amounted to $608,000, from which it appears that the cost of guano the present season has been nearly one-half of the wheat sales!

A strange paragraph comes to us from Virginia. Mrs. Kendrick, of Tazewell county, after a long illness, presented every appearance of death. Ten hours after, her friends, who were making her shroud, were astonished to hear the remains ask in a faint tone for food. She was cataleptic.

At Medina, N. Y., a young man, twenty-two years of age, who had been deaf and dumb since his ninth year, was taken with violent spasms of the chest recently, and after throwing up a small quantity of blood, found that his hearing and power of speech were entirely restored.

Judge Perkins, of the Supreme Court of Indiana, recently discharged a man brought before him on a writ of habeas corpus, on the ground that the liquor law under which he was arrested was unconstitutional. The decision of the Court virtually nullifies the prohibitory law of Indiana.

A company has been formed, with a capital of $500,000 at Chicago, under the name of the Lake Superior Mining and Manufacturing Company, for the purpose of working iron mines recently secured in behalf of the company, on the shore of Lake Superior. The ore of these mines is said to be perfectly exhaustless.

The Albany Journal speaks highly of the efficacy of olive tar inhalation in pulmonary complaints. The medicinal properties and virtues of the olive and pine trees, after taking the form of oil and tar, have been separately known in various countries, and in all past time; but when combined, their healing benefits are greatly increased.

Seth B. Howe's menagerie was sold at auction in New York, recently, and the animals brought very low prices. The white polar bear and cage netted $450, cost $1100; royal Bengal tiger, $225, cost $800: three lions $375, cost $2000: rhinoceros $575, cost $1100; elephant Canada $1400, Fanny $1000, Mickey $1100. Barnum's agent bid off most of the critters.

The whole number of cars and locomotives on the Erie Railroad is 3168, which, if coupled together in one train, would reach a distance of twenty one miles, and be able to carry 150,000 persons in one day from New York to Lake Erie. The company has in its employ not less than 5000 persons, whose pay per month is $125,000, or $1,500,000 per year.

The St. Paul Times says:—"all the land advertised for sale at the Minneapolis Land Office, was disposed of in four days. The amount of money received during the sale was upwards of $51,000. The whole amount of money received at the office in one month was $110,000. It is worthy of remembrance though there were many bidders, yet the rights of the actual settlers are duly respected—no one bidding over them.

Mr. J. F. Reigart, of Lancaster, Pa., has written a treatise on the cause of cholera, in which he attributes the disease to a small poisonous fly, and considers lime-water a certain antidote. Lancaster is in a limestone region, and has never had over ten cases of cholera in it, although it had daily communication with Philadelphia and Baltimore (only 65 miles distant), during the time when the cholera prevailed so terribly in those cities, in 1832 and 1852.

Foreign Items.

The British Admiralty is out with tenders for 15,000,000 pounds of beef and pork, for delivery before the 1st of January, 1856.

The annual value of the manufactures sent forth to the world by the French goldsmiths and jewellers, is said to be upwards of $10,000,000.

Belgium is the great glove manufactory of the world. It is stated that from one establishment last year, 400,000 dozen pairs were exported to England and America. There are three thousand hands employed there.

Among the November elections was that of a cardinal, which took place at Rome on the 15th. Lucien Bonaparte, cousin of the emperor, is a prominent candidate, and if he succeeds it will be a long step towards the papal throne, whenever Pius vacates it.

Overtures have been made to the proprietors of the London omnibus lines to purchase their property, and consolidate them into one interest. The sum of £500 was deemed a fair price for each omnibus and horse. There are seven hundred of them on the different routes.

A letter writer from Constantinople says: "This city is more under the control of France than any other out of the empire—soldiers, police, everything French. The English see and regret it, and freely admit that they have made a terrible mistake, and that the alliance, sooner or later, will be broken up."

A writer in the London Examiner attributes the beer and gin drinking propensities of English work-people of both sexes to the unreasonable quantity of labor which they are called upon to undergo. Without the stimulus of strong drink, the English navy and many other classes of laborers could not continue each to do the work of a horse, as they now do.

Sands of Gold.

.... Reality teems with disappointment for him whose sources of enjoyment spring in the elysium of fancy.—*Fus li.*

... Weak people take heart as easily as they take fright—*Balzac.*

.... He has power, dignity and fire, who can inspire a trifle with importance.—*Fuseli.*

.... The greatest genius is never so great, as when it is chastised and subdued by the highest reason.—*Colton.*

Intuition is the attendant of genius; gradual improvement that of talent.—*Fuseli.*

.... Things, done well and with a care, exempt themselves from fear: things, done with example, in their issue are to be feared.—*Shakspeare.*

.... Many books require no thought from those who read them, and for a very simple reason; they make no such demand upon those who wrote them.—*Colton.*

.... It appears a fact that moral maladies are creatures which have their appetites and instincts, and which seek to extend their scope and empire, as a landholder wishes to increase his territory.—*Balzac.*

... The breast of a good man is a little heaven commencing on earth; where the Deity sits enthroned with unrivalled influence, every subjugated passion, "like the wind and storm, fulfilling his word."—*Colton.*

... Gaiety is to good humor as animal perfumes to vegetable fragrance. The one overpowers weak spirits, the other recreates and revives them. Gaiety seldom fails to give some pain; good humor boasts no faculties which every one does not believe in his own power, and pleases principally by not offending.—*Johnson.*

Joker's Budget.

Tom.—"Look here, Jem, there is a hole knocked out of this bottle you gave me." *Jem.*—"Why, here's the hole in it now. If it was knocked out, how could it be there?"

An Irishman writing from the west to a friend, remarked: "Pork is so plenty here, that every third man you meet is a hog,"—a remark, which unfortunately, may be applied to society.

One of Punch's city pictures figures the old gentleman politely presenting a city lady with an enormous H, with the remark: "I beg your pardon, ma'am, but I think you *dropped* this."

A man being awakened by the captain of a boat with the announcement that he must not occupy his berth with his boots on, very considerately replied: "O, the bugs wont hurt 'em, I guess; they're an old pair."

Aunt Rosy was dividing a mince pie among the boys, and when Jim, who had wickedly pulled the cat's tail, asked for his share, the dame replied: "No, Jim, you are a wicked boy, and the Bible says there is no piece for the wicked."

"One more question, Mr. Parks. You have known the defendant a long time; what are his habits—loose or otherwise?" "The one he's got on now, I think is rather tight under the arms, and too short waisted for the fashion" "You can take your seat, Mr. Parks."

Sir Brook Watson was an extremely polite man, and one who knew him well, upon hearing that he had lost his leg by the bite of a shark while bathing in the sea, exclaimed: "Ah! I see how that was: if he had not stayed to allow the shark precedence, the accident would not have happened."

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CLIFTON, ENGLAND.

CLIFTON AND BATH.

The engravings on this page delineate two of the most noted scenes in England. The first is a view of Clifton from the ferry, about a mile from Bristol. The river that flows through the centre of the picture is the classic Avon. It is a watering place of great resort on account of its celebrated hot baths, and is crowded in summer with company for whose accommodation there are numerous hotels and lodging houses, situated most romantically on the wooded eminences that rise on either side of the Avon, in the manner shown in our engraving. So attractive is the place from its natural beauties that many of the wealthy inhabitants make it their permanent residence. The resident population is about 15,000. A fine race course is established here, where races come off annually. The second of our engravings presents an extensive general view of the famous city of Bath, England, a place of great antiquity, and a noted fashionable resort. In the romantic literature of England it is frequently mentioned, and it is the scene of Sheridan's sparkling comedy, the "Rivals." The river that winds through the centre is the "soft-flowing Avon," the most classical of English streams. The middle distance is occupied by the city, while the background closes with a fine sweep of hills. The foreground is pretty and characteristic, with its rich trees, and its English farm-wagon and sheep. The environs of Bath are noted for their rural beauty. The place was called by the Romans Aquæ Solis (waters of the sun), and baths were erected there by the Romans, under the emperor Claudius. The earliest extant charter is that of Richard I., and was confirmed by Henry III. and extended to its present form in the reign of George III. The city stands enclosed by an amphitheatre of hills, as shown in our engraving, on the western declivity of which its finest quarters extend in successive terraces. Its architecture is very fine, the material being freestone. The river Avon adds much to its local beauty, and is crossed by two stone, two iron and three suspension bridges. The city is about 100 miles W. S. W. of London. Among its noted edifices are the Abbey church, in the latest Gothic style, 210 feet in length, with a tower 170 feet in height, St. James's and St. Michael's churches, the Guild Hall, a superb theatre, the club house assembly and concert rooms. The hospitals and bath rooms are quite noted. In the western part of the city is the noble Victoria Park, and there are many garden promenades and similar places of resort scattered throughout the limits of the city. There are a number of schools and charitable institutions, enjoying and worthy of a high repute. Its literary institutions are highly celebrated. The great attractions of the city, however, are the saline and chalybeate springs, which supply five baths; the King's, Queen's, Cross, Hot and Abbey Baths. In the pump-room attached to the King's Bath is a marble statue of the celebrated Beau Nash, the arbiter of fashion at Bath for half the last century, and who was popularly known as the "King of Bath." He has furnished the subject for many a sketch and story, and is the hero of a drama. Besides the public baths, there are several of a private character, which are chiefly resorted to by the wealthier classes, and possess ample accommodations. The city is well situated for commerce, and has considerable trade. The stationary population is nearly sixty thousand; but the number of visitors is frequently fifteen thousand.

BATH, ENGLAND.

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL

M. M. BALLOU, { CORNER OF TREMONT AND BROMFIELD STS. BOSTON, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 22, 1855. $3,00 PER ANNUM. 6 CENTS SINGLE. } VOL IX., No. 25.—WHOLE No. 233.

LOUISIANA.

The emblematical picture on this page, designed for us by Billings, groups gracefully together some of the most characteristic features of the great State of Louisiana. In the very centre of the design are the State arms, the device of which is a pelican feeding her young. Overhead is a tiara of the stars of the Union, and the scales of justice, with an appropriate motto. On the right is seen a gang of negroes, cutting sugar canes. A couple of servants who appear to have had a dispute are referring the matter to their master, who is riding over his plantation. To the left are Indians, engaged in their famous ball-play. Below the State arms is a general view of New Orleans; the crescent moon in the sky indicating the popular title of the place—the Crescent City. The State of Louisiana comprises an area of about 41,225 square miles. It was visited and the mouth of the Mississippi discovered by Lasalle, in 1691. In 1712 M. Crozart obtained a grant of the whole territory from Louis XIV., and called it Louisiana in honor of that monarch. John Law, the famous banker, bought it in 1717, but after the failure of his schemes, it reverted to the crown of France and was transferred to Spain in 1762. It was retroceded to France in 1800, and was purchased by President Jefferson, of Napoleon, in 1803, for the sum of $11,250,000. Louisiana was admitted into the Union in 1812. The surface of Louisiana nowhere attains a greater elevation than 200 feet. A great variety of minerals are found within the State, and the soil is highly productive. Tropical fruits grow in the southern parts, and the apple and other fruits in the northern. Almost all kinds of grain are raised here; tobacco, rice, sugar, &c. The sugar crop of 1853 amounted to 321,939 hogsheads. The sylva of Louisiana is rich in a great variety of forest trees. As much of the State is yet unsettled, bears and wolves are sometimes found here. Birds and beasts abound in the woods, while huge alligators and various species of turtle are found in the swamps and bayous. The manufactures of Louisiana are not important; but her commerce, from her position and advantages, is very great. Education receives due provision and encouragement. In 1850 there were 306 churches in the State. Its population in 1850, 517,762. There are several railroads and canals in the State connected with the navigation of the Mississippi, which give quite a strong impetus to business; and other public works of the kind are in contemplation, some of which are already undergoing the process of construction.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE VISCONTI:

—OR,—

BARBARIGO THE STRANGER.

A TALE OF MILAN DURING THE MIDDLE AGES.

BY AUSTIN C. BURDICK.

[CONTINUED.]

CHAPTER XVI.—[CONTINUED.]

"The thing is in train," answered the count, hopefully, and with considerable assurance. "I have touched the duchess's feelings, and am sure she will urge my suit. I told her Francesco was dead, and I think she bore the news very calmly. And I think I convinced her that I love her daughter most truly."

"So far all is well," said the duke; "but there is yet one obstacle, and one that 'twere well to remove. You know Barbarigo?"

"What—the ubiquitous stranger?"

"Yes."

"I know him by sight, but I think no one knows him fully."

"You are right, count; but he is in our way."

"Ha—how?"

"I cannot tell you. I can only tell you that he has even had the audacity to come to me and forbid me to oppose the marquis; and from what I have overheard since Julia's return, I know that he has seen her, and that he has promised to assist her. I put him in one of my deepest dungeons when he came to me, and he disappeared as if by magic. He is dangerous. He has sworn to help the marquis, and we know not where his power may end."

"But do you not know something of this strange man, my lord?"

"I am sorely puzzled, count, on that very thing. There is in my memory something that calls those features to mind in connection with things long since passed; but I cannot get at the bottom of it. I know the face is familiar, but to save my soul from perdition, I cannot tell when nor where he has crossed my path before. But this I do know; he is in our way, and may thwart us if we do not dispose of him."

"And how shall that be done?" asked the count, gazing fixedly into Visconti's face.

"Can you not judge? You know no open means could be used. How would you dispose of a viper?"

"I would tread on it."

"But if 'twere very poisonous you would strike it?"

"Yes."

"Then why not use Barbarigo the same? You will have more opportunity than I."

"By the host, my lord, I shall not stop at trifles, if there's really danger in my path. I have trusty servants."

"Then watch for the man. He will be in the city ere long, for I know that he is expected here at the palace. Will you watch for him?"

"I will."

"And mind—he must not come hither."

"No—he shall, if saint, go up to his last home. If sinner, his course will be downward. But he shall not come here."

The duke grasped Loredano's hand, and ere they separated, Barbarigo's death-warrant was sealed!

CHAPTER XVII.

SUNSHINE IN A PRISON-HOUSE.

When daylight came, Francesco found himself in a dungeon not so damp as the one he had left at Verona, but far more gloomy in appearance and association. The walls of the cell were of solid rock, and so neatly placed were the stones that 'twas with difficulty the prisoner could find any seam. Even the door was missing. The marquis looked in every direction, but the surface of the wall presented the same appearance on all hands. This puzzled him much. He knew, of course, that he had entered at a door, for he had heard it open and shut, but it was not to be found now. He thumped upon various parts of the wall, but from every place came the same solid, massive sound. The cell was octangular in form, its eight sides being equal, and the ceiling was an arch of the same shape, the eight angles meeting at a point in the centre. The place was about eight feet in diameter, and the only furniture was a simple pallet of oak, upon which was thrown a mass of unconfined straw.

The light came into the dungeon through narrow crevices where the arch of the ceiling joined with the wall, and the apertures were let through the masonry in such a manner that they could hardly be detected were it not for the light which struggled in through them, their course being oblique, and parallel with the rise of the ceiling; so that the rays of light glanced upward along the arch and were then reflected down.

The very form and structure of this place were horrible, for the fact was at once apparent that it was made for no common prison. As soon as the light was sufficient the marquis began to examine the walls to see if he could find any inscriptions thereon, for he had heard of the various things which had been found written upon the walls of such places. But he found nothing of the kind. Yet he at length found something which he at once translated into a calendar—a record of passing time. It was a simple score—a succession of marks scratched upon the wall with some hard point. These marks were made in groups of seven each, the seventh line being drawn diagonally across the other six. Of course these single lines were days, and the groups represented weeks. Francesco counted them, and he made forty six groups—almost a year some fellow-being had passed within the dungeon.

And should he take hope from this—or should he only shudder at such a prospect? If a prisoner had remained there so long as that, then the inmate of the dungeon was not, of course, condemned to instant or speedy death. And if time were granted, perhaps escape might be possible. The marquis tried to hope, for he had promise of succor from Barbarigo. But then what power had Barbarigo here?

For a long time the prisoner's mind was wandering about in search of something upon which to hang its hopes. He had passed through many trials in his lifetime, and thus far he had come off free from every danger. Thus had he gained a sort of indwelling hope which seldom left him. But gradually the sterner reality was left alone in his mind. He had no companion now. That faithful guardian of his person—his Damascus blade—was gone, and he was in the hands of those whose power was as the venomous serpent that crawls upon its mission of death at midnight.

He was upon the point of turning towards the pallet to sit down, when a small dark object near the wall arrested his attention. He approached it and stooped down, and found it to be a small loaf of black bread and an earthen pot of water. How it came there he knew not, though he judged, of course, that it must have been placed there while he slept; for he had sunk into a sort of drowse upon the straw. Where this lay he examined the wall more thoroughly, but without effect. He could find nothing that looked or sounded like a door. He drank some of the water, which was sweet and pure, but he had no appetite for food. He placed the loaf and jar near the head of his pallet, and then sat down.

The day passed slowly away, and the night came. The prisoner slept, but his dreams were terrible, and ever and anon he would arise to shake off the fearful phantoms which clung to his drowsy imagination. At length the morning came again, and another loaf and another jar of water were found, but not in the same position where the first were placed. Francesco was wondering if they would give him a new jar every night, when he discovered that the first one was gone. Of course some one must have been in his dungeon. He resolved that the following night he would watch, and discover, if he could, how access was gained to him.

Another day passed away, and another night came. The prisoner had slept part of the afternoon, for he was planning to watch through the night. As the last beam and glimmer faded from the arched ceiling, he sat down upon his pallet and bowed his head. There was something terribly lonesome in the place. At Verona the hum of busy life had come to greet his ears and keep him company through the day, but he heard not a sound here. Since he had been confined not a human sound had broken in upon the dull monotony of the place—only at times there came the dim reverberations of a distant bell; but even that had a solemn, deathly echo, more like the knell of the tomb than like the ring of earth.

Hour after hour wore on, and the prisoner still kept his eyes open. At times his heavy lids would droop, and a few turns across the dungeon were necessary. But as the night wore on and all was still, nature called for rest so stoutly that the marquis resolved to lie down and close his lids, but still keep his ears open. He had done that on the battle-field, and he could surely do it here. So he threw himself upon the mouldy straw, and for a while he did listen attentively. But where no sound of any kind broke the deathlike stillness of the place, how was he to tell if his ears were open while his mind slept!

At length the watcher was lost in the sleeper. He gave up, and Somnus conquered. By and-by the sleeper dreamed. He found himself in a spacious room, all hung in black, while black-robed men moved about him. Before him, upon a throne formed of human skulls, sat a gigantic man, who held a book in his hand. This man was clothed in black like his fellows, and like them he wore a sable mask upon his face. "Francesco Della Torre," read the giant from his book, "you have slain the servants of the Lord. What shall be your reward?" Then up from the bowels of the earth came the response, as from the lips of those who slept in their graves: "Death! Death! Death!"

Then the prisoner heard the opening of a door—it creaked and groaned upon its hinges, and as it opened wide a sheet of flame poured into the apartment, enveloping everything within its devouring folds. "Come," pronounced a voice close to his ear—"come to the furnace!" And he felt a hot, burning hand clutched upon his shoulder. The glare of the roaring flame almost blinded him, and with a wild cry he broke from the grasp that held him. His head hit the solid wall with painful force, and he awoke. But there was reality to part of the dream. As he opened his eyes, the strong rays of a lamp poured into them, and he saw a tall, dark form standing over him.

"Francesco," spoke the visitor, "you sleep most soundly. Are you awake now?"

The prisoner looked up, and now, as the lantern was turned from him, he could see more plainly. His visitor wore a dark robe of velvet stuff, and his head was bare; but the features were not yet revealed.

"Are you awake yet?" the stranger repeated.

"I am," answered the marquis, rising to a sitting posture, and shading his eyes with his hand.

"I should think one in your situation would sleep not quite so soundly. Have you slept in that manner through the night?"

"No. I had but just fallen asleep when you must have entered. I watched through much of the night."

"Ah—and for what?"

"For mere curiosity."

"Oho—you wished to see how entrance was gained here, eh?"

"You have guessed it, signor."

As the marquis thus spoke, the lantern was turned so that its beams fell upon the face of him who held it, and the prisoner beheld the features of Barbarigo!

"But you are none the wiser now," said the strange man, with a smile. "This is a queer sort of a place, though I fancy its uniqueness would not lead you to wish to spend much time here, eh?"

"You are right there," said the marquis, who had started to his feet. "But tell me if you are not Barbarigo."

"I am."

"O, and you have come to help me. You have come to save me. Tell me that you have."

"What makes you think so?" quietly asked the visitor.

"Because you told Donna Julia that you would help me if you could."

"So I did—and so I will. And I have come now to give you warning to that effect. I shall help you soon."

"But can you not let me out from here now?"

"No, no. Not yet. There are those above us who are watching you narrowly now; but ere long I am sure I can help you."

"But answer me one question. Am I not within the prison of the Holy Inquisition?"

"Ha! What put that into your head?" uttered Barbarigo, starting.

"But is it not so?"

"Answer me first. What reason have you to think so?"

"Because I know I am in St. Donato, and surely there is no other prison-house there."

"But you were blinded when you came here?"

"Yes."

"Then how know you that you are in St. Donato?"

"I know by the length and sound of the bridge over which we came, and the distance we travelled before we reached the pavements."

"Then you are sure you are in St. Donato?"

"O—I know that."

"Then of course you are right in regard to the rest. But you must not ask too many questions. You are in the dungeons of the Holy Inquisition, but I may have the power to aid you. But mind—should you be visited by any of the officers before I see you again, you will not hint that you have seen any one—lisp not my name if you hope for life."

"You need not fear, signor, for I needed not your caution to that effect."

"Yet the giving of it will not harm you."

"O, no. I rather thank you for it. But tell me why I was brought hither."

"Probably for the same reason that many others have been here before you. You have enemies."

"But has there been no charge made against me? Was—"

"Stop, stop. You are now going beyond my power to answer. You should know enough of this place to know that few questions can be answered save by those who have hands in the affair. But I came not to stop. I only came to give you hope—to let you know that you need not starve yourself nor in any other way hasten your exit from earth, for the future may be one of promise and joy."

"Do you mean that I can ever gain my heart's dearest wish?"

"You will have the world before you."

"Pardon me if I am inquisitive here; but I must ask the question so that you shall understand it. Shall I gain the hand of Julia Visconti?"

"The thing is not impossible, nor is it improbable. At all events, I may safely pledge you my word that the duke shall not oppose your suit."

"Then of course she is mine. O, I hardly dare open my heart to this hope so fully."

"About that you can do as you please; but I may assure you that I hold a strange power over Barnabas Visconti. I can speak a very few words that will make another man of him, and of this you shall receive the benefit. Now let me come to the case in hand. On the fifth day from this it is meant that your trial shall take place; but on the night preceding that day I will come to you again—premising that I am alive."

"And well," added Francesco.

"No, I make no such provision. If I am alive and able to move, you shall see me on the fourth night following the one we are now passing. Then I will come and lead you hence."

"Then I shall go to no trial before the court of the Holy Office?"

"No—that would hardly be safe, for it needs a wondrous power to wrest a victim from such a grasp. But rest you now in peace, and watch for my coming. You may be visited by the old Franciscan officials, but they will only call as a matter of course. Fear not until the fifth day shall open. Take heart now and put your trust in God."

"But suppose you do not come on the fourth night?" queried the marquis.

"That is hardly a supposable case; yet we are but human, and hold not an hour of the future. If I fail you, then you must think as you please, but in all human probability you would be right in supposing my influence lost."

"Yet I shall hope."

"You will be happier if you do."

As the strange man thus spoke he turned towards the wall; but ere he had taken two steps the marquis spoke again.

"One thing I forgot," he said, with so much anxiety that Barbarigo stopped. "When I went to Verona, there was with me one of the most noble fellows the earth ever bore. I mean my esquire, Pietro Caravello. Do you know if he lives?"

"He lives and is well; and since you have been confined in prison he has never lost sight of you. He would have rescued you while on your way hither, had I not forbidden it. He is helping me now—still working, however, in your behalf."

"Thank God for that," murmured Francesco; and he would have bowed his head had he not at that moment thought of seeing how his visitor got out.

But he was sadly disappointed, for on the next moment Barbarigo extinguished his light, and the marquis might as well have tried to look through the centre of the earth as to have looked for his visitor or his movements; he heard a dull, grating sound, and in a moment more the sound was repeated. He called the strange man by name, but received no answer. He arose and moved across to where he had heard the sound, but the wall was solid as before.

The prisoner was once more alone in his dark prison house.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE ASSASSINS.

The sun had sunk behind the hills that flank the Olona, and a bit of cool air was just sweeping down from the Alps to give some comfort to those who had been sweltering through a hot day, when a man was toiling along the road that led from St. Donato to Milan. He walked with a heavy staff, and ever and anon he would raise his head to gain more fully the fresh breeze that had just started up. Those who met him bowed low to him, and then turned to gaze upon him after he had passed. It was none other than Barbarigo, and those who knew him gazed upon him with reverence, and those who did not, regarded him with wonder and curiosity, for he was well calculated to excite more than mere curiosity. He kept slowly but steadily on his way, and by the time he reached the gate at which he was wont to enter the city is was fairly dark.

There were quite a number of people standing about the gate, and several of them went out when the stranger entered; but one man hurried off up into the city at a good round pace as soon as he had seen Barbarigo. But the old man did not seem to notice him, and having spoken a few words to the officer in charge, he turned up into the town, bending his steps towards the ducal palace. He had gone over half the way when he was met by an old woman who stopped in front of him and gazed intently into his face.

"This is Barbarigo," she said, after having satisfied herself that she was not mistaken.

"You are right," answered the old man.

"Do you know a friar of St. Francis, called Father Andrea?"

"Ay, I know him well."

"He has sent me for succor; and he bade me, if by chance I should see you, to inform you that he was lying at the point of death, and prayed that you would come and see him."

"Are you sure of this, good woman?" asked the old man, gazing the messenger sharply in the face.

"I am only sure that Father Andrea sent me with that message; and if I can trust my eyes, I should say he was in much pain."

"How far from here is he?"

"Only a short distance."

"In which direction?"

"Towards the ducal palace."

"Then lead the way and I will follow."

At this command the woman turned and started on, and Barbarigo walked on behind her. She left not the main street until she came within one square of the palace, and then she turned to the left into an arched passage which led towards the square in which stood the unfinished cathedral. She had passed half way along this passage when she came to a door which opened to the right, and before which she stopped. A small window just above the place was illuminated, and as the woman knocked, a voice from within asked who had come.

"Tell our good father that Barbarigo has come," returned the applicant.

In a few moments more the door was opened, and Barbarigo followed the woman into the hall, where a hanging lamp was burning, and where stood a man whom the visitor had before seen. As soon as the outer door was closed, the woman led the way through the hall, the man whom they had found there remaining behind. At the end of this hall Barbarigo stopped, for a dark suspicion had crossed his mind.

"Woman," he said, "why does that man remain behind?"

"Father Andrea has sent for a second physician, signor, and he remains there to conduct him in."

This answer was given so promptly and truthfully, that the old man felt his suspicions depart, and again he followed on. From this hall he was led to a small apartment in which hung a heavy hanging lamp, but which had no windows.

"I will go and inform our good father that you have come, and you can remain here until I return," the woman said; and thus speaking, she left the room by the opposite way from where she entered.

Just as she passed out the old man was sure he heard a peculiar sound behind him, not unlike the sliding of a bolt, and with a quick movement he sprang to the door by which he had come in; but he found it fast. Surely there was treachery here. He leaped against the door with all his strength, but it would not yield. He turned towards the other door, but before he could reach it, it was opened, and two men entered. They were stout, powerful fellows, and both wore masks.

"How now?" cried Barbarigo, as soon as they stopped in front of him. "Why come ye in that guise? Do ye fear to show your faces?"

The men regarded each other for a moment, and then one of them drew his dagger. The other immediately did the same, and without a word they both rushed upon the old man. Quick as thought he seized a heavy chair that stood by his side, and with one blow he felled the foremost of the villains to the floor, but before he could raise his ponderous weapon for another blow, the second man was upon him. Barbarigo dropped the chair and grappled with the villain, and for a while he held the dagger off. But he was old, and his muscles soon gave way before the stern strength of his antagonist. As his right arm fell, the bright dagger gleamed aloft, and on the next moment it descended and struck the old man's bosom. Again it was raised, and another blow was struck, but this time, ere the villain could withdraw his weapon, a loud noise was heard in the hall. Twice he pulled at the now bloody hilt, but he could not withdraw it, for the blade had entered between one of the ribs and the sternum, and was firmly wedged in the hard cartilage. In a moment more a hand was laid upon the latch of the door, and the assassin fled; and just as he reached the door through which he had entered, his companion, who had now recovered himself, leaped upon his feet and followed him. By this time, the man in the hall had found the fastening of the other door and opened it.

"Good Barbarigo," cried the new-comer, "is this you? What! —and hurt? O, I feared this. I saw you with that woman, and as soon as I could do so I followed you, for I know her well."

The new man was habited in the garb of a monk, and presented Herculean proportions. He was tall, and broad about the shoulders, and moreover he possessed a paunch that might have made an Italian Falstaff. His face was smooth shaven, and exposure had made his skin dark as an Indian's.

"My brother," faintly spoke the wounded man, "God be blessed you've come. Here—pluck this dagger from my breast."

"Will it not let out your blood?" asked the other, as he stooped over and looked at the weapon.

"No. It has not reached my vitals. It is only jammed in between some of my bones. Out with it, for it pains me."

The monk seized the haft and gave a steady pull, but he had not calculated on the strength necessary to withdraw it. He applied more strength the next time and it came out. An exclamation of wonder escaped from his lips as he found how firmly it was fixed, and then he said, as he started up, with flashing eyes:

"But where are the villains? Only tell me where they are!"

The old man pointed towards the door through which they had escaped, and the monk leaped after them with a short, heavy sword in his hand, which he had drawn from beneath his gown. He was gone but a few moments, and when he returned he was trembling with rage and excitement.

"It's too late," he uttered. "They've found their way into the street. But perhaps it is as well, for you need attention. Are you much hurt?"

"I fear I am. The villain's first stroke found a tender spot in my bosom."

The monk tore away the clothing and examined the wound, and as he probed it slightly with his finger, an utterance of fear escaped him.

"You are badly hurt," he said, "and you need immediate help. Trust to me."

As he said this he took a silken kerchief from the wounded man's neck, and having made it into a neat, hard pad, he laid it upon the first wound, and then bound it on with a girdle. The other wound bled but little, and amounted to not much beside a flesh cut. Then the monk took one more turn through the house, but he could not find a human being.

"It is strange," he said, when he came back, "that they should have all fled from one man."

"By my soul, Lanfargo, you are more than that—you are more than three men. But come—help me if you can."

Lanfargo stooped and picked up the dagger he had plucked from his friend's bosom, and having secured it about his person, he picked Barbarigo up as he would have done a child, and started out. When he reached the passage he turned towards the cathedral, and having crossed the great square, he entered a street upon which were built an humble class of dwellings, and at one of these he stopped. He gained entrance without trouble, and the old man was soon upon a soft, clean bed. The monk left him for a few moments to send for two surgeons, and when he returned he brought some wine with him. Of this Barbarigo drank, and it revived him. Lanfargo then examined the bandage he had applied, and finding that no blood had escaped, he sat down by the bedside. The old man was in much pain, but his iron nerves enabled him to keep it mostly to himself.

"Now, Lanfargo, tell me how you happened to be on hand so opportune?" asked Barbarigo.

"Why, I knew you were coming to the city this evening, and I went down to the gate to see you. When I reached there they told me you had just gone in. So I turned back, and had almost reached you when I saw that woman speak with you. I knew she was one of Father Andrea's women, and I feared that holy friar had been turned against you by the duke."

"I have thought so," returned the old man. "I always knew he was villain enough, but I did not think he had the courage to do it, for he is one of the very few who know my secret, though he discovered it accidentally. But go on."

"I followed you to the house where I came upon you so opportunely—"

"Ah—if you had come sooner."

"I know it—but it can't be helped now. Just as you passed in I was sure I saw the Count of Monza close by, and while I went to watch him a moment, you were gone. I satisfied myself that it was the count, and then I hurried back, but found the door locked. I then knocked, and some one within asked who was there. 'Monza,' I answered, without stopping to think; and it seems I hit the mark, for the door was at once opened. I asked where you were, but instead of answering me, the fellow ran. I then hunted you up as you know."

"My soul," uttered the old man, painfully, "I did not think they would do this. I had not dreamed of it. But they shall suffer—they shall suffer for this!"

At this juncture the physicians arrived, and the monk explained to them how his friend was injured. They removed the bandage and probed the wound. The probe started the blood afresh, and from this they judged that it was not fatal. They dressed it as well as they were able, and having given directions for the management of the patient, they went away, promising to call again in the morning.

"Barbarigo," said the monk, some time after the surgeons had gone, "do you think Andrea will reveal your secret?"

"No—he dares not. No, no; he will pretend he did not know me. But my deepest secret neither he nor you know. Only my God and myself know the mystery I would unveil to Milan."

CHAPTER XIX.

THE JUDGMENT HALL OF THE INQUISITION.

The fourth day from the visit of Barbarigo to the dungeon of the Holy Inquisition had passed away, and the fourth night was closing about the earth. Francesco Della Torre watched the day-beams as they faded away from the arch of his cell, and when they were all gone he sat down upon the low pallet and buried his face in his hands. Until the present time he had looked forward to the coming of Barbarigo as a child looks for the coming of a holiday; but now doubts and fears began to gather about him. He pondered over all the ills to which flesh is heir, and then tried to calculate the probable chances of the old man's escaping them.

At length it became fairly dark, and the night had come. An hour passed away—and another. Then the prisoner happened to think that his visitor might not come until midnight, and with this thought worked into an assurance he resolved to lie down and sleep awhile. But for more than two hours he lay there unable to woo the gentle god to his embrace. But he slept at length—not from will, but from absolute exhaustion. Suddenly a quick concussion awoke him, and he started up. At first an unusual light blinded him, but gradually he became able to hear it, and he gazed around, and just at that moment he heard a grating sound beneath him. Instinctively he cast his eyes over the side of his pallet, for he was yet on it, and saw a huge stone just moving into its place. He now looked about him, and found four men standing by his couch. They were dressed in black robes, and wore black masks. Next the marquis saw that he was in a different room; or rather in a different dungeon, for his present apartment was nothing more, save that it had grated windows. Startling as was his position, his mind would turn for a moment upon the strangeness of this change of place, but it was soon clear to him. He cast a quick glance around upon those who stood by him, and he knew that the form of Barbarigo was not there.

"Francesco Della Torre," spoke one of the men, "you are summoned to appear before the holy tribunal of the Inquisition!"

"For what?" uttered the marquis, starting to his feet.

"You shall know when you reach the court. We are not your judges, and therefore shall speak not."

"But wherefore am I here? What have I done? What offence committed?"

"Come with us and you shall be informed. Come."

The prisoner was now taken by the arms by two of the officials, while the other two proceeded to hoodwink and pinion him, and as soon as his eyes and arms were fast, he was led away. He was conducted through a long passage, then up a long flight of stone steps, and then down another flight. After various turnings and windings he was stopped. He heard the tinkling of a bell, and in a few moments more he heard a door open and he was led on.

Soon the bandage was removed from his eyes, and he looked around. Before him was erected a black throne, and upon it sat a man clothed in the same color, and wearing a mask. He was a short, fat man, and showed only his round, thick head as he sat behind the bench. Upon the right of the inquisitor sat a scribe, and upon his left stood two men who wore huge red crosses upon their bosoms, and then besides these, were the four men who had accompanied him hither. The apartment was not very wide, but it was quite long and all hung in black. The marquis saw a rack —and he saw various other implements of torture. There was one cross against the wall upon which he could see dark spots, as if of blood; and there was another cross in the form of an X, the bottom of which was upon trucks, and was held up by an iron pivot passing through the centre where the pieces crossed. This pivot was fast in an upright post, but moved easily up and down in a groove, so that the cross could be spread or contracted enough to allow the pieces to lie together either horizontally or perpendicularly. This was a most exquisite piece of torture, for by securing a man low down upon the cross, he could be fairly split in twain!

The marquis grew weak as he gazed, and the Inquisitors did not disturb him so long as they saw he was busy in examining the horrors by which he was surrounded; but when at length he

bowed his head and began to meditate upon what he had seen, he was aroused by the voice of the judge.

"Signor marquis," spoke the latter personage, "you are probably aware that you are in the holy court of the Inquisition."

The marquis looked up, and seeing that he was expected to answer, he said:

"I am aware of that fact, and have been expecting this."

He was now subjected to a rigorous questioning, and finally, on a charge of blasphemy—a few words dropped while with some friends on the Corso, and overheard by the Count of Monza—against the holy Catholic church, he was adjudged to death.

"But, most holy signor, you will not condemn me thus!" cried the marquis. "You will not make this the cause of my destruction! You will not—O, you cannot condemn me thus!"

"Francesco Della Torre, thou art already condemned, and may God pardon thee if he finds thy soul pure in repentance."

"What mean you?" the prisoner gasped, starting back with terror.

"Simply that you must die. Out of your own mouth are you condemned, and I have only to pass judgment upon you. You must die! Officers of the Holy Court, let him be led to his death!"

The two men who wore the red crosses upon their bosoms now stepped forward, but they did so with apparent reluctance.

"Out upon thee!" exclaimed the marquis, starting further back, and straining vainly upon the cords that bound his arms. "This has been a foul mockery! You have had no trial, and you have had no gleam of justice. You have but mumbled out a sentence which you would bestow alike upon man and beast—a sentence preconceived and studied up in your own black soul! In God's name I ask, shall your wicked mandate be obeyed?"

The inquisitor started up from his seat trembling with passion, and leaped down upon the floor. With one bound he reached the side of the prisoner, and aimed a blow at his head with his fist. It was truly a furious blow, but the marquis dodged it, and before it could be repeated, two of the officials drew the judge away.

Now that Francesco had a chance to behold the inquisitor's whole form, he was sure he knew him. He knew him to be none other than the Franciscan friar, Andrea! And what could the infamous monk be doing in such a place? But the prisoner's whelming thoughts were cut short by a new movement.

The inquisitor had broken loose from the hold of the officials, and started back to his throne and seized a cross which lay thereon. This cross he held high above his head, and in mad tones he shouted:

"Now disobey me who dares! I am clothed with authority here, and will be obeyed, or the most dreadful maledictions shall be called down upon you. In the name of the living God and his holiness of Rome, I command you to lead this prisoner to instant death! And by the powers of the church, we'll see him die here!"

"But, holy father," expostulated one of the officials, "such a thing was never heard of."

"What—have not men died here?"

"At the torture, not by condemnation."

"Then let him be put to the torture. By my soul, we'll know more from his lips. There may be a plot. Secure him to the double cross! Away with him! Away, I say!"

How far that order would have been obeyed it is impossible to tell, for at that moment the door was thrown open, and the gigantic proportions of Lanfargo were visible in the entrance way. He stalked into the apartment and walked straight up to where the prisoner stood.

"How now?" he uttered, gazing about him. "Ha—whom have we here?" and as he spoke, he seized the inquisitor's mask and tore it from his face. "Ah, foul monk, think ye your forged papers will suffice you here? What ho, here, familiars and inquisitors; this is a base impostor! Seize him and bear him hence; I bear the signet of the pope, and the commission of our general."

As the stout monk spoke, he handed a parchment roll to the scribe, and the latter, after having read it, arose and said:

"Brothers, Lanfargo is our master."

"Now off with this dog at once, and put him deep down in our most dismal dungeon. At some other time I'll tell ye of the deep and dreadful crime he has done. Off with him now!"

Thus spoke the new comer, and on the next instant the wicked monk was seized and dragged away. He cursed and swore, and resisted and prayed, but all to no effect. When he was gone Lanfargo turned to the two executioners and the scribe, and said:

"Now I must remove your prisoner, but you shall have another to make his place good. You shall understand it all ere long. 'Tis a strange story, as you shall hear."

The officers bowed humbly to their strange master, and crossed themselves devoutly. Then Lanfargo turned to the marquis.

"Now, signor marquis," he said, "you will accompany me. Fear no danger."

"But who art thou?" asked Francesco, in astonishment. "Surely I know that voice."

"And well you might. I used to preach to you when you was a child. But come; your presence is needed elsewhere."

The stout master turned away from the dark room as he spoke, and without a word more the marquis followed him.

CHAPTER XX.

A MESSENGER IN HASTE.

JULIA VISCONTI sat alone in her own apartment, and she was arrayed in her bridal robes. She was pale and faint, and had been weeping. But her eyes were dried now, for she had wept till the fountain was dried and parched up. It was now past noon, and ere long she was to be a wife

The thought came to her with all its dreadful meaning, and she leaned forward and sobbed until her heart seemed breaking. At length she heard steps approaching her door, and she started up. It was her mother who came. The duchess sat down by her daughter's side, and placed her arm about her neck.

"Alas, my child," she uttered, "I fear you are not happy now."

"You know I am not, my mother," faintly articulated the beautiful girl, looking up.

"But I fear you are very miserable."

"Let me be as I may, you cannot help it, mother. O, I can bless you, for I know that you have done all that you could do. And yet, I may not always be miserable. I shall find happiness if I can. I mourn now for Francesco more than I fear this marriage; for, if he lived, not all the powers of earth should force me to this. So you see I use some of my own will in this."

"O, Julia, I do think the count will be kind—he loves you; he has told me so—and—"

"—sh, my mother. Trust not too much to what he may say, for he is a—a dark and self-willed man, and can guide his tongue independent of his heart. I know him and am prepared to take him for what he is. I may learn to love him in time; but, O, I can never honor and respect him. Ah, mother, he can never make himself what Francesco was. O, he was honor, truth and virtue; and he was nobleness itself. Earth has but few such in these dark times."

"You speak truly, Julia. And yet the count will average with the rest."

"Ay—as the tiger will average with the wolf. What he owns of superiority is in simple power. But I will not place him too low, for he is to be my—my—*husband!* O, what a word for this hour!"

THE STRANGE INTERRUPTION OF THE MARRIAGE.

The duchess gazed into the face of her child, and she wondered how much of real pain she felt in view of the coming marriage which was not connected with the loss of the marquis. She could not blame herself for anything that had happened, though she knew that she had used some influence in gaining Julia's consent to the nuptials. But what else could she do? Now that she believed Francesco dead, what excuse could she frame for holding out longer? She had looked at all the young men in her husband's court, and she knew of none better calculated for her child than Marco of Monza. To be sure it was a dubious choice, but then those were not times when pure-minded men were plenty.

From the time when the count had first announced to her the death of Francesco, she had been gradually inclining to obey the wish of her husband, and with a calm, dignified purpose she had approached her child on the subject. At first the maiden had spurned the count's offer with virtuous indignation; but as she took time for calmer thought she thought that her dear mother must suffer if she maintained her refusal. She saw that even now the duke was cold and harsh towards his good wife, and Julia knew that 'twas all the result of her refusal to marry with the count. Finally she put this question to herself:

"Shall I now maintain the position I have assumed, and thus keep my noble mother under the duke's displeasure; or shall I, for the sake of restoring my mother's peace once more, give my consent to this marriage? My own love is dead, and my heart is buried with him. But Loredano wants no heart—he only asks for my hand, and would possess my face. He shall have it!"

And from that moment the question was looked upon as settled. The count came and blessed the maiden, but he thought she still sorrowed only for Della Torre, and he did not force himself much upon her. The duchess was once more restored to favor, and the duke smiled upon her as of old.

But as the hour drew nigh, Julia's heart became icy and chill. Some strange fear-phantoms hovered before her which she could not drive off, and more than once she fancied she heard Francesco's voice whispering in her ear, and upbraiding her for her infidelity.

But she had not much more time for thought. Lucetta came in to announce that the duke was in waiting with the count and the bishop. And of all who moved around the doomed maiden only Lucetta knew her every feeling. That faithful girl could read it all, and it made her heart bleed to see her mistress as she now was.

"I am ready," said the maiden, rising to her feet. "Let the duke be so informed."

Shortly afterwards the duke entered the apartment. He saluted his daughter with a kiss, and then turned towards the duchess.

"Signora," he said, "will you go forward to the chapel and see the maidens duly assembled there; for 'tis fitting there should be no bungling in this."

Donna Silvia arose and left the apartment without a murmur, though she knew that her husband's chief object in thus sending her ahead was to keep her from her child as much as possible until after the ceremony was performed, for fear that Julia might give way to some burst of feeling if her mother were by to sympathize with her. And perhaps the duke was right.

"Now, Julia, let us on to the chapel for the bridegroom waits."

The maiden answered not a word, but she gave the duke her hand and followed him from the room, Lucetta keeping close behind her.

"You tremble," said Visconti.

"'Tis a strange position for one like me, signor," answered Julia.

"Ay—so it is. But you shall be one of the noblest wives in all the country," said the duke, in a conciliatory tone.

When they reached the hall they found the count there, dressed in his most gaudy attire, and with him were the bishop of Milan and several nobles.

"Fall in behind, signors," ordered the duke.

They did as directed, and then Visconti turned into the court that led to the chapel. Julia trembled more violently than ever. She thought of Francesco once more—and then she thought of Barbarigo, and she wondered why that strange man had forsaken her. The party had gained the centre of the court when they were interrupted by the approach of Sara, Julia's old nurse, who came up directly in front of them and stopped. She was flushed and breathless from apparent haste.

"How now, woman?" cried the duke, in a rage. "Stand aside, and let us pass."

"Hold, my lord duke," spoke the old nurse, boldly. "Strike me if you will, but I must deliver my message. You have been imposed upon. Francesco Della Torre lives, and has sent me to you to tell you so!" she said, looking calmly at him.

The duke was thunderstruck—Julia raised her hands as though she feared she had not heard aright, while Lucetta, with quick joy, clasped her hands and raised her eyes towards heaven.

[SEE ENGRAVING.]

"Out upon thee, hag!" gasped the duke, as soon as he could find his speech. "Thou liest!"

"No, my lord, for the Marquis of Lodi is alive and well, and is in Milan. He sent he to bid you stay this marriage until he could see you."

"How is this?" uttered the count, hastening forward.

"O—Francesco is alive!" cried Julia, clasping her hands in frantic joy.

"It is false! all, all false!" shouted Loredano, turning pale. "He's dead!"

"Not so, noble count," returned Sara, "for I saw him not half an hour since."

"And yet what matters it?" exclaimed the duke, pushing the woman aside. "We will attend to him anon. Let this marriage go on first."

"No!" uttered Julia, starting from the duke's grasp. "I have been deceived—most cruelly deceived. No—I will not wed now. Let me go back to my chamber."

"But I say the ceremony shall go on!" thundered Visconti. "We'll see if I have power here!"

"Most noble duke," spoke the maiden, thoroughly aroused by indignation at the deception practised upon her, "were you ten thousand times master here, you could not marry me against my will! This contract is ended; 'twas made on the foundation of Francesco's death. He lives, and 'tis annulled. Lucetta, bid my mother join me in my chamber."

As Julia thus spoke she darted away like a roe, leaving the men petrified with utter amazement.

[CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.]

FORT M'HENRY, BALTIMORE, MARYLAND. [For description, see page 397.]

UNITED STATES SHIP OF THE LINE, PENNSYLVANIA. [For description, see page 397.]

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

AUTUMN THOUGHTS.

BY G. W. BUNGAY.

The golden sunshine of the summer days
  Is left upon the shocks of yellow corn,
As the soft light of heaven in holy rays
  Shines in the features of a saint new born.

Rich clusters of the purple grape appear,
  Transparent jewels on the fading vine,
Like good fruits of an aged Christian here,
  Whose limbs are shrunken, but whose virtues shine.

Behold the ruins of the lovely rose,
  Its fragrance and its queenly fled;
Its leaves are buried in the ground like those
  Dear friends now numbered with the honored dead.

More glorious than emperor, king or pope,
  Or regiments of royal princes crowned
With gold, are stately trees on yonder slope,
  Where rainbow-tinted foliage paves the ground.

The gorgeous sun drops down behind the hill,
  And leaves a glowing wake of crimson light;
Like a young bride, the moon is blushing still,
  For lo the day-king kissed the queen of night!

The last red ray of the declining sun
  Met the first smile of the ascending morn—
And when the monarch's daily task was done,
  He gave the empress of the skies his throne.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE KING OF THE VISIGOTHS.

BY FRANCES P. PEPPERELL.

THERE stood in one of the narrowest streets of a Spanish city, in the year 675, a building that presented, with its broken lattice and leaning door-posts, but a miserable exterior to the passer-by. But, at intervals, from far within, sweet sounds, some gush of melody, or some trilling laugh, broke the sacred silence of the half-deserted street, and woke all the murmurs of the summer air; yet sounds that very seldom spoke of the hidden luxury and joy within, since, for the most part, an utter stillness reigned around, unless some practised ear, listening, had detected the continual plash of a fountain, or the soft rustling of wind in the orange trees. In the last room of this building, up a flight of stairs, was a large and lofty apartment, daintily furnished in the Moorish style. Oriental carpets, soft as the turf of a meadow, covered the centre of a floor that was elsewhere gaily wrought in mosaics of floral emblems. Light ivory-tables heaped with fruit and pastry, low cushioned chairs, and one or two stringed musical instruments, were arranged here and there at random. Divans of crimson Damascus silk stretched along the three snowy and richly-carved walls, while high across the fourth side, which was left entirely open, were looped curtains of a soft blue tint; and the female who stood beneath the arch, looked down into a large court redolent with the perfume of leaf and blossom, and shut in all around by the other portions of the same building, the airy porticoes of which were sustained by marble columns, with richly-foliated capitals and architraves, upon whose *bas relievos* all the gorgeous peopling of Eastern dreams danced perpetually along.

The girl wore a tunic of delicate cream-colored silk, falling over trowsers of pale pink, plaided with silver threads, a girdle of priceless Cashmere bound loosely below her waist, and a broad collar, composed of alternate bands of chased gold and large, filbert-shaped, milky pearls about her throat. But completely at variance with this attire, there lay, amid the folds of a blue gauzy scarf wound turban-like above her dark flowing hair, a large plain cross of solid gold.

The summer cloud above had clothed the fountain below in a second cloak of melting mist, as it dashed down rain, every sheet of which the sunset transmuted into a shower of sparkling drops of flame, and still the shrubbery within the court was dripping, while the cloud blew slowly off, watched by the girl's dark eyes, beyond the housetops and the spires, out to the distant line of the blue tideless sea.

A bough of the orange tree that grew beside the balcony bent suddenly down, shaking off a dash of rain and petal, and springing up again with light rebound, a young man, slight, tall and agile, swung from its support and stood at the lady's side.

"Thy apparition startles me!" she said, returning his lover-like greeting. "Thou dost never come like ordinary mortals; but a sudden rush and rustle, and here thou art. One would say a price lay on thy head, thus coming and going unawares. Wert thou a prince in disguise—"

"Well, and what then, my love?"

"Thy appearance could not be more suspicious."

"A prince should come with court and retinue and undreamed splendor, to woo the Jewel of Spain."

The speaker, as we have said before, was of a tall, noble figure, wearing the garb of a mountaineer; hair of a bright, sunny hue fell in curling masses over his well-shaped shoulders; large, shining, azure eyes beamed from under golden-brown brows and lashes; a high, broad forehead, bold, finely-sculptured nose, and a chin deeply cleft and adorned with a curling beard, completed the features that were of high Visigoth origin, and such as the proudest blood of Spain is at this day glad to trace in lineaments of noblest descent; and the hand with which he held his companion's was far too white and small to harmonize with the costume that he wore.

"And if thy lover *were* a prince, Constance?" he continued.

"He would never, in that case, wed me."

"Thou wouldst object to kingly splendor, thou who wearest the wealth of an Indian ocean in thine ears?" And he filliped the great pearls, each pearl large as a pigeon's egg, that hung in slender gold settings from her shell-like ears.

"Thou knowest, Regian, that I do not wear these baubles of my own fancy, but because of my father's command. This night, he said, he will tell me why. Thus, alas! displacing the trinkets here in which I took pleasure, he has decked this place in Moorish trim. But it is like a pagan at Christian hymns. For see upon my scarf!" and she pointed to the cross lying in her turban.

"Hath he turned Saracen?" asked her lover, with flashing eyes.

"Alas, I know not!" she answered, sadly. "I only know that he thus decks me, and I fear lest—"

"Lest he sell thee to a Hareem, and make thee a Moor's slave!" he cried, impetuously. By Heaven! the—"

"He is my father," said Constance, drawing herself up proudly.

"Forgive me! Thou art right; yet, wilt thou thus be sold?"

"Do I look like it? Have I no will of mine own? How often have I promised to give thee no peace of thy life when we twain are one? Take rest while thou mayest, nor borrow trouble of no account."

"I will see thee again to-night after thy father hath come and gone. Bear thee bravely; more snares beset thee than we can see. The Saracens lie in the bay beyond, and danger is at hand." And snatching a kiss from her parted lips, he slid down the pilaster, quickly crossed the court, and unlocking a wicket in the great gate that led into the thoroughfare, closed it and was gone.

His practised ear had heard the distant door of the deserted street unlatch, and Constance had barely recovered from her surprise, ere the doors of her own apartment gently opened, and an old man, accompanied by a tall, dark-bearded citizen, wrapped in a large cloak, noiselessly entered.

"Be seated, my lord, my prince," said the old man, nervously.

But the stranger remained standing, and boldly gazing at Constance, till she blushed deeply and painfully. Dropping his cloak, he stood revealed in a coat of black mail, complete in all save the helmet. On his left breast shone a large silver crescent, and yhataghan and daggers hung at his glittering belt. His face, with its deep-set, blazing eyes, was of that peculiar and demonic beauty with which painters are wont to portray Lucifer, and his whole appearance would have announced Moorish belief and blood, even had not the old man said, in a trembling voice:

"My daughter, it is the chief of our foe, the Prince Ali Hassan."

"And what right has the leader of an invading army within thy house, father?"

"It is no house of mine, Constance. Thy father is a beggar! All in this place, and thou and I, are Ali Hassan's!"

"Not I! I am a free Spanish woman, and such will ever be."

"It is not for thee to say. Thou art Ali Hassan's slave or wife, as he may please."

"An Odalisque? Never!"

"I have sworn it, child."

"Is it for this thou hast thus decked this room in gauds of the Saracen? That thou hast thus commanded me to wear the petty trinkets of a Moslem slave?"

The Moor's eyes had darkened and darkened during this altercation. Now slightly waving his hand, he said:

"Dismiss her, old man; consulting no girl's will."

"The will of a Christian girl cannot be disregarded, thou slave!" cried Constance, with flashing eyes. "A Christian's faith is a shield of adamant, and no breath shall swell these nostrils, no blood color these veins, if I leave Spain with thee!"

"I shall not require the Jewel of Spain to leave her native land," returned the Moor. "Here I, viceroy of my great master, shall plant my court, and trample on the necks of a conquered race."

"Then each neck will be that of a corpse, and Constance of Iviça will be the first!" And she swept through the gathering shadows from the room.

The old man dropped the curtains across the wide arch, lighted a single lamp of fragrant oil, and motioning his guest to the chair by a heavy table of citron-wood, took another opposite.

"Having first drunk success in this sweet wine of Cyprus," he said, "we will at once enter upon our business," and he proffered his guest a sparkling goblet, brimming with the draught forbidden by the prophet.

The guest courteously took it with a hand where shone the royal signet ring, and then, with a gesture of disdain, poured it out upon the costly floor, and remained silent.

The old man drank fearfully, and casting many glances askance at the silent Moor, who yet gave no hint of the subject they were about to negotiate.

"And my seigneur?" at length asked the father of Constance, tremblingly. "Thou hast risked a great deal but shortly since. May I ask, has the viceroy of many nations and the ruler of mighty armies visited the abode of his slave for naught?"

"Let my slave," answered the lordly Saracen, unmoved, "receive those who wait at the porch below, and bring them to my presence."

The old man left him, and quickly returned, followed by four swarthy sailors, who deposited before the Moor a large, iron-bound chest, and departed; while Constance, watching from a convenient hiding-place, already beheld affairs as they were in the saloon, and her eyes sparkled with triumph, feeling that the Moor was in her power, and again saddened when she thought that to reveal his identity would be to betray her father to death. "It is plain that I commit treason," said she, "and yet am not a traitor."

Meanwhile, the Moor, with bunches of small iron keys, each one of which he used at successive stages of unlocking, finally threw open the chest, and lifted four heavy bags of gold to the table

"They would buy thee the crown of the Visigoths," he said, drily. "And now plunge thy withered hands within the yellow treasury," he added. "Let the cold coin cover thine arms for a cubit. Revel a moment in the sight only of such countless wealth, and then—lose it, if thou wilt!" And throwing the bags he had subtracted previously within the coffer, he dropped the lid, relocked it, and threw the keys upon the table.

The old man grasped at them with nervously extended fingers.

"Take her! She is thine!" he cried, and would have bent low once more to gloat over the treasures for which he had bartered his own flesh and blood.

"Enough!" said the Moor. "Bid the slaves hear it where thou wilt. Go, send thy daughter hither, and I want thy presence no more."

A few moments elapsed, and the old man, leading Constance forcibly by the hand, entered, and, departing again, left her with Ali Hassan.

The Moor had risen, and with one hand resting on the table, and the other on his side, looked from the height of his lofty stature down upon the indignant girl. Moving forward, he laid one hand upon her shoulder, while transfixing her with the glittering glance of his black Arab eye, he bent to kiss her lips. But she sprung back from him with a bitter exclamation.

"Love," said he, untouched, "is the penalty of beauty. Even *thou* wilt yield!" and taking her hand in one of his, he courteously, yet with an expression of displeasure, removed the cross from her turban. "We have no need of that whither we go," he added. "Best leave it here," and throwing his own cloak round him, he lifted another, and before Constance could deny, had wrapped it closely around her, and, urging her with wonderful rapidity from the room, bore her lightly down the stairs and stood with her in the deserted street.

"I will go no further!" cried Constance. "I will raise the town! Help, ho! the Moor!"

Ere she could add a syllable, he seized her again in his arms, darted down a narrow alley, passed the sentinels like a flash, and while the streets behind rung with cries of "The Moor! the Moor!" he entered a boat at the foot of some old wet steps, where already sat his four attendants, and at one sweep of the oars, the boat sprung forward, and with a few sturdy strokes, had left castle, safety ship and the broad port's mouth far behind. Now and then Constance fancied she heard the muffled strokes of pursuers, and perhaps Ali Hassan also heard them, for, taking a pair of oars, he himself joined in the work, and cheered his boatmen with low-voiced sentences of the Arabic, till a large black hull hove in sight, and they rested their oars beneath the bows.

Meanwhile, the commotion in the city had subsided, the torches were extinguished, the guard doubled, and a quiet vigilance reigned complete. Yet alarmed at the first cries, the father of Constance had hastened to warn his guest, and, with half a feeling of regret, had found the apartment empty, and felt that his daughter was irrevocably gone. But the payment was a vast one, and stooping low, he succeeded in opening the coffer, and was feasting his eyes on the contents, when a voice at his side, clear in its scornful enunciation, arrested him, thunderstruck with amazement and consternation. It was Regian, the lover of the old man's daughter.

"The price is vast," said Regian; "yet traitors need a great reward, and the crime of blood a greater! Where is thy daughter, man?"

"That is no affair of thine."

"Is it not? Are her whereabouts naught to me?"

"Go thy ways, young man," answered the old traitor, wearily.

"Not till thou answerest me, swearing a great oath on crescent or on cross!" cried Regian, lifting his sword from its sheath.

"She is the Moor's, Ali Hassan's."

"Hadst rather thy daughter be the slave of a Turk, than the queen of a free nation?" thundered Regian. "Such was thy alternative. Wamba Regian, king of the Visigoths, was her lover, and beware, old man!"

Falling on his knees, the astounded wretch would have besought pardon, had not a second scene struck him dumb. Sweeping away the curtains of the arch, a small band of the steel-clad soldiers of the guard entered, and lifting the chest of gold, bore it silently away.

"The price of treachery returns to the coffers of the state," said Regian. "Thou who hast sold thy child for gain! Let thy face be seen no more in Spain!" and he strode haughtily away.

It was an hour later, and in the great cabin of the flag-ship of the Moors were Constance and Ali Hassan. He had changed his warlike panoply for the graceful Eastern garb, and stood with his great height made more imposing beneath the low-hung ceiling of ivory fretted with gold. Turning imperiously, he bade the slaves who glided obsequiously in and out, arranging couches and cushions, piling fruits, pouring sherbets and filling the chibouques, whose long-wreathed stems gleamed like silver serpents, to withdraw, and he seated himself at the feet of the apathetic Constance.

"Did ever one of my unmixed blood prostrate himself at the feet of a woman before?" he murmured. "Lady, if thou art a Christian, teach me to woo thee in Christian fashion;" and, as he bent his smiling glance with a fascination whose languid fires pierced her soul, Constance felt insensibly attracted by the manly beauty and the infidel daring of her captor. Calling all her strength to the rescue, she said:

"Will I listen to a man already defeated?"

"Triumphant, rather," responded the Moor.

"Yet to-morrow's night shall find thee captive and despoiled."

"To-morrow," he answered, with half a sneer, "will restore me victorious, a conqueror, to the arms of my bride—Constance of Iviça, the prize of valor!"

"Thou art right," she said, with anger. "To morrow I shall truly be the prize of the conqueror."

"Let it be so; and thou wilt receive him with rapture," answered Ali Hassan, his eyes flashing with anticipated triumph, his parted lips wreathed with a smile that transfigured his face into a glowing splendor. "A child of the desert will not have loved in vain," he added; "and the palm shall wave its branches in the sun, and swell its fruit with a golden lustre, rejoicing in the joy of its protector."

"Leave me!" said Constance, rising. "Rejoice when victory licenses thee!"

Upon this the Moor also rose and departed, while Constance heard the slip of the bolt and the clang of chains, as, having parted the drapery that concealed it, he closed the door behind him.

Opposite the door was a low, large, open space to admit the air, and throwing herself on the divan beneath, she leaned out into the night, half wishing that she dared plunge into the dark depth below, and call death to her aid. As she thus remained, she was aware of a variation in the continual rippling around the bows, and a darker shadow seemed to fall within that of the ship itself.

"Constance!" murmured a well known voice.

"Regian!"

"I have come to save thee."

"I shall not go with thee!"

"What sayest thou? Is it thyself, Constance, who speaketh?"

"Ay, my love. Listen!" and bending forward to reach the shadow that durst come no nearer the light of her lattice, she whispered a short and earnest sentence.

"And the wherewithal?" said Regian.

"I have it about me; never fear."

"I dare not trust thee, Constance. Now, while I can save thee, come with me."

"On no account!"

"Thou lovest me not; thou lovest this Turk. If *he* should conquer?"

"He will not. Thou leadest the host of the Visigoths, while their idle king sits in his castle."

Slightly propelling his skiff, Regian threw himself forward into the light, and suffered Constance to gaze at the inexplicable smile on his face.

"And if the king prove to be the leader?" he laughed, as, standing, he extended his hand high to meet the grasp of her's. "A boat shall be in waiting for thee when and where thou sayest, thou brave one, worthy of crown and king, far better than he!" And dropping into the darkness, he was speedily out of hearing.

The gray dawn was scarcely breaking over the distant hills, when boat after boat, heavily loaded with soldiers of the Saracen, put off from the fleet, and, landing their freights on the shore, returned many times for fresh ladings. Large rafts, constructed for the nonce, were covered with cavalry horses, who, from the cramping closeness of a long confinement, shone gorgeously in splendid trappings, while the future rider of each, standing at his head, held the gemmy bridle. The sun was already high and burning when the last boat lay empty on the shore, and, save the helmsman and the slaves, no soul but Constance remained in the sea-palace, which was her prison. Looking from the deck, on which a limited range, guarded by weary female slaves, was given her, as far as her eye could reach along the coast of the bay, Constance saw only the army of the Saracen, more numerous than the sands of the seashore. The steel head-pieces of the soldiers, the floating turban-scarfs of the officers, the long yellow mantles of the eleven agas, the whole vast body of Arab cavalry, and Ali Hassan mounted on a jet black Egyptian animal, and more gorgeous in his array of black steel and silver cloth than his master, the Caliph Otman, or the great Haroun Alraschid yet unborn, could have been, throne-sitting on a gala day.

Forming into line and squadron, they took up their march to attain an elevated position flanked by woods and meadows, and protected from behind by a well-thicketed hill, which they easily gained. Even while she saw that they sent out but few to reconnoitre, Constance trembled on beholding their situation, for it appeared to her the only one tenable, and she perceived the intention of the invader was to intercept the Visigoths, and having mercilessly hewed them down between the hill and the sea, to raise the march and storm the town. Far to the south, in the direction of the city, she beheld a thousand detached sprays of white plumes, moving gaily forward, and vehemently she execrated the tardiness that must destroy them.

Ali Hassan also saw them, but gladly and exultingly and ordering a reinforcement to the front, he formed a formidable array to meet the cavaliers who so light-heartedly rode on, and trusting to natural protection afforded by the hill, wood and meadow, left his rear and flanks slightly covered by a scanty band of skirmishers. Thus while the Turks drew their arrows to the string, and the cavalry hung with waiting spurs for the charge, a cloud of native horsemen, with a shout that rung again through the heavens, poured over the brow of the hill, and rushed on the unprotected rear, while a shower of arrows shot from the wood, and the meadow became alive with the points of bristling spears, and bowmen planting their stakes. Pits seemed to open beneath the feet of the invading crew. Swords flashed great circles in the air. The banner of the crescent wavered and wandered; the cross floated out in stiff white folds; and, at this moment, the gay white-plumed riders, having reached the scene, fell with happy valor on the van, and wrought "confusion worse confounded" beneath the directing hand of Regian, who was in the foremost rush. With the desperation of a man taken in his own net, Prince Ali Hassan issued new orders, centred his forces in fresh places, hewed living paths with his ponderous scimeter, cheered and invigorated his troops. But on whatever salient point he doubled his forces, Regian's men were three to one. "For God and our country, Visigoths!" he cried. "For our king!" responded the men, and seemed to gather new vigor for every blow they dealt the invaders. Full five hours was the uncertain contest sustained, and, at last, Constance, with weary eyes, beheld the combat deepening in one spot, sword and yhataghan meeting and clashing, crown and turban openly displayed, and knew the two contending leaders, each showering mighty blows; for death or captivity was in the one balance, crown, kingdom and queen in the other.

"Now is my time!" said Constance, as the two nearest slaves watched the fight, and the others slept along the sides, and, rising gently, she slid below stairs into the cabin, where yet burned the lamps of fragrant oil. Breaking in pieces the slender wooden stems of two antique chibouques, she laid them crosswise above a roll of linen from the couch, at the carved base of the great mast, and by the heavy wood-work at the other extremity of the cabin. Tearing the silken covering from the cushions, she heaped them around the little piles, being careful to leave access for the least draught of air. Above these she set several light wooden stands and wicker chairs, to which she attached the drapery of the walls. Taking down one of the lamps, she carefully applied the flame to the linen, and a little blaze sprang into life which she assiduously fanned; then kindling the other pile, she filled two little wooden caskets, which she took in her hands, with burning and combustible materials, placed the two lamps at the other sides among the tapestry and light carving, set wide open the lattice that the land breeze might blow in, and gaily mounted the steps. Looking down again a second, she saw the flame had already caught the light wicker of chair and table, and was licking the great base of the mast in flickering tongues of flame, while all the drapery around was sending off showers of sparks. Reaching the deck, she found the slaves as she had left them, and gently closed the hatchway. The helmsman slept at the helm, and gliding along, she threw the caskets, already hot to the hand, one into the large unclewed sail, and the other higher up, where it lodged among the spars and rigging. Opposite the stern of the ship was anchored a second one, which, with four others, were all bound by hawsers to a fifth, on which (as she overheard in a conversation between Ali Hassan and one of his subordinates) a helmsman and a handful of sailors only were left, the other ships being empty. Pursuing her course, she slid down the stern rope till she touched the fluke of an unsunk anchor; then, with a great effort, caught the cable of the next ship, and swinging herself across, climbed nimbly into the open cabin lattice, and repeated her incendiarism.

On reaching the fifth, upon whose deck sat the helmsman and sailors, she repeated her operations as well as she was able, retreating by the same way in which she entered, and securing a little floating skiff, she paddled boldly across to one of the five remaining ships of the flotilla, having again prepared small smouldering bunches of combustibles. As she reached the bows of the nearest one, pulling the floating end of her turban veilwise across her face, she ordered the sailors on board to assist her in ascending, which they accordingly did.

"I bring a command from Prince Ali Hassan, may he live forever!" she said, when standing on the deck, "that his slaves bear down to the assistance of the flag-ship, a hundred yards distant, that they may aid in extinguishing the flames in her rigging."

As she spoke, the sailors, who had been watching the tide of battle, turned to view the flag-ship, which was the furthest out from shore, and beheld, as she had said, spars, and sails and masts one mass of leaping, forked columns of flame; and Constance saw those whom she had left on board fast escaping in a boat headed to the shore. While the sailors gazed, Constance adroitly threw one of her bunches of inflammatory material into the main hatchway, and knowing that, not daring to disobey, they would immediately hasten to catch the fiery infection, she again entered her skiff and paddled to the next, which was, as she knew, fully manned. Holding herself at speaking distance, she exclaimed:

"Ali Hassan, commander of the faithful, may his shadow never be less! commandeth ye, through me, to crowd all sail, without delay, for the port of Cairo, there to await further orders, for which witness this signet ring. Hasten, dogs, or ye will bite the dust!"

Pausing a few moments, she saw them weigh anchor, spread the studding sail, and before the fresh land breeze scud clumsily away. Intending to spare the last ship, she staid a moment in her course ere she sought the next two where to repeat the deeds which, although her conscience plagued her sorely upon, she acknowledged to be necessary for the preservation of faith, honor and liberty, and resting a moment, she looked around. The craft she had ordered to the relief of the flag-ship was already a spray of fire in her tops, as she labored in the thick of the burning ships festooned with wreaths of flame, shaking down eddies of sparks, and whose smoke covered half heaven; while further away, the one ordered to Cairo was nobly clearing her distance. In front of her lay the three untouched ships, towards which she half feared that the party of Saracens running to man a boat along the shore, as they parried and returned fierce blows, down even to the water's edge, would direct their course.

On land the tumult was terrible and confused, and impossible it was to distinguish anything in the bloody melee; but the viceroyal turban and the kingly crown she nowhere saw. The next ship was evidently the most inferior of the fleet, and contenting herself with cutting away, by means of a double-edged dagger, the ropes that bound her to one of the two remaining, Constance passed on. Success had emboldened her, and securing her skiff to the painter of the last she intended to destroy, she had again recourse to her gymnastics, and clambering to the open lattice, looked in, while she balanced herself on a precarious tenure. What was her amazement to behold, stretched on a divan and as leisurely drawing wreaths of blue smoke from his Eastern pipe, as if all the weary day had been but a siesta, Ali Hassan!

Fixing a languid gaze upon the astounded girl, he lifted the stem from his mouth, saying:

"May I flatter myself that the Jewel of Spain has already so far bestowed on me the treasure of her love that she findeth it necessary to seek me out through a fleet of burning ships?" and he laughed low and lightly. But instantly rising ere Constance could regain her self-possession, he caught one of her hands and held it firmly. "Allah will dispose, wretched girl!" he cried. "By the prophet's beard, his fates have brought thee to expiate this outrage!"

"Loose me, Ali Hassan!" she exclaimed. "Unhand me!" and with her other hand she flourished the little dagger before his eyes.

"I have seen too many such gleamings of Christian weapons to be frightened, little one, at this," said he.

"Hast thou returned victorious to the arms of thy bride, Moor? Hast thou conquered?" she asked, sarcastically.

"Nay. I *am* conquered!"

"Then thou hast no claim on me."

"Thou hast destroyed my safeguard," replied the Moor, bitterly.

"Thou, in my place, wouldst have done the same."

"Then I also should have been punished."

"Punish, if thou canst!" she cried, looking down for a second foothold and her boat, meaning to tear her hand from his grasp.

But the boat was gone, slipped a rod away with the surface current, and she was left with Ali Hassan above and the sea beneath. A cry of "The giaour! the giaour! They are upon us!" arose from the wretched crew on deck, and quick as thought, Ali Hassan, reaching forward, drew her with one effort of his mighty strength within the cabin, wrenched the dagger from her grasp, and rushed with her to the deck. Standing a moment at the taffrail, he fervently pressed her to his heart, and passionately kissed her lips.

"Sinner as thou art," he cried, "I could forgive thee that wrong. But if I cannot hold thee, he *never* shall!" and he sprung with her into the deep waters of the bay that hissed with fiery fragments. Striking down, down, down, held still in his arms by a grasp o iron, with the roar of waters in her ears, Constance saw death to be her share of the day's victory, and was fast becoming insensible, when, with a sudden and dreadful rebound, she dreamed of some upward motion, while to her bewildered senses a score of arms seemed to surround them, dragging them to shore, and on regaining herself, she lay in the arms of Regian, who stood on the sand, while Ali Hassan, fearless, though quiet and subdued, confronted them with folded arms.

"And so, Ali Hassan," said Regian, with an intonation of scorn, —"and so end all Saracen exploits in Spain. Ali Hassan has lost his prestige and his prize!"

At this moment, rounding the arm of the bay, the royal barge hove in sight. As its keel grazed the sand, at a motion from Regian, certain of his soldiers deposited within it the large, iron-bound chest Ali Hassan had, the night before, given the father of Constance. "Receive again," said he, "that thou wouldst have paid for a Christian's soul. Bid Otman, thy master, if he careth for these brave thousands of his, to fill my coffers with their ransoms. For thyself, thou art free, O Moor!"

Ali Hassan stept within, and still standing high on the barge's stern, unmoved and with folded arms, he passed from the lover's sight. Drifting slowly out to sea were the relinquished craft, low, burning lines along the hulls, great crackling sheets of flame aloft, and far and wide were the waters covered with burning timbers.

"Thus, my love," said Regian, turning to Constance, "are the Saracens repulsed; and thus I set in my crown the Jewel of Spain!"

"And thou who wert my lover," responded Constance, as she stood trembling and pale on the shore, "who *now* art thou?"

"One who is yet thy lover. One who, on the morrow, makes thee queen. I am Wamba Regian, king of the Visigoths!"

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M. M. BALLOU, *Publisher and Proprietor,*
Corner of Tremont and Bromfield Streets, Boston.

CHRISTMAS DAY.

"Merry Christmas!" how many happy, how many fond and tender recollections these brief words summon up! They remind us of many a family gathering, of many a memorial of love and friendship, of feuds forgotten, of ties formed, of old faces now aded from earth, but fadeless in the memory, of fresh young faces that have taken the places of the departed, and beam upon the present in the radiance of hope. Merry Christmas! It is not, thank Heaven! among our neglected anniversaries. On the contrary, its celebration is all but universal throughout Christendom. Now in Teutonic circles are Santa Claus and Kriss Kringle looked for by the juveniles; now is the old cry of "*Noel*," revived among the French; now do the Italians throng their splendid temples to worship after their fashion, as we do after ours; now, in spite of war and want, is England "merrie" England still. A Merry Christmas! the joyous salutation of friend to friend, husband to wife, parent to child, brother to brother, sister to sister, and dearer yet, lover to lover, runs the circle of the globe. It is heard instead of the challenge of the sentinel on the ramparts of Sebastopol; the joyous greeting, in a more uncouth tongue, is echoed in the Russian camp. Mr. Barry, our artist, has seized upon the occasion, to illustrate Christmas by two original designs, which we lay before our readers on this and the next page. The first is the poor man's Christmas. Traces of want are apparent in the furniture and the dress of the family group; still, a part of its scanty savings, or the bounty of more fortunate fellow beings, has enabled them to keep up the show of festivity. The old grandmother is warm in her chimney nook; the plum pudding and roast beef are not wanting to the table; the child has its little toy the evergreen is bright upon the wall, and better yet, perhaps, hope sheds its light upon the hearts of the assembled family. The accessory sketches in the border of the picture are well worthy of study. They speak of the vicissitudes and the attributes of the season. The companion piece to this picture is of a different character. Lights are blazing in gilded chandeliers, and a brilliant group is seated at a board groaning with all the luxuries that money can command. Costly wines and costly viands tempt the appetite. The pampered spaniel on the footstool is the aristocrat of his race, and a very different being from the half-fed dog that guards the poor man's hearth. The winds of heaven are not permitted too roughly to visit the darling children of this prosperous family. Yet, for all these, there may be as much true happiness in the poor man's cottage as in the rich man's parlor; for human happiness is not to be measured by externals. A day appears to have been observed from the earliest times in honor of the nativity of our Saviour. St. Chrysostom, in his homily on the "Day of the Nativity," points out the formal establishment of the feast on the 25th of December, and its separation from the Epiphany, which hitherto had been celebrated conjointly with it, from the simultaneous appearance of the star in the East and the birth of Christ. The learned are much divided as to the real day of the nativity, and it has given rise to much discussion. Sir Isaac Newton ingeniously accounted for the selection of the 25th of December, the winter solstice, by showing that the festival of the Nativity, and most others, were originally fixed at cardinal points of the year, and having been so arranged by mathematicians at pleasure, were afterwards adopted by the Christians as they found them in the calendar. But it can be of little consequence what is the precise date, while devotional feelings are awakened on the day set apart by common consent. Our English ancestors, from whom we derive so many of our holiday observances, were particularly noted for the extraordinary festivities with which they distinguished Christmas. When the devotions of the eve preceding it were over, and night had come on, it was customary to light candles of large size, and to lay upon the fire a huge log called a *Yule clog* or *Christmas block*, a custom not yet extinct in some parts of England. A brand from this log was carefully preserved to kindle the Christmas log of the next year with. Chandlers, at this season, used to present Christmas candles to their customers. We are not aware that our modern gas companies make any deduction in their charges for the consumption of the day. At court, among public bodies, and in distinguished families, an officer, under various titles, was appointed to preside over the festivities and act as a Master of the Revels. Leland, in speaking of the court of Henry VII. of England, mentions an Abbot of Misrule, who was created for the purpose, and who made much sport. This comic functionary, in Scotland, was called the Abbot of Unreason; but, in that country, the custom was abolished by act of parliament, A. D., 1555. Stowe speaks of the same officer as the Lord of Misrule and Master of Merry Disports. The mayor and sheriffs of London had each their Lord of Misrule. Their sovereignty began on All-Hallow Eve, and ending the morning after Candlemas Day. This space of time was occupied by "fine and subtil disguisings, masks and mummeries, with playing at cards for counters, nayles and points, more for pastime than game." The following are some of the pastimes: gaming, music, jugglers and jackpuddings, scrambling for nuts and apples, dancing, the hobby horse, hunting owls and squirrels, the fool plough, hot cockles, a stick moving on a pivot with an apple at one end and a candle at the other, so that he who missed his bite burned his nose, blind-man's buff, forfeits, interludes and mock plays. The Puritans regarded these sports with holy horror, calling all who took pleasure in these pastimes "fantastical fools." In New England, our Puritan fathers forbade the suspension of work on Christmas Day. The London Inns of Court were much distinguished for their lavish expenditures on these celebrations, and their Lord of Misrule was sometimes termed the Christmas Prince, or King of Christmas. There was a famous Christmas celebration at the Inner Temple, in 1562, during the reign of Elizabeth, at which Dudley, afterwards Earl of Leicester, presided. In Dugdale's *Origines Judiciales*, we find an outline of the performances on these occasions. On Christmas Eve, there was a banquet in the hall, at which three Masters of the Revels were present. The ancientest of these, after dinner and supper, was to sing a carol, and to commend other gentlemen to sing with him. On each of the twelve nights (for that was the duration of the holidays), before and after supper, were revels and dancing; and the breakfasts on the following mornings were sufficiently substantial. They consisted of brawn, mustard, malmsey. The courses were all served with music, but the day of the nativity itself was undistinguished by any solemnity above the others.

On St. Stephen's Day, after the first course, the constable marshal came into the hall, armed *cap-a-pie*, and after three courtesies knelt down before the Lord Chancellor, and in an oration of a quarter of an hour's length tendered his service. Then entered for the same purpose the Master of the Game and the Ranger of the Forest, blowing on horns three blasts of venery. Afterwards, there was an entry which singularly marks the rudeness of the times: "A huntsman cometh into the hall with a fox in a pursenet and a cat, both bound at the end of a staff, and with them nine or ten couple of hounds, with the blowing of hunting horns. And the fox and the cat are by the hounds set upon and killed before the fire." The Common Sergeant then delivered a "plausible speech" on the necessity of the Christmas officers, in which he was followed by the King's Sergeant-at-Law, till the Lord Chancellor desired a respite of further advice. Supper ended, the constable ordered dancing. The style and title of *all* his nobles is little fitted to the refinement of modern ears; but we may subjoin a few as specimens of what passed for wit with men so eminent as Coke and Crewe. "Sir Francis Flatterer, of Fowleshurst, in the county of Buckingham, Sir Randle Rachabite of Rascal Hall, and Sir Morgan Mumchance of Much Monkery in the county of Mad Mopery." The dishes most in vogue were formerly for breakfast and supper on Christmas eve, boar's head, stuck with rosemary, with an apple or an orange in the mouth, plum porridge and minced pies. Eating the latter was a test of orthodoxy, as the Puritans conceived it to be an abomination; they were originally made long (says Selden, in his Table-Talk), in imitation of the crutch or manger in which our Saviour was laid. The houses and churches were dressed, as now-a-days, with evergreens, and the former especially with mistletoe, a custom probably as old as the Druidical worship. Foshrooke, in his "Encyclopedia of Antiquities," speaking of various local customs, mentions that the servants at Hamburg had a carp for supper on Christmas eve and Waldron, in his "description of the Isle of Man," among many other curious particulars, relates that at this season parties sat up all night, went to church at twelve, and after service hunted and killed a wren, which they carried on a bier to church, and there buried with dirges, and whimsical solemnity. The "Christmas Box" was money gathered in a box to provide masses at this festive season, and servants who were else unable to defray them, were allowed the privilege of collecting from the bounty of others. The "Christmas Carol" (sung from nativity to the twelfth day) may be traced to the primitive church. Tertullian states that at their feast it was customary for the Christians to place in the middle such as were able to sing, and call upon them to praise God in a hymn, either out of the Scriptures, or of their own invention. Durand also informs us that it was usual for the bishops on Christmas Day to make sport and even to sing with their clergy; and this custom was an imitation of the *Gloria in Excelsis* of the Angels, as we learn from Jeremy Taylor, "These blessed choristers had sung their Christmas Carol and taught the church a hymn to put into her offices forever, on the anniversary of this festivity." We are confident that our readers will thank us for here appending the remarks which our gifted Irving makes upon Christmas. They are the record of true feeling, and expressed with exquisite and inimitable grace "Of all the old festivals," he says, "that of Christmas awakens the strongest and most heartfelt associations. There is a tone of solemn and sacred feeling that blends with our conviviality, and lifts the spirit to a state of hallowed and elevated enjoyment. The services of the church about this season are extremely tender and inspiring. They dwell on the beautiful story of the origin of our faith, and the pastoral scenes that accompanied its announcement. They gradually increase in

ervor and pathos during the season of advent, until they break forth in full jubilee on the morning that brought peace and good will to men. I do not know a grander effect of music on the moral feelings, than to hear the full choir and the pealing organ performing a Christmas anthem in a cathedral, and filling every part of the vast pile with triumphant harmony. It is a beautiful arrangement, also, derived from days of yore, that this festival, which commemorates the announcement of the religion of peace and love, has been made the season for gathering of family connections, and drawing closer again those bands of kindred hearts, which the cares and pleasures and sorrows of the world are continually operating to cast loose; of calling back the children of a family, who have launched forth in life and wandered widely asunder, once more to assemble about the paternal hearth, that rallying place of the affections, there to grow young and loving again among the endearing mementoes of childhood. There is something in the very season of the year that gives a charm to the festivities of Christmas. At other times we derive a great portion of our pleasure from the mere beauties of nature. Our feelings sally forth and dissipate themselves over the sunny landscape, and we 'live abroad and everywhere.' The song of the bird, the murmur of the stream, the breathing fragrance of spring, the voluptuousness of summer, the golden pomp of autumn; earth with its mantle of refreshing green, and heaven with its deep delicious blue, and its cloudy magnificence, all fill us with mute but exquisite delight, and we revel in the luxury of mere sensation. But in the depth of winter, when nature lies despoiled of every charm and wrapped in her shroud of sheeted snow, we turn or our gratifications to moral sources. The dreariness and desolation of the landscape, the short gloomy days and darksome nights, while they circumscribe our wanderings, shut in our feelings also from rambling abroad, and make us more keenly disposed for the pleasure of the social circle. Our thoughts are more concentrated, our friendly sympathies more aroused. We feel more sensibly the charm of each other's society, and are brought more closely together by dependence in each other for enjoyment. Heart calleth unto heart; and we draw our pleasures from the deep wells of loving kindness, which lie in the quiet recesses of our bosoms; and which, when resorted to, furnish forth the pure elements of domestic felicity. The pitchy gloom without makes the heart dilate on entering the room filled with the glow and warmth of the evening fire. The ruddy blaze diffuses an artificial summer and sunshine through the room, and lights up each countenance in a kindlier welcome. Where does the honest face of hospitality expand into a broader and more cordial smile—where is the shy glance of love more sweetly eloquent than by the winter fireside? and as the hollow blast of wintry wind rushes through the hall, claps the distant door, whistles about the casement, and rumbles down the chimney, what can be more grateful than that feeling of sober and sheltered security, with which we look round upon the comfortable chamber and the scene of domestic hilarity? The English, from the great prevalence of rural habit through every class of society, have always been fond of these festivals and holidays which agreeably interrupt the stillness of country life; and they were, in former days, particularly observant of the religious and social rites of Christmas. It is inspiring to read even the dry details which some antiquaries have given of the quaint humors, the burlesque pageantry, the complete abandonment to mirth and good fellowship, with which this festival was celebrated. It seemed to throw open every door, and unlock every heart. It brought the peasant and the peer together, and blended all ranks in one warm generous flow of joy and kindness. The old halls of castles and manor houses resounded with the harp and the Christmas carol, and the ample boards groaned under the weight of hospitality. Even the poorest cottage welcomed the festive season with green decorations of bay and holly; the cheerful fire glanced its rays through the lattice, inviting the passengers to raise the latch, and join the gossip knot huddled round the hearth, beguiling the long evening with legendary jokes and oft-told Christmas tales.

"One of the least pleasing effects of modern refinement is the havoc it has made among the hearty old holiday customs. It has completely taken off the sharp touchings and spirited reliefs of those embellishments of life, and has worn down society into a more smooth and polished, but certainly a less characteristic surface. Many of the games and ceremonials of Christmas have entirely disappeared, and, like the sherris sack of Jack Falstaff, are become matters of speculation and dispute among commentators. They flourished in times full of spirit and lustihood, when men enjoyed life roughly, but heartily and vigorously; times wild and picturesque, which have furnished poetry with its richest materials, and the drama with its most attractive variety of characters and manners. The world has become more worldly. There is more of dissipation and less of enjoyment. Pleasure has expanded into a broader, but a shallower stream; and has forsaken many of those deep and quiet channels where it flowed sweetly through the calm bosom of domestic life. Society has acquired a more elegant and enlightened tone; but it has lost many of its strong local peculiarities, its home-bred feelings, its honest fireside delights. The traditionary customs of golden-hearted antiquity, its feudal hospitalities, and lordly wassailings, have passed away with the baronial castles and stately manor-houses in which they were celebrated. They comported with the shadowy hall, the great oaken gallery, and the tapestried parlor, but are unfitted to the light showy saloons and gay drawing-rooms of the modern villa.

"Shorn, however, as it is, of its ancient and festive honors, Christmas is still a period of delightful excitement in England. It is gratifying to see that home feeling completely aroused which holds so powerful a place in every English bosom. The preparations making on every side for the social board that is again to unite friends and kindred; the presents of good cheer passing and re-passing, those tokens of regard and quickeners of kind feelings; the evergreens distributed at out houses and churches, emblems of peace and gladness; all these have the most pleasing effect in producing fond associations, and kindling benevolent sympathies. Even the sound of the Waits, rude as may be their minstrelsy, breaks upon the mid watches of a winter night with the effect of perfect harmony. As I have been awakened by them in that still and solemn hour, 'when deep sleep falleth upon man,' I have listened with a hushed delight, and, connecting them with the sacred and joyous occasion, have almost fancied them into another celestial choir, announcing peace and good will to mankind. How delightfully the imagination, when wrought upon by these moral influences, turns everything to melody and beauty! The very crowing of the cock, heard sometimes in the profound repose of the country, 'telling the night-watches to his feathery dames,' was thought by the common people to announce the approach of this sacred festival.

"'Some say that ever 'gainst that season comes
Wherein our Saviour's birth is celebrated,
This bird of dawning singeth all night long;
And then, they say, no spirit dares stir abroad.
The nights are wholesome—then no planets strike,
No fairy takes, no witch hath power to charm,
So hallowed and so gracious is the time.'

"Amidst the general call to happiness, the bustle of the spirits, and stir of the affections, which prevail at this period, what bosom can remain insensible? It is, indeed, the season of regenerated feeling—the season for kindling, not merely the fire of hospitality in the hall, but the genial flame of charity in the heart. The scene of early love again rises green to the memory beyond the sterile waste of years; and the idea of home, fraught with the fragrance of home-dwelling joys, re-animates the drooping spirit—as the Arabian breeze will sometimes waft the freshness of distant fields to the weary pilgrim of the desert."

Mr. Irving wrote this some years ago, and we know not whether the holiday celebration of Christmas in England is less zealous of late years. In this country, however, it is celebrated each year with increasing zest and spirit. In New York, particularly, where time and money are bestowed on popular anniversaries more unstintedly than any where else, perhaps, except New Orleans, Christmas day is as jovial and hearty in its various features as it ever has been within the century in England. Public balls and parties, open houses, fun and frolic, are the order of the day. The city wears a carnival aspect that would attract the observation of the most careless visitor, and this is kept up with unflagging spirit throughout the holidays. In our good old Puritan city there are fewer external demonstrations, but within doors Christmas is merrily kept up. In private families we have the evergreen decorations, the exchange of presents and the jolly cheer that we borrow from the English mode of celebration, and, superadded to these, many games and sports of German origin, which have of late years been naturalized with us. We have hundreds of splendid Christmas trees, without which Christmas in Germany would be no Christmas at all. Christmas comes most opportunely in the year. With its genial influences, its home endearments, its elevating spirit, it prepares us to enter on the new year, the season of good resolutions, with fresh heart and hope. It is a pleasant anniversary to date from. That this Christmas may be a happy as well as merry one to all our readers, is our cordial wish. May no clouds darken their pathway; no deep sorrows wound their hearts. We have communed together in the silent intercourse of mind for the year, seeking on our part to avoid every jarring topic, every subject on which men have "agreed to disagree." The thought that our journal was passing into many thousands of families; that it was welcomed as a friend is welcomed by the fireside circle, has cheered us in our labors, and strengthened us in our career, and now, in the full tide of our prosperity, and grateful for the appreciation we have met with, we heartily wish a "Merry Christmas" to one and all of our friends.—We have all reason for rejoicing, as we draw near the close of the old year, that while Europe has been ringing for the past twelve-month with the clangor of arms, we can gather around our firesides in security, and enjoy the plenty which Providence has furnished for our entertainment.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

HARSH WORDS.

BY P. P. HIGGINS.

Speak not harshly—could we scan
The secret, inmost soul of man,
Then his bleeding breast would show
Furrows deep of pain and woe—
How those wounds are warped and wrung,
By an angry, bitter tongue.

Speak not harshly—learn to feel
Another's woes, another's weal;
Of malice, hate and guile instead,
By friendship's holy bonds be led;
For sorrow is man's heritage
From early youth to hoary age.

Speak not harshly,—O how drear
Cold unkindness meets the ear;
When the soul with gloom oppressed,
Longs for love to cheer the breast;
Refluent ebbs the gushing flow,
That warmed our hearts with genial glow.

[Translated from the Spanish for Ballou's Pictorial.]

ISABELLA LA ESPANOLA.

BY WALTER CLINTON.

Among the spoils carried from Cadiz by the English, under the Earl of Essex, was a girl of seven years old, who was secreted by the captain of one of the ships of the squadron. Great inquiries were made concerning the child, and Lord Essex himself caused a search to be instituted, but without effect; and her captor carried her safely to London, and presented her to his wife. Now it happened that the household of the Lord Clotald practised secretly the rites of the Romish religion, although publicly they appeared attached to that of the queen. The Lady Clotald was so delighted with the excessive beauty of the little captive that she educated her as her own daughter. Isabella soon learned to regard the lady as a mother, and gradually the recollection of her true parents faded from her mind, leaving but an indistinct sentiment of melancholy impressed upon her feelings. Naturally quick and gifted, she progressed rapidly in the varied accomplishments which she was taught, and as Lord Clotald received privately many Spanish visitors, who conversed with her in her native tongue, she did not forget that, whilst becoming perfectly conversant with the language of her new country.

Lord Clotald had one only son, five years older than Isabella, and who saw the beauty of the child changing into the more fascinating loveliness of the woman—with daily increasing sentiments of admiration, which, ere long, ripened into love.

But he delayed imparting these feelings, because he knew his father had already selected a Scottish lady of great wealth for the bride of his heir, and feared some barrier being raised between himself and Isabella, which would effectually deprive him of the now ungnarded pleasure of her companionship.

His health declined under the constant fear of some event interfering with his love, and his parents bewildered themselves vainly in seeking for a cause for his melancholy and failing strength. At length he could no longer resist the temptation of confessing his love to Isabella, and entreating her to promise to be his wife; or, at least, if not his—no other's.

The girl heard him in blushing silence, and, after a pause of timid hesitation, replied that if her protectress consented to it, she would willingly enter into the engagement.

Richard knew well enough the indulgence of his mother, and succeeded in prevailing upon her to intercede with Lord Clotald in his behalf; protesting that his life depended on the good success of his love.

The heir was now twenty—the girl but fourteen years; and the parents consented to the engagement, hoping to find means to escape without dishonor from the matrimonial alliance proposed between Richard and the northern heiress. Time passed on, and it wanted but four days to the period Lord Clotald had fixed for the performance of the betrothal ceremony, when a messenger from the queen appeared, with a command that his lordship should take at once the young Spanish lady to the court, her majesty having a desire to see her.

It was customary for the queen to be consulted before any matrimonial alliances were formed between the nobles of the court: and Lord Clotald was much disturbed by this message, fearing the information of his son's engagement had reached the ear of royalty through some unfriendly channel, and aroused her displeasure. He had himself delayed imparting it, counting on the services he and his ancestors had rendered to the royal house.

"Ah," said the Lady Catherine, "her majesty has heard that she is a Catholic, and will censure us for permitting her to follow the religion of her family, and Isabella will be confused by the questioning, and admit that *we* are secret Catholics."

They were all greatly disturbed, and imagined a variety of causes and results; but, since the summons must be obeyed, Lady Catherine determined to send her elected daughter in such style as should become the position she would so soon occupy as the wife of her son. Isabella dressed in the costume of a Spanish lady, which became well her resplendent beauty, with diamonds which vied vainly with the splendor of her eyes; rubies which blushed with envy at the hue of her lips; and pearls gleaming pallid and dim on the white neck and brow, and rounded arms; attracted and rivetted every gaze as she advanced timidly alone, in obedience to command, the last few steps to the foot of the royal seat, and knelt before the great queen, murmuring in pure English her gratitude for the honor the queen had conferred on her by this summons.

Her majesty regarded her long in silence, taking good note of her beauty, and at length said: "speak some in Spanish, damsel, for I love it well." And turning to Lord Clotald, motioned him to approach nearer—when she said, "my lord, we are vexed that you have so long concealed this treasure from us; you will be compelled now to restore it, for it is of right ours."

"Your majesty, I confess the fault, if it is a fault to have guarded this flower until it attained to so perfect beauty, when I hoped to be permitted to offer it to your majesty as the wife of my son—laying at once my two greatest possessions at your royal feet."

"In herself she comprises all that can be desired, and we like the name Isabella La Espanola well; you have promised her, without consulting us, to your son, Lord Clotald."

"That is true, your majesty; but I had confidence that the many services my fathers have rendered to the crown would induce your majesty to do me even greater favor than giving your gracious permission to this marriage: however, she is not yet married to my son."

"Nor will be," returned the queen, "until he has himself done deeds which merit so rich a guerdon. His own acts, not those of his ancestors, must purchase her. She is ours, and we already value her as a daughter."

Isabella again knelt, and exclaimed in Spanish: "your majesty has given me the name of daughter! what more is there, then, to fear or to hope?"

The queen was so charmed with her grace that she commanded her to remain near her: and the lover was almost in despair at thus losing his treasure, when on the eve of being more securely confirmed in its possession. In this disturbance of mind he flung himself on his knees before the royal lady and exclaimed earnestly: "there are needed no other motives than those which animated my ancestors, when they devoted themselves to the service of their country: but since your majesty sees fit to impose this obligation upon me, I beseech you to tell me in what way it may be most speedily and effectually fulfilled?"

"Two ships are about to sail, under the orders of the Baron de Lausac; we name you captain of one of them, because we believe the quality of the blood running through your veins will make ample amends for want of experience and of years. Thus you will have an opportunity to serve your queen, display your own valor, and merit the fulfilment of your desires. Ourself will be Isabella's guardian, although it appears to us that her own modesty will make other guardianship superfluous. God speed you, sir; you go full of love, and we promise ourself great deeds at your hands."

The sovereign would be happy who could count in his service ten thousand lovers, expecting to find in victory the success of their loves; their arms could not fail to conquer!

"Rise, Richard! and think if you wish to say anything to Isabella; for in the morning you depart."

He kissed her hands, and then arose and approached his affianced, but his feelings overpowered him and he sank on his knees before her, unable to utter a word, whilst he vainly attempted to conceal his tears. The queen looked kindly on, and said: "do not be ashamed to weep, Richard; we know it is one thing to meet an enemy in battle, and another to part from one much loved. Isabella, embrace him and give him your good wishes; he is deserving of them."

Isabella was so confounded by the humility of her lover that she did not hear the royal command, and stood motionless and silent, whilst the tears fell swiftly down her cheeks. She wept so silently, one could fancy some marble statue had been moved to tears. No word passed between the lovers so suddenly parted, and Lord Clotald took his son away with him, after saluting her majesty with all respect. Isabella remained behind, like an orphan lately deprived of her natural protectors, and cast on the care of some unknown guardian. The queen entrusted her to the care of one of her ladies, to be instructed in any unknown usages of the court.

The vessels sailed for six days with favorable winds, intending to capture any richly freighted ships from the East Indies, that fortune might put within their grasp; but suddenly a wind arose which compelled them to run for Spain. At the entrance of the Straits of Gibraltar they discovered three ships,—one of them large, and the others small ones.

Richard was desirous to have Lord Lausac's opinion on the propriety of chasing them; but as his ship drew nearer that of the commander, he saw a black standard hoisted, which announced the death of the general or some other high officer of the ship. He soon learned that his lordship had died in the night, in a fit of apoplexy, and that he himself was unexpectedly called to take the command of the expedition. Sorrow for the death of Lord Lausac was greatly lessened by the thought how much sooner he might now evince such skill and courage as should induce his royal mistress to consent at once to his receiving the reward promised,—the hand of Isabella.

They found the smaller vessels Turkish galleys, which had taken the rich merchant ship, and who were, in their turn, compelled now to give way to a superior force.

Richard released the Christians taken prisoners, had them fed and clothed, and, giving each of them a small sum of money to meet their first wants on reaching land, put them on board one of the Turkish vessels, and told them to direct their course to Spain, —which they were already so near that the high mountains of Abila and Calpe could be seen from the decks. The Turks he made them promise to send back to their own country, the first opportunity, in return for the liberty he had himself given them. But one of the Spaniards requested permission for himself and wife to sail with him to England, saying they had no desire to go back to Spain, since there they had lost all,—wealth, position, and their only child.

Richard questioned them, and from their answers concluded that his affianced Isabella was, not improbably, the "angel child" whom they yet mourned for, who had been taken by the English years ago. However, he decided not to say anything of his suspicions, leaving the future to prove the truth or fallacy of those impressions.

The prize taken was a very valuable one, having a rich cargo of precious stones; and he knew with what joy his return with such a prize would be regarded. Still, in consequence of the death of Lord Lausac, he did not wish to show many outward evidences of success; and accordingly the signals of mourning and of victory were carefully intermingled.

We will pass over the various incidents which arose on the return of the adventurers, and accompany the eager lover to the palace, where his appearance (fully armed, and in the pride of past and hope of future conquest) caused many to liken him to Mars; for he was tall, well proportioned, and of great nobility of bearing. However, others with not less aptness, compared him rather to Adonis; for the roses of youth were on his cheek, and the smooth chin scarcely yet confessed itself guilty of hirsute adornment.

Her majesty received him graciously, and listened with kindness to his account of the varied events of the voyage, and the rich prize which fortune had awarded to their arms. He disclaimed for himself any share in the prize, regarding the one prize promised to his success as too great to be associated with any inferior guerdon.

"Rise, Richard," said the queen. "We think Isabella of more value than all the jewels of India, and we give her to you as we have promised, for you are worthy of each other. If you have guarded the jewels of the prize-ship for us, we also have guarded this brightest jewel for you; and, although it may seem that we do you little favor in returning what was already yours, we know we do much in doing it, for we know her value. She is yours: look on her now, and take her whenever you choose. Now go and recruit yourself, and come again to-morrow, for it is our will to ask more particularly concerning your adventures."

Richard kissed the royal hands, and expressed his warm thanks for her majesty's great kindness and condescension, and the queen left the hall. She had no sooner departed with her immediate attendants, than the rest of the ladies crowded round the young soldier, and one of them said, laughing:

"Why do you come armed among us, sir soldier? We are all here your friends, unless it be the Senora Isabella, who, as a Spaniard, is compelled to regard your exploits unfavorably!"

"If I remember rightly, madame, that lady did not look upon me very unkindly; and I do not believe such great beauty can be associated with such speedy forgetfulness, and such very great caprice."

The conversation was carried on in the same light spirit. One of them, a very young girl, had been curiously regarding Richard's equipment, and at last exclaimed:

"Well, I think war must be a very beautiful thing, since warriors appear so well among women."

"Ah," said the first lady, looking at the young conqueror, "does not it seem as if the sun had descended from heaven and condescended to walk in this garb through our streets?"

Remarks were not wanting about his presumption in presenting himself fully armed at the palace; but in the midst of all the wonder and admiration he excited, his father came and led him away, with a large train of relatives and friends.

Richard had taken the Spaniards to his own home, believing them the parents of his lady-love, and explained the reasons for these suspicions to his father, who acquiesced in the policy of being silent for the present, to Isabella, on the subject.

The next day he carried his guests with him to the palace, dressed in the English fashion, and there, after he had answered all the questions which her majesty chose to put to him, he entreated permission to present them, as the Spaniards of whom he had spoken the day before, to her majesty. Isabella, hearing this, lifted her eyes from the rush strewn floor, and looked anxiously at these persons who came from her native city, and might have known the parents she could never entirely forget. She met the fixed gaze of the lady; and to her it seemed that it was a look she recollected to have seen in past days.

Confused and agitated,—not daring to hope and unwilling to despair, she heard the queen question them on their loss; and at last, after she had acted for a time, by royal command, as the interpreter, the lady (who had watched her intently) started forward and lifted the rich tresses from the right ear. She saw there a small black mole, and exclaiming, "my child—my daughter!" sunk in a deep swoon upon the floor.

The recovery was quickened by the tears and words of the daughter, welcoming to her heart a mother and father so long separated from and considered lost.

The queen was agreeably surprised at this unexpected termination of the interview, and congratulated the lover on the discretion and thoughtfulness he had exercised in the affair.

Time passed on; perhaps not with the swiftness desired by the lover—for lovers often deem the days which fly so swiftly to others, pass them with slow and heavy wings,—and the day so earnestly expected dawned at last, full of hope and fair promises of happiness.

It happened that the lady to whose care the queen had particularly recommended Isabella, had one son, called Lord Ernest. He was but two and twenty, but he counted much on his high birth, and the great favor the royal lady lavished upon his mother, and was, accordingly, exceedingly arrogant and presumptuous. This Lord Ernest had fallen in love with the young beauty, and during Richard's absence persecuted her with his professions; but she continually discountenanced them. This coolness only added fire to the flame already burning so hotly in his breast, and when he found that the queen had given her consent to the immediate marriage, he became desperate, and entreated his mother to plead for him with her majesty, since he loved Isabella so much he could not bear to live without her. His mother saw the folly of the request, but, fearful of some rashness, promised all he asked, hoping only to procure, perhaps, such a delay of the nuptials as would offer her some opportunity of finding a plan to withdraw her son's thoughts from so unfortunate a subject. She obtained an audience, at once, to plead for this, and knelt to implore it; but, although the queen heard her with wondering pity, she would not consent to cause any further delay.

Then the lady arose, desperate with all a mother's fears for her son, and went to the chamber where the young Spaniard was already being robed for the bridal. She dismissed the attendants for a short time, and, under pretence of soothing the natural nervousness of the girl, prepared for her a draught, which she unsuspiciously drank. The effects were speedily visible in her altered looks, and her maidens rushed to inform the queen that the young favorite was dying.

Physicians were summoned, and finally youth triumphed over death; but life was spared at the expense of her beauty, which had vanished. The lover, again disappointed on the very eve of his assured happiness, was mad with grief, and the queen regretted her former intervention.

At length the Lord and Lady Clotald, seeing the lost beauty of the portionless bride their son had chosen, thought again of the Scottish heiress they had hoped to recognize as their daughter. But whilst thinking thus they avoided intimating to Richard their altered plans, hoping that by placing the fresh beauty of the yet unseen Scot side by side with the faded charms of the young Spaniard, his eyes might prove traitor to his heart, and their project be achieved without any outward interference. Accordingly in less than three months Richard was astonished by the unexpected arrival of a young girl so beautiful that he confessed he had seen none but Isabella in any degree resembling her in loveliness. But he dreaded that this arrival would risk again the scarcely rallied life of his betrothed, and accordingly sought her at once, and proposed that they should be immediately married, privately, according to the Catholic rites, and then that she should go with her parents to Spain, and await there his coming; when he hoped to find her with renewed strength and spirits.

With many tears and expostulations the poor girl consented to his urgent reasons, and their vows were exchanged. He engaged to be with her in Cadiz within two years. To his parents he declared his determination never to marry another without a dispensation from Rome that would relieve his conscience of his engagements to Isabella.

These reasons satisfied the friends of the fair Scot, and it was arranged that the lady should reside under the guardianship of her future father-in-law till the return of the lover, which he said would be in a year. Clotald himself obtained permission of the queen to send the three Spaniards back to Spain, since the warm air of the south would alone enable Isabella to rally from the shock she had sustained.

Isabella had waited patiently almost eighteen months out of the two years appointed, living in great retirement and constantly engaged in works of charity, or the pursuit of her studies, when a letter arrived from her English mother, informing her of the death of Richard. "He had been assassinated in Italy by Ernest, and his page had returned to England with the tale."

With difficulty, when Isabella's senses had recovered from this shock, did her parents persuade her to delay her intention of entering a convent, as a novitiate, until the two years should have fully expired. The months passed without any further news, and indeed after his death had been so confirmed, how could she hope? Great preparations were made for a public and magnificent ceremony, for the nuns were anxious the display should be very pompous. The day had arrived, and a vast concourse of people had assembled in the city to witness the profession. The fair Isabella, herself, had never looked more lovely than when for the last time costumed in the fashion of the world, she was about to forswear it forever. She wore the magnificent dress prepared for her first presentation at court, and the jewels well became her matured, yet but freshly recovered beauty. It was at this instant that a man habited in the cloak and cross of captives redeemed from the Turks pressed through the throng, as Isabella was entering the church. With one look, one exclamation, she turned from priests and nuns to fall into the arms of her betrothed husband, restored, as from the grave.

It seemed that the page, alarmed by the assault and his master's fall, had escaped; and believing Richard to be dead, Lord Ernest, satisfied with his work, rode away with his ruffians. An examination showed that none of the wounds were mortal. And with the proper care he recovered. After many vicissitudes he arrived just in season to delay the ceremony of her becoming a nun.

"I am well repaid for all, my beautiful one!" said he, "in thus at last obtaining the hope of my life!"

The nuptials of Richard and Isabella were celebrated with the rites of their church; and they lived in the full possession of all earthly happiness for many years.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

TWO CHRISTMAS DAYS.

BY FRANCIS A. DURIVAGE.

THE FIRST.

The early night of a December day had set in, deepened by clouds that hung like a pall over the imperial city of New York. Yet it failed to throw a gloom over the place or to darken the hearts of its inhabitants; for, was it not merry Christmas? The street-lamps seemed to blaze with something more than wonted effulgence; the confectioners' windows glittered with lights; merry laughs rang out from promenading groups; music sounded in the halls where the gay dance was going forward; it seemed as if the golden age had returned, and sin and sorrow had fled from every hearth and heart.

No house in the entire length of Broadway was more radiant with light on that evening than the splendid residence of Mark Harwick, one of the young merchant princes of the empire city. Through the large plate-glass windows of the drawing-room, the ruddy light of a generous fire, combining with the whiter lustre of the chandeliers, streamed forth on the outer darkness. The chambers, too, were lighted up, and through the area railings the same tokens of warmth and lustre showed that servant as well as master basked in the radiance of the genial season.

Harwick and his wife were in the brightly lighted drawing-room, the interior of which showed a singular mixture of sylvan beauty and aristocratic magnificence, for amidst the statues, paintings, gilded arabesque and polished pilasters, hung wreaths of evergreen, boughs of spruce and fir, and gay garlands woven of holly and amaranth. They were not alone, for two bright-eyed little boys and two fairy girls were playing on the carpet with the toys they had received as presents in the morning—presents they firmly believed to have been brought by Santa Claus, *via*. the bedroom flue, after an airy whirl of a thousand leagues in a miniature sleigh drawn by "eight tiny reindeer." Mark Harwick glanced from the beautiful face and figure of his wife, on whose fair brow blazed a bandeau of diamonds that did not dim the lustre or add to the fascination of her beauty, to the group of sportive children, and his bosom heaved with emotion. At this moment a servant entered and handed him a letter. He glanced over its contents, and then thrust it hastily into his breast-pocket.

"You seem unusually thoughtful to-night, Mark!" said his wife, "almost sad."

"Sad on Christmas night!" answered Harwick, gaily. "That were high treason to Santa Claus. But you shall have no reason to complain of me. Our guests shall not say to-night the master of the revel was the dullest fool in the crowd. I mean to be gay, and enormously ridiculous. Christmas comes but once a year. Because we are virtuous, shall there be 'no more cakes and ale?' No—by Saint Anne!"

"Now you are as wild as you were sad a moment since," said the wife, smiling. "I pray Heaven you are not *fey*, as the Scotch say."

"You are the fay here, and a right lovely one," said Harwick, pressing his lips to his wife's forehead. "I declare I believe I have wounded my lip with one of those diamonds."

"Shall I remove them?"

"No, they become your regal beauty; they seem a part and parcel of yourself. What would you do without diamonds?"

"Very well, I dare say," replied Mrs. Harwick. "But tell me what was in that letter."

"Pardon me, dearest, that is my secret."

"A secret! I shall begin to be jealous. Has one of your old flames been writing you a love letter?"

"I never loved but once."

"And that was a long time ago," said Mrs. Harwick.

Harwick pressed her to his heart.

"Hark!" said Mrs. Harwick, disengaging herself. "There is the first carriage; our guests are beginning to arrive."

Counsellor Grip and his lady were announced—the first of the Christmas party. They were soon followed by others, leaders of the ton, and distingués of the literary world; judges and officers of the army and navy; celebrated beauties and celebrated fortunes; lions, too, and foreigners of distinction. Count Gruffenoughsky, a Russian who had made several attempts to ascend the north pole; a very polished French gentleman who was reported to have shot at Louis Philippe; a celebrated politician who had been a leader of several parties, and was now organizing a new one in the hope of reaching the presidency; a rich Jew banker from Berlin who was called a baron, and wore a red ribbon in his button-hole, with other notabilities, too numerous to mention.

The evening was very gay. Once a year, even in society, people can afford to abandon conventionalities, and talk and act naturally. There were music, dancing, cards, games, encounters of wit, a splendid supper, universal hilarity, Homeric laughter. And the life of the evening was the host himself. He had a word and a jest for everybody. He convulsed the children with his comic faces and his admirable imitations of animals, steam engines, wood-sawing and saw-setting. He drew imaginary corks out of imaginary bottles, and poured out fanciful porter, so as to deceive the ears of the most experienced. He listened excellently to the old, and danced indefatigably with the young. Every one pronounced him charming. There was not a lagging minute in the *soiree*, thanks to his exertions. And when the last guest consulted his repeater in the hall, he was surprised to find the hour two o'clock in the morning, instead of twelve at night.

Harwick, after seeing that the servants had retired, returned to the drawing-room. The fire burned low in the grate. Only one or two lights flickered faintly in their sockets. There was a chill reaction after the excitement of the evening. Mrs. Harwick raised her eyes to her husband's face, and was startled by the ghastly expression of his countenance.

"Good Heaven! Mark," she exclaimed, starting from her chair; "you are ill; you have over exerted yourself."

"It is nothing—nothing, dearest," he said faintly, sitting down. "But tell me, did I play my part well? Have we had a merry Christmas?"

"Yes, a merry and I trust a happy one. But you say you were playing a part. Does it cost you an effort to be happy?"

"Julia," said Harwick, "I have never concealed anything from you, and yet I know not how to tell you what has happened."

"You alarm me," replied the wife. "Something dreadful I know must have occurred. But remember that suspense is more agonizing than any certainty. Speak."

"I will," said Harwick, pressing her hand. After a brief internal struggle, he said: "That letter—I told you it was a secret; it will cease to be one to-morrow. It was a lawyer's letter, Julia. This day is the last of our seeming splendor. Reverses in my business have occurred—I—I am a bankrupt."

"But you have wronged no one, Mark."

"Not a soul. To my creditors I abandon all. My house, our costly furniture, our paintings, statuary,—not an article of value shall be withheld. But I am a ruined man."

"Is that all?" asked Mrs. Harwick, with a brave smile. "Is that really all? and did you fear to tell me, Mark? Fie! you should have known me. She unclasped the bandeau of diamonds from her head and the bracelets from her arms, and laid them on the table.

"Do you like me less without those gewgaws?"

"I ever loved you for yourself—noble, glorious creature!" exclaimed Harwick. "Your courage gives me new life and hope. Something, indeed, may be saved from the general wreck; enough to begin life again."

"Spoken like my own brave, noble husband!" said the wife. "I tell you, Mark, I am not cast down, while you keep heart of hope. I have shared your prosperity—I will be, God willing, a help to you in your adversity. While we are true to ourselves and to each other, what need we care for fortune's frowns."

THE SECOND.

Heap on more wood! the wind is chill,
But let it whistle as it will,
We'll keep our Christmas merry, still.—Scott.

"How it snows!" cried a fine boy of twelve years, to his mother, a noble woman, in the prime of life. "I wish father had let us go with him; I'm sure I'm big enough."

"And me too," said another young American, some two years his junior. "It's really too bad; he treats us as if we were mere boys."

"I am ashamed of you, Lewis," said a little lady, the twin sister of the second spokesman, removing her eyes from the doll which her sister was dressing for her. "To censure the absent is unmanly."

"She learned that out of her copy book," said Lewis, "didn't she, mother?"

"You are all getting too wise for me," answered the matron; "but I really wish your father were back. The storm is gathering on the prairie."

"Hilloa!" shouted a lusty voice without.

"There's father!" cried the boys and girls, within. And they rushed to the door of the comfortable log house, pushing their way through a perfect bower of evergreens, shouting, "Merry Christmas," at the top of their lungs.

Just outside the house stood a stalwart man, in the prime of life, the snow resting thickly on his fur cap, and long brown locks, and rough coat, holding a rifle in one hand, while the other held the bridle of a stout, serviceable nag. He answered the greetings of his little flock cheerily and gaily.

"What have you got under the buffalo on pony's back?" asked one of the little girls.

"Your Christmas dinner, you monkeys," said the huntsman. "A fine buck and half a score of grouse," he added, to the boys.

His wife welcomed him to the cheerful fireside.

"Do you remember a Christmas day, eight years ago?" he asked her.

"Certainly, Mark," answered Mrs. Harwick.

"Well, do you regret the Broadway house, and the French hangings and the diamonds?"

"And your pale, care-worn look, Mark? Certainly not. What have we to desire? We have broad lands stocked with fruit and cattle; books and music within doors; health, independence, and a prospect of happiness before us; our children growing up strong, pure-hearted, and industrious; what have we to regret? whom have we to envy?"

"Nothing—no one," answered Harwick, putting his arm round his wife's waist. "And I am happy; I can say it truly. And I shall never forget, dearest, that it is to your courage and good sense, I owed the spirit with which I began life anew—sacrificed old associations and pleasures, and assumed new labors. When you gave up your diamonds with such cheerful resignation, all doubt and discouragement vanished from my mind. And now let us have dinner as soon as you please, for I am as hungry as a prairie wolf. This air of Illinois gives one a ferocious appetite; and I have earned a relish for the Christmas fare my rifle has provided."

If that Christmas day was more joyously kept anywhere else, than in Mark Harwick's log house, we should be very glad to know it.

HON. MARSHALL P. WILDER.

We recently published a general view of the Fair of the United States Agricultural Society, in this city, and we now present our readers with a likeness of its president and originator, the Hon. Marshall Pinckney Wilder, of Dorchester, Mass., engraved expressly for the Pictorial. The life of this gentleman has been so useful and so honorable that even a brief sketch of it cannot fail to prove interesting and instructive. Mr. Wilder occupies an eminent position in the ranks of the representative men of his country and age. He was born in the town of Rindge, Cheshire County, New Hampshire, September 22, 1798. His father, Samuel Locke Wilder, was a merchant and farmer of Rindge, but born in Lancaster, Mass., and belonged to a highly respectable family, many members of which acquired distinction in their native State. Young Wilder enjoyed the advantages of a good domestic school and academical education, and had pursued the studies preliminary to a collegiate course, when his father offered him the choice of a career. He was invited to choose between entering a university, engaging in mercantile business with his father, or devoting himself to agriculture. He made election of the latter after due deliberation, prompted by a natural bias which his judgment approved. Yet he cheerfully abandoned his favorite pursuit when duty required his devotion to his father's business. We should be glad to sketch his mercantile career, to trace him through his apprenticeship, to note the circumstances of his removal to Boston, with the various phases of his successful business course, in which he has achieved fortune and honor, but we must content ourselves with remarking that he is at present a partner of the house of Parker, Wilder & Co., of this city, one of the largest and most respectable commission houses in the department of manufactures, owning or conducting the business of many of the New England cotton and woolen mills. Mr. Wilder has charge of the financial department of this establishment, in which his business experience and ability, and his faculty of systematizing his duties and concentrating his mental energies, enable him to accomplish his tasks with speed and accuracy, and yet have time to spare for the culture of his mind, and for his favorite pursuits—horticulture and aboriculture. Mr. Wilder has a fine estate in Dorchester, comprising about fifteen acres, which are abundantly stocked with flowers and fruit trees, many of the latter being pear trees, raised and imported by him, embracing every known variety, and all under a high state of cultivation. But if agriculture and fruit-raising have been the favorite pursuits of Mr. Wilder, he has not made them a source of selfish gratification; on the contrary, he has used them as a means of benefiting, enriching and improving his fellow-men. If, as Cicero says, nothing is pleasanter, nothing better, nothing worthier of a freeman than agriculture—an undisputed proposition,—then of those who like Wilder, Quincy, Fessenden, Lowell, Emerson, and their co-laborers, who have inspired a love of agriculture, disseminated a knowledge of its improvements, have introduced scientific arboriculture, and have given new fruits and trees and flowers to our rugged north, have introduced improved breeds of animals into the country, and improved machinery, thereby lightening the labors, diversifying the pursuits and increasing the happiness and wealth of the yeomanry, and, consequently, the prosperity of the whole confederacy, of such men we may truly say, in the language of the Roman formula, that "they have deserved well of the republic." As a successful laborer in the vast field we have indicated, the subject of our sketch occupies a very prominent position. And we may remark that this love and this zeal for rural pursuits have not made him a worse merchant, a worse bank director, a worse legislator, a worse president of the Senate, a worse military man; on the contrary, they have enhanced his usefulness in these other capacities, by refreshing and strengthening his mind and body and preserving all his faculties in their full vigor and balance. As agriculture is the stay and foundation of all the other occupations of civilized society, we could wish that its interests were oftener intimately associated with those of other professions in such representative men as Marshall P. Wilder. This gentleman was an early member of the Massachusetts Horticultural Society, of which he was president for eight years. He was also elected, and still holds the office, of President of the American Pomological Society—a national institution, the originator and President of the Norfolk Agricultural Society, one of the gentlemen whose labors led to the formation of the Legislative Board of Agriculture, of which he is a leading and influential member, and, finally, the projector of the United States Agricultural Society, of which he is the honored president. The brilliant fair, lately held in this city, being the third annual exhibition of the U. S. Society, owes its complete success mainly to the indefatigable exertions and admirable management of Mr. Wilder. The mere rapid enumeration of his labors has left us no space to speak of him as an eloquent, correct and impressive orator and writer, and a presiding officer of rare ability.

HON. MARSHALL P. WILDER.

"MACBETH" AT THE BOSTON THEATRE.

The accompanying spirited sketch, drawn for us by Mr. Champney, shows the startling scene in "Macbeth," in which, after the murder of Duncan, the alarm is given, and all the attendants of the murdered king, together with the retainers of the assassin, crowd the balconies and battlements, expressing their horror and astonishment. The principal figure in the group on the stage, easily distinguished from the others, is Forrest, the American tragedian, as "Macbeth." The tragedy was admirably got up and played at the Boston Theatre, and this scene in particular, one of the most startling in the play, was remarkably effective. The classic drama, as performed at the Boston Theatre, is presented in a style which would do no discredit to the management of Charles Kean or Macready. The splendid scenery, costumes and processions are accessories to the living creations of the poet, but are not put forth as principal attractions. If Mr. Barry were a "medium," and could place himself in communication with the spirit of Shakspeare, we are quite sure he would receive his approval of his labors in illustrating the works of the great master.

MACBETH, AT THE BOSTON THEATRE.

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL.

THE CHEAPEST WEEKLY PAPER IN THE WORLD.

MATURIN M. BALLOU, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.
FRANCIS A. DURIVAGE, ASSISTANT EDITOR.

AMERICAN MANUFACTURES.

It must be conceded that many, indeed most branches of our American manufactures have, by the ability of our countrymen, been placed on a level, at least, with those of Europe, in spite of the superior advantages enjoyed by the latter. Take, for instance, the piano forte manufacture. How rude, comparatively, were the instruments turned out by our mechanics half a century ago, while to-day the best of those made in this city compare favorably with the pianos of Paris and of London. We were struck with the perfection to which this branch has been carried on a casual visit we made, the other day, to the large establishment of Messrs. A. W. Ladd & Co , 296 Washington Street. The show-room is filled with beautiful square pianos, of admirable construction and tone, and varying in cost and finish. One splendid instrument, in a richly carved case, is valued at eighteen hundred dollars. The perfection of its works justifies the costly ornamentation of the case. It has the diagonal scale, which Messrs. Ladd & Co. now give to all their pianos, and which vastly increases their power and volume of sound. By means of a double bridge, both the tenor and base strings run the entire length of the instrument. Messrs. Ladd & Co. employ about a hundred hands in their establishment on Washington Street, where all the finishing and interior work is done, and in that on Harrison Avenue, where the carving of the cases is executed. They have also an establishment in Meredith, New Hampshire, where the wood is first prepared. They turn out from ten to twelve pianos a week. The process of making a piano is a nice and difficult one, and employs a large number of workmen. Were one man, competent to the task, to undertake to make a piano himself, it would require six months' hard labor to accomplish it. The establishment referred to has been in operation since 1848, and its success is based on the principle adopted of never sending out any but good instruments. One of Ladd & Co.'s square pianos, at the Paris Exposition, received the unqualified commendation of the jury of musical men, as being the best piano of its class, and attracted very great attention from all the musical amateurs at the palace.

NEW YEAR AND CHRISTMAS.—Let our readers who visit town to procure their annual gifts for the family circle, and their friends, fail not to look in at the store of Mr. GEO. S. TOLMAN, 133 Washington Street. It is equal to visiting a museum to examine his unique and beautiful stock of fancy goods, besides which the prices he charges we know to be most reasonable.

BALLOU'S DOLLAR MONTHLY.—This popular magazine commences a new volume on January 1st. Terms: *one dollar* a year, with its hundred pages of reading matter in each number, *the cheapest magazine in the world.* Any person sending us *eight* subscribers and *eight dollars*, shall receive a gratis copy for one year.

SPLINTERS.

.... A German thinks the Americans consume more tobacco and blow up more steamboats than any other five nations.

.... A vast cave has been discovered in New Salem, in this State. There is a fountain in it of saline taste.

.... The cannibals of the South Sea Islands have been eating up their spiritual teachers and their wives.

.... Madame Didier has made a very successful debut in Semiramide in New York, where prima donnas are prevalent.

.... Mr. Barclay, British consul at New York, says he has not been engaged in recruiting. Happy to hear it.

.... Isaac C. Pray, the author, has been playing Hamlet *en amateur* at New York. Will he take to the stage ?

.... Another death in Baltimore occurred lately from camphene. Its use requires great care.

.... 182 ships of the Northwest whaling fleet average 500 barrels of oil each. *This is made light of.*

.... The lieut. governor elect of Massachusetts, Henry W. Benchley, lately gave his heart and hand to a lady.

.... During one of our recent gales, the unfinished steeple of the Baptist church in Brighton was blown down.

.... The Mormon ladies of Utah have adopted a sort of pea-jacket and pantaloons as a walking dress.

.... The New York "Life Illustrated" says "sickness is a disgrace." Soothing to invalids that—very !

.... England cannot afford even to threaten war with us. So says the New York Tribune, and we endorse the idea.

.... The hatters' festival at Cochituate Hall in this city, on the anniversary of St. Clement, was a brilliant affair.

.... The Catholic orphans' fair held in this city last month, was quite successful.

.... There are said to be a million and a half of spiritualists and sixty thousand mediums in the United States.

.... The most powerful "medium," according to the learned Dr. Digg, is the circulating medium—we think so.

.... Thackeray, it is said, will make about $10,000 by his lecture engagements in this country—by George I (the first, etc.)

.... Gen. Quitman, elected to Congress from Mississippi, is not at all averse to annexing Cuba.

.... The Rachel speculation thus far has proved successful, and the "great" expresses herself perfectly satisfied.

.... The depth of Niagara River under the suspension bridge is 700 feet—making the deepest running stream known.

THE MONEY-KINGS.

"The house of Austria desires war, but the house of Rothschild requires peace!" Such was the significant remark of Anselm Rothschild of Frankfort, in 1830, when asked his opinion of the revolution in Paris which drove Charles X. from the throne, and which threatened to convulse the European continent. The observation reveals a glimpse of the tremendous power wielded by the great Jew banking house, which holds in its Briarean hands the "sinews of war," and is consequently the arbiter of the destinies of Europe. Behind the throne of every European State, and greater than that throne, behind the army of every European State, and stronger than that army, is a power, grand, terrible and resistless. A few scraps of paper, partly printed, partly written, a few chests of metal and caskets of precious stones, are the armory and the talismans of this more than royal and imperial—this gigantic power. This power is called Money; and the possessors of that power are the Jews of the house of Rothschild.

A few hundred years ago such a speech as that of Anselm Rothschild of Frankfort would have made him a beggar or a corpse. The potentates of the "good old times," when they wanted money, and this was often the case, had a very summary method of obtaining it. They did not resort to the expedient of the Cid, who, the chronicler tells us, being "short," palmed off a couple of trunks filled with paving stones—he called them "precious stones"—on a couple of Jew brokers as full and adequate security for the re-payment of a very large advance of money; but they employed more stringent measures—the rack, the thumb-screw and the ingenious process of roasting the capitalist before a slow fire, until he consented to disgorge his wealth for the behoof of his oppressor. Their descendants hypothecate revenues and pawn jewels to raise loans, and treat their best friends, the Jews, with commendable civility.

How much the Rothschilds are worth is a question that has been asked very frequently of late, and has not yet been satisfactorily answered. Their wealth is in such a shape—stocks, bonds and other descriptions of personal property—that it cannot be arrived at or estimated with any proximity to correctness. And of course their property fluctuates. In nine months of 1848 (the year of the French revolution), their losses from the depreciation of funded and railroad property in Europe, was forty millions of dollars. Yet this did not shake their credit for a moment. They may have lost an equal amount since the breaking out of the war in the East.

As the house of Rothschild contributed materially to the downfall of Napoleon, so they have had a hand in all the subsequent military operations of the eastern world. The New York Journal of Commerce has the following remarks respecting the recent transactions of the money kings:

"Their loans have reached the enormous amount of $515,000,000, viz.; to England, $80,000,000; to Turkey, $40,000,000; to Austria, $180,000,000; a first loan to Russia, $130,000,000; to Sardinia, $10,000,000; to England, in exchequer bills, $35,000,000; and a second loan, just being perfected, $100,000,000. It is this last loan, which the Rothschilds, it is said, have agreed to make in gold, that is supposed to be at the bottom of the specie movement. Most of these loans, it is to be presumed, have been sold out before this, the Rothschilds in such cases merely acting as agents between the public and the governments that borrow. Nevertheless, the house that can even temporarily assume such a burden, within little more than a twelve-month, must be one of gigantic influence, credit, and power. It is now plain that this same house is on the side of peace."

The Rothschilds are universally regarded as men of strict probity and honor. It was his high character, as well as tact and business talent which gave Meyer Anselm Rothschild, the founder of the house, the gratuitous use of the treasures of Old Landgrave of Hesse-Cassel, during the Napoleonic era, and thus secured the fortunes of the broker's family. But their whole power is enlisted on the side of established governments, and the cause of liberty in Europe has no deadlier enemies than the great Jew bankers of the 19th century.

VIEW OF FORT MCHENRY.—On page 389 of the present number will be found a sketch of Fort McHenry, which commands the narrow entrance to the harbor of Baltimore, the "Monumental City." It is a spot dear to every American heart, as it successfully resisted the assaults of the enemy during the last war with Great Britain, with a very large naval force, which began to bombard it on the evening of Sept. 14, 1814. The defence was conducted by Col. George Armisted. Their land and naval occupations having failed, the British withdrew finally on the 26th.

UNITED STATES SHIP PENNSYLVANIA.—The picture of this leviathan, on page 389 of the present number, is an accurate representation of the noblest of our floating bulwarks. She was built at Philadelphia, and launched in 1837. She is a three-decker, and is rated as a 120 gunship. She is of 3000 tons burthen, has four tiers of guns, can mount 140, and spreads 60,000 yards of canvass, a quantity sufficient to cover seven acres of land. When we can build such ships as these, we need fear no enemy upon the deep.

A TIME KEEPER WORTH HAVING.—Mr. Simon Willard, the agent for this city for Arnold's Frodsham chronometer watches, has an article on hand which is a miracle of correctness. These watches, so far as we know, are unrivalled in the world; and after a faithful trial of one, we are not only entirely satisfied of its excellence in all respects, but amazed at its accuracy.

THE MUSTACHE.—The Rev. Charles Beecher lately preached in Lawrence, wearing a mustache as well as beard. It doubtless looked odd to the congregation, but is only the revival of an old clerical custom.

DOMESTIC ARCHITECTURE.

Our last page is entirely occupied by a fine engraving from a design drawn for us by Barry, presenting at one glance a comparative view of domestic architecture—the homes of the world. As the details of this picture are lettered, we need not refer to the sketches in their regular series. We behold here the slight dwelling that serves for the nomadic tribes—the "Arab tent," the home of man before he learned to hew the shaft and rear the architrave. Of a similar simplicity is the "Laplander's hut." Beside it stands the reindeer—the Laplander's wealth, as the horse is that of the Arab. The "Indian lodge" of tattered skins belongs to the same class, and meets the requirements of its inmates as well, doubtless, as that stately pile, "Windsor Castle," whose towers and battlements guard the splendid retirement of the sovereign of England. As a pendant to Windsor Castle, our artist has shown us the "Feudal Castle" of the middle ages, a type of feudalism itself; for while the system has been shattered by the sledge-hammer of a more powerful social idea, some of its fragments yet cumber the earth. In the centre of the page is a sketch of a "Gipsy Camp." A glance at it hardly prepares us to acquiesce in the doctrine sung at the opera,—

> "In the gipsy life you read
> The life that all would wish to lead."

The poor "Irish Cabin," in a gorge of the Connaught hills, shows us how the peasantry are forced to live in the Emerald Isle. The American "Log Cabin" is dear to our hearts as the starting-point of all the comforts and splendors by which we are surrounded. From that to the "White House" at Washington is but a brief space in our engraving, and was but a step to one of our later presidents. How the rulers of Europe are lodged we behold in the massive pile of the "Tuileries" at Paris and the "Imperial Palace" at St. Petersburg. The "Mexican House," with its crenelated walls, indicates the insecurity of life in our sister republic. The "Italian Residence," the "Swiss Cottage," and the "Chinese Dwellings," have their characteristic features, and yet we trace in them a sort of family likeness. The "Cuban Planter's House" is all he requires in the magnificence of the tropics, where the out-door life is more seductive than the inner. In the sketch of "Turkish Dwellings," we behold the rude and barbaric splendor and giant forms of the East. Each of these dwellings is endeared to its inmates as the happiest spot on earth; for whether it be a palace or a hovel, a tent in the oasis or a "lodge in some vast wilderness," "there's no place like home."

AN ORIGINAL PAPER.

We shall commence the new volume of the "Flag of our Union" on January 1st, with a brilliant and admirably written original novelette, by that young and popular author, HORACE B. STANIFORD. Mr. Staniford has just returned, after five years' residence in the Orient, and this exceedingly interesting story is the result of his experience in the land of the Caliphs. It is entitled:

BEN HAMED:

—OR,—

THE CHILDREN OF FATE.

A TALE OF THE EASTERN WORLD.

We predict for this story the most favorable reception yet accorded to the numerous list of original novelettes which we are constantly publishing in the FLAG. With all the dreamy mystery of the East, it has also the exciting plot, and strong delineations of love and passion, that remarkable fatality produces in every clime. We shall introduce in the coming volume of "The Flag of our Union," the productions of many new and sterling writers, and make such improvements otherwise as shall enhance the value of this widely circulated and favorite weekly.

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MARRIAGES.

In this city, by Rev. Bishop Southgate, James Fullerton, Esq. to Miss Kate Fullerton Lincoln; by Rev. Dr. Stow, Mr. Nathaniel B. Hazard to Miss Emma A. Davis, both of Providence, R. I.; by Rev. Mr. Streeter, Mr. Charles A. Hazleton to Miss Lydia Choate, both of Salem; by Rev. Mr. Clark, Mr. Joseph G. Thompson to Miss Mary A Donavan; by Rev. Mr. Jefferds. Mr. Albert A. York to Miss Susan Richards; by Rev. Dr. Vinton, Dr. George H. Gay to Miss Elizabeth Greenough Lewis.—At South Boston, by Rev. Mr. Collyer, Mr. Howard Clapp to Miss Frances A. Rogers, of Marshfield.—At Dorchester, by Rev. Mr. Brown, Hon. Henry W. Benchley, of Worcester, to Miss Marie K. Allen.—At Medford, by Rev. Mr. Manning, Mr. Frank W. Reeves, of Boston, to Miss Sarah E. Gibbs.—At Scituate, by Rev. Mr. Stetson, Mr Benjamin T. Manson, of Boston, to Miss Georgia W. Young—At Quincy, by Rev. Mr. Clark, Mr. Richard Fisher to Miss Georgiana Newcomb, of Braintree.—At Berkeley, by Rev. Mr. Eastman, Mr. Robert L. Chace, of Fall River, to Miss Sarah Ann Perkins, of Freetown.—At Newburyport, by Rev. Mr Vermilye, Jeremiah Eldredge, Esq., of Brewer, Me., to Mrs. Joanna S. Lunt.—At Pittsfield, Vt., by Rev Mr. Patten, Mr. William M. Bennett to Miss Nancy W. Boutwell, both of Stockbridge, Vt.

DEATHS.

In this city, Mr. Isaac Adams, 48; Mrs. Mary, wife of Mr. Daniel B. Keyes, 38; Mrs. Mary Morse, 78; Mrs. Margaret Coffin, 87; Mr. Stephen White Story, 28; Mr. John Heaman, 58; Miss Henrietta Bryant, 20; Mrs. Eliza Langdon, of Somerville, 41; Mrs. Elizabeth Averill, 81.—At Chelsea, Mrs. Jane U , wife of Capt. Henry Libbey, 31.—At Cambridge, Mrs. Florilla B Gorham, 37.—At Brighton, Mrs. Mary, wife of the late Nathaniel Reed, Esq., of Boston, 82.—At Melrose, Miss Ellen Octavia Brown, 18.—At Salem, Mr. William C. Hovey, 35; Mrs. Catharine Mooney, 39; Mr. William Peele, 50.—At Danvers, Miss Susannah Page 93.—At Ipswich, Mr. John Dodge, 32; Mrs Isaac Pickard, 68.—At Beverly, Mrs. Hannah Little, 84.—At Stoneham, Capt. William Richardson.—At Methuen, Mr. John Pingree Bixby, 65.—At Lowell, Mrs. Mary Jane Hardy, 39.—At Newburyport, Widow Margaret F. Noyes, 84.—At New Bedford, Mrs. Hannah, wife of Mr. Carolina Briggs, 45; Mrs. Hannah, wife of Mr Benjamin Russell, 46.—At Pittsfield, Mr. John S. Griswold, 24; Lyman Clapp, son of Hon. Thomas F. Plunkett, 17.—At Southampton, Miss Harriet Pomeroy, 25.—At Bethel, Me., Capt. Peter Twitchell, an officer of the revolutionary war, 97.—At Kennebunk, Me., Capt. John Hovey, 37.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE MOTHER'S LAMENT.

BY VICTORIA E. FISHER.

The summer sun has sunk within his chambers in the west,
And drawn his crimsoned curtains round his gorgeous place of rest;
Bright stars begin to sparkle in the pleasant evening sky,
And in the east the golden moon is rising up on high.

One year ago these summer months, each eve there came to me
A white-robed fay, whose golden curls were scattered o'er my knee;
Her little arms around my neck were clasped in fond embrace,
And she wondered as she kissed away the tears upon my face.

But her eyes soon closed in slumber, and as she sunk to rest,
Within my arms, her little head reposed upon my breast;
Her brow was flushed with fever, and her thoughts were running wild,
And I grew wild with sorrow, too, for I could not lose my child.

I watched my darling loved one through the lonely hours of night,
I moved around her pillow with noiseless step and light;
And oft my trembling hand so cold on her burning brow was laid—
O, 'twas a sad and mournful task to watch my floweret fade!

One night a long, bright sunbeam stole to my darling's bed,
And nestled in the sunny curls that clustered round her head;
It woke her from her slumber and filled her eyes with light,
As smilingly she murmured, "Good-night, mama! good-night!"

Then I clasped my child within my arms, and bade her speak to me,
And long I gazed in those blue eyes that could no longer see:
She never spoke again to me, but drooped her little head,
And pitying strangers gathered round, and told me she was dead.

When autumn breezes scattered leaves around our cottage door,
They laid my child in a lonely grave upon a lakelet's shore,
Where the wayward winds were wailing sad requiems o'er the tomb
Of that little flower that faded in the spring time of its bloom.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

JULIETTE DUPONCEAU.

A TALE OF THE BATTLE OF NEW ORLEANS.

BY BEN: PERLEY POORE.

CHRISTMAS-EVE in the crescent city! Joyously has the natal night of civilized faith been celebrated in the metropolis of Louisiana since it received the name of the dissolute Regent of France from the French pioneer settlers. Other races have aided in populating the crescent curve of the turbid "father of waters," and the hand of innovation has levelled the old cathedral of St. Louis, whose time-honored bells long rang forth the merry Christmas chimes—yet the descendants of Saxon and of Celt, of Puritan and of Huguenot, cordially celebrate the advent of him who brought "peace on earth and good will to men."

There was one Christmas eve, however (that of 1814), when war-clouds dimmed the enjoyment of the New Orleans holiday festivities. It had that day been ascertained that a large British force had been landed not many miles distant, bent on the conquest of the crescent city. This had been anticipated, and the whole population flew to arms. The streets were filled with the brave Kentucky sharpshooters, dressed in a semi-savage garb, and carrying their heavy rifles, while occasionally would pass a body of regular troops, or a corps of volunteer French residents, many of them old soldiers of Napoleon's proud armies. Mounted volunteer adjutants galloped about with orders, and the more timid sought consolation in the placards containing the proclamation of the indomitable commander in-chief, which assured them that "the British can never enter New Orleans, while Andrew Jackson is in command of its defenders."

As the evening advanced, a large house in the first municipality was brilliantly lighted up, and filled with gaily-dressed guests. It was the residence of one of the old French inhabitants, Pierre Duponceau, the owner of three valuable plantations near the city, which in due time would become the property of his lovely daughter Juliette, the presiding genius of his festivities. Her disposition was naturally mirthful, but on that Christmas night a shade of melancholy on her high brow gave a saddened expression to her countenance.

The festival was in honor of her betrothment to a man whom she detested. True, he was wealthy, well connected, and ranked among the first citizens of Louisiana, but Juliette knew also that he was avaricious, ill-tempered and old enough to be her father. Born in London, he had come to New Orleans as cabin-boy—now, the name of John Teal was good for half a million of dollars, and Monsieur Duponceau had received him as the suitor of his daughter.

One visitor alone had been welcomed by the fair hostess with a sweet smile, while the rich current of her heart sent its crimson tide across her countenance. Yet he, strange to say, offered no congratulations, and looked grave as he addressed some commonplace remarks, although there was a bright look of earnest inquiry in his clear blue eyes. It was Egbert Livingston, a gallant looking young lieutenant in the United States artillery, who had been stationed at New Orleans about a year. Having been frequently in company with Juliette Duponceau, he had made a deep impression upon her heart, and now (even upon the evening of her betrothment) his coming made the rose-tints mantle her classical features, and her heavy eyelashes quiver with emotion, as if an electric current had passed from Egbert's eyes into her own. As the young officer gazed on her charms, hope and love struggled in his troubled soul with doubt and fear, and he fancied that he was hoarding his affection like a miser, secure from even the observation of others. In this he was mistaken, for the wary Teal watched with a jealous eye, and soon determined that she must be removed from the society of Lieutenant Livingston. The other guests, bent on their own enjoyment, followed the solicitations of the host, who was urgent in pressing his good cheer upon their acceptance. The guests were almost all of French descent, and easily forgot the threatened capture of the city in their jovial merriment. Just before midnight, however, a staff officer entered, unannounced.

"Welcome, my dear Livingston," said Monsieur Duponceau. "I had given up all hope of seeing you here, for I heard you had been appointed an aid to General Jackson, and supposed, in taking up Steuben's tactics in place of the civil code, you would forget your old friends."

"Nay," replied Col. Livingston, "it is to aid in the defence of old friends that I have laid down the toga for a staff uniform."

"Don't alarm the ladies," interrupted Teal, in a sneering tone. "The English will commit no depredations, and I have as good an opinion of John Bull as I have of Brother Jonathan."

"Silence, sir, if you please," sternly replied Col. Livingsten. "Were General Jackson to hear you talk so, your head would not be worth a stalk of your sugar-cane. But I must leave you, friend Duponceau, for I only came in search of one of our most reliable officers, Lieut. Livingston. He is my namesake, and I should feel proud to call him my relative."

All eyes were turned towards Egbert, who blushed as he said: "Me, sir?"

"Yes, lieutenant. General Jackson wishes you for special duty, and my orderly has a led horse for you at the door. Your health, Mademoiselle Juliette. Come, lieutenant." And ere Juliette could recover from her surprise, the sounds of the horses' hoofs were heard retreating in the distance. She was alone.

"Duponceau," said Teal, with a look of intense satisfaction, as he saw the last guest depart, "let us get our horses and set out for your plantation on the Bayou St. Jean. This city will soon become a barrack, and is no place for your daughter."

"But are not the British coming in that direction?"

"Never mind! To tell you the truth, I have a safeguard, and have not half the fear of the British that I have of this Jackson and his riflemen."

Just as the sun rose a party left Monsieur Duponceau's house on horseback. Teal rode by the side of Juliette, but her brief answers to his many remarks showed that her heart was elsewhere. Once only did she betray interest, and that was when he predicted the defeat of the Americans, if they offered resistance.

"Americans conquered!" exclaimed Juliette. "Never! They may be repulsed, driven back for a time, but they can never be conquered!" Then, thinking that Egbert would be in the fray, she pictured to herself the sanguinary contest, upon the events of which her future happiness or misery must depend. It was nearly noon when they reached their journey's end, where, to their surprise, they found the British army, General Packenham having his head-quarters at Monsieur Duponceau's house. Through some influence brought to bear by Teal, they were permitted to occupy a few rooms, and the English general insisted on having them dine with him; an invitation which Monsieur Duponceau felt was a command, and urged his daughter to accept. She reluctantly accompanied him to the table. The conversation soon became general, and her attention was arrested by an account of the capture of a spy, a few hours previous.

"Well," remarked a young lieutenant, "as I am in the artillery, and may be sent to reconnoitre myself, I can but sympathize with the poor fellow, but the general says he must remember Andre's fate."

"So he will be shot?" carelessly inquired a captain of dragoons.

"I imagine so. Suppose we send him a bottle of wine, for that summer-house must be a dreary place for a man to pass the last night of his lifetime in. Wonder if he is any relation to the Livingston who was Yankee minister at Paris?"

Juliette had heard enough. Egbert Livingston was undoubtedly a prisoner, condemned to death! Pleading a headache as an excuse, she left the table, and retired to her own room, where old Cato, a trusty family servant, was soon summoned. When he had gone, and she was left alone, she sat at a window which commanded a view of the summer-house, in that state of mind which all true hearts have experienced. One idea ruled her every faculty and guarded her every thought. The watchword was: "Egbert must be free!"

It was too true that the young officer, sent by General Jackson to reconnoitre, had been captured so far within the lines of the English that he had been tried as a spy, and condemned to a traitor's death. Imprisoned in one of those large summer-houses peculiar to Louisiana, with no hope of escape, he endeavored to pass his life in review, that he might prepare for his fate. But the fair form of Juliette Duponceau ever rose before him, and at last, as night approached, he fell into that uneasy slumber which crowds one half of the mind with chimerical dreams, but leaves the other half confusedly alive to a waking sense of surrounding objects. While in this state, almost unable himself to decide whether he was asleep or awake, he saw a female figure enter by a concealed door. Starting up from his couch, he breathlessly watched until the intruder entered a zone of moonlight which streamed across the floor, and then sprang to his feet. There could be no mistaking the form and features of Juliette, but she, placing her tiny hand upon his mouth, checked his utterance.

"Hush!" she whispered, in a tremulous voice, "and follow me."

Imprinting an ardent kiss upon the hand so fairly presented ere it could be withdrawn, Egbert followed his guide through the side door, which led into a conservatory, and from thence they went into the garden. Traversing its broad parterres, they almost encountered a party of promenaders, who had left the dinner-table to smoke in the open air. Luckily there was a large clump of lilac-bushes near by, behind which Juliette dragged her companion with almost superhuman energy, and where they were perfectly concealed from observation. The promenaders were General Packenham and Teal, with the aids of the former, who was evidently unfolding his plans to the tory. As they approached the concealed couple, Teal's eyes gleamed in the moonlight with a malicious glare, and he remarked:

"Yes, there is no need of waiting for reinforcements, for these Kentuckians will run like sheep. Never fear that your men will find your watchword, 'beauty and booty,' no idle watchword, and we, general, will take the lands. As for—"

No more was heard, and when the group had passed out of hearing, Juliette whispered, "Come!" Meeting no further interruption, they gained the negro quarters, where old Cato stood holding two saddle-horses.

"Mount," said Juliette, "and hasten to the city. Cato knows the cross-roads, and I pray you may arrive safely."

"But you, Juliette. Dear Juliette, can you not—"

"Drive back the British," interrupted the noble-hearted girl, "and then we will resume this conversation. Adieu!" Then turning, she returned to her house with a firm step, although there was a dewy brightness in her full eyes, and her heart beat high with joy. Not many hours after Livingston made a report of his adventure to General Jackson.

"Beauty and booty, eh!" growled the energetic soldier. "I have promised to keep these Britishers from New Orleans, and by the Eternal they shall not come here, though some of these misers do not deserve any defence."

Need we narrate the preparations for the deadly struggle of the eighth of January! In vain did the flower of the British army approach the low breastwork, along the top of which a deadly fusilade was poured from the heavy Kentucky rifles. Battalion after battalion of infantry fell by the fire of the sharpshooters. Nobly did General Jackson and his heroic phalanx sustain the honor of the starry flag beneath which they fought, and the crescent was well defended. "Lieutenant Egbert Livingston," said the stern hero, in his report to the president, "not only distinguished himself by the constant fire which he kept up from his battery, but was among the foremost in pursuing the fugitives."

Juliette, in the vicinity of the contest, had been the victim of intense excitement. At length Cato brought the welcome tidings that the English had been defeated, and in a few moments a party of horsemen rode up before the house. As they dismounted, she recognized in the leader the detested Teal, and scarcely could she lock her door, ere he knocked at it, demanding admittance. Juliette made no reply, but sank on her knees in mute agony, placing her trust in a heavenly power.

Soon other footsteps were heard in the hall, and then, after a brief scuffle, the well-known voice of Egbert Livingston requested admittance. Rising from her knees, Juliette staggered to the door, unlocked it, and was caught in the arms of her lover, whose joy was checked when he saw the ghastly pallor of her cheek. But soon her smiles returned, and when she saw Teal and his gang carried to General Jackson's head-quarters, her fears were banished, and she felt her hidden heart-strings vibrate with joy as he told his love.

Peace was proclaimed, and Egbert Livingston was honorably discharged from the military service. But a few days later he headed a joyous train which entered the old cathedral, the bells ringing their merriest peals, and loud chants of praise sweeping in triumphant melody to heaven. The flower of the victorious army graced the ceremony, and Juliette, before the nuptial altar, was the object of undisguised admiration.

NOTICES OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

CHARLES DICKENS'S WORKS. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson.

We have for some time been designing to call attention to Peterson's admirable illustrated edition of Dickens's works, which has now reached twelve volumes. The form is 8vo., and they are printed in double columns, in fine large type, on good paper and strongly and handsomely bound. We cannot conceive of a more acceptable literary gift for Christmas or New Year. It is impossible not to like Dickens. Sydney Smith tried hard, but confessed himself conquered. Dickens, with all his humor, his geniality, his playfulness, and apparent levity, has a purpose. He is a reformer, and a moral teacher, as well in those works the staple of which is humor, like the "Pickwick Papers," as in the darker and more tragic portions of his writings—the exciting scenes of Barnaby Rudge, for instance. His books may be safely placed in any hands; and the reading public are under deep obligations to Mr. Peterson for having presented them in so cheap, and at the same time so elegant and compact a form. We learn with pleasure that this edition meets with a very extensive sale. As each new work appears it is printed and published in uniform style with the rest. The Christmas stories and sketches of Italy, as well as the novels, are included in this set.

JUNO CLIFFORD. A Tale by a Lady. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1855. 12mo. pp 408.

Time was when a lady author was a *rara avis*—now authoresses outnumber the sterner sex, and almost "push us from our stools." If the lady writer of the story before us be a *debutante*, she is a brilliant one. Her narrative is very exciting, and abounds in well drawn characters. Most of the scenes are laid in our own city. For sale by Ticknor & Fields.

THE MYSTIC, AND OTHER POEMS. By PHILIP JAMES BAILEY, author of "Festus." Boston: Ticknor & Fields.

The author's name will give this volume currency, and secure it a respectful attention. The London critics have pronounced it a puzzle—if so, it is a puzzle well worth studying. The leading poem is a work of great power.

MUSIC.—Geo. P. Reed & Co., 13 Tremont Street, Boston, have recently published the "Village Bells," a ballad; the "Dearest Spot on Earth," as sung by Adelaide Phillips, the "Pet Schottishe," by Buchhelster, and a volume entitled the "Bouquet," an admirable collection of vocal music, arranged for the use of schools, by L. H. Southard and George W. Pratt.

THE DISCARDED DAUGHTER. By Miss EMMA D. E. N. SOUTHWORTH. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson. 1855. 12mo. pp. 412.

This is one of the best, as well as one of the most popular of Mrs. Southworth's stories. This lady seems to possess inexhaustible powers. Every one of her stories is replete with interest, and has the power of grasping and holding the attention of the reader enchained throughout. Full of lucident, and full of vigorous portraits, the "Discarded Daughter" takes rank with the very best of modern fictions, so far as regards dramatic interest and vigor.

POEMS OF HOME AND TRAVEL. By BAYARD TAYLOR. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1855. 18mo. pp. 252.

In this dainty volume we have the choicest poems of Taylor's "Book of Romances, Lyrics and Songs," and "Rhymes of Travel," together with a number of new poems written since the publication of the "Poems of the Orient." They are of unequal merit, but there are very few indeed unworthy of a second perusal, while many of them are destined to live. Some of the ballad, such, for instance, as the "Flight of the Paso del Mar," are equal to any in the English language. The poems are finished and melodious, and sparkle here and there with gems of thought and expression, though their general characteristic is the simplicity of high art.

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Corner of Tremont and Bromfield Sts., Boston, Mass.

☞ In writing letters, please be careful to write name of post-office and State plainly as possible. Also, write individual names distinctly.

Wayside Gatherings.

The amount required for the support of the Philadelphia public schools during the coming year is $596,609.

The liquor law passed by the legislature of New Brunswick has not received the royal sanction, and probably never will.

The clergymen of Montpelier have been invited to act in rotation as chaplains of the Vermont House of Representatives.

At Buffalo, N. Y., recently, Charles Patterson, convicted of robbing the mails, was sentenced to ten years imprisonment in the state prison.

Dr. H. P. Bostwick, of Bridgeport, Conn., has received and accepted an appointment under the Russian government as surgeon. He is to be stationed at Odessa.

The St. Louis Democrat publishes a complete list of the victims and sufferers by the disaster on the Pacific Railroad. The dead are 30 and the wounded 70—in all, 100.

Mr. E. K. Collins and Mrs. Wm. B. Astor are among the late converts to spiritualism, in New York. The former imagines he has communications very often from his family lost on the Arctic.

The citizens of Chicago talk of having a tunnel constructed under the Chicago River, connecting north and south Chicago by an uninterrupted means of communication.

A city broker, famous for his shrewdness, took a trip by railroad, the other day, and sat down at the end of the train, "because," said he, "the use of the money is worth something while the conductor is coming through the cars."

A Mr. Roming, of Lafayette, Indiana, obtained a verdict of $11,000 in that city, lately, against the New Albany and Salem Railroad Company, for running its road through his land and injuring some city lots.

A pure piece of nickel and cobalt ore, worth $1000, was taken out of the cobalt mine, near Middletown, Conn., a few days since. It is said to be worth more than any mass of these ores ever before taken out of a mine in the world at one time.

The Canada mail was recently robbed at Paris, C. W., of quite a large amount of money and letters. It is supposed to have contained fully $25,000. The postmaster general of the province offers $2000 reward for the robber.

The Muscatine, Iowa, Enquirer says that the railroad hands, working on the bluff at the foot of the city, are rolling out car load after car load of iron ore—the genuine article,—and building up the grade with it. It lies in a huge mass near the surface of the bluff, and apparently in inexhaustible quantities.

A woman, aged 115 years, has just died at Oravitza. She has preserved her vision almost unimpaired, and all her teeth. Her husband, who died three years ago, had reached the same age of herself, and both sank at last under the burden of old age alone, for neither of them had ever been ill.

The Pittsburg Post tells of a family, consisting of a husband, a wife, and three children, who left Pittsburg last spring for Iowa. Lately the father returned, having, in the brief time elapsed, buried his wife and all his children, who had died in their western home of typhoid fever.

An auctioneer in Detroit, Mich., while lately in the act of knocking down an article to a purchaser, let the hammer slip from his hand, and thus most unexpectedly struck a lady in the crowd, knocking her down. He was arrested, and fined $5, the justice not allowing an auctioneer to knock down purchasers as well as the things they purchase.

Several instances of the *total* disappearance of the moon's disc are on record. In 1601, according to Kepler, it entirely disappeared. In 1642, not a vestige of the moon could be seen, though a telescope, with different magnifying powers, was used for the purpose. Also, in 1816, in a total eclipse, it could not be seen from London, even with the aid of a telescope. The appearance of the moon depends greatly upon the condition of the atmosphere.

It is impossible to imagine a more striking contrast than is presented in the agricultural fairs which are now being held from one end of this country to the other, and the scenes which are now taking place in Europe. Whilst the principal powers of Europe are plunged into a destructive war, whilst they are loaded down with debt, and even the earth refuses to yield her increase, peace and plenty bless our happy land, and hold high festival in every portion of our high domain.

A correspondent of the Salem Register states that there is in Upper Beverly, Mass., an ancient mansion, which is not only interesting as having been built 200 years ago, but as being at present the residence of four venerable ladies. The ages of these ladies are respectively 81, 78, 76 and 75 years. Three of them are sisters, and were born in the house, and the other is a sister-in-law. They all enjoy good health, and work daily at shoe-binding and tailoring.

Mr. Thomson, at Napa Valley, California, has upon his ranch a peach orchard half a mile square. The trees are set twenty-four feet apart, in straight lines, and between the trees, equi distant, are planted apple and pear trees. Another enclosure has 5000 grape vines, set out in uniform order, and all bearing fruit. He has also many small vineyards, with every variety of foreign fruit, besides plum and fig trees, strawberries, raspberries and currants in endless variety. He has over 600 acres in fruit.

In some of our city churches, the difficult manœuvre of filing in and out of the pews, to admit ladies to the inside seats, has been abandoned, and it is found that the ladies are just as comfortable, and behave with as much propriety, while seated promiscuously with the other sex, as they would at home or in a social party. The custom of separating the sexes in churches is a relic from the old days, when the women took one side and the men the other of the "broad aisle."

The Moravian manner of administering the sacrament is somewhat peculiar. The service is opened by singing verses, of different tunes and metres, then prayer. After this, the congregation rising, a verse is sung, during which time all the individual members present impart to those next to them the kiss of absolution, in token of mutual forgiveness and reconciliation, in accordance with the apostolic injunction, "Salute one another with an holy kiss." Then the bread is consecrated by the presiding minister, who is dressed in a white surplice, and the distribution follows.

The Vincennes Gazette states that an officer in that place recently went with a search warrant to look for some stolen goods, which were eventually found in the possession of a bouncing servant-girl. Among other things was a fine worked collar, which the girl put in her mouth and "shut down on it." The officer, determined not to be foiled in this way, run his finger in the girl's mouth in order to pull out the collar, when she opened, and taking his finger between her teeth, crushed it almost to a jelly. The officer, not liking the trap, jerked out his finger, and the girl swallowed the collar!

Foreign Items.

Unfriendly relations are arising between the governments of Great Britain and Spain.

Sir Colin Campbell, taking offence at the appointment of Gen. Codrington, has asked leave to return to England.

In the Crimea the armies are engaged in building huts for the winter, with occasional military promenades, and exchange of long shots with Cossack picquets.

The American steam tug Confucius has been purchased by the Chinese government for $90,000, payable in six monthly instalments.

It is said that the Sultan will visit Paris and London in the spring of next year, having made his intention to that effect known to the grand vizier and principal ministers.

The total number of Italian theatres amount to 117, of which 95 are in Italy, and the remaining 22 are scattered over the globe. By far the greatest number of these theatres are exclusively dedicated to operatic performances.

The grand opera at Paris is in a dilemma; some of its brightest ornaments—Mdmes. Alboni and Cruvelli, and M. Roger—intend leaving Paris about the end of December, and the director knows not what substitutes to obtain.

The burial-vault in which the body of Rubens lies, at the church of St. Jacques, at Antwerp, was opened recently, and a few personages of distinction were admitted to view the monument erected over the remains of the celebrated painter.

The English bankers, Strahan, Paul and Bates, who sometime since failed for an enormous amount, have been convicted of gross fraud and were sentenced to fourteen years transportation, the heaviest infliction provided in the statute. They are to be sent to Gibraltar to work with the ordinary convict gang at that station.

Sands of Gold.

.... A great writer is a martyr who will never die.—*Balzac.*

.... A real spirit should neither court neglect, nor dread to bear it.—*Byron.*

.... The world is an excellent judge in general, but a very bad one in particular.—*Greville.*

.... Those reduced to live on the alms of genius, are the first to deny its existence.—*Fuseli.*

.... Can there be any greater dotage in the world than for one to guide and direct his courses by the sound of a bell, and not by his own judgment and discretion?—*Rabelais.*

.. It is by no means a fact that death is the worst of all evils; when it comes, it is an alleviation to mortals who are worn out with sufferings.—*Metastasio.*

.... Speaking generally, no man appears great to his contemporaries, for the same reason that no man is great to his servants—both know too much of him.—*Colton.*

.... Every newspaper is a shop where words are sold to the public of the color that suits their fancy. A newspaper is no longer written to enlighten, but to flatter the public sentiment.—*Balzac.*

.... Discernment is a power of the understanding in which few excel. Is not that owing to its connection with impartiality and truth? for are not prejudice and partiality blind?—*Greville.*

.... The finer a book is the less chance it has of a sale. Every superior man rises above the masses. His success, therefore, is in the direct ratio of the time necessary to appreciate his work. No bookseller is willing to wait.—*Balzac.*

Joker's Budget.

A little one, after undergoing the disagreeable operation of vaccination, exclaimed, "Now I wont have to be baptized, will I?"

Said John Randolph—"Any upstart can build a fine house, but he cannot build the old oaks."

If you wish to recollect a man's name, go security for his house rent. For keeping your memory fresh there is nothing like it.

Dobbs says that beauties generally die old maids. They set such a value on themselves that they don't find a purchaser till the market is closed.

If your neighbor asks the loan of five dollars of you, tell him you were not present, but if he will pass on to Jones or Smith he will ascertain exactly the whole particulars of the accident.

An old lady whose son was about to proceed to the Black Sea, among her parting admonitions, gave him strict injunctions not to bathe in that sea, for she did not want to see him come back a "nigger."

A. F. Leonard, editor of the Norfolk Argus, being nominated by "Many Voters," as a suitable person to represent that city in the Legislature, declines the intended honor, because "he wants to get to heaven!"

An exchange thinks it rather embarrassing to lift your hat to a lady in the street, for the sake of politeness, and let a couple of dirty collars roll out upon the sidewalk. Dandies will please take notice.

When Clarke, the traveller, asked in Sweden, what became of a woman who fell into the shaft of an iron mine, that he visited—"Became of her?" said the man to whom he put the question, striking his hand forcibly upon his thigh, "she became a pan-cake!"

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ARCHITECTURE OF THE WORLD

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL

M. M. BALLOU, { CORNER OF TREMONT AND BROMFIELD STS. BOSTON, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 29, 1855. $3,00 PER ANNUM. 6 CENTS SINGLE. } VOL. IX., No. 26.—WHOLE No. 234.

WINDMILL POINT ON THE ST. LAWRENCE.

The picture on this page, drawn for us by Mr. Kilburn, presents a scene of rare beauty. The broad and brimming river, which mirrors the windmill and the trees, bears on its bosom a variety of water craft, from the swift and elegant steamer that flashes past with the speed of an arrow, down to the clumsy and cumbrous raft which follows the course of the current, a specimen of which is seen in the foreground of our illustration. There are immense numbers of these rafts to be seen at every turn of the river. The broad-built sloop in the foreground is loaded with loose hay, on its way to market. Yet this tranquil scene, the image of rural repose, and seemingly formed for poetic musing or artistic contemplation, was once the theatre of deadly strife. Windmill Point is about a mile below the village of Prescott, in Canada, and here a severe engagement occurred between the Canadian patriots, under the command of Von Schultz, and the English troops, on the 13th of November, 1838. The patriots succeeded in establishing themselves in the windmill and the adjacent stone houses. After fighting three or four days, a few made their escape and the remainder surrendered. The buildings, of which the walls are still standing, were then burned. The beautiful river on which Windmill Point is situated is one of the most important in this country, forming the outlet of the great chain of lakes which lie between the United States and Canada. It may be considered as descending from Lake Superior, and passing through Lakes Huron, Erie and Ontario to the Gulf of St. Lawrence, a distance of 2000 miles, draining an area of over 500,000 square miles. In some places, comparatively narrow, below Quebec it enters a gulf 100 miles across. It is navigable for ships of the line 400 miles to Quebec, and for ships of 600 tons to Montreal, and onward through a series of ship canals for passing the falls and rapids into the lakes. The Welland Canal, which unites the waters of Lake Ontario and Lake Erie by means of a navigable channel round the Falls of Niagara, is a work of very great magnitude, and constructed at a cost of about $1,000,000. These canals are on the Canadian side, and are the product of British capital and enterprise.

WINDMILL POINT, ON THE ST. LAWRENCE RIVER.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE VISCONTI:

—OR,—

BARBARIGO THE STRANGER.

A TALE OF MILAN DURING THE MIDDLE AGES.

BY AUSTIN C. BURDICK.

[CONCLUDED.]

CHAPTER XX.—[CONTINUED.]

"By the gods, Visconti, this is a strange piece of work!" uttered the count, as Julia vanished, without any attempt to smother his rage.

"So it is, count," replied the duke, vacantly; for he was too much astounded to speak pointedly.

"But will you allow this? Send for the maiden, signor."

"What—force her in the presence of these people, signor count? Force a daughter of the Visconti!"

"Ay!" hotly replied the count. "What is a Visconti more than any one else? I am not here to be made a fool of."

"Then beware that you do not make such of yourself," quickly answered the duke, not in a mood for being catechized.

"Ha! Do you show me the closed hand?"

"Peace, Loredano. I am ruffled now. Leave me."

"Woman, where is the marquis?" thundered the count, turning to Sara.

"That is more than I can tell you; but you can ascertain by inquiring of the guard at the cathedral."

"Then I'll find him! By my soul's salvation, I'll not speak falsely when I call him dead again!"

And thus speaking, the mad count hurried away from the palace. The duke started once to stop him, but upon second thought he concluded to let him go.

"One of them must die," he muttered to himself, "and it matters but little to me which. If the count falls I shall not dread his power; and if the marquis falls Julia may yet be his wife. But I must put some officers on their track."

As he thus spoke the duchess came out from the chapel and approached him.

"What is it?" she asked. "Where is Julia?"

"A strange thing has happened," answered the husband. "Your old nurse, here, has come and told us that the marquis lives and is now in the city. The count has gone off in a rage—Julia has fled to her room, and here am I not unlike a fool. But tell me, Sara—where did you see the marquis?"

"I was sent for early this morning to attend an old man who had a message for my mistress. I went, and found Barbarigo. He was—"

"Barbarigo!" gasped the duke, turning pale. "Did you say you saw Barbarigo?"

"Yes, my lord."

"Alive and well?"

"Alive, my lord, he was, but far from well. He had a most cruel pain in his side, and he looked pale and wan."

A few moments the duke looked upon the ground, and then he turned to his wife.

"Silvia," he said, "I am sorry this marquis has returned to Milan, for he has come only for his own harm. He should have known better."

"But you will not harm him, my husband!"

"I know not what I may be forced to do. But let him not come in to mar our peace again. But hold—I forgot. Sara—"

He looked for the woman, but she had gone.

"Ha—'tis well for her that she has made her escape, for by my soul, I forgot in my agony of astonishment to punish her for her mischief-making meddling. But let her go. Come, Silvia."

While the duke and duchess were walking towards the hall, Julia was upon her knees in her own chamber, praying for God to guide her now aright. And the count had just learned from a soldier at the cathedral, where Francesco was.

CHAPTER XXI.

ANOTHER TURN OF THE VICE.

In the chamber where we saw Barbarigo borne by the stout monk, sat the Marquis of Lodi by the side of a large couch, on which reclined Barbarigo. Francesco wore an anxious look, and often turned his head towards the door as though he expected some one to enter. Barbarigo was weak and faint, but the physicians had assured him that he was out of danger.

At a short distance from these two sat Lanfargo, and on him the marquis would look at times with more than ordinary interest, for he was sure that he had at some time had more to do with him than merely to hear him preach.

"Do you think she arrived in season?" asked Francesco, anxiously.

"Of course she did," returned the old man. "But be not worried yet. You may be sure the marriage will not go on."

Just as the old man ceased speaking, the sound of steps was heard on the stairs.

"Those are not her steps," said Francesco.

"No—that is a man."

"And in a hurry, too," said Lanfargo.

In a few moments more the door of the apartment was thrown open, and in stalked the Count of Monza, livid with rage and his teeth firmly clenched.

"Ah, signor marquis," he hissed, drawing his sword from its scabbard, "I have met you again, eh? You have crossed my path once too often!"

"Count—you see I am unarmed now," the marquis uttered, springing to his feet.

"Ay, and but now you sent a messenger who took me unarmed. Pray quick, for you die on the spot! By the holy host, I am not to be spit upon thus!"

The count raised his sword as he spoke, but before he could strike he was seized in Lanfargo's giant grasp, and his weapon wrenched from his hand.

"Hold a moment, signor count," calmly spoke the stout monk. "You will not—"

"Ha, monk! dare ye interfere with me? Dastard, fool, give me the sword!"

"Base, creeping *thing!*" uttered the monk, in a bitter and sarcastic tone, "speak but once again like that to me, and I'll tear thy coward heart out and hold it up quivering to thine own eyes ere the breath leaves thy body! Wait till I find the marquis a sword, and then I'll return thee thine, for I'd not have thee die like a criminal, without the means of defence."

The count gazed up into the dark face of the towering monk, but he dared not utter a word. Lanfargo left the room, but he was gone only a few moments; when he returned he bore another sword in his hand, handing it to the marquis, who took it and drew it half out from its scabbard, when an exclamation of astonishment burst from his lips.

"*'Tis mine!*" he cried. "My own dear blade!"

"Ay, marquis. I saw one Pietro Caravello, and he gave it into my keeping."

"Good Pietro! He found it then. But where is he?"

"I saw him in St. Donato."

The marquis buckled the belt about his body and drew his weapon, and then the monk returned the one he had taken from the count, saying:

"Now, signor, you can lay out your venom at will."

A moment the count's eyes flashed upon the monk, but turning to the marquis, he said:

"Now defend yourself!"

"But we will not fight here, signor, for you see we have a sick man here."

"A sick—eh? What—*Barbarigo!*"

"Yes, Marco Loredano," spoke the old man. "You see I am not dead yet"

For a moment the count seemed frantic with astonishment and chagrin. But he turned towards the marquis again.

"Pick your own room," he uttered, "only let it be done quickly, for my sword will not hold in temper much longer."

"I'll show you a joisting place," spoke the stout monk. "Follow me."

He led the way out as he spoke, and both the noblemen followed him. He soon came to a large, hall-like apartment, which was bare of all furniture, and offered no impediment to the combatants.

"Here is your place," announced Lanfargo, stepping back.

"Now, Marco," spoke the marquis, calmly and coolly, "I would ask you to think well ere you cross swords with me again. I have meant you no harm."

"Out upon thee for a base liar! Do you call robbing me of a wife, no harm?"

"Ah, Marco, 'tis not I who would do the robbery. Long before I knew you, the maiden was my affianced bride. It is you who would—"

"Stop!" yelled the count. "A few strokes of my good sword will settle it all. Ah, you'll not catch me as you did before!"

"Marco Loredano, hear me speak one word: if you cross my sword, you are a dead man!"

"Out, braggart!"

"If I am pale I am not weak. But do as you please."

The count sprang madly forward and aimed a furious blow at Francesco's head, but it was easily parried, and for a few moments the blows fell hot and thick.

"Are you determined?" asked the marquis, as he touched the count's unprotected bosom, and cut a button neatly from his doublet, thereby showing that for once he had spared his life.

But Loredano was too mad to listen or to observe.

"Defend yourself!" he cried. "That was but a trick which any juggler might do."

Again the steel clashed, and once more the marquis hesitated; but he saw that he must either conquer or die, and he braced himself for a last effort. In a moment more he knocked the count's sword up with a circular sweep, and then instantly dropping his own point, he drove it through his antagonist's body, aiming directly at the heart.

"O, would I could have been spared this!" he ejaculated, as the count fell to the floor.

"And yet," returned the monk, "you could not help it. He who made us, and who holds us in the hollow of his hand, knows you have not sinned in this. But hark! what noise is that?"

"Some one is talking with Barbarigo," said the marquis.

"Let us go and see."

They went; and reaching the room where the old man lay, they found a dozen soldiers there.

"Where is the Count of Monza?" asked the leader of the soldiers.

"He is dead," quickly answered the monk; and in as few words as possible, he related all that had transpired, and just in the order in which it happened, commencing with Loredano's foul attempt to assassinate the marquis, and ending with the death of the former.

"And yet," said the captain, "you must go with us, signor marquis, for so the duke has ordered. He meant to have sent soon enough to stop this fatal work, but he could not. You will submit, I trust, without resistance."

"Go, Francesco," spoke Barbarigo. "You have friends who will not forsake you."

The noble marquis placed his sword in its scabbard, and then turning to the officer, he said:

"I will accompany you, signor, but you will not bind me."

"Most assuredly not, if I have your word, for the pledge of an honest man is bond enough."

Francesco grasped Barbarigo by the hand, and then he turned to Lanfargo. Him, too, he embraced in like manner, and then, while a tear started to his eye, he turned away. The captain sent six of his men to go and fetch the body of the count to the palace, and then he led the way from the apartment.

"Now, good Barbarigo," said the monk, as soon as the soldiers had gone, "we must leave this place, for when those men return and report us here, the duke will most surely send for us. I know a back way from here, and by that we can go safely to a place where no enemy can find us."

"But I am weak, good son."

"And I am strong. Rest easy now, and lie upon my bosom as though you were in your chair. I will see our host here at some future time and explain the cause of our sudden exit."

As the monk spoke, he took the old man carefully up in his arms and left the room, having first, however, secured all the medicine which it was necessary for the invalid to take. He left the front door behind him, and passed out through a postern into an arched passage, and soon afterwards he had gained another passage which was little frequented save by the poor people who sought that way to their miserable dwellings.

In the meantime the marquis had been conducted to the ducal palace, and he was not carried before the duke. He was lodged in one of the dungeons beneath the citadel, and there left. He asked how long he might have to remain there, but his conductor knew nothing about it. And so Francesco was once more alone in prison. Surely his was a strange fate—and the genius of evil clung closely to him.

CHAPTER XXII.

A STRANGE REPAST.

The duke was in his audience chamber, with many of his officers about him. It was the day following the arrest of Francesco, and the news of Loredano's death had brought the relatives of the deceased to demand the punishment of the *murderer*, as they termed the marquis. Visconti was in a dilemma. He could not afford to lose all those powerful nobles who sympathized with the count, and yet he knew Francesco had done nothing criminal. But his decision was brought out by an unexpected circumstance. While the nobles were yet discussing the subject of their kinsman's death, a messenger from Rome was announced. The duke started, but gave orders to have the man admitted.

It was a papal officer who entered. He advanced up the apartment with a stately bearing, and when he had reached the throne he stopped and drew a parchment roll from his bosom.

"Barnabas Visconti," he said, "I bear a message to you from his holiness Urban the Fifth. In accordance with the command of God's chief on earth, I now give it to you."

He then handed the parchment to the duke, who unrolled it, and found it to be voluminously written, and flanked with heavy leaden seals. As he read, his eyes flashed and his brow grew black. Twice he stopped as though his rage were blinding him, but he read it all—and then he started up from his great chair.

"Noble signors of Lombardy," he said, holding the crushed parchment in his hand, "the pope has sent me by his legate a *bull of excommunication!* Ay—he anathematizes and excommunicates the whole house of Visconti. What think ye?"

No one spoke audibly, but the murmurs of disapprobation were loud and deep.

"I'll send it back to him!" the duke said, while a most startling expression worked upon his features.

"I trust, my lord, that you will have proper respect for our most holy father," said the legate, tremulously.

"Ay!" thundered the duke, "I'll have respect, most surely! What ho, there! Send me two captains of the guard!"

"Do you mean to imprison me?" the legate asked.

"No!"

The captains came—two powerful men—and bowed before their ducal master.

"Draw your swords!" ordered the duke. "Draw at once! Now stand you one on each side of this fellow, and place your swords, one against his heart and one against his throat."

This order was obeyed, and as the papal legate saw the gleaming blades so near his life, he turned pale as ashes. The duke drew his dagger and cut off a piece from the parchment.

"Here," he said, handing the piece thus cut off, to the legate, "*eat this!* Eat it, or those swords shall let your life out on the instant!"

The affrighted legate took the piece, and after some trouble he swallowed it. The duke then cut off another piece.

"No more! no more!" gasped the legate.

"Eat it! you must eat every bit of this—seals and all! Make but a single show of resistance and your life is gone."

The second piece was swallowed—and then a third, and a fourth and a fifth. Next the duke cut off one of the leaden seals, and this was swallowed. Then came more of the parchment—and then the other seal. The poor legate was trembling fearfully, but he dared not refuse to do the duke's bidding for those two

sharp engines of death were ready to do their work of destruction at his first refusal.

"Now," uttered Visconti, as all the rest of the bull had been eaten, "here are the leather thongs that bound it. Eat these! Down with them!"

The frightened man took them, and after several ineffectual attempts he managed to swallow them.*

"Most bravely done!" cried the duke, as the last string was swallowed. "Now you can return to your master and tell him how Barnabas Visconti received his bull. And tell him, too, that the next legate he sends on such an errand shall die the death of a dog! There is the door, and you will find our gates open. Captain, you will see him safely out of our city."

For some time after the legate had gone not a word was spoken in the chamber. The duke was pacing up and down the walk in front of his throne, and his attendants regarded him with mingled emotions of wonder, awe and admiration.

"Nobles of Milan," said he at length, "'twas the Della Torra who gained that bull from the foolish pope. By my faith, Urban had better have remained in Avignon. But one of the rebels shall die! We have one in our power, and of him we'll make an example. At the end of one week the Marquis of Lodi shall die on the block. Thus will we strike terror to the hearts of those who would oppose our house!"

This announcement seemed to give satisfaction to the kinsmen of Monza, but some of the others did not favor it, for they looked sad, and shook their heads dubiously. One old man—the Count of Rosate—remained after the rest had gone, and spoke with Visconti.

"My lord duke," he said, humbly but firmly, "have you given due consideration to the subject you have lately mentioned—the execution of the young marquis?"

"Why do you ask, Rosate?"

"Because I fear you will take an unwise step. Francesco is known to be a friend to the Visconti, and so palpable has been his preference that his own father has twice cast him off. As far as his killing Monza is concerned, we all know the latter left the ducal palace with the plainly avowed intention of killing his rival. These things are all known, my lord, and the mass of the people sympathize with the unfortunate marquis."

The duke's first impulse was to fly into a passion at this interference, but a moment's reason told him the old counsellor was too honest a man to speak falsely, and too intelligent to speak unadvisedly.

"It's of no use," he replied; "the marquis must die. The well-being of our house demands it."

The old man would have spoken further, but the duke waved him off, and shortly after the former left the chamber. No sooner had he gone than the duke called for his guard, and commanded them to go to the place where the marquis was found, and bring an old man and a monk they would find there.

The soldiers went, and were gone a long time; but they returned bootless. The duke was in a rage, and sent them out again; and all day long he had soldiers searching for the two men whom he so much desired to see, but when night came they were not found.

On the third day the funeral of Marco Loredano took place, and a large concourse of people assembled to witness the ceremonies. The same bishop who had only a few days before been prepared to marry the scheming count was now called upon to perform a service of a different character.

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE HORROR-STRICKEN.—STRANGE MOVEMENTS.

Julia Visconti was in a small hall that opened on the garden, and near her stood the duke. She had gone hither to seek him. She was pale and agitated, and tears were yet on her fair cheeks, and she trembled, too, for her father had spoken harshly to her.

"I'll hear no more of him!" Visconti uttered, "for he can be nothing more to you. You will never see him more."

"Say not so, my father. How has he ever harmed you—ever wronged you? What has he done that you should send him away without seeing me?"

"Send him away? Yes—yes—I will send him away, and in the citadel is the conveyance that shall take him."

"In the citadel?"

"Yes. In the western apartment, on the ground. You can go and see for yourself, and then you can judge whether you will ever see him again. He starts on the morrow."

Thus speaking the duke turned away. Awhile Julia remained in the hall, and then she turned towards the citadel. She did not suspect the truth. When she reached the citadel she found a soldier, and of him she demanded entrance to the western apartment.

"No, no, signora," the soldier replied, looking with pain and wonder into her pale face. "You do not wish to go in there."

"But the duke has sent me. Give me entrance, good sir. I cannot go back now until I have seen all. Even were the dreadful rack there, I would see it. Let me in."

"The rack!" uttered the man, with a strange movement of the head. "Ah—you'll see no rack there. But here is the key. Go in."

Julia took the key and went to the door. Placing it in the lock she turned it, and then pushed open the door. Looking in, she saw before her a heavy black curtain extending across the room. It had a dismal, deadly look, and her heart came nigh failing her. Twice did she seize the sable curtain and let it go again. Again she placed her hand on it, and after a moment's hesitation drew it aside. A low cry broke from her lips, and her eyes seemed almost to start from their sockets; for before her, on a raised platform, stood a bloody block and against it leaned *the headsman's axe!*

[SEE ENGRAVING.]

The soldier without waited a long time, and at length he went to see why Julia stayed so long. He entered the room, but did not see her. He advanced and raised the curtain, and there he saw her lying prostrate on the raised form, with a mass of her dark, glossy hair sweeping over the blade of the fatal axe! He spoke to her, but she did not answer. He went up and placed his hand on her shoulder, but she did not move. He stopped not to learn more, but rushed from the place and sought the duke.

The duke hastened at once to the fatal apartment, and seeing his daughter insensible, he took her in his arms and conveyed her to her own apartments, where Lucetta was ready to receive her. Visconti did not stop to see the maiden revive, for, to tell the truth, he was beginning to be sick and tired of this affair. Yet he could not retrace his steps now. He had pledged himself before his nobles to execute the marquis, and he was determined to do it.

When Julia revived she started up and gazed about her. She saw her mother and her faithful maid with her, and with a glance of fearful doubt on her face she asked:

"Have I slept long?"

WHAT JULIA SAW IN THE DEATH-CHAMBER.

"Yes—some time," answered Lucetta.

"Have I not been out from here?"

"Not lately."

"Have I not been—O, Lucetta, I saw such a—"

She hesitated and clasped her hands over her eyes. Again Julia's senses left her, and as she sank back Lucetta caught her and supported her head in her lap, while the duchess bathed her brow and temples as before.

* * * * * * *

That night the duke remained up late, and 'twas after midnight when he retired to bed. His chamber was in the wing of the palace overlooking the broad garden, and he sat down by an open window and remained there some time watching the starry heavens ere he retired. But he sought his couch at length, and ere long he slept.

How long he slept he knew not, but ere it had been a very long time he was aroused by feeling heavy hands on his shoulders. He started up, but ere he could make the least resistance his arms were bound behind him, and his mouth stopped by a thick bandage. He saw several dark forms about him, and he knew he was in the hands of those used to capturing stout men.

"Who are ye?" he gasped, as soon as he could find tongue to speak, the bandage having slipped from his mouth.

One of the men held up his lantern and opened his dark robe, and Visconti saw on his left breast a small, blood-red cross.

That was enough. They were familiars of the Holy Inquisition! The duke trembled and his stout heart failed him. Powerful as he was, he had no power over these men. He knew that they went where they pleased—that they knew private passages in his palace, even, that he never dreamed of, and if their master spoke the fatal word, no other power on earth could save him.

"You will not arrest me," the duke cried.

"You are arrested, Barnabas Visconti."

"But I—"

Ere he could finish the sentence the bandage was replaced over his mouth more firmly than before. He was hoodwinked, and then led from the apartment. Ere long he was sure he heard a door open that he had never before seen, and very soon afterwards he was convinced by finding himself descending a flight of stone stairs he had never trodden before. He knew that from here he was conducted through a long, subterranean passage, as he could tell by the feeling of the atmosphere about him. At length they arrived in a wider place, and here they stopped.

"Only a moment, signor," said one of the familiars. "There is another person here whom we must take with us—one who escaped from our place not long since."

Soon the duke heard the voice of Francesco Della Torre, and for a few moments he wondered where his superiority now was over the young marquis. The open air was next gained, and soon the duke found himself on the back of a horse, with one of his captors behind him, and at a word from the leader they set into a gallop.

At the end of an hour Visconti was taken from the saddle and led into a building, and after having been conducted through various windings and turnings and down a long flight of steps, he was stopped. He heard the creaking of bolts and hinges, and having been led a few steps further on, the bandages were removed from his eyes and mouth. He found himself in the deep, stout dungeon in which we have once seen the marquis.

Visconti asked many questions, but no answer was returned, and as soon as the pinions had been removed from his arms he was left alone, and he had just time to see what appeared to be two sides of the dungeon coming together when utter darkness enveloped him.

"Great heavens!" he ejaculated as soon as he could collect his scattered thoughts, "and is this the fate of the ruler of a great country? Am I still Duke of Milan, or is this some phantasy of the brain?"

There was another scene going on, that had a strange connection with this, in another place. While the duke was on his way to St Donato, the stout monk Lanfargo was in the ducal palace, holding converse with the duchess and Julia.

"You surely will not hesitate to trust Barbarigo?" the monk said, earnestly.

"No," answered the duchess, "but how shall I know that you are from him?"

Lucetta moved to the side of the duchess and whispered in her ear. Her words had a magical effect on the signora, for she quickly arose to her feet, and looking the monk in the face, she said:

"We will go with you."

CHAPTER XXIV.

STRANGE REVELATIONS.

Not many hours elapsed ere the light of day was struggling into the dungeon of the duke. He heard a peculiar grating noise near him, and on looking around he saw one of the sections of the wall moving aside, and in a moment more four dark-robed men entered.

"Barnabas Visconti," said one of them, "you will accompany us."

The duke knew these were but servants of the Inquisition, and with them he would make no conversation. He simply raised himself proudly up, and bade them lead the way. Two of them did so, while the other two closed in behind him. He was led to the end of the long, narrow corridor that connected the cells, and here the guides stopped and informed him that he must be blindfolded. He held a thought of resistance for a moment, but it passed quickly away.

As soon as the bandage had been put upon his eyes he was led on, and when he stopped again the fold was removed. He gazed about him, and found himself in a position which sent a thrill of horror to his soul, for he was in the judgment hall of the Holy Inquisition, and the implements of torture were all about him! The place was hung all in black, and the light was from hanging lamps. He looked on the black throne, and the first object that met his gaze was the powerful form of the monk Lanfargo. Next he noticed the chief inquisitor, who sat by the side of the standing monk. The latter wore no mask, and his sharp eyes were fixed steadily on the duke. Visconti started back a pace as he recognized this man, and an exclamation of wonder escaped from his lips.

"Barnabas Visconti," spoke the inquisitor, in a tone somewhat tremulous from physical causes, but firm in meaning, "you are a prisoner of the Holy Inquisition, and your life is now in my hands."

"*Barbarigo!*" gasped the duke, trembling at every joint.

"So I have been called when out in the world, Signor Visconti," replied the old man; "and so may I be called hereafter, should I live to minister to the wants of my people. But here, signor, I am known only as Bernardo Torquedo."

"*The chief inquisitor!*" dropped in a whisper from the duke's lips.

No wonder the regal prisoner was startled now, for no name in Northern Italy carried more terror to the souls of those liable to his power than did that of Bernardo Torquedo.

* A literal fact, both of circumstance and individuals.

"And now, Barnabas Visconti," resumed the old inquisitor, rising to his feet, "you will find you are not alone in power in Lombardy. You stand there but as a child in the hands of one you have deeply offended."

The duke had resolved to be proud and haughty, but there was something in his present position that disarmed him of all thoughts of pride, and left him with only the fear a man feels who is conscious of his inability to save himself. He gazed up into the face of his judge, and his heart was troubled.

"What have I done?" he asked, in low, trembling tones.

"What? Rather ask me what you have not done. Have you not conspired against my life? Have you not foully abused an honest messenger of the pope? Have you not prostituted the power of your high office to the answering of base and selfish ends? For all this you deserve to die. Ay, Visconti—never stood a man within these walls more guilty than art thou!"

"But am I to be tried here? Am I to be here adjudged? Here—in secret, without one of my compeers to stand by me? Where is my accuser?"

"In thine own bosom, duke. And as for thy compeers, he who has found his level in crime and hardness of heart, should not look very high for them. I tell thee plainly, thou art guilty, and deserve to die—and one simple word from my lips would send your soul to its Maker in a moment's time!"

"By my soul," vehemently uttered the duke, "I am not thus guilty. You stretch the matter."

"Not at all, Visconti. 'Tis your own low estimate of virtue that makes your deeds seem less guilty than they are. One of your accomplices has already paid the penalty of his crimes. Had you been here yesterday, just as the sun was setting, you would have seen the base monk, Andrea, die! He has been more guilty than you, for he did wear the garb of the church. He knew me well, and when he was consulted concerning my death, he joined the plan quickly. While I lived, he dared not even reveal the true character of Barbarigo the stranger; but he hoped if Torquedo the judge should die, that he might secure his place. So he entered into the conspiracy to take my life, and when he hoped me dead, he came here with forged instruments and assumed my seat—and in this seat he would have put an innocent man to death. Do you know that, duke? Do you know that the villain Andrea came nigh murdering Francesco Della Torre?"

The duke turned pale beneath the old man's keen glance, but he could not answer.

"Ah, Barnabas Visconti, had that young marquis died then, as *you* intended, not all the prayers of all the saints could have washed the stain from your hands, nor have wiped the remorse from your soul. And now I come to the plan I had in bringing thee hither. I am yet weak and faint from the effects of a cruel blow you helped to aim at my life, and I may not have strength to continue the scene long. Lanfargo, bring hither those who are in waiting."

The stout monk left the dark chamber, and when he returned he led the duchess by the hand, and following them came Francesco Della Torre, Julia and Lucetta. The duke started back aghast as he saw this, and as the pangs of fear passed away, he was left in utter astoundment.

"What means all this?" he gasped, gazing first on the newcomers, and then on the inquisitor.

"You shall know directly," answered Torquedo; he clasped his hands as he spoke, and his eyes were turned toward heaven. A few moments he remained thus, and then he added: "I mean thee no harm now, Visconti, for we have both sinned. Francesco, step forward."

The marquis moved close up to where the duke stood, but looked only at the judge.

"Now, duke, look on this man, and see if he appears like one who would harm you or yours. Look on him well, and see if you do not find in those features as much of true nobleness and worth as you can find in all your court."

The duke fixed his attention on the marquis, and the latter returned the gaze. It may have been the influence of the strange place they were in, or it may have been the memory of the things that had passed—but, be it what it might, their looks softened as they gazed, and the duke's lips trembled with emotion.

"Now look upon me, Visconti," resumed the inquisitor, "and see if you cannot recall these time-worn features to mind."

The duke looked with eager curiosity, but at length he said:

"It's of no use. I have tried much to remember where and when I had seen you before, but I could not do it, nor can I now."

"Do you remember Michael Montoni?" the judge asked, bending further forward.

"*Montoni?*" uttered the duke, starting. "My old tutor! My father's scribe!"

"Ay—do you remember him?"

"By the faith of Peter," uttered the duke, gazing into his face, "you are Montoni—you are Michael Montoni!"

"I am, Visconti—or, at least, I was, for such is the name my parents gave me. The pope called me Torquedo, and I assumed the Barbarigo. I am he who taught thee thy first lessons of life, and may I not be the one who shall teach thee yet? But I must be brief. You well remember why I left your father's palace. You were then over twenty years of age, and I had directed your education. Your father punished me for maintaining my rights. You remember he had me whipped on the bare back for simply informing him you had been confined in a prison by my orders. You were wayward, and once when I would have remonstrated with you, you struck me. 'Twas for that I had you locked up. Your father would listen to no excuse; but in a fury of passion he had me whipped!"

"I remember it well," said the duke, with a slight shudder. "But you know I was under the influence of wine at the time."

"I know; but let that pass. The disgrace did not kill me. Of course I could remain under that roof no longer. I left and went to Avignon, where the pope then was, and from him I received lucrative employment as scribe, and finally I joined the Dominican order, and was made chief inquisitor in this place. Barnabas Visconti, do you remember a little bright eyed boy, the companion of your early life? A laughing, gleesome child, who had already learned to call you—"

"*Brother!*" whispered the duke.

"I mean him," returned Torquedo.

"Ay," added Visconti, "I remember him well. He was the youngest—I the oldest. He was our pet—our darling—our best beloved. But a cruel fate was his!"

"Ah—how so?"

"He was drowned in the Olona when the mountain snows came melting down into it."

"Art sure of that?" asked Torquedo.

"Sure?" repeated the startled duke.

"Ay—art thou sure thy little brother was swept away?"

"Why—how—how could it be otherwise? Was he not seen?"

"Not in the flood, Barnabas. I sent an old monk to tell thee that tale, while I carried the prattling child away into France!"

"You!—carried him away!"

"Ay—in revenge for the shame and pain you all heaped on me. I was mad then, and I carried away the child without remorse, and kept it one whole year. Then I came back to Lombardy in disguise, and carried the child to the palace of Jacopo Della Torre. I told him it was the child of a noble family who had been exterminated by the Visconti, and asked him to take it and rear it as his own. Being childless, he embraced the gift gladly. The families of the Visconti and the Della Torra were in such a fever of enmity that I let the thing rest as it was. But the scion of the Visconti never felt at home with Jacopo. By a strange fatality, his feelings sided more with the adverse house, and so, on the same hand, did the old noble lose most of his love for the youth as he grew up. But the time is come when my secret can be no longer kept. Barnabas—Francesco—ye are the children of one father."

The duke and the marquis turned toward each other. A full minute they stood thus, and then the stout duke opened his arms.

"Forgive me, my brother!" he murmured.

The enmity and wrong of a lifetime were buried in those simple words. While the two brothers remained thus locked in each other's arms, Julia, faint and weak, sank upon the bosom of her mother, and sobbed aloud.

And what could Lucetta do? She looked on the re-united brothers—and then upon the mother and child; and then—her eyes tremblingly turned toward the stout monk who stood beside the inquisitor. He did not look so handsome with his face all painted, and his noble beard shaven away, but then his heart was still the same, and the trembling maid stretched her arms beseechingly towards him. "Pietro!" she whispered.

It was enough. He saw that the eye of love had penetrated his disguise, and he caught the fair girl to his bosom.

"Now, Barnabas Visconti," spoke Torquedo. "I would see one more act in this strange drama. There are two hearts here—"

"I understand," interrupted the duke, as he noticed that the old man's eye wandered towards Julia. "Here, Julia."

The maiden left her mother's side, and when she reached where the duke stood, he took her hand and placing it in that of the marquis, he said:

"O, my brother, if I have wronged you, let this pure being be the mediator between us. Take her, and with her forget all of wrong in the past."

"Yes, yes. And were it ten thousand times as heavy on me, I could throw it all off now. Only let me know that you will be my brother—and love me—and be—be—"

"All—everything!" whispered Barnabas, throwing his arms once more about Francesco's neck. "Until now I knew not that of my father's blood there lived a child on earth but myself; but my heart has found its lost love in thee, and a warmer soul shall henceforth glow within me. O, had I seen you often, or had I watched you carefully but once, I should have seen my noble father's features in your face. And now, my brother, take this fair hand in your own, and from the moment this gentle girl rests on your bosom, speak of our enmity no more."

As the duke ceased speaking, Francesco clasped his beloved one in his warm embrace, and imprinted one pure kiss on her brow, and then, turning to his brother, he extended his hand, and said: "Henceforth I can stand where my love has ever been, and the power of my arm, the temper of my sword and the honor of my soul are for our noble house."

"Amen!" uttered the duke, the tears coursing down his cheeks.

There was a moment of silence, and then the stout monk stepped forward. He tore off the long brown gown and a doublet padded enormously with wool. The removal of the doublet had detracted wondrously from his size, but not from his height nor breadth of shoulders.

"What—*Pietro?*" cried the marquis, in astonishment.

"Yes," said Torquedo. "I found him watching at your prison in Verona, and I soon urged him to be governed by me, and I promised to disguise him so that even his friends should not recognize him. He resisted the loss of his beard bravely, but he finally gave up, and entered into the spirit of my plan. And you, Francesco, can judge whether he has been of service."

"Ay—so I can. Give me your hand, Pietro. O, God bless you ever. You can serve a Visconti?"

"While I live."

"And I will serve you, too. But tell me one thing. How gained you such power here on that morning when I came so near my end? When the base Andrea was here?"

"I can explain," interrupted the old inquisitor. "I have several blank appointments signed by the pope, to be used in case o need, and one of those I gave to Pietro, and then sent him here for word was brought to me of what was going on."

"And now," said Pietro, "that my term of monkhood has expired, have you any objections to my taking a wife?"

"Not at all," answered the marquis, happily.

"And, Signora Julia," resumed Pietro, with strange boldness, "will you give me Lucetta?"

"If you will not take her away."

"I shall not leave Francesco while we both live."

"Then she is yours."

"But perhaps Lucetta would like to be consulted herself," suggested the marquis.

"Never fear on that account," said the duchess. "Even in the palace she saw through his disguise, and whispered to me who he was, else I might not have trusted him. Surely nothing but love could see our noble Pietro beneath such a garb."

At all events, it was quickly settled by Lucetta's coming forward, and resting upon Pietro's bosom, and blessing her mistress. But Torquedo was becoming weak and faint, and he had to sit down.

"My lord duke," he said, "I must gain strength ere I speak with you much more. Only now let me say, that I have done this from a fancy of my own. Be not angry if I offer you a word of advice."

"Fear not, good father," returned the duke, frankly. "You were my first teacher—you may be my last."

"Then I brought you here, and had you cast into prison, only to open your eyes to the danger you court by placing too much confidence in your own power. Ah, your greatest hold on power lies in the respect and affection of your people. Will you not remember this. 'Tis well enough to maintain your own dignity, but do not strike too high. I will see Jacopo Della Torre and explain all this myself; though it cannot matter much to him, since he has turned the youth from his doors for seeking an alliance with one of the Visconti. I feel my pain acutely. Horses are in waiting to bear you back to Milan. I shall see you ere long. Pietro will guide you."

* * * * * * *

Jacopo Della Torre received the news of Francesco's real relations in life very calmly, and consoled himself with the reflection that he was cheaply rid of one who never sympathized with him in any of his revolutionary projects.

But all were not so calm. Throughout the city the news spread like wildfire, and even among the poorest peasants of the suburbs the theme was discussed. But all were made glad by the event, for all honest men had loved the brave marquis, and now they could honor him as much as they pleased. The leading nobles who had followed under Monza's banner, now came and offered their swords to Francesco; and when, a short time afterwards, he assumed the title of Monza, all the friends of that house gave him their plighted faith.

One bright day the flower of Lombardy's nobility were assembled in Milan. It was a fete day, for the noble lord, Francesco Visconti, was to be married on that day. But what mattered all this pomp and show? Two pure and loving hearts were united. Francesco Della Torre now held his beloved Julia to his bosom and she was all his own forever more. And on that evening there was a more private ceremony within the apartments of the marquis. Pietro and Lucetta were the chief parties now, and Bernardo Torquedo stood next, for Pietro was determined that the "Stranger" should marry him. And they were made husband and wife—Pietro and Lucetta—noble and beautiful.

"Ah," uttered the duke, after the ceremony had been performed, "my good Pietro, you have received your sentence from the Holy Inquisition, and I hope you will bear up under it with becoming fortitude."

The company burst into a loud laugh, in which Pietro joined; but Lucetta tripped quickly to the duke's side, and tapping him playfully upon the cheek, she said:

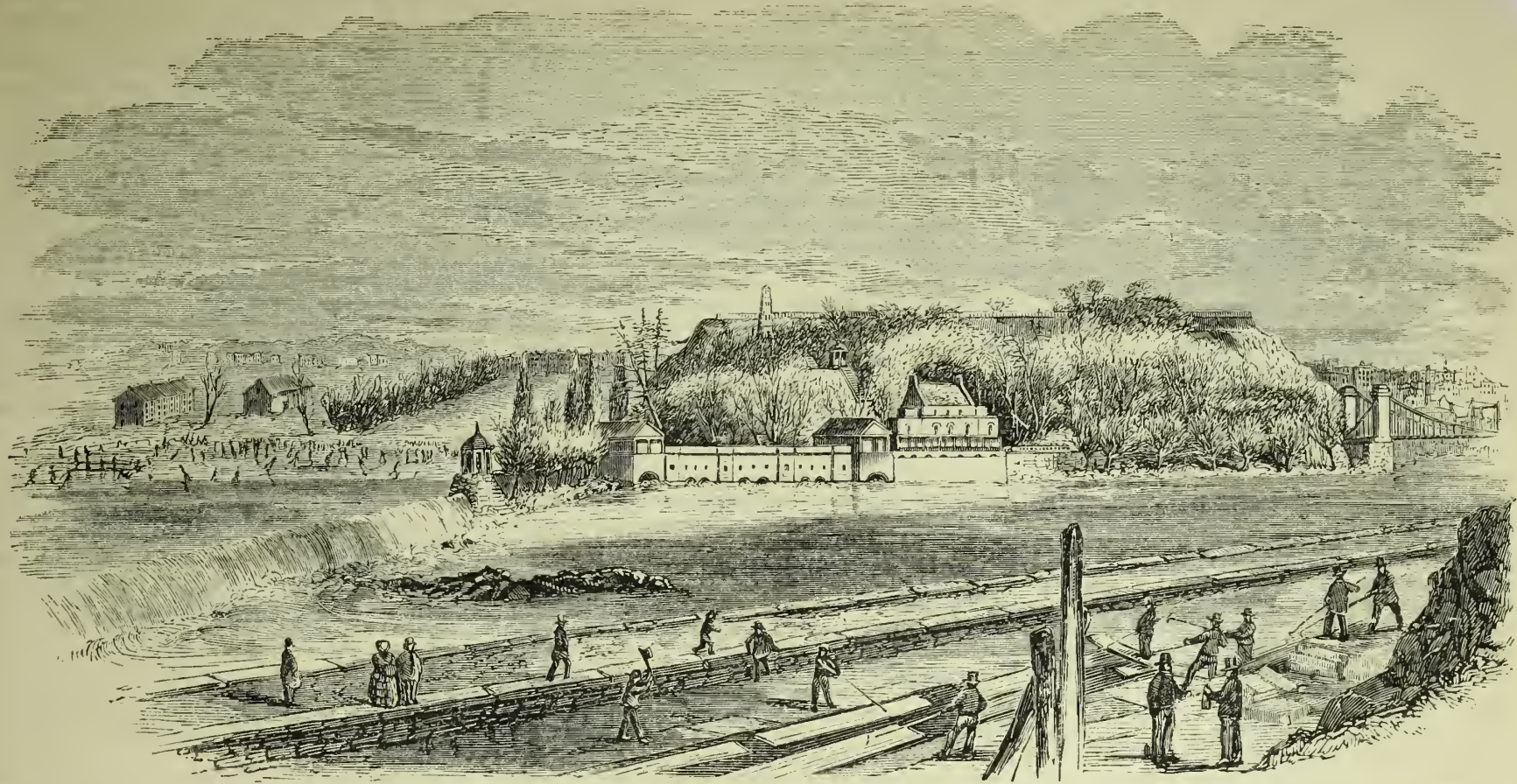
"Now none of your experience, my lord duke. Forget your bitten fingers till my husband finds if the trap has teeth alike for all. Mayhap he'll laugh at you at a year's end."

Now they laughed at the duke, and he laughed with them. And the sunshine of those hours was with him a long, long while. As the beams of joy entered his soul, the clouds of anger and revenge were chased away, and his people had cause to be grateful that he had found a brother.

The duchess once more smiled, and once more she loved to watch for the coming of her noble husband, for she was sure to find him kind and gentle now. Francesco entered the council chamber, and the elder Visconti soon learned to prize his brother's wit and intelligence as highly in the councils of state as he did his good right arm in the tented field.

As soon as Pietro's beard grew out full again, he went abroad some, but 'twas no more as a mere esquire. His powerful arm, and clear head, and noble soul, merited a higher place; and Lucetta was not a little proud when she knew that she was the lady of a noble knight and an officer of the duke's household.

Barbarigo the stranger sometimes came to the palace. If the past was spoken of between him and the duke, it was only to go back long years when they were teacher and pupil. They forgot all of wrong, save as they might hold it in memory as a check for the future, for they knew that to cherish such memory was to beget hatred; and they knew, too, that nothing on earth can make a man more truly miserable than the presence of hatred in the soul.



FAIRMOUNT WATER WORKS, PHILADELPHIA.

FAIRMOUNT WATER WORKS, AND ICE CUTTING ON THE SCHUYLKILL.

The view accompanying this sketch of the great water works which supply the city of Philadelphia cannot fail to be regarded with much interest. The sketch was made in winter, and the season is shown by the leafless appearance of the trees, the skaters sporting on the further bank, and the men employed in cutting ice in the foreground. The dam which crosses the river at this point is a solid structure, and has successfully resisted no fewer than seven freshets. The water works are on the east bank of the River Schuylkill, not far from the boundaries of the city proper. The dam to which we have alluded was built by sinking wooden cribs filled with stone, and is 1248 feet long. It is partially founded on a rock, uncovered at low tide, and partially sunk through the mud to a rocky foundation, which, in many places, is thirty feet below high water mark. When the river is at the highest, swelled by spring or autumn freshets, it has been known to pour to a depth of ten feet over the dam. The water, backed up by the dam, is conducted into a forebay on the back and east side of the mill buildings; the whole of which forebay, as well as the site upon which the mill buildings stand, was excavated from the solid rock. The length of this race or forebay is 419 feet, and the depth of the excavation necessary to form it was 60 feet. The forebay is 90 feet wide, and six feet deep below the top of the dam, which allows the passage of water to the mill buildings, on the west side, to the wheels, which discharge the water into the river below. The mill building is of stone, 228 feet long and 56 wide, divided into twelve apartments, four of which contain eight double acting forcing pumps, 16 inches in diameter, and six feet stroke. The other apartments are forebays, leading to eight water-wheels. On the east front of the mill buildings, over the pump and forebay chambers, is a terrace 256 feet long and 26 wide, paved with brick, forming a handsome walk along the race. Three of the water-wheels are formed of wood, but the remainder are of cast iron, varying in size from 16 to 18 feet in diameter, all, however, being 15 feet wide. These wheel pumps are each calculated to raise into the reservoir about one and a half million gallons of water per twenty-four hours; they elevate the water a perpendicular height of 92 feet. Each pump has its own distinct main, of 16 inches in diameter, running up into the reservoir. The water in the reservoirs, when they are full, is 102 feet above the low tide in the Schuylkill, and 56 feet above the highest ground in the city. The reservoirs are built with stone walls, paved upon the bottom with brick laid in cement upon puddled clay. The depth of water in them, when full, is twelve feet three inches; there are four main reservoirs, divided by stone walls, containing altogether 22,031,976 ale gallons. The larger portion of these reservoirs are upon artificial ground, raised in some parts forty feet above the original surface of the hill. The cost of all the reservoirs was $183,822. The water passes from the reservoirs to the city through three iron mains, one of 20 inches in diameter, one of 22 inches, and one of 30 inches. It is then distributed through the city in service pipes from three to thirty inches in diameter, the whole length of these pipes being 432,536 feet. There are upwards of 81 miles in the city proper only. The water is also supplied to the districts of Southwark and Moyamensing through some 27 miles of pipes in addition to the above. The estimated water rents of all the works for the present year is $340,509. A large additional reservoir near Girard College, connected with the Fairmount works, has just been completed. 4,270,586,902 gallons were supplied during 1854. Our second engraving shows another scene on the Schuylkill, as it appears at this season of the year. The operation of ice cutting is here delineated. The graceful Girard Bridge is depicted in the middle distance. The landscape is enlivened by a group of boys enjoying the delightful juvenile amusement of coasting. The locality sketched is a very attractive one.

SNOW SCENE ON THE SCHUYLKILL, WITH A VIEW OF GIRARD BRIDGE.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

BE NOT WEARY.

BY EMILY R. PAGE.

Laughing down the misty valleys,
  Where the morning faintly falls,
Go the sources in life's spring-time,
  Scattering where the spirit calls.
But, while yet the dew is weeping,
  From the flowers along the way,
They are pausing—spent with labor,
  Ere the noon-tide of the day.
Be not weary, spring-time sowers,
  Through the valleys' level sweep—
If ye be but faithful doers,
  In the autumn ye shall reap.

Where the homeward lark uprising,
  On the air her matin leaves.
In life's field swart hands are busy,
  Binding up the golden sheaves.
Up and up the sun is climbing,
  And the day grows faint with heat,
And along the harvest meadows
  Faltering fall the reapers' feet.
Be not weary, sturdy gatherers
  Of the full and golden store,
In the season that is coming,
  Ye can sow nor reap no more.

Ye who keep on Zion's mountain
  Watch, to tell us of the night—
Who, in truth's victorious army,
  Battle bravely for the right—
Ye who stand on life's proud summit,
  Whence your way lies down and down,
'Mong the shadows of the valley,
  Where earth's empty echoes drown—
Ye who struggle—ye who suffer—
  Be not weary doing good;
Ye shall wear the shining garments
  That are fitting angelhood.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE BIT OF NEWSPAPER.

BY MRS. CAROLINE A. SOULE.

It was only a bit of newspaper, and a ragged, crumpled, discolored bit, too, which a grocer's boy had swept out early on a November morning, and yet it was big with the "weal" of human hearts. Till late in the afternoon, it lay quietly in the gutter, nestling between two upturned paving-stones, and seeming to cling to them as if it knew its destiny, and must not stir till the stars had bid it leap. A light wind sprang up, and it rustled and fluttered in its warm hiding-place, but did not venture forth, either to the trample of horses and the rattle of wheels, or the kicks and scuffles of boots and shoes. Sometimes, indeed, it would quite loosen its hold for a moment, and peer cautiously about, as though in search of a longed-for or remembered face, and then again it would crouch so closely to the ground that the breeze swung too far above it to even touch its torn edges.

A little blue-eyed girl came tripping by, just as the clock in the church-tower struck four,—a fair, sweet-looking child, but whose sad face and sable dress told that her young heart had early learned to mourn, and whose far worn shoes and thin cotton shawl told likewise, had not the basket on her arm been seen, that she begged, not of "the Father" only, but of human hearts, her "daily bread."

As she stepped from the crossing to the sidewalk, one of her tiny feet slid somehow between the two paving stones, and as she drew it quickly out, lest they should roll together and crush the slender ties, the bit of newspaper that all day long had lain there, was dislodged and fluttered to the pavement. And as the little girl walked on, the light wind carried it along her path, now rustling it before her, then swaying it gently to the right and left, and sometimes lifting it up above her head and carrying it some yards in front But each time it did this, it would seem to drop it then and wait for her to come.

For awhile she did not notice it, but so persistently did it cling to her homeward way, that, at length, it riveted her attention, and as a country child will sometimes watch the down of a thistle as it floats above, beneath or around him, the little city beggar scanned the bit of paper, and pleased herself with watching its evolutions.

"You seem to love me, somehow," said she, quietly, after awhile, "and, I guess, mean to go home with me, too, for you have blown now along four squares. If you were a pretty piece of colored paper, I would pick you up, and let mother cut me a pretty dress for some of my babies, or if you were a clean white piece, I'd pick you up, because then I could learn to write upon you, or even if you were whole and clean, I'd take you, for mother would love to read you so; but you are so dirty and so ragged you'll have to go to sleep again in some old gutter. How funny that, just because I kicked it up, it flies along with me so!"

But at this point of her childish talk, she came to the corner which she must turn to go up to her gloomy alley home. She paused there a moment, and the wind lulling just then, the bit of paper rustled close to her feet and nestled there. Once she half stooped to pick it up, but then turned on, and left it to its fate.

A grocer's store was on that corner, and as she passed its side door, she saw a countryman carrying in a sack of something, which he emptied into a bushel measure. She watched him with childish interest, and when one great potato rolled out over the threshold on to the stones, she eagerly ran and picked it up.

"Fetch that here, you little thief!" said the gruff voice of the clerk. And he shook his fist at her wickedly, not caring for the vegetable half as much as for the chance to terrify a guileless girl.

The tears rushed to her eyes. She had many a time been called a beggar brat, but never a thief before, and her little honest heart was almost broken at the unholy name.

"For shame, Bill, to scare a child in that way! Let her have it!" exclaimed the old farmer. "She don't look as though she often saw any at her home. Gracious! but it's hard on folks, I tell ye, Bill, when their young ones clutch at taters. Here, little miss, take these," and he put two large ones in her hand, "and there, too," and he pulled from his deep pockets half a dozen apples, "and don't cry any more. You aint a thief, no more than meself is one."

Smiles broke gladly over the weeping face, and the "thank you, dear, good sir," that fell from little Jeannie's lips was musical as a hymn at Easter. Carefully she laid away the rosy fruit beneath the lid of her little basket; but the muddy potatoes—where should she put them?

"O, I just know," said she, in a merry tone; "that old bit of newspaper that I left on the corner will be the very thing to wrap them in" And she gathered it up and wound it about her three brown treasures, and then, with a lighter step, danced up this street and down that, and across this lane and into that, till she halted before a dilapidated house, from one of whose third story windows leaned a pale, sad face, as if watching for some familiar form.

"Be glad, mother,—be glad!" exclaimed the little girl, as she caught a glimpse of the thin figure at the casement, and fleetly she tripped up the rickety steps and bounded into the cheerless bedroom which she called her home.

"You have been gone long, my child," said the mother, tenderly, as she untied for her the strings of her calico hood and unpinned her shawl.

What a wealth of soft brown ringlets streamed down the white shoulders as the little one carelessly tossed her head! Ah! little did those of whom she begged dream of the beautiful locks and the snowy, swan like neck which were hidden by the ugly garments, and little, too, did the mother care to have them known, for she knew too well that they were a dangerous dower for a beggar-girl in a city like their own. Carefully did she smooth them back from the pure Grecian forehead, and tightly knot them under the hood each time her child went out, but when at home alone with her, she joyed to see them float about her cheeks, and flutter, shadow like, upon her neck and bosom.

"Where were you, darling?" and she pressed her lips. "Sit down upon my lap and tell me the story of your way."

"O, I'm not tired at all, mother, to night, only so glad. Let me sit down on this old cushion at your feet, and lay my head on your knees, and then I'll talk."

And in that graceful, childlike nestling, she told her mother of her long, long walk; of all the houses she knocked at, and of the many, many cross words and looks she had to hear and quiver under, because she begged the rich man's crumbs; and then how that, quite discouraged, she sat down on the doorstep of a modest-looking house and cried, and once, she said, "was wicked enough to wish that God would let her and her mother die that very night, that she might never have to beg again; that, while she cried, a kind, sweet-looking old lady opened the front door, and asked her if she were sick, or cold, or hungry; that she told her, amidst many sobs, of her long walk, and her poor mother, who would work, but who could get no more to do, and how she had begged for three long hours, and had not received a single crust; that the lady then made her come in and sit beside the fire, and eat some cake and pie, and that she put six nice, fresh biscuits, a slice of butter and one of ham, and a little roll of tea and sugar into her basket, saying she was not rich, but she would always spare something to a child who begged for its mother's bread. And then she told of the bit of paper flying before her feet, and the potato, and the cross clerk, and the good old farmer and his gifts, and closed by dancing gaily about the room, singing,

"Now we'll put the kettle on,
Now we'll both have tea."

And a quiet, cheerful supper the two had before the blaze of the pine chips, which Jeannie had gathered in the forenoon, the delicate biscuit and fresh tea relishing finely to the poor mother, while the little girl ate with the hearty appetite of childhood a roasted potato and apple.

"And now, mother," said she, with gentle thoughtfulness, "you shall sit down before this pretty fire, in your low rocker, and talk or read to me, while I wash up the tea things. Pile on the chips to night; you needn't be afraid to, for the carpenter said he would let me have the first pick every morning, because I never bothered him when I came. There, that's a nice bright light, 'most as good as the gas at the corner;" and she threw on a fresh handful of shavings and bits. Merrily the flames lapped them up, and brilliant were the scintillations that flashed over the usually dusky ceiling.

Jeannie clapped her hands with joy, and went singing and hopping about with a voice as sweet and a step as light as those of a summer bird when the sunshine follows the shower.

"And what will you read from, mother?" she said. "For you *must* read to night, it is so long since we've had a light."

"Bring me that bit of newspaper, my dear. It is some weeks since I have seen one. Never mind trying to clean it, Jeannie; you cannot wipe off that yellow stain," seeing that, after shaking it of the dirt which had gathered from the potatoes, she was striving with an old towel to make it fresh and white again. "I can easily read it, though it is discolored;" and she scanned one side with an eager, rapid glance. A beautiful smile flashed over her face in a moment, and she exclaimed: "I am glad you saved it, Jeannie, for here, on the cleanest bit of all, are some thrilling lines from a favorite poet," and in charmingly modulated tones, she read one of those holy lyrics which now and then drop from human pen, carrying the soul back to those olden times when the hards of Israel sung.

Twice did Mrs. W—— read it through, and then telling the little girl to bring her her scissors, said she would cut it out and paste it in her hymn book, for it was too rich in thought, too sweet in measure, too hopeful in spirit, to be carelessly thrust away.

"I will learn it, mother, to speak to you, next Sunday," said Jeannie, "and, perhaps, you can think of some music that it can be set to, and then how sweet it will be for us both to sing it! O, I am so glad I picked it up! But what is the matter? what ails you, mother? What makes you look so white? O, dear—dear! She is dying—dying! my own dear mother!" And amidst sobs and tears, the little girl clung to her parent, as her thin, shadowy form dropped in its chair, and, finally, sunk to the floor.

"Water, darling,—water! O, quickly!" whispered the fainting woman, after a moment which seemed an age. "And now bring my pillow, and let me lie here awhile."

Tenderly did Jeannie bathe the pale forehead and pallid cheeks, and kindly moisten the quivering lips, murmuring the while those endearing epithets we consciously breathe when the soul of a friend seems passing.

A half hour glided ere Mrs. W—— could rise and walk about. But then bidding her little girl tie on her hood and shawl, she took her own faded bonnet and cape, and, clasping Jeannie's hand, descended the stairs.

"Are you going to the doctor's, mother? Are you afraid you will die?"

"Don't question me, darling. I hardly know whether I am in or out of the flesh! O, Heaven grant that I am in time!"

Her words were an enigma to the child, and she hurried on, half fearing her mother had gone crazy.

It was a long and weary walk they took, and many a time did the poor woman sink on a doorstep, or cling frantically to the iron lamp-posts. But each time, after a little pause, she would hasten on with an added quickness to her steps. She halted, at length, before a splendid mansion, brilliant, from cellar to attic, with gas from a thousand burners; one, in fact, of the many princely hotels which the city boasted. Before its marble steps she hesitated, many times putting her foot upon the first, and then withdrawing it. Many times, too, did she press her thin hands passionately to her throbbing heart, as if she would fain still its wild pulses, and often, too, press them to her white brow, as if to recall some scattered thought.

"Are you ill, my poor woman?" asked a kindly voice, when several moments had elapsed.

She started, but the tones were too sweet to cause a fear; and a single glance at the noble face gave her courage to answer.

"I am not well, sir; but it is not illness that keeps me here. I am anxious to receive some information from one of the boarders of this house, and I should be greatly indebted to you if you would direct me to the private entrance, or send a servant to me."

Her listener was a man of quick discernment. He saw that, though in patches, it was a lady who stood beside him, and the gentle yet earnest way she spoke, interested him more than he would have cared to own.

"I am myself a boarder," said he; "perhaps I can assist you. Could you give me your friend's name?"

"He is not my friend,—at least, not yet, though I hope—but, indeed, sir, pardon me, if I speak wildly. This new hope is too gladsome."

She quivered like a leaf when struck by a sudden gale. But the discipline of sorrow had long been hers, and she soon again recovered her composure, enough to place the bit of newspaper in his hand and ask if the author of the advertisement she pointed to were yet there.

A single glance only did he give. Then clasping her hands, he exclaimed:

"God sent you here, dear lady! I, myself, wrote that, and Heaven only knows how anxiously I have sought you out. Come with me," and with a brother's tenderness he led her to a private parlor, and seated her.

Tears streamed down her cheeks, and down his, too, and it was long ere either could command their feelings enough to speak. At length, amidst her sobs, Mrs. W—— faintly murmured:

"Then you were my brother's friend—loved him in life, and in death did not forsake? O, tell me—tell me, sir, did he bless his sister ere he died?"

"He did—he did, my gentle friend, and commissioned me to seek her out, and bestow upon her the fortune he lived long enough to accumulate, but not to enjoy. But you are too feeble and excited to learn all to night, and I, myself, just on the point of returning home from my, as I thought, futile search, am in no frame of mind, at this sudden meeting, to talk calmly. To-morrow you will know all. For to night this suite of rooms is at your service." Gently he pressed her hand, and, kindly kissing Jeannie, closed the door.

"What does it mean?" asked the little one, after awhile, in eager wonder. "Aint we going home to-night? Did he give you all these pretty things? Why, it's like a fairy story! This afternoon I was a little beggar, and now I am—what am I, dear—dear mother?"

"I hardly know, my darling. Let us trust in God, though, that it be not all a dream. Sleep, Jeannie, to night, and to-morrow he will tell us all about it."

"Who?—that handsome man? And shall we go to live with

him? O, I do hope so, for I loved him, when he first spoke to you. I know he's good."

Just then a servant entered with two large baskets. He quietly put them down beside Mrs. W——, and withdrew. She found upon each a card, with her name and the number of her room pencilled upon it, and hastened to open them. Money will work wonders in a mighty city, and she was not greatly surprised to find each filled with elegant clothing for herself and child.

"How delicately kind he is! A brother could not have been more thoughtful," murmured she, while little Jeannie frolicked like a wild bird, when her mother showed her a rose-colored merino robe, which fitted her almost "like a charm," an embroidered cloak, a white satin hood with trimmings of richest lace, soft lamb's wool hose, and little fairy gaiters. She could hardly be persuaded to put on the linen night dress and wrought cap, and was only coaxed to her luxurious bed by the promise of wearing them all at morning, and went to sleep with her tiny gloves upon her hands.

As for the mother, she did not dare to close her eyes, lest, on opening them, the beautiful pageant of the evening should have flown away. All night long she paced the spacious parlor, now whispering rapidly to herself, and then earnestly praying to Heaven.

At daylight she calmed herself, and carefully arrayed her person in the splendid gifts. She had been beautiful ere sorrow crushed her heart so deeply, and now, as hope came back, beauty seemed likewise to return. Her dark rich hair waved gracefully on either side of her fair brow, and, with skilful art, was knotted at the back in luxuriant braids. There was a sparkle to her eye as new as it was enchanting; a delicate peach bloom gathered on her still sunken cheeks; the olden curves came back to her sweet lips, while a holy smile sat in every feature, like the reflection of a chastened thought. The full, flowing Cashmere wrapper concealed the ravages of famine on her once splendid figure, giving a rich outline to it, while the crimson linings of the loose sleeves relieved the thin arms of their sallow hue, and cast beautiful lights over the worn fingers. More like some wealthy convalescent did she seem, as she reclined so gracefully in her velvet rocker, than a poor woman, to whom, for years, luxury had been a forbidden word. And little Jeannie! O, she was a picture to charm an artist's eye, as, when in her new full dress, she surveyed herself before a mirror; and the mother, as she clasped her to her heart, could not forbear exclaiming, "My beauteous child!"

The same delicate kindness of their friend relieved them of the necessity of appearing when the breakfast gong sounded its loud warnings, a delicious repast being served to them in their own apartments. Afterward he gently requested permission to attend them, and, with thoughtful tact, he did not seem to notice the change in their apparel, or their looks, but kindly opened his mission. Who he was, and why he sought the lady and her child, and who that child and lady were, the story-teller's pen must tell you now.

* * * * *

Jeannie and Alfred Lawrence were left orphans at an early age, but with sufficient property to educate each handsomely, and leave enough when they reached their majority, to deter the one from the painful alternatives of marrying for a home or seeking it from a stranger's bounty, and a capital for the other, which would successfully introduce him into mercantile pursuits, or furnish an adequate living in the earlier stages of a professional life. Having no other relatives to share their affections, the two children lavished all the tenderness of their hearts upon each other, and until Jeannie was eighteen and Alfred twenty one, there scarcely lived two beings more warmly and devotedly attached, each being to the other an idol, before whose shrine their holiest passions were daily consecrated. But then the beauty of their communion was sadly, hopelessly marred; the fondest hopes of the brother crushed by a deadly blow, and the happiness of the sister cruelly wrecked for years.

Among the students who graduated at the same year that Alfred did, were two who had been his classmates through the whole four years, and in intellectual capacity, in ripened knowledge, in literary laurels, and in manly beauty, it was hard to say which of the three was first. But in moral integrity, in that purity of life and heart which makes man akin to angels, one was sorrowfully deficient, though, with subtle tact, he long managed to conceal his sins from his nearest friends. But though dear to Alfred, yet George W—— was never so warmly loved, even when he believed him sinless, as was William Staunton. To him he clung with a love passing that of a brother, and well he might, for seldom had earth known one worthier than he.

With the beautiful romance of youth, it had, for years, been a favorite project of his some day to see blended the destinies of the friend who was so dear and the sister to whom he clung so fondly, and though strangely prevented from introducing the two during the whole collegiate term, he yet succeeded in deeply interesting them in each other. To his friend, as he sat contemplating the miniature of Jeannie, then in the bloom of girlhood, he would portray her loveliness in such glowing colors that the young heart of the student was thrilled with ecstatic pulses, and to his sister in each letter he dwelt so warmly upon the virtues and talents of his friend, that she came to love him with the fond and unsullied heart as does the maiden her betrothed. Visions, such as poets love to revel in, draped the musings of each young spirit, and they yearned for the holy time when they should meet and see them realized. Alas! that day was far—far in the future, and a fearful storm was to crush them to the earth, ere the bow of promise spanned their heaven.

To the horror of Alfred and his friend William, just on the eve of commencement, George was detected in a crime too black to be spoken of without a blush, and fiend-like, when they threatened to expose him to the world, unless he made the only reparation in his power, he formed a scheme to ruin the fondest hope of both. Chance favored him in every way. William, instead of turning to the village home of Alfred, to become, in person, acquainted with the idol of his heart, was hurriedly summoned to the South to receive his father's dying benediction. He besought Alfred to go with him, that, when all was over, they might return together. Informing his sister of the sudden journey, he obeyed the wish of friendship, and the two departed.

That letter never reached her hands. But in its stead came the dissolute George W——, and palmed himself upon the unsuspecting girl as the hero of her brother's enthusiastic letters. It was easy for him to do so, too; for in person he was noble, in looks only too captivating, and brilliant in conversational talent and all the lighter accomplishments of the youthful student. Believing him the William whom she had long loved in secret, she only too willingly yielded to him her heart, and their betrothal vows were spoken ere a month had passed.

No stone did the villain leave unturned that might deter him in his scheme. The sister's letters, passing through his hands to the post, were quietly burned to ashes, while forged ones from the brother urged her to consummate their union and meet him in the sunny South, whither he had gone to accompany a classmate, who was too ill to travel alone, and where, too, so favorable an opening for his future fortunes was presented that it would be wrong in him to do otherwise than embrace it without delay. By some strange fatality, too, Alfred had never written his friend's surname. He was only William, and thus easier was the villain's task.

Unused to the formalities of the world, the gentle girl thought not of securing to herself her little patrimony, and the aged friend she dwelt with, being like herself in that respect, it all passed into her husband's hand. Believing herself the happiest bride of all or any "glad new year," Jeannie, one holy Sabbath evening in early autumn, became the wife of a blackened heart; and little thought the village children, as they strewed roses in her path, that in every one was hidden a thorn; or the maidens, who chanted the bridal anthem, that they should have moaned a dirge.

To a fair and sunny home went the young wife, and for a few short weeks she dwelt as in an Elysian bower. But sin, though it may be veiled awhile by artifice, sooner or later sees the daylight. The return of Alfred brought things to a crisis, and an explanation followed which quite broke the hearts of the young brother and his friend, and but for her husband's tenderness and love, would, by its suddenness, have quite killed the yet girlish wife. But it was no part of the scheme of George to let her die. He knew her living agonies could deeply harrow the others' hearts. As, thus far, he had ever been to her all that a lover and a husband could be, it was an easy task for him to make her yet think him pure, and though he owned that he was not the William of her brother's choice, he told so fair a tale that, woman-like, she believed it all, and clung to him despite all her brother's pleadings that she would leave the monster and come to his home and heart. Her cry was ever, "he is my husband, I cannot leave him," and then she would beg of Alfred to bless their union. But though never with a single word did he reproach her, so sinned against, he could no better have pronounced a benediction on them, than could Heaven on the mating of a vulture and a dove. Sadly and yearningly he left her, and, far in the South, sought, in the turmoil of commerce, to forget his sorrow, telling his sister that while she clung to her husband she must be dead to him. But could he have guessed one half the trials she was called upon to bear, he would have stood beside her to ward off the blows.

Ten years of misery were hers ere the villain, who had darkened her pathway, was called forever from his victim,—years of misery with but one palliating comfort—the birth and spared life of a darling child. In the death of her husband came destitution, too, and that severest kind which freezes the hands willing to work. She had lost all traces of her brother, for, with wife like heroism, she ever shrunk from telling him of the woes she suffered, and when she and her little one returned from the grave, over which she could not shed a tear, they were desolate indeed. And thus had they been, till that fortunate evening when the advertisement in Jeannie's bit of paper arrested her attention, and it is needless now to say who was that noble friend who sat beside her on that November morning. He had been her brother's friend in youth, and their great sorrow had rivetted their hearts. In life and till death they had been one.

By some stray chance, months after the death of George, the certainty of it had been made known to Alfred, and, with a brother's tenderness roused into keenest activity, he was about to search out his sister, when untimely death frustrated his design. But, on his dying bed, he charged his friend not to spare money or means in her behalf, bequeathing to her all the fortune that had blessed his hands. And, for weeks, that friend had diligently sought her, and sadly was he returning to the South when, on the steps of his hotel, that providential meeting detained him, even as the carriage that was to have borne him to the boat rattled to the gate. * * * *

Softly streamed the rays of the setting sun through green drapings of a southern bower. Long, too, did they linger there, and over a beauteous picture did they cast their golden haze. A lady, in life's early prime, with a countenance of such chastened loveliness that she seemed the incarnation of some holy vision, and whose exquisitely moulded figure was robed in flowing muslin of stainless hue, stood leaning over a small Grecian harp, warbling a strain as clear, full and rich as the notes which drop from the throat of a bird when it soars high toward the blue and bending sky of a morn in June. At her feet, upon a luxurious cushion of Oriental fashion, knelt a little fairy of a girl, with a brow like a sun-kissed lily, cheeks like the leaf of a wild rose, eyes like the violets of spring-time, and rippling curls of such soft, glossy brown that they seemed like a halo in star-light. Her small tapered fingers were daintily culling choice flowers from a mossy basket, —those fair white flowers which so beautifully befit the brow of a happy bride, snowy japonicas, scented orange buds and tea roses, their rich creamy petals yet nestling in the green shades of half-parted leaves. These, with a few myrtle sprigs and a roll of snowy taste, were cunningly woven into a delicate wreath, which every now and then she playfully bound about her forehead, as if to try its length or test its beauty. Snatches of the same song which floated from her mother's lips would sometimes gush from hers, only lower, softer and more sybil-like, and again there would come to them the glad trill of a childish laugh, and she would toss back her long ringlets, and look archly forth far down the beautiful alley.

"Sing more, dear mother,—O do, sing on!" said she, earnestly, as the lady pushed aside her harp and sat down beside her. "It is so sweet to hear you. Please sing till I come back. I want yet one more japonica and some rose-buds, too;" and lightly pressing a kiss upon the fair cheek, she tripped away, her basket in her hands and the wreath hung upon her arm.

As she swiftly turned the corner of a flower bed, she came face to face with a noble-looking gentleman, who seemed idly sauntering in the lonely path. He caught her in his arms with an exclamation of pleasure, and when, after a few moments of gentle caressing, he put her down again, he exclaimed:

"What a charming wreath our Jeannie has woven! Whose brow is it to grace?"

"A bride's, dear sir, if it do not fade too soon;" and she ran away, far away from the green bower, where her mother yet lightly swept the sweet strings of her harp.

Softly the music stole to the ears of the one listener, and, with gentle step, he threaded the gravelled alley, till he stood close to the floating vines that hid the lattice work. The lady was chanting, with an impassioned tone, a wild Eastern air, in which the whole soul of womanhood seemed poured forth in thrilling numbers. Now the strain gushed clear, and high, and full, and then again quivered in such low, sweet, fluttering notes that they seemed but the audible sobs of a heart that had trusted too fondly and was breaking in death.

The breath of the listener came quick and strong, and he pressed his hand to his bosom lest its wild pulsations should drown one of the quivering tones. As the last words of the song echoed away, he, too, stole off, but after the circuit of a few wide paths, came back again, and gently tapped for admission.

A beautiful blush overspread the lady's cheeks as, looking up, she invited her guest to enter, and it deepened and shimmered over both brow and bosom as, instead of releasing the delicate fingers, he clasped them in his own, and sat down beside her.

"My heart will no longer brook delay," he softly whispered, "I must tell you to night its story. In the spring-time of life I bestowed it upon a fair young girl. The unholy passion of another made us twain, and it was sin in me to love her then—another's bride; but the memory of that early love has gone with me through all the wreck of life, while her pictured face has lain upon my bosom like an angel charm."

He detached from a golden chain a jewelled locket, and lightly pressing the spring, revealed a maiden face of wondrous beauty. He glanced from the miniature to the blushing countenance that beamed upon him.

"This," said he, pressing the one to his lips, "was the idol, the Jeannie of my spring—may not this," and he tenderly clasped the lady and drew her to his heart, "may not this be the idol, the Jeannie of life's summer?"

She did not speak, but as she suffered him to bathe her brow and cheeks and lips with kisses, he was quite content.

The ripple of a childish laugh, floating on the still air, roused them from their delicious trance. With her wreath in one hand and a bouquet in the other, Jeannie, the younger, lightly tripped beneath the drooping vines, and stood before them. She gently twined the woven flowers over the brow of the lady, and fastened the knotted ones on to the bosom of the noble man. Then clasping their two right hands together, she whispered, "Mother—Father—Amen!"

A month later, and a robed priest clasped those two right hands, and whispered, "Husband—Wife—Amen!"

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M. M. BALLOU, *Publisher and Proprietor*,
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THE EASTERN AND WESTERN HEMISPHERES.

The designs on this and the opposite page are from the pencil of Mr. Billings, and were drawn and engraved expressly for our paper. They are allegorical and emblematical representations of the hemispheres. In the centre of the first picture (the Eastern Hemisphere) we behold a group strongly characteristic of the gorgeous East. Here is the "desert ship"—the camel, patiently bearing its burthen, and the stately and enormous elephant, with his strange and brilliant ornamental appointments. The human figures in this group are effective. The Arab is the true type of his race; the mounted Circassian warrior is also a characteristic figure. Above the central group sits Europe, personified as a female sovereign of exquisite and commanding loveliness. She occupies the most prominent position in the picture, as of right. With what mingled emotions do we, the dwellers on the transatlantic shore, look on the Eastern hemisphere! Separated from its nearest point by a thousand leagues of ocean, we are apt to look on it less as an integral portion of the common heritage of humanity than as another world. It is, in common parlance, the old world—another planet, as it were. Its distance lends it that enchantment which belongs ever to the remote in space and time. To us the history, the poetry and the legendary lore of Asia—the cradle of the race,—are blended together. We view the vast continent of Africa, the crowded area of Europe, through the same parti-colored atmosphere of mingled fact and fancy. We long to visit these strange lands—hoary with antiquity—the graves of so many nations—the battle-fields of so many races—the theatre of so many splendid triumphs of art, of science, of statesmanship,—the cradle and the grave of glories innumerable as the stars. This magical influence of the East is constantly exerting its attractive force upon us. Many of us obey an impulse mysterious and uncontrollable. We take up our pilgrim staff and go thither. We wander through merry England, with something of a home feeling awakened by the familiar tongue and the familiar names of persons and places. We pass into sunny France; we are hurried down the legendary Rhine; we cross the Alps in the path of Hannibal and Napoleon; we worship the glories of art in Rome the eternal, and in Florence the fair; we glide beneath ruined palaces, along the silent canals of the queen city of the Adriatic; we revive our classic studies in the isles and on the mainland of Greece; we gaze upon the minarets of Stamboul the magnificent; we float down the Nile, or mount the pyramids in Egypt; if very adventurous, we penetrate to the far Cathay. From these wanderings we come back enriched with many new ideas, with brighter conceptions of the characteristic features of the Eastern hemisphere; but still the necessary rapidity of travel, allowing but an imperfect acquaintance with the lands we visit, leaves our early impressions but slightly disturbed. At home again, as the fresh daguerreotypes of men and things in the mind's gallery become dim and dusky, we again look upon the Eastern Hemisphere as another world, and this in spite of the multiplied and continuous relations established of late between the great East and the great West. And even when the thought communication is perfected, and we can send, in a few hours, our order to Meen Fun, in China, for a chest of Oolong, and on the same day receive the assurance of our correspondent that the article is on its way per Great Western Railroad freight train, which runs at fifty miles an hour including stoppages, and, reaching the western confines of Europe, plunges into a submarine railway tunnel under the Atlantic, delivering goods in Boston direct from China, we shall still look upon the East as a sort of huge castle in the air. From the storied and legendary East we turn to our own hemisphere, which Mr. Billings has illustrated in a design equally beautiful and characteristic. The principal figure in the picture is that of Liberty, with the shield of our Union, and bearing the Phrygian cap—the symbol of independence—on her lance. At her feet crouches an Indian, the type of that gallant but fated race, the aborigines of the continent, who are sinking before the march of civilization, and predestined, it is feared, to total extinction before many years. Below the figure of Liberty, we have a sketch of the prairie, and a group of red men, as they appear when isolated from civilization, and devoted to war and the chase. In the lower right hand corner

In her hand is the sceptre, and on her head the crown of civilization. Banners and trophies of arms surround her in token of her sovereignty. At the foot of the picture is a sketch illustrating the present condition of a part of the old world—a state of war On a plateau of land a group of allied officers are watching the issue of a military movement in the Crimea. On the right is an emblematical figure of Asia, beautiful as a favorite sultana, attired in rich barbaric finery, and seated in a car drawn by a lion and a tiger. Below this group is a Turk tranquilly smoking his narghilleh,—a picture of the indolence and voluptuousness of the Oriental character. On the left side of the engraving a characteristic figure typifies Africa, while the huge ostrich and the character of the foliage serve further to localize the sketch. Below the Chinese figures, the pagoda, and the snake charmer, with his pet cobra, sufficiently indicate one of the most curious countries of the world.

is a keel-boat loaded with produce and rowed by blacks. Higher up, a party of emigrants are unloading their household goods. Above them, hardy pioneers are engaged in their war with the giants of the forest; while, crowning these different groups, we behold a large and flourishing city, with steamboats ploughing the waters it overlooks, amidst all the tokens of civilization and prosperity. On the other side of the figure of Liberty we behold the volcanoes which are so striking a feature in Mexico, a group of Mexicans, dashing *caballeros* in their picturesque costume, and a mule train; while an Esquimaux scene completes the illustrative details of the spirited design. The Western hemisphere—the "newest birth of time"—is now engaging, more fully, perhaps, than ever, the attention of the whole world. The long period during which it remained lost and unknown to the civilized world greatness which is forever banished from the banks of the Nile. And why is the East now deluged with blood and wasted with fire? Because the frozen North again menaced to send forth its hordes over southern and western Europe, as the Visigoths and Huns had done before them in ages past, and hasten the decay of the decrepid states of Europe. When we look at the financial condition of the different Christian states of the old world, at the debts of their governments, at the misery and degradation of the masses, we are constrained to take a dark view of their future. We know that the spirit of liberty is there; we witness its convulsive throes, but as we note the successive failures of the nations to achieve their independence—as we contemplate such events as the fall of Hungary, the downfall of the short-lived Roman republic, the failure of the constitutionalists in the German states, the treason- for the action of the Anglo-Saxon race. The whole of this part of the Western hemisphere remains comparatively unproductive in the hands of the feeble races who now partially occupy it. With its broad rivers, its magnificent forests, its almost exhaustless soil and its mineral wealth, it is destined to become one of the mos productive and wealthy quarters of the globe. The time will come when the states of South America will no longer be the battle-ground for contending factions—when governments, established on sound principles, will no longer be administered by successful soldiers, and when the means of education and improvement will be scattered broadcast. If the Spanish race does not accomplish or reap the fruits of this new order of things, it will be because it has its retributions as well as its crimes. The lust of gold and blood which characterized the Spaniard in the days of his country's

—its vast extent and boundless natural wealth—the gigantic scale of its rivers, mountains, lakes, cataracts and forests—the romantic adventures attending its discovery and colonization—the rapid progress of civilization within its borders—the foundation and marvellous growth of a republic the greatest the world ever knew—the problems suggested by the condition and the monuments of its early aboriginal inhabitants—its dazzling future, all these combine to render the history and fortunes of this hemisphere a study of the deepest interest. That the centre of civilization is destined to change from the east to the west is scarcely disputed. Civilization, starting from the extreme east, has moved westward with the march of time. The mightiest monarchies the old world ever knew have been numbered with the past. Of their gigantic monuments, the crumbling foundations are scarcely discernible. In Egypt alone the records of the past yet hint at the splendor and able overthrow of the French republic, the indigence that is eating into the heart of England herself, the practical rottenness of her governmental system,—as we view all these things, we are forced to admit that despotism is too strong for liberalism in the old world. It is then that we turn our eyes to the West—to our own hemisphere, and thank Heaven that we have a heritage so goodly. Were the whole population of the Eastern hemisphere to be transferred to the Western, it would support them. Here are millions on millions of unpopulated acres in both North and South America, on which the rank vegetation of nature might be replaced by the fruits and vegetables which support life in man and animals. When we look at the extent and resources of this hemisphere, we shall find that much as has been done in certain localities, yet, on the whole, their development has just commenced. This remark applies more particularly to South America, which is a noble field greatness, is the hereditary legacy of his descendants in whatever quarter of the globe they may be placed; and if the unhallowed fires of avarice and cruelty burn less feebly in them, it is because they are degenerate in every respect, and have no more force in vice than in virtue. To the Anglo-Saxon alone, we believe, is reserved the triumph of civilizing and commanding the Western hemisphere. Then will be seen on this shore of the Atlantic a civilization more complete and brilliant than the records of the old world ever delineated. We are not of those philosophers who believe in the growing degeneracy of the human race. We believe in the progress of humanity—slow in the past centuries, moving with dazzling rapidity in the present. We believe, too, in the westward movement of empire, since we witness with our own eyes in our daily observations, the onward tendency in that direction.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

WITHERED FLOWERS.

BY BLANCHE D'ARTOISE.

When the bounding heart of youth beat high,
O had I met with thee!
I ne'er had flung life's pearls away,
Lost in time's heaving sea;
I ne'er had cast life's flowers away,
Nothing then to me—
Nor madly thrown life's hopes away—
I'd lavished all on thee.

When the bounding heart of youth beat high,
O, hadst thou met with me!
Wouldst thou have lavished thy rich love
On such a shrine as me?
Wouldst thou've given me the bright flowers
That in thy garland shine?
And roamed with me through classic bowers,
Thy gentle hand in mine?

Tell me—wilt thou accept e'en now
The richest pearls I've left?
O, can I lavish still on thee
Hope—time hath not bereft?
Maiden! wilt take my withered flowers,
And bind them round thy brow?
A wreath of withered, faded things,
But all I've left me now?

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

SCENE IN A VILLAGE BAR-ROOM.

BY HORACE B. STANFORD.

In the fall of 18—, I was travelling from Ithaca to Buffalo, in New York State, by stage. It was a bitter cold morning when we set out and the roads were frozen hard, there having been considerable mud only a few days before. The first night we put up at Dansville, and on the following morning, when I awoke, I found that the earth was not only covered with snow, but that the snow was then falling fast. After an early breakfast we set out again on wheels, but at the end of eight miles we were forced to take runners, the snow clogging up so that the wheels would not run. When night came we found ourselves forced to stop at a small village only twenty miles from where we set out in the morning.

A good supper was provided at the inn, and the place had the appearance of comfort. We had just set down to supper when the wind began to blow furiously, and we could see by the dim light without that the snow was being whirled and driven about in a furious manner. There was a fire in the small sitting-room, and thither we passengers, six of us, adjourned. We sat there and conversed until near nine o'clock, and then I went out into the bar room to smoke a cigar, previous to retiring.

In the bar-room I found a bright wood fire burning, and some dozen people were sitting there, smoking and drinking. (This was long before the introduction of Maine Laws.) Several of the company I judged to be teamsters; a rough, hardy, good-natured set, who were enjoying themselves hugely over a big mug of flip. Then there were several whom I found to be villagers—men who lived near the inn—sort of village politicians and news-mongers, who made the bar room their place of social evening meetings.

I had lighted my cigar, and taken a seat near the fire, when I noticed a buffalo skin on one end of the long settee opposite to where I sat, and I was confident there was a human being beneath it. I supposed it might be some stable hand who had been at work hard, or who expected to be up most of the night, and was now getting a little sleep. I was looking at the buffalo robe, and thus meditating, when I heard a low, deep, death-like groan come up from beneath it, and in a few moments more the robe was thrown upon the floor, and the man who had reposed beneath it came down upon the top of it, and there he lay for some moments like a dead man. I had just started up, when four of the villagers and one of the teamsters hastened to his assistance. They lifted him to his feet, and after considerable effort he managed to stand up.

My God! what a thrill struck to my heart when I saw that face. It was one of noble features; a brow high and amply developed, over which clustered a mass of dark, glossy ringlets; the face beautifully proportioned, and each separate feature most exquisitely chiselled. But what an expression rested there now! The great dark eyes had a vacant, idiotic stare: the face was pale as death, and the lips looked dry and parched, and much discolored. His clothes were torn and soiled, and one of his hands bloody. He was surely not more than five-and-thirty, and his appearance would at once indicate a man of more than common abilities. But the demon had him, and had made him into something now below the brute.

"How d've feel now, George?" asked one of the men who had gone to his assistance.

But he only groaned in reply, and he was soon persuaded to lie down again, being told that he'd soon feel better. As soon as he was on the settee once more, and the buffalo over him, the men returned to their seats.

"Who is that chap?" asked one of the teamsters, looking towards the villagers who had been assisting the unfortunate.

"That's George Lockland," returned a stout, honest-looking man.

"Does he belong here?"

"Yes. Didn't ye never hear of him?"

The teamster replied that he had not.

"Well," resumed the fat man, "it's too bad, I declare 'tis. Lockland might be one of the first men in town if he'd a mind to; but ye see he will drink; and the worst of it is, he makes a fool of himself. He can't touch it without doing just as he's been doing now. He started here as a lawyer, and a smart one he is, too. Why, he can argue old Upham right out of his boots. But ye see he's lost all his best customers now. They daren't trust him with business, 'cause he aint sure of ever doing it. He's got one of the beautifullest little wives you ever saw; and one of the handsomest children. But poor things! I pity 'em. Then there's another thing: rum operates different on him from what it does on most folks. It doesn't show itself outside, as it does on a'most everybody else, but it seems to eat him up inside. Ye see how pale he looks—well he's always so when he's on one of these times. He can't eat nothin', and I don't s'pose he'll put a bit of food into his stomach for a week to come."

"How long has he been so?" asked the teamster.

"How d'ye mean?"

"Why, how long both ways? How long since he took to drink, an' how long since he's been drunk now?"

"Well, he's took to drink more or less ever since he come home from college; but it's been only about a year that he's been right down hard at it. Ye see folks began to find out how slack he was in his business, and they wouldn't give him any jobs of consequence to do. I s'pose that kind o' set him a goin' in this fashion. And as for this drunk, I should say he'd been on it a fortnight. He's got down now about as low as he can get and live, and I guess he'll get sober in a day or two."

"But where does he get his liquor?" asked the questioner.

"You must ask Mike Fingal that question," was the other's answer.

All eyes were turned upon the landlord, who now stood behind the bar. He was evidently troubled at this turn, and he moved uneasily upon his high stool.

"Mike Fingal," spoke the teamster, "do you sell that man rum?"

"Yes, I do," the fellow replied, with an effort. "Don't I sell you the same when you call for it?"

"But I aren't a poor drunkard, and you know it. That aren't no excuse. Mike, I shouldn't think you'd do it."

"But when he wants rum he's bound to have it, and if I didn't let him have it somebody else would," the host said.

"Now that's old," energetically pursued the teamster. "On the same ground you might take a pistol and go out and rob folks, because if you didn't, somebody else would. But that isn't here nor there. The thing is, I don't see what kind of a heart you can have to do it."

The conversation was here interrupted by a sound from the street. The wind was still howling madly, and the snow was driving against the windows, but above the voice of the storm came the wailing of some one in distress. It was surely the cry of a child for help. We were all upon our feet in a moment, and the lantern was quickly lighted. My hat was already on my head—or my cap, rather,—and I went out with the rest. All went out but the landlord and his wretched customer who occupied the settee. It was some moments before I could see at all, the snow came driving in my face so; but I soon managed to turn my head, and then went on. The wind, as it came sweeping out through the passage to the stable, had piled up a huge bank of snow across the street, and in this bank we found a female with a child in her arms. She had not seen the huge barrier of snow in the dark, and had got completely fast. She seemed faint and frozen, but yet she clung to her child. The man who carried the lantern held it up to her face. The features were half covered with snow, but the momentary glare of the lamp was sufficient to reveal to me a face of more than ordinary beauty.

"Heavens!" uttered the man, as he lowered the lantern, and caught the woman by the arm; "Kate Lockland, is this you?" But without waiting for her to reply he turned to the rest of us and cried, "Here! take the child, some of you, and I'll carry the mother."

The child was quickly taken, and ere many moments we were back in the bar-room with our burden. The two were taken to the fire, and the snow brushed from them.

"Who's them?" asked the host.

"Only Kate Lockland and her child," answered the fat man.

"What d'ye bring 'em in here for?" the host uttered, angrily. "Why didn't ye take 'em to yer own house, Jim Drake?"

"'Cause my own house is too far."

The host was coming around the bar, and his eye was flashing with mingled shame and anger, but before he got fairly out, the stout, burly teamster who had said so much, started up.

"Mike Fingal," he uttered, in tones such as only a man confident of his own physical power can command, "don't ye put a finger on that woman. Don't ye do it. If ye do I'll crush ye as I would a pizen spider!"

Fingal looked the speaker in the eye for a moment, and then, muttering something about a man's having a right to do as he pleased in his own house, he slank away behind his bar again.

I now turned my attention to the woman and her child. The former was surely not yet thirty years of age, and she was truly a beautiful woman—only she was pale and wan, and her eyes were swollen. She trembled fearfully, and I could see her bosom heave as she tried to choke the sobs that were bursting forth. The child was a girl, and about four years old. She clung close to her mother, and seemed frightened into a forgetfulness of her cold fingers and feet.

"Kate Lockland, what in Heaven's name are ye doing out this night?" asked Jim Drake.

"O, I was trying to find your own house, Jim Drake, for I knew you'd give me shelter. But I got lost in the snow. I wouldn't have cried out in front of *this place*, but my poor child did. Jim Drake, have ye seen George? O, God have mercy on him! Poor, dear George! He don't know we are freezing and starving, in our own home! No fuel—no food—no—no—"

She stopped and burst into tears, and in a moment more George Lockland leaped to his feet.

"Who called me?" he cried, gazing wildly around.

Kate sprang up instinctively, but ere she reached her husband she stopped. The man saw her, and for a while he was rivetted to the spot. Soon he gazed around upon the scene about him, and gradually a look of intelligence relieved the utter blank of his hitherto pale and maniac face.

"*No fuel! no food!*" he whispered, gazing now upon his wife. "Starving! God have mercy! —— Who was it said those words? Where am I?"

"George! George!" cried the wife, now rushing forward and flinging her arms about her husband's neck. "Don't you know me?"

"Kate! No fire?—there's fire!"

"Ay, George Lockland," said Jim Drake, now starting up; "this aren't your own home. Don't ye know where you are?"

Again the poor man gazed about him, and as a fearful shudder convulsed his frame, and his hands involuntarily closed over his eyes, I knew that the truth had burst upon him.

"No fuel!—No food!" he groaned.

"O, sir," whispered the wife, catching Drake convulsively by the arm, "take us away from here. Do."

"But you're cold, Kate."

"No, no, no. It's only a little way to your house. I shall die here!"

"Will you go home with me, George?" Jim asked of the husband.

"Anywhere!" gasped the poor man. "O, my God! No fuel! No food! Kate! Kate! Are you hurt?"

But the wife could not speak, and as soon as possible the fat old villager had the lantern in readiness, and half a dozen went to help him.

"Come," he said. "Lead George, one of you. You take Kate—you are stouter than I—and I'll take the little one." This last was spoken to the stout teamster, and he took the wife in his arms as though she had been an infant.

"It s only a few steps," said Drake, as he started to go. "I'll send your lantern back, Mike Fingal."

And with this the party left the bar-room. I went to the window and saw them wading off through the deep snow, and when they were out of sight I turned away. The host came out and began to explain matters; but I was sick enough already, and with an aching heart I left the room.

On the following morning I came down to breakfast later than usual, for I had slept but little through the night. About nine o'clock the driver came in and told us the stage would be ready in five minutes. I went into the bar-room for a cigar. Jim Drake had just come in to bring back the old cloak they had wrapped around the child the night before.

"What'll ye have this mornin', Jim?" I heard the landlord ask, as he set out a tumbler.

"Nothing," returned the fat man, emphatically. "I'm done, Mike Fingal. I'm done with that stuff. I'll drink no more of it. I wouldn't have come now, only poor Lockland was up, and his sweet little wife was hanging about his neck. They was cryin' so that I couldn't stand it, and I had to clear out. O, it's dreadful, Mike Fingal. You don't know what them poor things have suffered! But they shan't have my example any more."

"All ready!" shouted the driver. And I was forced to leave. The wind had all gone down; the air was sharp and bracing, and slowly we wallowed away from the village.

I reached Buffalo two days later than I had expected when I set out, and having transacted my business there, I went on to the Mississippi, and so on down to New Orleans. Four years afterwards I had occasion to travel that same road again, and stopped in that same village to take dinner. The bar was still open, but Michael Fingal had gone away. I walked out after dinner, and soon came across a neatly painted office, over the door of which I read: "GEORGE LOCKLAND, *Attorney and Counsellor at Law.*" In less than five minutes afterwards I saw a fat, good-natured man coming towards me, whom I at once recognized as Jim Drake. As he came up I said:

"Excuse me, sir, but I wish to ask how Mr. Lockland is getting on now."

"Squire Lockland, you mean?" he answered, with a proud look. "You know him then?"

"I did once," said I.

"Then you ought to know him now. He is the first man in the county—the first man, sir. Four years ago this next month that's coming he was just about as low as a man could be, but he started right up, and now he's almost as high as a man can be. Did ye ever know the Squire's wife?"

"I have seen her," I replied. I saw that Drake didn't recognize me.

"But you should see her now. Ah, 'twas a great change for her. That's their child—that little girl coming this way. Aint there a little pictur for ye?"

I looked and saw a bright-eyed, sunny-haired girl of some eight summers, coming laughing and tripping along like a little fairy. She stopped as she came to where we stood, and put up her arms to "Uncle Drake," as she called the old man, and while he was kissing her and chatting with her, I moved on. I looked back once at that happy, beauteous face, just to contrast it with the pale, frightened features I had seen on that dismal night, in the bar-room.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

TO MY ABSENT SISTER.

BY REBECCA R. PIERCE.

I'm gazing from my window now,
Upon the old elm-tree,
Whose friendly boughs, so oft, Susie,
Have sheltered you and me.
Proudly as then, its branches wave
Above the lowly glade,
And seems to stretch its mighty arms
To woo us to its shade.

The brook beside the hill, Susie,
Flows murmuring along;
To me, it seems more plaintive now,
And sadder in its song,
Than when we wandered there, Susie,
One bright day long ago,
When our young hearts knew no thought of care,
Or pang of parting woe.

O, weary are the days, Susie,
And sad each lonely heart;
A shadow rests upon our home,
That will not all depart.
Though pleasant sunshine gleams, Susie,
And brightens all the day,
It cannot cheer our drooping hearts,
Nor chase the gloom away!

I ever pray for thee, Susie,
Nightly, on bended knee,
That our Heavenly Father e'er may bless,
And thy protector be.
Should danger hover o'er thy way,
That his all-powerful arm
May be thy guard and guide, Susie,
And shield thee from all harm.

When the pleasant spring-time comes, Susie,
And gladdens all the earth,
When flowers are sparkling o'er the lawn,
And all things bright have birth;
When gaily back from southern bowers,
The early birds have flown,
For thy coming then we'll watch, Susie,
To cheer our lonely home.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

MRS. BLACKMER'S DAY OF TRIAL.

BY MARY A. LOWELL.

Mrs. Blackmer rose very early one morning last fall, intending to devote the day to making preserves. This had always been a great care and toil to Mrs. Blackmer, for her husband was very fond of preserves, and was also quite particular about the color and consistence of his favorite dishes. The lady had therefore ordered two bushels of peaches, half a bushel of fine damsons, and a bushel of sweet apples, reserving her quinces until they should be riper. She had an extra fire kindled in the dining-room, so as not to interfere with the ordinary kitchen work—but unfortunately it was one of those days when the wind was in that corner which made the dining-room chimney smoke; so after spending an hour or two in trying to make the fire burn, she transferred it to the sitting-room. Here she was more successful, and she soon had a nice fire burning.

Mrs. Blackmer now looked out her preserving kettles. One was in the back-kitchen closet, and was with difficulty hunted up at all. When at length it came to the light, accompanied by Bridget's old shoes, lamp-cloths, boot-brushes, and other articles, it was discovered that the whole inside was covered with a black substance, baked or burned on so hard that it took another hour to remove it. The other could not be found at all, until Bridget happened to remember that she had lent it three weeks before to Mrs Swift's Kitty, to make some soup in. Bridget was therefore despatched to Mrs. Swift's to get the kettle; and although the house was "convanient" to Mrs. Blackmer's, yet she did not come back until that lady had lost some of her patience and a great deal of her time. Kitty had left the kettle in much the same state as Bridget had done with the other, and another hour was spent.

Mrs. Blackmer sat down to pare the fruit, a part of which had just been sent home, with the promise of having the plums in the afternoon. One after another she pared her peaches, when she accidentally discovered that the fine clingstones which she had ordered, had not been sent; but in their stead, a miserable variety of a very ordinary, bitter fruit. Again Bridget had to dress herself and go out to the store where the peaches were bought, and another kind was promised to be substituted in half an hour. More punctually than she expected, Mrs. Blackmer received the second parcel at the appointed time, for the man was afraid of losing her custom, and this time they were of the best quality. To make up for lost time, Bridget was called in to assist in paring.

Mrs. Blackmer prepared the sugar, and setting it on the fire, she proceeded to select the apples, and left the girl to watch it. A smell of burnt sugar soon greeted her nostrils, and on going back to the room, she found Bridget literally making candy of her syrup. It had boiled until it had attained the consistence which confectioners call finished. Of course, this could not be used for her purpose, and this fresh delay brought the hour of noon. The children would soon be home from school, and she languidly agreed with Bridget, that they should not work upon the preserves until all was still in the afternoon again. Meantime, little Ellen had got to the boiled sugar, and was found with sticky hands and soiled frock, and time was spent after the school had begun, to wash and change her clothes.

Two o'clock arrived, and Mrs. Blackmer returned to her preserving kettles. She had boiled her sugar, and was in the act of putting in the peaches, when the door-bell rang, and Bridget came back into the room with two ladies who came to call on her mistress. A nice drawing room was generally the reception-room of Mrs. Blackmer—but Bridget was confused, and they followed her to the sitting-room. The lady soon led the way to the drawing-room, after apologizing for the state in which they had found her. Here the ladies found so much to talk upon, and so many articles of show on Mrs. Blackmer's table, that they staid long over the time allowed as the fashionable limit. Everything has an end, however, and so did the call. On re-entering the room, she met Bridget coming out of the door, with the kettle in her hands; and this time the sugar, the peaches and the kettle were irrecoverably spoiled.

"O, what *will* Fred say?" said the poor woman to herself; "and he said so positively that I must have some peaches for supper."

It must be owned that Fred Blackmer was a real epicure; and that he had often, that very summer before, dined sumptuously at a restorator, when he had provided little or nothing for the family dinner. His wife, knowing how accessible he was through his appetite, was constantly preparing some nice dish to set away for his private enjoyment, and especially when she had any point to carry. It is not much to say for a man, that he can be coaxed, like a child, with sweetmeats; but such was really the case with Fred—and he had looked forward to the brandied peaches, which his wife had promised him, with no little expectation, for it was, after all, the brandy which made the relish.

On her part, she had waited for the auspicious moment, when his palate should be tickled with the nice preserves, to press the importance of having an entire outfit for herself; and she felt, that in that blackened kettle of scorched peaches lay all hopes of her new cloak and bonnet. She sat down and gave way to that true woman's resource in trouble—a hearty fit of crying, which was interrupted by hearing a carriage stop at the door; and looking through the blind, she saw, alighting from the carriage, old Aunt Hannah, who had taken care of her when a child, while her father and mother had gone to Europe.

Aunt Hannah came bustling in, having just arrived from the country; and Mrs. Blackmer forgot her trials for a little while in the joy of seeing her once more. But she soon recurred to her disappointment of the day, and related her experience in preserving to Aunt Hannah, much to that lady's amusement. Indeed, Mrs. Blackmer was rather vexed at her aunt's unfeeling way of looking at the subject. The old lady could not, however, conceive of what consequence it could be to a man, whether he had preserves or not for supper. Mrs. Blackmer knew her husband's peculiarity, however, much better than Aunt Hannah, and she persisted in saying that she must have them that night.

The children now came in from school, and only two hours remained before Fred would come in to tea. More peaches were sent for from the fruit store, and more sugar was heated in a large tin pan. This time the experiment was successful, for Aunt Hannah superintended the preserves herself; but being a strong temperance advocate, she stoutly resisted the brandy.

"Fred wont eat them without the brandy, Aunt Hannah," said Mrs. Blackmer, with the bottle in her hand.

"Then let him go without! I am ashamed of you, Mary, that you minister to this appetite in your husband. Do you wish to see him a drunkard?"

The wife had not seen it in this light before; and she really shuddered, when she thought of the quantities of brandy which she had poured into her mince pies, and the wine sauce which had made Fred so praise her puddings. She said so to her aunt, and the old lady proposed to cure him of it, if she would but let her have her own way. Mrs. Blackmer consented, but she thought she should have to do without her bonnet and cloak, unless her husband could be propitiated by some sweet morsel. Fred ate the peaches for supper, remarking that they were not quite as nice as usual; and his wife observed that he did not, as usual, ask for another saucer full.

The next day, they had a plum-pudding for dinner. Mrs. Blackmer pleaded for a little wine to mix with the sauce in an extra bowl for Fred, since Aunt Hannah would not have it in her own; but she had to give way to the positive refusal, and the sauce was made simply of butter and sugar moulded together. Fred said nothing, but his wife noticed that he did not complain of his usual headache. During Aunt Hannah's stay, pies were made, cake was baked, and various kinds of cookery performed—and all without any stimulant of the usual kind being used. She resolved to draw her nephew gradually away from his perverted appetite, and substitute well cooked and wholesome food, for the miserable trash with which he was destroying his health and ruining his temper. Under her direction, bread of the nicest and most tempting kind was daily made—bread so different from that heavy, indigestible stuff which Bridget had always made, and which had to be coaxed down with sweetmeats. She made Mrs. Blackmer go to market herself, where she accompanied her, giving her the benefit of her judgment in selecting the best of meat, and afterwards seeing that it was not spoiled by careless cooking. Under her hand, vegetables assumed a very different appearance; and her modes of dressing them were so various, that each mode seemed a new variety of itself. Mrs. Blackmer quickly caught her ways, and succeeded admirably.

At first, Fred seemed to lose his appetite. He felt the want of his usual stimulant, and suffered a species of delirium tremens in consequence. But after a while he recovered, and Mrs. Blackmer rejoiced over his altered temper and disposition. One night, Mr. Blackmer returned from his store in high spirits. He had had a good run of business for several days, and his accounts showed a daily increase of profits.

"Well, Mary, I can now afford to give you the new cloak and bonnet you have been so long needing," said he, "and many other things which may be wanting in the house."

Mrs. Blackmer looked pleased, and said:

"How is this? I thought you were complaining of hard times the other day, so I would not ask for money."

"It is true; but within a short time, Mary, I have done more business in the afternoon. I do not know why, for afternoons have hitherto counted nothing with me; but I think one reason is, that I do not have those dreadful headaches which I used to have after dinner—although," he continued, "it may be that I suffer less, because I do not now use tobacco."

"Have you indeed given up tobacco, Fred? I had no thought that you would ever do that; but I am so glad that I need not now bring that horrid—what shall I call it?—that *box*, which you know I have disliked so much."

From that day, Mrs. Blackmer had no more trouble with her husband's fondness for sweetmeats. He had only liked them for the stimulus they afforded him; and when that was withdrawn, they were insipid to his taste, and he acquired a new relish for food which nourished and strengthened him.

Mrs. Blackmer never told him her secret, for she was too wise to speak of it, knowing that he would feel a sense of shame in having become so nearly degraded. She ever blessed the day of trial in which her aunt found her, and remembered with gratitude, the influence she exerted in checking her husband's growing taste for stimulants.

Wives and mothers often wonder where the taste for strong drink is acquired. Let them look into their closets, and on their tables; in their medicine cups, and in their preserve jars. There are other men beside Fred Blackmer, who indulge in such luxuries until their senses are blunted, and who have afternoon headaches and fretful mornings—and she whose life is embittered by it, is the very one who innocently ministers to it.

RUSSIAN COSTUME.

The mass of the Russian population is clothed at a very small expense. Cotton trowsers tucked into high boots of half-dressed leather, a cotton shirt and a sheep-skin coat, a coarse camlet caftan bound round with a sash, constitute the whole outward man of the moojik, whose entire equipment may cost about ten roubles (thirty shillings), the sheepskin being the most expensive article. Ten shillings would buy a common female costume, which consists of a sarafan or long petticoat held by straps, which pass above the arms, a chemise with sleeves extending nearly to the elbow, a kerchief over the head, a pair of shoes, and sometimes stockings, but more frequent strips of cotton or linen cloth wrapped round the leg and foot; for out of door wear, a quilted jacket is added to these, and when circumstances will permit, a salope or long cloak in the German fashion. The simplicity of their dress is not a matter of taste with these people, who, when they can afford it, are strongly addicted to finery, and it is amusing to observe the gradual transformation of the servant women, who, on coming into town to their first service, wear the village sarafan; but as their wages are paid and increased, assume the memetzkoy mode (foreign fashion), and indulge extensively in crinoline.—*Sketches of Russia.*

NOTICES OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

The Curse of Clifton. By Mrs. Emma D. E. N. Southworth. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson. 12mo. pp. 467.

It was said of Scott's novels, that his last was always his best. It is difficult to arrange the question of preference in Mrs. Southworth's works. The "Curse of Clifton," however, is an admirably constructed, and admirably told story, unflagging in interest, and untiring in energy. It is very handsomely got up, and judiciously, for this book is worthy of being preserved and read more than once.

The Constitutional Text-Book. By Furman Sheppard. Phila.: Childs & Peterson. 1855. 12mo. pp. 273.

This is a practical and familiar exposition of the constitution of the United States, prepared for study in schools and academies. Too much stress cannot be laid on the importance of grounding students in a knowledge of the constitution; and this work appears to us to be admirably adapted for the purpose. For sale by James Munroe & Co.

Caste. A Story of Republican Equality. By Sydney A. Story, Jr. Boston: Phillips, Sampson & Co. 1855. 12mo. pp. 540.

This book is undeniably well written. It is openly put forth as an anti-slavery novel, so that those who have enough of that species of literature are forewarned of its character. It is a love story, but the tender passion is described under the influence of hitherto unwritten relations. We cannot give a guess as to its authorship, for the name on the title-page is evidently a *nom de plume*, though the style reminds us of that of "Ida May."

The Widow Bedott Papers. By Francis M. Whicher. New York: J. C. Derby. 1855. 12mo. pp. 403.

The contents of this volume have been published in newspaper form, but never before collectively. They attracted much attention for their cleverness, and were even attributed to Joseph C. Neal. They are thoroughly national in character, spirit and scene and exceedingly amusing. The book is handsomely illustrated. For sale by Phillips & Sampson.

New Music.—G. P. Reed & Co., 13 Tremont Street, have just published two new songs, "The World goes up and down," by Rev. Charles Kingsley, and "My darling Boy," arranged for the piano forte, the music of both by Ossian E. Dodge, and quite creditable to his talent.

Lilly. A novel, by the author of "Busy Moments of an Idle Woman." New York: Harper & Brothers. 1855. 12mo. pp. 330.

A very well-written and deeply interesting story, full of vivid painting, and tinged with true pathos. It cannot fail to be extensively read and admired. For sale by Redding & Co.

Mexico and its Religion. By Robert A. Wilson. Illustrated. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1855. 12mo. pp. 405.

This is not simply a book of travels—a mere gossiping itineracy—but the work of a scholarly and philosophical mind. The historical portions are exceedingly valuable, while its "inklings of adventure" make it very readable. For sale by Redding & Co.

The Works of Charles Lamb. 2 vols., 12mo. New York: Harper & Brother. 1855.

The reading public are deeply indebted to the Harpers for this beautiful edition of the gentle and humorous "Elia," whose peculiar but highly intellectual head faces the title page. It embraces Talfourd's sketch of his life and "final memorials," which possess a deep and melancholy interest. Not until his death were the tragic passages in the life-story of this genial essayist made known to the world. These possess all the interest of romance. For sale by Redding & Co.

The Standard First Reader. By Epes Sargent. Boston: Phillips, Sampson & Co. 1855. 18mo. pp. 120.

We have before spoken fully and favorably of this series of readers, and have only to remark of this, the initiatory volume, that it is admirably adapted to beginners, beautifully illustrated, finely printed, and in every way worthy the adoption of parents and teachers.

COL. ENOCH TRAIN.

The accompanying likeness of Col. Enoch Train, the senior partner of the firm of Enoch Train & Co., was drawn expressly for us by Barry, from an excellent photograph by D. W. Bowdoin, No. 49 Tremont Street. Col. Train has long been established in business in this city, and his devotion to mercantile pursuits has been rewarded by complete success. Like many of our most valuable and prosperous citizens, he is an adopted son of Boston, having been born among the granite hills in Hillsboro', New Hampshire. He came to this State at an early age, with no capital but business tact, industrious habits, energy, and a determination to deserve success at least, if he could not command it. He was, however, aided by his uncle, Samuel Train, a successful business man, who, in his turn, had been aided and established by *his* uncle, Samuel Hammond, a gentleman who was the architect of his own fortunes. Mr. Hammond commenced life with no capital but his head and hands. Many years ago, Mr. Hammond opened the first boot and shoe store in Boston, and thus took the initiative in a business which reaches now several millions per annum, supporting many large towns and many flourishing cities. He was the first to venture on the purchase of South American hides, which now form one of the largest staples of importation. Samuel Train commenced his business life as clerk and salesman to Mr. Hammond, who was as much esteemed for his personal worth, as for his business ability and his large accumulation of property. The subject of our sketch inherited the ability and good fortune of his uncle—if, indeed, luck has anything to do with commercial success.

"We make our fortunes, and we call it fate."

Several years ago, Col. Train abandoned the shoe and leather trade, to devote himself to the branch of business which has yielded him fame and fortune. Train & Co.'s Liverpool packet line now embraces some of the finest ships that sail out of any port in the world, and their "white diamond" is as well known as any signal flag upon the ocean. The speed of their vessels, the high ability and character of their commanders, the admirable system and completeness of all their arrangements, and the almost uniform good luck of their voyages, yield them a vast revenue in freight and passenger money. On their own account, they import coal, salt, sheathing-metal, and some other articles, largely. The ships of this line are—the "Star of Empire," 2050 tons, Captain A. H. Brown; the "J. Elliot Thayer," 1917 tons, Captain Gaius Sampson; the "Daniel Webster," 1200 tons, Captain G. W. Putnam; the "Chatsworth," 1200 tons, Captain J. Gorham, and the "Parliament," 1000 tons, Captain G. Pollard—all of them first class vessels, and having splendid accommodations for passengers. The cabins and state-rooms of these vessels are capacious, beautifully fitted and furnished, the attendance is excellent, and the tables vie with those of a first-class hotel. A voyage across the Atlantic in one of Train & Co.'s ships, cannot fail to be a pleasure trip. The traveller is not "cabined, cribbed, confined," as on board a steamship, for there is ample deck room for promenading, while, if a voyage under canvass consumes a little more time, the economy of money and the superior agreeableness of the trip counterbalance the advantages of steam. Col. Train is a liberal and public spirited man, best esteemed where best known. Like many of our business men, he resides out of town, having a fine estate in Dorchester. The last Fourth of July celebration in this ancient town (an occasion which will long be remembered for the magnificent manner in which it was conducted) was fortunate in having Col. Train among its most active promoters. At a meeting of the executive committee, held July 19, 1855, a vote of thanks was passed to him, "for the lively interest which he has manifested in the late celebration, especially for his liberality in erecting on Meeting house Hill a magnificent flag-staff, from the top of which floated on that occasion a splendid national banner." It was also suggested that this token of Col. Train's munificence, "be placed in the keeping of the town, to be used on the return of our national birthday and other proper occasions." It was likewise resolved, that "a metallic band, with a suitable inscription, be affixed to the flag staff, as a testimonial of the regard of this committee for the patriotism and liberality of its worthy donor." We mention this little incident, so honorable to the parties, as a proof of the estimation in which Col. Train is held by his neighbors, and of his relations with his townsmen. At the banquet, on the occasion referred to, Col. Train made a very pertinent and modest reply to a highly complimentary toast from the president, Hon. Marshall P. Wilder, and delivered a sentiment which was among the most taking offered at the table, viz., "The Ladies—may they *add* virtue to beauty; *subtract* envy from friendship; *multiply* amiable accomplishments by sweet temper; *divide* time by sociability and economy, and *reduce* scandal to its lowest denomination." This is equal to Mr. Owen's reduction of the golden rule of Christianity to a mathematical formula:—"Let A do to B as he would have B do to him, and the product will give the rule of conduct required." In our brief sketch of Col. Train, we have been actuated by a desire to gratify to some extent the interest felt by the public in a gentleman who has done so much for the prosperity of the city and country while legitimately advancing his own interests. We only regret that our notice is not more complete. The details of his career, however, are to be obtained only from himself; and as we are fully aware that he shuns publicity, we have been compelled to content ourselves with such particulars as we have given above, collected from incidental sources. It is enough, however, for the public to know that Col. Train is indebted for his success in life to his own ability and industry, and such aid as his probity and energy have commanded.

ENOCH TRAIN, ESQ.

TEMPERANCE MONUMENT AT BEAUPORT, CA.

The beautiful engraving presented herewith was executed for the Pictorial from an original design by Mr. Kilburn, drawn on the spot, and is a remarkably faithful representation of a striking structure. Every visitor to Quebec, as a matter of course, if he has any love of the picturesque and beautiful in nature, makes a visit to the Falls of Montmorency, one of the most delightful and romantic spots upon this continent. After passing through the gate of the city, and crossing a low bridge over the St. Charles River, the road gradually rises, and getting upon the high land commands a most magnificent view of the city and the majestic St. Lawrence River. Upon this road, a few miles from Quebec, is the French village of Beauport, in which the monument is situated of which we give a view below. This village has all the picturesque peculiarities of a French settlement, the houses being built of stone, with walls several feet thick, the roofs fantastically shaped and variously ornamented, the barns thatched, and the whole without improvement since the first settlement of the country. The French language is spoken to the exclusion of all other, and every carriage is assailed by a multitude of barefooted children of both sexes, some with miniature bouquets, which they offer, and others vociferating "un sou!" "un sou!" These children will run, keeping up with the horses for a mile, hoping to get a stray penny; and then, if their labor is rewarded, will follow another mile, until they become too wearied or discouraged to tramp any farther, but will sit or lie down beside the road, waiting for some carriage in the opposite direction. The monument was erected March 29, 1840, in commemoration of a temperance revival by Father Mathew. It has inscriptions in French, and a little safe attached to the front part, in which visitors are expected to deposit alms. It stands on an elevated bank beside the road, and its position, combined with the grace of its architecture, produces an exceedingly pleasing effect. Father Mathew was one of the most energetic and sincere of the apostles of temperance, who have from time to time put forth their energies in a good cause. Both in his native country and among his countrymen on this side of the Atlantic, his labors and successes were great. He is a man whom once to see is always to remember. Of small stature, but well formed, his commanding features had a character of intellect and benevolence, singularly winning and impressive. We fear that the day of his usefulness is past. Of late years, his health has sensibly declined, and last year he was compelled to visit Madeira for the benefit of the balmy and restorative air of that famed island. With somewhat renovated health he returned to Ireland, but we are not aware that he is yet capable of renewed public exertion. The monument before us commemorates the success of a movement undertaken by him; but his best monument is in the hearts of his countrymen. Father Mathew's visit to this country made a great sensation, and the remembrance and the effects of it have not yet died away. Few reformers have awakened more enthusiasm than he did, and few have accomplished their objects by means so simple. The mild and persuasive manner of the good father enforced his arguments; he won hearts by his gentleness, where others would have failed of taking them by storm. His evident and unaffected sympathy with the masses swept everything before him.

TEMPERANCE MONUMENT AT BEAUPORT, NEAR QUEBEC.

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL.

THE CHEAPEST WEEKLY PAPER IN THE WORLD.

MATURIN M. BALLOU, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.
FRANCIS A. DURIVAGE, ASSISTANT EDITOR.

AN ORIGINAL PAPER.

We shall commence the new volume of the "Flag of our Union" on January 1st, with a brilliant and admirably written original novelette, by that young and popular author, HORACE B. STANIFORD. Mr. Staniford has just returned, after five years' residence in the Orient, and this interesting story is the result of his experience in the land of the Caliphs. It is entitled:

BEN HAMED:

—OR,—

THE CHILDREN OF FATE.

A TALE OF THE EASTERN WORLD.

We predict for this story the most favorable reception yet accorded to the numerous list of original novelettes which we are constantly publishing in the FLAG. With all the dreamy mystery of the East, it has also the exciting plot, and strong delineations of love and passion that remarkable fatality produces in every clime. We shall introduce in the coming volume of "The Flag of our Union," the productions of many new and sterling writers, and make such improvements otherwise as shall enhance the value of this widely circulated and favorite weekly.

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One copy of THE FLAG OF OUR UNION, and one copy of BALLOU'S PICTORIAL. $4 00 per annum. Published every SATURDAY, by M. M. BALLOU, Corner of Tremont and Bromfield Sts., Boston, Mass.

OFFICIAL KINDNESS.—When the cholera broke out in Dietz, Germany, lately, the government gave a "temporary vacation to sixty-eight criminals." We wonder whether the sixty-eight rogues came back in season to be hanged like honest men, or whether they prolonged their absence on leg bail.

NAVAL.—The "Minnesota," the third of the six steam frigates ordered to be built by Congress, was lately launched at Washington, with complete success. Before long we shall have quite a respectable steam navy.

AN EXAMPLE FOR OUR RAILROADS.—In the kingdom of Prussia, with railroads throughout its length and breadth, but one individual lost his life during the past year by railroad accidents.

SPLINTERS.

.... The trustees of the American Institute have the refusal of the Crystal Palace till January 1, at $112,000.

.... Miss Laura Keene, a distinguished actress, has leased the Metropolitan Theatre, N. Y. A lady manager is a *rara avis* here.

.... A gentleman named Crane, of New York city, was accidentally killed at a target-shooting two or three weeks since.

.... Col. Fuller of the "Mirror" does not like to see female lecturers in the rostrum. *Curtain* lectures every one dislikes.

.... Cooking by gas is fast becoming common in England, France and this country. It is one of the latest "institutions."

.... Miss Edwina Dean (sister of Mrs. Hayne) is said to be studying vocalization with a view to playing in opera.

.... Mr. Dion Boucicault, the author of "London Assurance," has declared his intention of becoming a citizen of the U. S.

.... Why can't they establish a French theatre in New York—a vaudeville and ballet affair? It would pay.

.... The Sultan of Turkey goes to Paris in the spring. Wont it be a gay city while the Commander of the Faithful is there?

.... English royalty has been shocked by the discovery that a favorite footman of the "soverink" is a common thief.

.... Dr. Stone of New Orleans, says of yellow fever: "Keep the patient from dying and he'll get well." Very probably.

.... A great grandson of Defoe, the author of Robinson Crusoe, is living in London, aged 77.

.... Ary Scheffer, one of the finest of modern painters, has lately executed a portrait of Charles Dickens.

.... "Anthony's Nose," at the lower entrance of the Hudson River Highlands, is more than 1100 feet high—quite a proboscis!

.... The fifty-fifth anniversary of the New York Historical Society was lately celebrated in the chapel of the University.

.... 75 casks of palm oil lately arrived at Salem from Africa. It is used in manufacturing stearine candles.

.... Some men in McKay's shipyard, East Boston, came near being killed by a chance shell from the navy-yard.

.... The London Times would not publish Mr. Buchanan's denial that he assured the British government of our sympathy.

.... Jenny Lind has refused to sing in Paris. Her antipathy to the gay and brilliant Parisians is unaccountable.

.... The discussion about the merits of "Hiawatha," has helped the sale of the book amazingly. Every one buys one.

.... The first church erected in Kansas will be under the auspices of the Unitarians. Ample funds have been raised.

.... Professor Silliman receives $2000 for twelve lectures before the Providence Mercantile Library Association.

.... Col. Johnson Pierce, of Greenland, N. H., sent 3000 barrels of apples to market this fall—a large consignment.

VAIN PEOPLE.

Vanity is more or less decided with all men. There is scarcely any one that is proof against its encroachments; it is, perhaps, of all sentiments, that which increases most readily and which produces the greatest annoyances in its habitual relations. It is easily excited by success and praise. Nothing is more dangerous than flattery: it accustoms weak people to receive without challenge, and unfits them for the admission of truth. Vanity is particularly insupportable in common-place people—non entities; and it is even wearisome, and implies something insulting and disagreeable in a man of merit. When this sentiment or passion has been unduly excited at an early age, its irritability becomes excessive; it actually becomes as consuming fire to those it torments, at the slightest want of success, and may even seriously affect the health.

In no portion of society is vanity more keen and more ticklish than among the gentlemen of the quill, musicians, poets, actors, actresses and dancers, and, in general, all persons who are accustomed to receive marks of approbation. Vanity, in fact, is not confined to a simple internal complacency; it requires a stage, an audience, external action, an appreciating public. Self love, as some writer has very judiciously remarked, has produced the greatest number of petty qualities and petty defects, and commonly strives less for glory than for notoriety.

Vanity always claims a little share in all the words and actions of poor human nature. "We strive in vain," said Madame du Chatelet; "vanity is always the motive—more or less concealed—of our conduct. It is the wind which fills the sails, without which the vessel would not move."

Hence we see that vanity must have its good and its evil side—its good and ill results. The common defect of all periods of life, it is especially apparent in youth. Nothing is more changeable—it is the Proteus of fable. Sometimes it is intoxicated with self-satisfaction, and cradled in a plenitude of ideal enjoyments; again it thinks itself wounded, grows sad, irritable and changes to fury; for, as some poet has remarked,

"Offended vanity will ne'er forgive."

Sometimes it openly displays itself; oftener it conceals itself as if seeking a mask from all intrusive eyes; but the veil in which it shrouds itself is not difficult to pierce.

Socrates, having remarked that Antisthenes, his disciple, affected negligence on his exterior, and carried his contempt of appearances to a ridiculous excess, said to him, "Antisthenes, I perceive your vanity through the holes of your cloak."

Charles IX. took great pleasure in the conversation of William Postel, whom he styled his philosopher. This prince, having received letters from the king of Ormus, handed them to Postel to be translated. He interpreted them before the whole court, and then, proud of the knowledge of which he had given a proof, "Sire," said he, in a tone not dictated by modesty, "I could go without an interpreter from your kingdom to China. The languages of all nations are as familiar to me as truth." Observe that this modest doctor, after having for a long time written as a visionary, ended by being as much of a maniac in his actions as he was extravagant in his writing. But why preach against vanity? Doth not the preacher tell us that "all is vanity?" And did not Thackeray write "Vanity Fair" in vain? And were we to prolong our sermon, we should be justly chargeable with the very defect we have been censuring.

"TEN YEARS AMONG THE MAIL-BAGS."—Under this taking title, James Holbrook, Esq., special agent of the Post-Office Department, has produced a book filled with his professional experiences—developing the ingenious frauds practised on the department, and the still more ingenious modes by which they have detected these frauds, showing such rogues in the community as can read, that no cunning nor stratagem can evade the vigilance of Uncle Sam. The book is as readable as a novel, if the proof-sheets that have reached us are a sample of the general contents. Mr. Holbrook is a shrewd and talented man, a perfect gentleman (for he was formerly an editor), and this production of his will do him infinite credit. The book is sure to "go" like wildfire.

POSTAL REFORM.—Pliny Miles discusses this subject with great ability in a pamphlet recently issued by Stringer & Townsend, of New York, showing the necessity and practicability of a post-office reform. We do not endorse all of his suggestions, but very many of his ideas are worthy of adoption. Every one is interested in this question; and every one who has a little time to spare, should procure a copy of Miles's pamphlet, and study it carefully. It may be had of Fetridge & Co.

PARTICULAR NOTICE.—With this number ends volume *nine* of Ballou's Pictorial. Our subscribers, whose term of subscription expires, will please remember that we discontinue all papers at the expiration of the time paid for, and in order to secure the numbers of the Pictorial complete, it will be necessary to renew subscriptions at once.

ADELAIDE PHILLIPS.—This charming vocalist, the especial pet of Bostonians, among whom she grew up, played a very successful operatic engagement at the Boston Theatre, making her first appearance as Count Belino, in that popular old English opera, the "Devil's Bridge."

"MIMIC LIFE."—Messrs. Ticknor & Fields have published a new work under the above title, from the pen of Mrs. Anna Cora Mowatt, which cannot fail to be as successful as her "Autobiography of an Actress."

FAT MEN.

We wonder if it has struck anybody, as it has ourselves, that the race of fat men—those personifications of jollity and good cheer—is becoming, if not become, extinct. We have fat Durham oxen, or fat Suffolk pigs, whose obesity is stimulated by premiums and public applause; but in what condition is the nobler animal, man? Have the high prices of beef and flour anything to do with it? Or, do we think too much and work too hard? When the illustrious Kossuth first looked upon the living representatives of Yankee land, he exclaimed: "Mine Gott! vat an indelligent beobles!" His propensity to flatter even could not induce him to add, against the truth, "how fat!" Now we have a weakness for fat people; a weakness shared by our friend Julius Cæsar. That excellent gentleman remarks, (see Shakspeare, "meaning Bill"):

"Let me have men about me that are fat,
Sleek-headed men, and such as sleep a-nights:
Yond' Cassius has a lean and hungry look.
He thinks too much—such men are dangerous."

Rather than the "lean and hungry" Cassius, give us such a man as the "fat knight," honest Sir John Falstaff. "He carves out his jokes as he would a capon or a haunch of venison, where there is *cut and come again;* and lavishly pours out on them the oil of gladness. His tongue drops fatness, and in the chambers of his brain 'it snows of meat and drink.' He keeps up perpetual holiday and open house, and we live with him in a round of invitations to a rump and dozen."

Who ever heard of a fat man stealing an umbrella? or robbing a hen-roost or a clothes-line? or committing a murder? or making a long speech? Depend upon it, they are the safest men living; and the reason why so many rogues are about is that the average weight of our degenerate race is about 140, instead of 200, as it ought to be. Let us have more fat men, by all means, even if turkeys are twenty cents a pound!

BINDING THE PICTORIAL.—We are now prepared to bind volume nine of Ballou's Pictorial in our uniform style, full gilt, with illumined title page and index, and embellished covers, at a charge of *one dollar* each, and to supply any and all back numbers which are soiled or missing, at a charge of six cents per copy. Our agents in New York, and other cities, will bind at a charge of $1 25 per volume.

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL.—Varied as have been the attractions of this handsome illustrated paper the past year, the enterprising publisher, it will be seen, promises new features of interest for the next. It has no rival this side the Atlantic, if indeed, on the other. *All attempts to imitate it in this country have signally failed.* We have been favored with its weekly visits for several years, and know of no periodical which we could more cordially commend to our readers than this.—*American, Waterbury, Ct.*

TOGETHER.—The Flag of our Union and Ballou's Pictorial, when taken together, are sent for *four dollars* per annum.

MARRIAGES.

In this city, by Rev. Mr. Streeter, Mr. Wm. H. Manning to Miss Ellen G. Whiting, of Nottingham; Mr. Lowell S. Mason, of Salem, to Miss Caroline P. Reed, of South Danvers; by Rev. Dr. Putnam, Mr. Charles C. Wentworth to Miss Sarah M. Cushing; by Rev. Mr. Stowe, Mr. James Minard to Miss Jane Crawford; Mr. Edward Walker to Miss Anna Conner, both of Chelsea; by Rev. Dr. Neale, Mr. Warren G. Gates to Miss Eliza J. Murphy.—At East Boston, by Rev. Mr. Clark, Mr. John W. Foster to Miss Mary L. Babcock.—At South Boston, by Rev. Mr. Fairchild, Mr. Samuel W. Haley to Miss Harriet M. Abbott.—At Roxbury, by Rev. Dr. Cushman, Dr. Hamlin W. Keyes to Miss Emma A. Pierce.—At Chelsea, by Rev. Mr. Taylor, Mr. Samuel Maxwell to Miss Mercy Seavey.—At Dorchester, by Rev. Mr. Bulfinch, Mr. James Sirret to Miss Sophia M. Tileston.—At Dedham, by Rev. Dr. Burgess, Mr. Joseph R. Draper, of Framingham, to Miss Mary Jane Fuller.—At Danvers, by Rev. Mr. Fletcher, Mr. G. W. Fuller, of Galena, Ill., to Miss Sarah W. Putnam.—At Salem, by Rev. Mr. Ellis, Mr. Moody Robbins to Mrs. Milly Gilson, both of Dunstable, N. H.—At Andover, by Rev. Mr. Beecher, Mr. Sylvester K. Abbott, of Boston, to Miss Rebecca B. A. Smith, of Corinna, Me.—At Newburyport, by Rev. Mr. Fiske, Mr. James Lombard, of Truro, to Miss Mary Ann R. Currier, of Salisbury.—At Nashua, N. H., by Rev. Mr. Adams, Mr. Charles A. Grecley to Miss Helen Read.

DEATHS.

In this city, David Hamblen, Esq. 35; Mrs. Ellen Brackett, 58; Mrs. Caroline F. Morris, 44; Edward L. Williams, 17.—At Roxbury, Mr. George Gale, 57; Mrs. Mary B., wife of Mr. William Thompson, 59; Widow Persis Rice Whiting, 69.—At Dorchester, Mr. Lewis G. Hersey, 57.—At Malden, Mr. Edward Gilbert Abbott, 30.—At Medford, Miss Amy A. Fairbanks, 19.—At Lynn, Mrs. Esther S. McQuestion 18; Widow Lucy S. Newhall, 81; Mr. David Tarbox, 64; Widow Mary Waitt, 59.—At Salem, Widow Sarah Durant, 86.—At Beverly, Mrs. Hannah Little, 84.—At Westborough, Mrs. Lavina Cloyes, 89.—At Taunton, Mr. Caleb M. Lincoln, 84.—At Rochester, Mr. J. Theodore Russell, 22.—At Bernardston, Dr. E. W. Carpenter, 67.—At North Dana, Mr. John C. Short, 21.—At Southboro', Mrs. Patience C., wife of Mr. Benjamin Coombs, of New Bedford, 70.—At Springfield, Dr. Charles B. Kibbee, 37.—At Northampton, Mr. Edmund Sears, 33.—At Williamsburg, Mr. Stephen Hopkins, 65.—At West Barnstable, Mr. Jonathan Meiggs, 75; Mr. Otis B. Crocker, 56.—At East Dennis, Mrs. Betsey C. Shiverick, 36.—At Sippican, Mr. Stephen H. Hammond, 25.—At Nantucket, Capt. George Clark, 84.—At Southwick, Mr. Andrus Meacham, 90.—At Providence, R. I., Mr. Humphrey P. Jewett, 35.—At Dunbarton, N. H., Mrs. Martha Ann, wife of Adams Roberts, 44.—At Portland, Me., Mrs. Sarah Elizabeth Roberts, 29.

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Published every SATURDAY, by M. M. BALLOU, CORNER OF TREMONT AND BROMFIELD STS., BOSTON.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

EVENING THOUGHTS.

BY CHRISTIAN KESSLER.

The wind rushed with a hollow, faltering sound
  Through branches waving over me;
And at my feet a murmuring brooklet found
  Repose, and formed a mimic sea.
Before me lay a field still bright and green—
  With shepherd, and with lowing herd;
And over me, the yellow leaves between,
  Sang musical full many a bird.

I gazed with thoughtful pleasure through
  The trees that edge the field around,
Upon the sunset's ever varying hue,
  And in it sweet consolement found.
And from the distant city pealing came
  The solemn sound of Sabbath bells:
The wind bore on its wings the mighty name
  Reverberated by these knells.

Knells of a solemn hour to Christian hearts,
  When death has shrouded one we love;
Knells of a joyous peal, when youthful hearts
  Change vows of constancy and love.
It seems to me, if we would Nature learn,
  And more upon her word rely,
Less dangerous fires would in our bosoms burn,
  And far more happy we should die!

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

FOUR DOORS BEYOND.

BY EDWARD STANBURY.

THE evening party at the Joneses was just breaking up. The lights burned dim in the hall, so that it was rather difficult to distinguish one from another. The ladies were bundled up in their "things," and the gentlemen were promiscuously mixed up among them. Everybody seemed to be laughing or calling out for everybody else. Out in the night the wind swept by cold and piercing, and the darkness was gloomy. At the party that evening were Mr. Slow, Miss May and Miss Faddle.

Mr. Slow was a man given to love. He was rather after a wife. He had, too, a most decided partiality for Miss May, and hardly more than a feeling of friendship for Miss Faddle. But, on the other hand, Miss May felt that she could not conscientiously return his sentiment in all its force, while Miss Faddle was ready at all times, and in all places, to make Miss May's place good. A lady stepped along through the crowd, and advanced toward the outer door.

"Sha'n't I have the pleasure?" asked a voice at her side, which belonged to Mr. Slow alone.

He could scarcely see the features of the lady to whom he proffered such gallantry, on account of the darkness, and from her being so completely bundled up.

"Thank you," whispered the lady; and taking his bent arm, they pushed out into the night and the storm.

Miss May and Miss Faddle lived in the same row of houses. Only a few doors divided them. So that, let Mr. Slow go home with whichever he would, his errand would take him to just the same locality. And thither he pursued his way, with the lady on his arm, this evening.

Mr. Slow was wonderfully excited, it is true: and the very affectionate manner in which his companion hung on his arm, rather heaped fresh fuel on the flame now kindled in his bosom. He somehow held the lady's hand in his own. And then he squeezed it; ever so gently at first, and afterwards, harder and harder. And she did not seem afraid of his presumption! not at all. She seemed to favor and commend it. Nay, she very soon began to squeeze back again, endeavoring, it might be thought, to return interest and principal.

By and-by Mr. Slow grew holder than he ever was before in all his life. He expressed himself as he had never expressed himself to living woman before, and dwelt on the probable state into which he would be thrown, should his present confession fail to get a full consideration. And then he put the important question—would she consent to make him happy? She could only press his hand in reply, and lay her hooded head upon his shoulder.

"Say *yes* to me! Say but that single word!" he begged.

"Yes," came up from her lips in a soft, murmurous whisper, which the riotous wind caught up in an instant, and bore away into the realms of mystery and darkness.

Was ever Mr. Slow as happy in his life? Did ever the red tides set about his heart with such impulsive ebb and flow? He threw a gaze of gratitude up at the sky, and thought his head reached heaven. He looked off imperiously into the gloom, and felt that his soul could in that fond moment take all created things in its embrace.

They soon came to the street where he was to deposit the lovely burden on his arm. He was in a state of remarkable excitement, and could hardly have told if he stood on his head or feet. He stopped before the lady's door. It was dark all through the neighborhood.

"Would he come in?"

"O, no; it was too late." To-morrow evening he would be there, and then he would sit down with her, and talk it over more rationally.

So he took the kiss, supposed to be the usual official stamp of these little ordinances, and, bidding an affectionate good night, went home with the lightest heart he ever carried underneath his coat.

It is true that he did not sleep any on that night, as some of his enemies have asserted, for his brain was too full of the thick coming thoughts, and his heart was too tumultuous with its many emotions. How could *any man* sleep! Was he a clod, that he was beyond the reach of common feelings! No,—Mr. Slow did just as every third man in the world would do, and could not help doing; he lay on his couch, and tossed uneasily, till morning brought him relief.

Well, the next evening came. What a grand arrangement it was, he thought, that the days were so very short in the winter! He dressed himself with a great deal of care, and hurried off to Miss May's to meet his appointment. She was at home. How did his heart beat, as his best boots squeaked him along up the stairs!

Miss May met him in a room with a pleasant fire glowing in the grate, and begged him to be seated. He looked very inquiringly at her, as if he would find more sympathy than he found in her face. But she did not seem at all to understand him. She gazed into the fire with rather a vacant expression, as if she would know for what particular reason she was favored on that evening.

Mr. Slow was full of the subject and his feelings were excited. But Miss May was cooler than any cucumber. She answered his questions much as any one else would have answered them; politely, and that was all. He was puzzled. Such treatment was the last he had thought of. Such a state of feeling was as foreign as it could be to that which he had so fondly pictured to himself before ringing the door-bell. Whereas he had eagerly calculated on being received with open arms, so to speak, he was not less hurt than chagrined to find that he was rather repulsed than anything else.

He sat just as long as he thought he could endure it, and then got up to go.

"Must you be in haste?" asked Miss May, as if she was not a great deal concerned about it anyway.

"O, yes," said he; "I've a call to make, on my way back, at Miss Faddle's!"

"Indeed!" exclaimed Miss May, with a smile. And that was all the satisfaction he got by *that* trick.

Accordingly, just to spite Miss May, as he thought, he stepped in at Miss Faddle's. He really cared but little for her, though it was not the case on the other side.

Here he was actually surprised to find how *very* cordially he was received. The greeting he failed to find at Miss May's, he did find here. How queer! All his arrangements were turned exactly around!

Miss Faddle appeared unusually confiding and affectionate. Not so Mr. Slow. Such feelings he *had* had at the house just beyond: but he deemed it no place to demonstrate his possession of them here. Miss Faddle rather made advances to him; perhaps he thought she was a little bold. But there were no counter advances on his side for her. He was reserved, solemn and sedate. Miss Faddle then ventured to touch upon the topic of the party, coloring quite deeply as she did so. Yes, he said, he was there. Did she enjoy herself? It was on the whole a very agreeable occasion. And then Mr. Slow would of a sudden think how his calculations had come out, and he shuddered with the fear and indignation that he felt.

At length he put an end to his misery for the evening, and went home, leaving Miss Faddle in one of the most complicated moods of mind imaginable. What to make of it, or of him, either, she was sure she didn't know. When he had gone, she threw herself on the sofa, and expressed the state of her mind in tears.

A few evenings afterwards, Mr. Slow came cautiously around to reconnoitre a little. He wanted to count the dead and wounded, and otherwise make proper estimates of the damage generally done by the explosion he thought he had caused. Of course, therefore, he went straight over to Miss May's. He found her much as usual; he alluded to the party. She replied briefly, and without expressing any feeling. As a last and desperate resort, finding she continued in so obstinate a mood, he resolved to come straight to the point without further delicacy. So he spoke of their walk home together from the party, and ventured to wonder why she had so changed since.

She rose from her seat in an instant. Her face was eloquent with nothing but wonder.

"You did not come home with *me*, Mr. Slow," said she. "What made you *think* you did?"

"*I—didn't—come—home—with—you!*" was all he could say, as his eyes doubled upon their natural periphery.

"O, no, sir. I feared you might be laboring under a mistake, only the evening you called here, just afterwards. I did not happen to be the favored lady!"

"*I—didn't—come—home—with—you!*" he repeated, with the same looks of wonder.

"Why, no, sir: why do you think so? Who told you that you did?"

"Then who was it?" he gasped out. "Who *was* it, pray?" Well might he have been a little anxious in the matter, seeing how deeply he had committed himself.

"It was Miss Faddle, sir," she answered him. "*She* lives just *four doors beyond*, you know!"

"Fury! thunder! Good George the King!" exclaimed he, and bade her a very hurried good-evening, and went out into the air to walk off his excitement.

It was even as Miss May told him. Miss Faddle had finally got him, just as she all along wanted him. It was nothing but a sorry *mistake*, to be sure; but then, such kinds of mistakes are not the ones which ladies, or even the world at large, calculate on having rectified! In a month, Mr. Slow was a bridegroom.

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M. M. BALLOU, *Publisher and Proprietor.*

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☞ In writing letters, please be careful to write names of post-office and State plainly as possible. Also, write individual names distinctly.

EDITORIAL MELANGE.

Hon. Edward Everett has become, in part, editor of the North American Review. —— The Newburyport Herald notices the greatly increased attention which is given to the cultivation of the apple throughout New England. Orchards are being everywhere planted, as this fruit now forms one of the largest and most profitable crops; this year the yield is very abundant. —— The gold exported from California during the last five years has amounted to the enormous sum, in round numbers, of $230,000,000! —— The Methodists of this country expend for home and foreign missions, this year, $265,000. Abroad they have provisions for missions in Africa, China, India, South America, Central America, Germany, France, Norway, Sweden and Turkey; their home work extends to every State and territory of the Union. —— Hon. Joseph Smith, of Warren, R. I., has bequeathed the sum of $5000 for the benefit of the west district school of that place. —— Condourotti, the Helenic minister at Constantinople, recently recalled, was formerly a merchant of Hydra. Some idea of his wealth may be formed by his having the floor of his country-house paved with Spanish dollars. When the revolution of 1821 broke out, he armed all his sixteen ships, and placed them at the disposal of the government. —— An instance of the cheapness of labor in the island of Tahiti, is given in the fact, that when the steamer Golden Age touched there to coal, fifteen hundred tons were put on board at an expense of only 4s. 2d., less than a dollar. —— By late advices from Cadiz, we learn that salt had advanced from four dollars per last to eight dollars, and the salt crop very short, with a prospect of still further advance A prohibition law was strongly talked of by the Spanish government. —— The crop of Louisiana sugar for 1855 is estimated at 275,000 hogsheads against 346,635 hogsheads last year. —— A very remarkable deposit of the auriferous wealth of California has recently been discovered in Tuolumne county. It is located in Table Mountain, in that county. This mountain is of basalt, varying from 100 to 700 feet in height, with perpendicular sides, and some thirty miles long. —— It is said that Mrs. John Tyler, who was a Gardiner, is heir to a just discovered fortune in England, by which she will get the sum of $500,000. —— Mr. Peter Conaffee, of Pawtucket, Mass., lately died of hydrophobia after terrible sufferings. About seven weeks previously he was bitten slightly by his own dog. His wife was bitten about the same time by the dog. —— Elizabeth Jewett, formerly of South Boston, drowned herself at Gardiner, Maine, having been crazed by a belief in spiritualism. —— Nelson Handy, an Indiana farmer, after being confined in jail a week on a charge of passing a $5 counterfeit bill, was brought up on a writ of habeas corpus, and discharged, the bill proving to be genuine. —— In Milwaukee, reporters are a "privileged class." The mayor has issued an order expelling them from the watch-house! —— A gold medal has been struck at the Philadelphia mint, after a design furnished by Capt. Eastman, of the United States army, under the direction of a resolution by Congress, for presentation to Capt. Ingraham. It weighs twenty-seven ounces. —— The Theological Seminary (Episcopal), of Alexandria, Va., has matriculated ninety-one students this fall, and four more are expected; this will make the whole number of students fifty more than have been in the institution at any one time since 1842. —— The bones of birds are hollow, and filled with air from the lungs, which renders them light. Were a string tied tightly around the neck of a sparrow, so that it could not breathe, and its leg broken so that a bone protruded through the skin, it could live. Respiration could take place by means of the hollow through the broken bone. —— Miss Laura Keene has taken the Metropolitan Theatre, New York, for five years, and is to lay out $10,000 to put it in the best possible condition. Laura has enterprise, and is also an eccentric character. —— There is a statute in Indiana that prevents the testimony of a negro from being received in the courts. This disability, just now, gives the negroes the monopoly of the carrying trade in liquor in that State. —— In the county of Middlesex, New Jersey, a petition is being got up to present to the next legislature of that State, asking for the passage of a law to prevent the manufacture or sale of adulterated or impure liquors.

LAUGHING A MALADY.—The Tyrinthians were the greatest laughers of antiquity. Bartholemy says, that "fatigued with their levity, they had recourse to the oracle, which assured them that they would be cured, if, after having sacrificed a bull to Neptune, they could throw it into the sea without laughing. They assembled on the shore, having sent away the children. But one of the latter came back, and asked, 'Are you afraid I shall swallow your bull?' which set them all to laughing; and, persuaded that their malady was incurable, they submitted to their destiny."

TORONTO.—The seat of the Canadian government is altered once in every four years. Quebec has latterly been the capital city; now the governor, ministry and parliament have removed to the enterprising city of Toronto. Rents are rising rapidly in consequence, business is increasing, and new buildings are being erected in many parts of the city.

SALE OF QUINCY MARKET.—The committee of the city council, who have had the sale of Quincy Market under consideration, recommend that it should be sold. They are of opinion that the monopoly now complained of would continue, and that the "free trade" doctrine will work the best. A central market is suggested.

LARGE YIELD.—Mr. J. A. Chandler, of Caroline, Virginia, raised the past season eight hundred and thirty bushels of prime wheat on eight and a half acres of accurately measured land.

Wayside Gatherings.

Brevet Major Israel B Richardson, captain in the thi d infantry of the United States army, has resigned.

General John A. Dix and wife have sailed for Florida for the benefit of Mrs. D.'s health.

The sincere believers in spiritualism in Troy, N. Y., are estimated at 1200.

Bank of England post notes, payable sixty days after sight, have been sent to this country to a large amount.

R. Junius Booth, son of the late celebrated tragedian, advertises to teach the French language in Baltimore.

J. D. Williams, of Chicopee, caught an otter weighing twenty pounds, in Connecticut river, a few days since.

Mrs. Sweetman, of Medina, N. Y., has been killed by an apotheeary, who put up strychnine for her, instead of morphine.

Instructions have been issued from the General Land Office at Washington, for a large temporary reservation on the Pacific coast for the Umpqua, Willamette, and other coast tribes of Indiana.

There have been 129 vessels launched at different points on the Lakes, this season, with an aggregate tonnage of 46,567, of which 9055 were of steam, and 32,511 sail.

There are one hundred and seventy places called Washington in the United States, besides the one in the District of Columbia. This is at least five to every State.

The statistics of New Hampshire show that there are 3361 justices of the peace in that State. There are probably more in Massachusetts.

Mr. Smith O'Brien, the Irish political exile, has advertised a new book on political subjects, entitled "The Principles of Government, or Meditation in Exile."

The State of Vermont, with a population of over 300,000, pays about $150,000 per annum for all the expenses of government, or less than fifty cents per head for her people.

The persimmon crop is very heavy this season, and the Fredericksburg, Va., Herald warns the people to lay in a plenty of firewood, as the crop aforesaid is the sign of a cold winter.

Henry A. Churchill, of Portsmouth, Va., is the secretary of Gen. Williams, the commander at Kars, and had charge of one of the redoubts at the recent great battle at that place.

Henry Ward Beecher says:—"I do not lecture for the sake of high prices, but I have demanded high prices that I might get rid of importunities for lectures far beyond my ability to meet."

Sir Allen McNab, premier of the Canadian government, sued the editors of the Hamilton Banner for libel. The verdict was in favor of the editors, and Sir Allan gets only a lesson in policy for his pains.

Judge Grier, of the United States Supreme Court, has decided, on a suit instituted in Pennsylvania, that the legal weight of a ton of coal is 2240 lbs., and that no State law can be enacted altering the quantity.

The Lafayette and Indianapolis Railroad is to be fenced its entire length. In France the roads are not only fenced, but have hedges planted along them, which, when fully grown, will be impenetrable to men or cattle.

Patrick Welsh, convicted in the Circuit Court of Valparaiso, Indiana, of displacing the track of the Michigan Southern Railroad, near Bailetown, has been sentenced to ten years' imprisonment in the Penitentiary—the extent of the law in this case.

C. E. Davis, butcher in Rochester, N. Y., took from the stomach of an ox, a hollow bone, in which were two nails and the handle of a silver teaspoon. The bone had been so long in the stomach of the animal, that the rough edges and corners of the broken bone were worn smooth and the surface was polished.

Mr. Ericsson is reported to be still engaged in his calorie enterprise. His new calorie engine is forty horse power, and compared with its predecessors, has been greatly simplified, and its cumbrous parts dispensed with—not only avoiding friction and diminishing expense, but effecting a great saving in space.

The Secretary of the Treasury has made a contract for next year with the house of Howland & Aspinwall, New York, for the transportation of all the specie that may be required for government use at San Francisco, at a premium of two and one-fourth per cent.

The consumption of wool in this country for the years 1853 and 1854, was about three hundred millions of pounds. Of this amount sixty millions of pounds were raised here, twenty-one millions were imported in the raw state, and one hundred and nineteen millions in manufactured goods.

In China, recently, a woman was sentenced to be crucified for the crime of having given birth to one of the rebel chiefs. If a father is a rebel, his family is considered the same, and the whole family, from the old man of fourscore to the child of four years, share the same fate. The poor woman was nailed to the cross while living.

The Phrenological Journal says that, in sleeping, that posture should be chosen which is promotive of deep and full inspirations, because nature renders the latter deeper when we are asleep than awake, except in action. Hence a high head, by cramping both the windpipe and the blood vessels, is bad. The head should rest on a line with the body.

The Methodist General Biblical Institute, at Concord, N. H., has just held its eighth anniversary. It is the first Theological Institution established by the Methodist denomination in the country, having a regular three years' course of study, and a full complement of professors; it has had more than sixty students the past year, many of whom are graduates of colleges.

A patent has been granted to Mr. Sholl, of Cincinnati, for a terra cotta coffin. The article resembles in appearance and quality an earthen-ware coffin. Cast iron coffins do not last so long frequently as wooden ones, such is the action of earth in rusting them out; but a terra cotta coffin will last as long as a mountain of granite.

The people of Labrador, who are mostly of French origin, are said to be suffering poverty from the deprivation of one of their chief means of support—birds and eggs. Of late years parties from the United States have been there in the season of them, to collect and carry away all the eggs, and by that means the birds are getting scarce for want of reproduction.

The Rural Intelligencer states that a friend residing at Mount Vernon, Maine, has raised, in the open air, on his place, for the last three years, the veritable coffee plant, the seed of which was brought hither five years ago from Cuba. It grows about two feet high, and produces its berries in pods, something like peas. The plants, he says, have matured, even this season, and the berries ripened without injury from frosts.

Foreign Items.

Rev. Dr Duff has left England for India, where he will renew missionary labors, in which he has so long been prominent and efficient.

Miss Dix, the well-known philanthropist, lately arrived in Paris, in company with Dr. Parish and lady, of Philadelphia, and was making preparations to visit the charitable institutions of the city.

London papers state that twelve English militia regiments have been ordered to Ireland. We presume they are intended to repel the invasion from the United States, about which the London Times is so terribly frightened.

Mr. Fillmore, ex-president, and Dr. Foote, of Buffalo, arrived lately in Paris from the north, and are making arrangements to start soon for Constantinople, the Crimea, and the Holy Land. The number of parties now going to the Nile is unprecedented.

Two highly important decrees were issued by the French emperor recently. By the first, foreign vessels can be legally sold in France, and obtain French registers, by the payment of ten per cent. on their value. By the second, all ship building materials can be imported into France, free of duty.

The Greek Patriarch of Alexandria died recently, and his body, seated on a throne, and a jewelled mitre on his head, was taken to the Latin church with great solemnity. Several consuls attended in full dress, and a company of Egyptian soldiers, with music and drums headed the procession. Great crowds flocked about the body to kiss the hands or parts of the dress.

The experiment of stocking the rivers and ponds of France with fish, by artificial means, is now extensively practised, and with entire success. In January and February last, nearly a million of fish, in an embryo state, were distributed in the inland waters of France, and fifty thousand salmon and lake trout have recently been placed in the ponds about Boulogne.

Sands of Gold.

.... Amongst such as out of cunning hear all and talk little, be sure to talk less; or if you must talk, say little.—*La Bruyere.*

.... Prayer is not eloquence, but earnestness; not the definition of helplessness, but the feeling of it; not figures of speech, but compunction of soul.—*Hannah More.*

.... The popular writer is more insolent, more harsh to newcomers than the most brutal publisher. Where the publisher sees only a loss, the author fears a rival: one ill-treats, the other crushes you.—*Balzac.*

.... Imperfect enjoyment is attended with regret; a surfeit of pleasure with disgust. There is a certain flick of time, a certain medium to be observed, with which few people are acquainted.—*St. Evremond.*

.... To diminish envy, let us consider not what others possess, but what they enjoy: mere riches may be the gift of lucky accident or blind chance, but happiness must be the result of prudent preference and rational design.—*Colton.*

.... Enthusiasm is always connected with the senses, whatever be the object that excites it. The true strength of virtue is *serenity of mind*, combined with a deliberate and steadfast determination to execute her laws. That is the healthful condition of the moral life.—*Kant.*

.... Hatred and vengeance are very different sentiments; one is that of little minds, the other the effect of a law to which great souls are obedient. God avenges and does not hate. Hatred is the vice of narrow souls, they feed it with all their littlenesses, and make it the pretext of base tyrannies.—*Balzac.*

Joker's Budget.

When are two potatoes precisely alike? When they're pared!

Who was the first post boy? Cadmus; he carried letters from Phœnicia to Greece.

"I say, Pat, are you asleep?" "Divel the sleep." "Then be after lendin' me a quarter." "I'm asleep, be jabers."

An ignorant man from the country inquires whether mock *turtle* soup is made out of *tortoise shell* cats?

Why is a young lady just from boarding-school, like a building committee? Because she is ready to receive proposals.

"Sammy, my son, don't stand there scratching your head; stir your stumps, or you'll make no progress in life." "Why, father, I've heard you say the only way to get along in this world, was to scratch a-head."

An Irish girl who was in the habit of soaping the dirty clothes before putting them to soak, on being told by her mistress to get a dried codfish and put it to soak for dinner, did so, after rubbing it over smartly with a good quantity of hard soap.

An old Carolinian once said: "I was born the last day in the year, the last day of the month, the last day of the week, very late in the day, *and have always been behind hand.* I believe it would have been fifty dollars in my pocket if I hadn't been born at all."

A lady, observing the following notice on a board: "Horses taken in to grass. Long tails, three shillings and sixpence; short tails, two shillings," asked the owner of the land the reason for the difference of price. "Why, you see, ma'am," he replied, "the long tails can brush away the flies, but the short tails are so tormented by them, they can hardly eat at all."

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SCENE IN THE RUINED CITY OF SEBASTOPOL.

INSIDE SEBASTOPOL.

The picture on this page is a graphic and exciting one. The scene is laid within that formidable town which withstood for so long a period, and with such heroic gallantry on the part of its defenders, a siege of nearly a year's duration, conducted by more formidable enginery, than was ever before employed in warfare. We are here in the midst of desolation. The crumbling ruins around have not been made by the hand of time; they are the instant ravages of shot and shell. In our sketch men are seen engaged in demolishing the ruins which threaten danger to the victors. But in the group before us we have an illustration of the gaiety and *insouciance* of the soldier, though surrounded by death and ruin. At the rude table spread in the open air, a couple of fire-eaters are tranquilly smoking the "calumet of peace." The smart canteen woman in her half-masculine attire, serves with equal assiduity her French and English customers, and if another representative of the alliance, the "bearded Turk," should insist upon a glass of *eau de vie*, overcoming his religious scruples by the reflection that, though wine is prohibited by the prophet, the Koran says nothing about brandy, we have no doubt the article would be delivered him with cheerful alacrity. We regret to say that the Maine Law does not thrive in the atmosphere of camps, and that the conviviality of a victorious army is rarely confined within the limits of sobriety. A little apart from the private soldiers sits an officer booted and spurred, apparently plunged in deep thought. Officers, by a special clause in the articles of war, are permitted to think—thinking being a luxury confined to the epaulettes, and strictly forbidden even to corporals and lance-sergeants. The sketch gives us a very vivid picture of one of the features of military life. Of the individuals sketched by the artist, perhaps not one will get home without wounds or mutilation—yet no thought of the future clouds their enjoyment of the present hour. The French troops are particularly famous for their light-hearted gaiety under the most trying circumstances, and it is well for the English that they had them as comrades and allies during the terrible scenes of the siege of Sebastopol; for their merriment is infectious, and without its influence the spirits of the English troops must have failed them in the trials to which they were subjected.

END OF VOLUME IX.

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